



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE  
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REHEARSAL SCRIPT  
*'Tis Pity She's a Whore*  
2017

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'Tis Pity She's a Whore  
by John Ford

directed by  
Charlene V. Smith

April 2017

## ACT I

1.1 [*Friar Bonaventura's Cell.*] *Enter Friar and Giovanni.*

FRIAR                                 Dispute no more in this; for know, young man,  
  These are no school points; nice philosophy  
  May tolerate unlikely arguments,  
  But Heaven admits no jest; far better 'tis  
  To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;  
  Yet He thou talk'st of, is above the sun.  
  No more; I may not hear it.

GIOVANNI                             Gentle father,  
  To you I have unclasped my burdened soul,  
  Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,  
  And yet is here the comfort I shall have,  
  Must I not do what all men else may, love?

FRIAR                                 Yes, you may love, fair son.

GIOVANNI                             Must I not praise  
  That beauty which, if framed anew, the gods  
  Would make a god of, if they had it there,  
  And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?

FRIAR                                 Why, foolish madman!

GIOVANNI                             Shall a peevish sound,

A customary form, from man to man,  
Of brother and of sister, be a bar  
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me?  
Say that we had one father, say one womb  
(Curse to my joys) gave both us-life and birth;  
Are we not, therefore, each to other bound  
So much the more by nature? by the links  
Of blood, of reason? nay, if you will have't,  
Even of religion, to be ever one,  
One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all?

FRIAR

Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

GIOVANNI

Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,  
My joys be ever banished from her bed?  
No, father; in your eyes I see the change  
Of pity and compassion; from your age,  
As from a sacred oracle, distils  
The life of counsel: tell me, holy man,  
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes.

FRIAR

Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:  
For thou hast moved a Majesty above,  
With thy unranked (almost) blasphemy.

GIOVANNI

O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

FRIAR

Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit  
Who once, within these three months, wert esteemed  
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bologna?  
How did the University applaud  
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,  
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!  
O, Giovanni, hast thou left the schools  
Of knowledge to converse with lust and death?  
For death waits on thy lust. Look through the world,  
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine  
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:  
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin,  
Though in such games as those they lose that win.

GIOVANNI

It were more ease to stop the ocean  
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

FRIAR

Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames  
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just.  
Yet hear my counsel.

GIOVANNI

As a voice of life.

FRIAR

Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast  
Alone within thy chamber, then fall down  
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground:

Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utter'st  
In tears (and if't be possible) of blood:  
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust  
That rots thy soul, acknowledge what thou art,  
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray  
Three times a day, and three times every night.  
For seven days' space do this, then if thou find'st  
No change in thy desires, return to me:  
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself  
At home, whilst I pray for thee here. — Away,  
My blessing with thee, we have need to pray.

GIOVANNI

All this I'll do, to free me from the rod  
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.

*Exeunt.*

*1.2a: [The Street, before Florio's House.] Enter Grimaldi and Vasques, ready to fight.*

VASQUES

Come sir, stand to your tackling; if you prove  
craven, I'll make you run quickly.

GRIMALDI

Thou art no equal match for me.

VASQUES

Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home  
news, nor I cannot play the mountebank for a  
meal's meat, and swear I got my wounds in the  
field. Wilt thou to this gear?

GRIMALDI                   Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my  
reputation with a cast-suit? Call thy master, he  
shall know that I dare —

VASQUES                   Thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will make thee  
know my master keeps servants, thy betters in  
quality and performance. Com'st thou to fight or  
prate?

GRIMALDI                   Neither, with thee. I am a Roman and a  
gentleman; one that have got mine honour with  
expense of blood.

VASQUES                   You are a lying coward, and a fool. Fight, or by  
these hilts I'll kill thee— brave my lord! —you'll  
fight?

GRIMALDI                   Provoke me not, for if thou dost —

VASQUES                   Have at you!

*They fight; Grimaldi hath the worst.*

*1.2b Enter Florio, Donada, and Soranzo*

FLORIO                    What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?  
Have you not other places, but my house  
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods?  
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie, 'tis naught.

DONADA

And Vasques, I may tell thee 'tis not well  
To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward  
In seconding contentions.

*Enter above Annabella and Putana.*

FLORIO

What's the ground?

SORANZO

That, with your patience, signiors, I'll resolve:  
This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,  
(For else I know not) rivals me in love  
To Signior Florio's daughter, to whose ears  
He still prefers his suit, to my disgrace,  
Thinking the way to recommend himself  
Is to disparage me in his report.  
But know, Grimaldi, though, may be, thou art  
My equal in thy blood, yet this betrays  
A lowness in thy mind; which, wert thou noble,  
Thou would'st as much disdain as I do thee  
For this unworthiness; and on this ground  
I willed my servant to correct this tongue,  
Holding a man so base no match for me.

VASQUES

And had not your sudden coming prevented us, I  
had let my gentleman blood under the gills.

GRIMALDI

I'll be revenged, Soranzo.



SORANZO I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

*1.2c Exit Grimaldi*

FLORIO My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me,  
Why you should storm, having my word engaged:  
Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear?  
Losers may talk by law of any game.

VASQUES Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio, may be  
such as would make any unspleened dove choleric.  
Blame not my lord in this.

FLORIO Be you more silent.  
I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love  
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.  
Vasques, put up, let's end this fray in wine.

*1.2d: Exeunt.*

PUTANA How like you this, child? here's threatening,  
challenging, quarrelling, and fighting on every  
side, and all is for your sake.

ANNABELLA But, tut'ress, such a life gives no content  
To me, my thoughts are fixed on other ends;  
Would you would leave me.

PUTANA Leave you? No marvel else. Leave me no leaving,

charge; this is love outright. Indeed, I blame you not, you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

ANNABELLA

Pray do not talk so much.

PUTANA

Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well timbered fellow. They say he's a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato, they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese, but, 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier: not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other that mars their standing upright. Though he might serve if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

ANNABELLA

Fie, how thou prat'st.

PUTANA

As I am a very woman, I like Signior Soranzo well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind, and what is more than all this, a nobleman; such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and by my troth, I think, wholesome; liberal, that I know;

loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he  
could never ha' purchased such a good name with  
Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's  
lifetime: and 'twere but for that report,  
sweetheart, would he were thine! Commend a man  
for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a  
plain-sufficient, naked man: such a one is for your  
bed, and such a one is Signior Soranzo, my life  
for't.

ANNABELLA

Sure the woman took her morning's draught too  
soon.

*1.2e Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

PUTANA

But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now:  
here's another of your ciphers to fill up the  
number. O brave old ape in a silken coat. Observe.

BERGETTO

Didst thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my  
new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight?

POGGIO

No, sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

BERGETTO

I am wiser than so: for I hope, Poggio, thou never  
heardst of an elder brother that was a coxcomb.  
Didst, Poggio?

POGGIO                                    Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land  
or money left them to inherit.

BERGETTO                                Is it possible, Poggio? O monstrous! Why, I'll  
undertake with a handful of silver to buy a headful  
of wit at any time; but sirrah, I have another  
purchase in hand, I shall have the wench, mine  
aunt says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks,  
and then have at her i'faith. Mark my pace,  
Poggio!

POGGIO                                    Sir — I have seen an ass and a mule trot the  
Spanish pavin with a better grace, I know not how  
often.

ANNABELLA                              This idiot haunts me too.

PUTANA                                    Ay, ay, he needs no description; but I hope I have  
tutored you better. They say a fool's bauble is a  
lady's playfellow, yet you having wealth enough,  
you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any  
rate: hang him, innocent!

*1.2f Enter Giovanni*

ANNABELLA                              But see, Putana, see: what blessed shape  
Of some celestial creature now appears?

What man is he, that with such sad aspect  
Walks careless of himself?

PUTANA                   Where?

ANNABELLA              Look below.

PUTANA                   O, 'tis your brother, sweet.

ANNABELLA              Ha!

PUTANA                   'Tis your brother.

ANNABELLA              Sure 'tis not he; this is some woeful thing  
Wrapp'd up in grief, some shadow of a man.  
Alas, he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes  
Drown'd all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh.  
Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause;  
I know my brother, in the love he bears me,  
Will not deny me partage in his sadness.  
My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

*1.2g [Exeunt]*

GIOVANNI                Lost. I am lost. My fates have doom'd my death.  
The more I strive, I love; the more I love,  
The less I hope: I see my ruin, certain.  
What judgment or endeavours could apply  
To my incurable and restless wounds

I thoroughly have examined, but in vain.  
I have even wearied Heaven with prayers, dried up  
The spring of my continual tears, even starved  
My veins with daily fasts: what wit or art  
Could counsel, I have practised; but alas,  
I find all these but dreams and old men's tales  
To fright unsteady youth; I am still the same.  
Or I must speak, or burst. 'Tis not, I know,  
My lust, but 'tis my fate that leads me on.  
I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart  
Were rated at the price of that attempt.  
O me! She comes.

*1.2b Enter Annabella and Putana.*

ANNABELLA                      Brother.

GIOVANNI                      If such a thing  
As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers,  
Now double all that virtue in my tongue.

ANNABELLA                      Why, brother,  
Will you not speak to me?

GIOVANNI                      Yes; how d'you, sister?

ANNABELLA                      Howsoever I am, methinks you are not well.

PUTANA    Bless us, why are you so sad, sir?

GIOVANNI    Let me entreat you, leave us a while, Putana.  
Sister, I would be private with you.

ANNABELLA    Withdraw, Putana.

PUTANA    I will. — If this were any other company for her, I  
should think my absence an office of some credit;  
but I will leave them together.

*1.2i Exit Putana*

GIOVANNI    Come, sister, lend your hand, let's walk together.  
I hope you need not blush to walk with me;  
Here's none but you and I.

ANNABELLA    How's this?

GIOVANNI    Faith,  
I mean no harm.

ANNABELLA    Harm?

GIOVANNI    No, good faith; how is't with you?

ANNABELLA    I trust he be not frantic —  
I am very well, brother.

GIOVANNI    Trust me, but I am sick, I fear so sick,  
'Twill cost my life.

ANNABELLA                    Mercy forbid it! 'Tis not so, I hope.

GIOVANNI                    I think you love me, sister.

ANNABELLA                    Yes, you know I do.

GIOVANNI                    I know't, indeed — Y'are very fair.

ANNABELLA                    Nay then, I see you have a merry sickness.

GIOVANNI                    That's as it proves. The poets feign, I read,  
That Juno for her forehead did exceed  
All other goddesses: but I durst swear  
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did theirs.

ANNABELLA                    Troth, this is pretty.

GIOVANNI                    Such a pair of stars  
As are thine eyes would, like Promethean fire,  
If gently glanced, give life to senseless stones.

ANNABELLA                    D'you mock me, or flatter me?

GIOVANNI                    If you would see a beauty more exact  
Than art can counterfeit or nature frame,  
Look in your glass and there behold your own.

ANNABELLA                    O, you are a trim youth.

GIOVANNI                    Here.



*Offers his dagger to her.*

ANNABELLA

What to do?

GIOVANNI

And here's my breast, strike home!

Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold

A heart in which is writ the truth I speak.

Why stand you?

ANNABELLA

Are you earnest?

GIOVANNI

Yes, most earnest. You cannot love?

ANNABELLA

Whom?

GIOVANNI

Me. My tortured soul

Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.

O Annabella, I am quite undone!

The love of thee, my sister, and the view

Of thy immortal beauty have untuned

All harmony both of my rest and life.

Why d'you not strike?

ANNABELLA

Forbid it, my just fears!

If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

GIOVANNI

True, Annabella; 'tis no time to jest.

I have too long suppressed my hidden flames

That almost have consumed me; I have spent

Many a silent night in sighs and groans,  
Ran over all my thoughts, despised my fate,  
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,  
Done all that smooth-cheek virtue could advise,  
But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny  
That you must either love, or I must die.

ANNABELLA

You are my brother Giovanni.

GIOVANNI

You  
My sister Annabella; I know this,  
And could afford you instance why to love  
So much the more for this; to which intent  
Wise nature first in your creation meant  
To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul  
To share one beauty to a double soul.  
Nearness in birth and blood doth but persuade  
A nearer nearness in affection.  
I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,  
Who tells me I may love you, and, 'tis just,  
That since I may, I should; and will, yes, will.  
Must I now live, or die?

ANNABELLA

Live. Thou hast won  
The field, and never fought; what thou hast urged

My captive heart had long ago resolved.  
I blush to tell thee — but I'll tell thee now —  
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me  
I have sighed ten; for every tear, shed twenty:  
And not so much for that I loved, as that  
I durst not say I loved, nor scarcely think it.

GIOVANNI

Let not this music be a dream, you gods,  
For pity's sake, I beg you!

ANNABELLA

On my knees,  
Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,  
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate,  
Love me, or kill me, brother.

GIOVANNI

On my knees,  
Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,  
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate,  
Love me, or kill me, sister.

ANNABELLA

You mean good sooth, then?

GIOVANNI

In good troth, I do,  
And so do you, I hope: say, I'm in earnest.

ANNABELLA

I'll swear't, I.

GIOVANNI

And I, and by this kiss,

Once more. Yet once more; now let's rise by this.

I would not change this minute for Elysium.

What must we now do?

ANNABELLA

What you will.

GIOVANNI

Come then,

After so many tears as we have wept,

Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep.

*Exeunt*

*1.3a: [A Street.] Enter Florio and Donada.*

FLORIO

Signora Donada, you have said enough,

I understand you; but would have you know

I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.

My care is how to match her to her liking:

I would not have her marry wealth, but love,

And if she like your nephew, let him have her.

Here's all that I can say.

DONADA

Sir, you say well,

Like a true father, and, for my part I,

If the young folks can like ('twixt you and me),

Will promise to assure my nephew presently

Three thousand florins yearly during life,

And, after I am dead, my whole estate.

FLORIO                                   Tis a fair proffer, ma'am; meantime your nephew  
Shall have free passage to commence his suit:  
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent,  
So for this time I'll leave you, signora.

*Exit.*

DONADA                                   Well,  
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit;  
But he is such another dunce, I fear  
He'll never win the wench.

*1.3b Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

How now, Bergetto, whither away so fast?

BERGETTO                               O aunt! I have heard the strangest news that ever  
came out of the mint, have I not, Poggio?

POGGIO                                   Yes indeed, sir.

DONADA                                   What news, Bergetto?

BERGETTO                               Why, look you, aunt, my barber told me just now  
that there is a fellow come to town who  
undertakes to make a mill go without the mortal  
help of any water or wind: and this fellow hath a  
strange horse, a most excellent beast, I'll assure  
you, aunt (my barber says), whose head, to the

wonder of all Christian people, stands just behind  
where his tail is. Is't not true, Poggio?

POGGIO                                So the barber swore, forsooth.

DONADA                                And you are running thither?

BERGETTO                              Ay, forsooth, aunt.

DONADA                                Wilt thou be a fool still? Come sir, you shall not  
go: why, thou great baby, wilt never have wit, wilt  
make thyself a May-game to all the world?

POGGIO                                Answer for yourself, master.

BERGETTO                              Why, aunt, should I sit at home still, and not go  
abroad to see fashions like other gallants?

DONADA                                To see hobby-horses! What wise talk, I pray, had  
you with Annabella, when you were at Signior  
Florio's house?

BERGETTO                              O, the wench! Uds sa'me, aunt, I tickled her with a  
rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly  
with laughing.

DONADA                                Nay, I think so; and what speech was't?

BERGETTO                              What did I say, Poggio?

POGGIO Forsooth, my master said that he loved her almost as well as he loved parmasent; and swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but such a nose as his was to be as pretty a young woman as any was in Parma.

DONADA O gross.

BERGETTO Nay, aunt, then she asked me whether my father had more children than myself: and I said "No, 'twere better he should have had his brains knock'd out first."

DONADA This is intolerable.

BERGETTO Then said she "Will Signora Donada, your aunt, leave you all her wealth?"

DONADA Ha! that was good; did she harp upon that string?

BERGETTO Did she harp upon that string? Ay, that she did. I answered, "Leave me all her wealth? Why, woman, she hath no other wit; if she had, she should hear on't to her everlasting glory and confusion: I know," quoth I, "I am her favorite, and will not be gull'd;" and with that she fell into a great smile and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

DONADA                                    Ah, sirrah, then I see there's no changing of nature. Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a very ass still.

BERGETTO                                I should be sorry for that, aunt.

DONADA                                    Come, come you home with me. Since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich jewel in the letter.

BERGETTO                                Ay marry, that will be excellent.

DONADA                                    Peace, innocent.  
Once in my time I'll set my wits to school,  
If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

BERGETTO                                Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio!

*Exeunt*

## **ACT II.**

*2.1a: [An Apartment in Florio's House.] Enter Giovanni and Annabella, as from their chamber.*

GIOVANNI                                Come Annabella: no more sister now,  
But love, a name more gracious; do not blush,  
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know  
That yielding thou hast conquered, and inflamed  
A heart whose tribute is thy brother's life.



ANNABELLA                   And mine is his. O, how these stol'n contents  
                                      Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,  
                                      Had any but my heart's delight prevailed.

GIOVANNI                    I marvel why the chaster of your sex  
                                      Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead,  
                                      So strange a loss, when, being lost, 'tis nothing,  
                                      And you are still the same.

ANNABELLA                   Tis well for you;  
                                      Now you can talk.

GIOVANNI                    Music as well consists  
                                      In th' ear as in the playing.

ANNABELLA                   O, y'are wanton.  
                                      Tell on't, y'are best: do.

GIOVANNI                    Thou wilt chide me then.  
                                      Kiss me — so. thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,  
                                      And sucked divine ambrosia from her lips.  
                                      I envy not the mightiest man alive,  
                                      But hold myself, in being king of thee  
                                      More great than were I king of all the world.  
                                      But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

ANNABELLA                   But you shall not.

GIOVANNI                    You must be married, mistress.

ANNABELLA                 Yes, to whom?

GIOVANNI                    Some one must have you.

ANNABELLA                 You must.

GIOVANNI                    Nay, some other.

ANNABELLA                 Now prithee do not speak so: without jesting,  
You'll make me weep in earnest.

GIOVANNI                    What, you will not!/?  
But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dared to swear  
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?

ANNABELLA                 By both our loves I dare, for didst thou know,  
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem  
To my eyes hateful, thou would'st trust me then.

GIOVANNI                    Enough, I take thy word. Sweet, we must part.  
Remember what thou vow'st; keep well my heart.

ANNABELLA                 Will you be gone?

GIOVANNI                    I must.

ANNABELLA                 When to return?

GIOVANNI                    Soon.

ANNABELLA                    Look you do.

GIOVANNI                    Farewell.

*Exit*

ANNABELLA                    Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,  
And where thou art, I know I shall be there.  
Guardian!

*2.1b: Enter Putana*

PUTANA                    Child, how is't, child? Well, thank Heaven, ha?

ANNABELLA                    O guardian, what a paradise of joy  
Have I passed over!

PUTANA                    Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past under!  
Why, now I commend thee, charge; fear nothing,  
sweetheart; what though he be your brother? Your  
brother's a man, I hope, and I say still, if a young  
wench feel the fit upon her, let her take anybody,  
father or brother, all is one.

ANNABELLA                    I would not have it known for all the world.

PUTANA                    Nor I, indeed, for the speech of the people; else  
'twere nothing.

FLORIO                    (*within*) Daughter Annabella!

ANNABELLA O me, my father! — Here, sir! — Reach my work.

FLORIO *(within)* What are you doing?

ANNABELLA So: let him come now.

*2.1c: Enter Florio, Richardetto like a doctor of physic, and Philotis, with a lute in her hand*

FLORIO So hard at work? That's well; you lose no time.  
Look, I have brought you company; here's one,  
A learned doctor lately come from Padua,  
Much skilled in physic; and, for that I see  
You have of late been sickly, I entreated  
This reverend man to visit you some time.

ANNABELLA Y'are very welcome, sir.

RICHARDETTO I thank you, mistress.  
Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise  
As well for virtue as perfection:  
For which I have been bold to bring with me  
A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song  
And music, one perhaps will give content;  
Please you to know her.

ANNABELLA They are parts I love,  
And she for them most welcome.

PHILOTIS Thank you, lady.

FLORIO                                    Good master doctor, please you but walk in,  
   We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning.  
  
   I think my girl hath not quite forgot  
   To touch an instrument: she could have done't.  
  
   We'll hear them both.

RICHARDETTO                            I'll wait upon you, sir.

*Exeunt*

*2.2a: [A Room in Soranzo's House.] Enter Soranzo reading a Book.*

SORANZO                                    “Loves measure is extreme, the comfort pain;  
   The life unrest, and the reward disdain.”  
  
   What's here? Look't o'er again: 'tis so, so writes  
   This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes.  
  
   But Sannazar, thou liest, for, had thy bosom  
   Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,  
  
   Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made thee smart.  
  
   To work then, happy muse, and contradict  
   What Sannazar hath in his envy writ.  
  
   “Loves measure is the mean, sweet his annoys;  
   His pleasures life, and his reward all joys.”  
  
   O how my thoughts are —

VASQUES                                    (*within*) Pray forbear; in rules of civility, let me  
  
   give notice on't: I shall be taxed of my neglect of

duty and service.

SORANZO                   What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?  
Can I be no where private?

VASQUES                   (*within*) Troth, you wrong your modesty.

SORANZO                   What's the matter, Vasques? Who is't?

*2.2b Enter Hippolita and Vasques.*

HIPPOLITA                Tis I:  
  
Do you know me now? Look, perjured man, on her  
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wronged.  
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth  
A scorn to men and angels, and shall I  
Be now a foil to thy unsated change?  
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame  
Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms  
Of hell or sorcery could not prevail  
Against the honour of my chaster bosom.  
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths  
Such and so many, that a heart of steel  
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine:  
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,  
My husband's death, urged on by his disgrace,  
My loss of womanhood, be ill-rewarded

With hatred and contempt? No; know, Soranzo,  
I have a spirit doth as much distaste  
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou  
Dost loath the memory of what hath passed.

SORANZO

Nay, dear Hippolita —

HIPPOLITA

Call me not dear,  
Nor think with supple words to smooth the grossness  
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new mistress,  
Your goodly Madam Merchant, shall triumph  
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,  
My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

SORANZO

You are too violent.

HIPPOLITA

You are too double  
In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,  
This habit, these black mourning weeds of care?  
Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorced  
My husband from his life and me from him,  
And made me widow in my widowhood.

SORANZO

Will you yet hear?

HIPPOLITA

More of thy perjuries?  
Thy soul is drowned too deeply in those sins;

Thou need'st not add to th' number.

SORANZO

Then I'll leave you;

You are past all rules of sense.

HIPPOLITA

And thou of grace.

VASQUES

Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits of reason:  
if my lord had a resolution as noble as virtue itself,  
you take the course to unedge it all. Sir, I beseech  
you, do not perplex her; griefs, alas, will have a  
vent. I dare undertake Madam Hippolita will now  
freely hear you.

SORANZO

Talk to a woman frantic! Are these the fruits of  
your love?

HIPPOLITA

They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man.  
Didst thou not swear, whilst yet my husband lived  
That thou wouldst wish no happiness on earth  
More than to call me wife? Didst thou not vow,  
When he should die, to marry me? For which  
The devil in my blood, and thy protests,  
Caused me to counsel him to undertake  
A voyage to Ligorn, for that we heard  
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter



Young and unfriended, who, with much ado,  
I wish'd him to bring hither: he did so,  
And went; and, as thou know'st, died on the way.  
Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear  
With my advice. Yet thou, for whom I did it,  
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

SORANZO

Who could help this?

HIPPOLITA

Who? Perjur'd man, thou couldst,  
If thou hadst faith or love.

SORANZO

You are deceived.  
The vows I made, if you remember well,  
Were wicked and unlawful; 'twere more sin  
To keep them than to break them. As for me,  
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou  
How much thou hast digressed from honest shame  
In bringing of a gentleman to death  
Who was thy husband; such a one as he,  
So noble in his quality, condition,  
Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,  
As Parma could not show a braver man.

VASQUES

You do not well; this was not your promise.

SORANZO                    I care not; let her know her monstrous life.  
Learn to repent and die, for by my honour  
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul.

*2.2c: Exit*

VASQUES                    This part has been scurvily played.

HIPPOLITA                    How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,  
And shuns the use of that which I more scorn  
Than I once loved, his love. But let him go;  
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.

*She offers to go away*

VASQUES                    Mistress, mistress, Madam Hippolita, pray, a word  
or two!

HIPPOLITA                    With me?

VASQUES                    With you, if you please.

HIPPOLITA                    What is't?

VASQUES                    I know you are infinitely moved now, and you  
think you have cause; some I confess you have,  
but sure not so much as you imagine.

HIPPOLITA                    Indeed.

VASQUES                    Faith, you were somewhat too shrewd; by my life,

you could not have took my lord in a worse time,  
since I first knew him: tomorrow you shall find  
him a new man.

HIPPOLITA                      Well, I shall wait his leisure.

VASQUES                      Fie, this is not a hearty patience, it comes sourly  
from you; troth, let me persuade you for once.

HIPPOLITA                      I have it, and it shall be so; thanks opportunity! —  
Persuade me to what?

VASQUES                      Visit him in some milder temper.

HIPPOLITA                      He will never love me. Vasques, thou hast been a  
too trusty servant to such a master, and I believe  
thy reward in the end will fall out like mine.

VASQUES                      So perhaps too.

HIPPOLITA                      Resolve thyself it will. Had I one so true, so truly  
honest, so secret to my counsels, as thou hast  
been to him and his, I should think it a slight  
acquittance, not only to make her master of all I  
have, but even of myself.

VASQUES                      O you are a noble gentlewoman!

HIPPOLITA                      Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? Well, I know

thou art wise, and seest the reward of a servant  
daily, what it is.

VASQUES                      Beggary and neglect.

HIPPOLITA                    True: but Vasques, wert thou mine, and wouldst be  
private to me and my designs, I here protest  
myself and all what I can else call mine should be  
at thy dispose.

VASQUES                      Work you that way, old mole? Then I have the  
wind of you. — I were not worthy of it by any  
desert that could lie ... within my compass; if I  
could —

HIPPOLITA                    What then?

VASQUES                      I should then hope to live in my old years with  
rest and security.

HIPPOLITA                    Give me thy hand: now promise but thy silence,  
And help to bring to pass a plot I have,  
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,  
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

VASQUES                      Come, you are merry; this is such a happiness that  
I can neither think or believe.

HIPPOLITA                    Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

VASQUES                    Then here I call our good angels for witnesses,  
   whatsoever your designs are, or against  
   whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor  
   therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

HIPPOLITA                    I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine;  
   Come then, let's more confer of this anon.  
   On this delicious bane my thought shall banquet,  
   Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

*Exeunt*

*2.3a: [The Street.] Enter Richardetto and Philotis.*

RICHARDETTO                Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps,  
   How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace,  
   Wherein I am but as a looker-on,  
   Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.

PHILOTIS                    But uncle , wherein can this borrowed shape  
   Give you content?

RICHARDETTO                I'll tell thee, gentle niece:  
   Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots  
   Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead  
   In my late journey to Ligorne for you

(As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out).  
Now would I see with what an impudence  
She gives scope to her loose adultery,  
And how the common voice allows hereof:  
Thus far I have prevailed.

PHILOTIS

Alas, I fear  
You mean some strange revenge.

RICHARDETTO

O, be not troubled;  
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all.  
But to our business: what, you learn'd for certain  
How Signior Florio means to give his daughter  
In marriage to Soranzo?

PHILOTIS

Yes, for certain.

RICHARDETTO

But how find you young Annabella's love  
Inclined to him?

PHILOTIS

For aught I could perceive,  
She neither fancies him or any else.

RICHARDETTO

There's mystery in that, which time must show.  
She used you kindly?

PHILOTIS

Yes.

RICHARDETTO           And craved your company?

PHILOTIS               Often.

RICHARDETTO           Tis well; it goes as I could wish.  
I am the doctor now, and as for you,  
None knows you; if all fail not, we shall thrive.  
But who comes here?

*2.3b: Enter Grimaldi*

I know him: 'tis Grimaldi,  
A Roman and a soldier, near allied  
Unto the Duke of Montferrato, one  
Attending on the nuncio of the pope  
That now resides in Parma, by which means  
He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

GRIMALDI              Save you, sir.

RICHARDETTO           And you, sir.

GRIMALDI              I have heard  
Of your approved skill, which through the city  
Is freely talked of, and would crave your aid.

RICHARDETTO           For what, sir?

GRIMALDI              Marry, sir, for this —

But I would speak in private.

RICHARDETTO           Leave us, cousin.

*2.3c: Exit Philotis*

GRIMALDI                I love fair Annabella, and would know  
Whether in arts there may not be receipts  
To move affection.

RICHARDETTO            Sir, perhaps there may,  
But these will nothing profit you.

GRIMALDI                Not me?

RICHARDETTO            Unless I be mistook, you are a man  
Greatly in favour with the cardinal.

GRIMALDI                What of that?

RICHARDETTO            In duty to his grace,  
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek  
To marry Florio's daughter, you must first  
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

GRIMALDI                Who's that?

RICHARDETTO            Soranzo is the man that hath her heart;  
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.

GRIMALDI                Soranzo! What, mine enemy? Is't he?



RICHARDETTO           Is he your enemy?

GRIMALDI               The man I hate  
Worse than confusion; I'll kill him straight.

RICHARDETTO           Nay then, take mine advice  
(Even for his grace's sake the cardinal):  
I'll find a time when he and she do meet,  
Of which I'll give you notice, and to be sure  
He shall not 'scape you, I'll provide a poison  
To dip your rapier's point in; if he had  
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.

GRIMALDI               But shall I trust thee, doctor?

RICHARDETTO           As yourself;  
Doubt not in aught.

*[Exit Grimaldi]*

— Thus shall the fates decree:  
By me Soranzo falls, that ruined me.

*Exeunt*

2.4: *[Another Part of the Street.] Enter Donada [with a letter], Bergetto, and Poggio.*

DONADA                 Well, sir, I must be content to be both your  
secretary and your messenger myself. I cannot tell  
what this letter may work, but, as sure as I am

alive, if thou come once to talk with her, I fear  
thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

BERGETTO                    You make, aunt? Why, am not I big enough to  
carry mine own letter, I pray?

DONADA                     Ay, ay, carry a fool's head o'thy own! Why, thou  
dunce, wouldst thou write a letter and carry it  
thyself?

BERGETTO                    Yes, that I would, and read it to her with mine  
own mouth; for you must think, if she will not  
believe me myself when she hears me speak, she  
will not believe another's hand-writing. O, you  
think I am a blockhead, aunt. No, sir, Poggio  
knows I have indited a letter myself, so I have.

POGGIO                     Yes truly, sir; I have it in my pocket.

DONADA                     A sweet one, no doubt; pray let's see't.

BERGETTO                    I cannot read my own hand very well, Poggio; read  
it, Poggio.

DONADA                     Begin.

POGGIO                     (*reads*) "Most dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I  
could call you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves

you, but my aunt being the elder, I leave it to her.  
I am wise enough to tell you I can boud where I  
see occasion; or if you like my aunt's wit better  
than mine, you shall marry me; if you like mine  
better than hers, I will marry you in spite of your  
teeth. So commending my best parts to you, I rest.  
— Yours, upwards and downwards, or you may  
choose. Bergetto.”

BERGETTO

Ah, ha! here's stuff, aunt!

DONADA

Here's stuff indeed to shame us all. Pray whose  
advice did you take in this learned letter?

BERGETTO

'Twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit for't.

DONADA

Get you home, sir, and look you keep within doors  
till I return.

*Exit Donada*

BERGETTO

Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head  
in's tail?

POGGIO

Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

BERGETTO

Dost take me for a child, Poggio? Come, honest  
Poggio.

*Exeunt*

2.5: *[Friar Bonaventura's Cell.] Enter Friar and Giovanni*

FRIAR                               Peace. Thou hast told a tale, whose every word  
  Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul.  
  
  I day and night have waked my aged eyes  
  Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf:  
  
  But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolved,  
  Thou art a man remarked to taste a mischief.  
  
  Look for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

GIOVANNI                            Father, in this you are uncharitable;  
  
  What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good.  
  
  It is a principle (which you have taught,  
  When I was yet your scholar), that the frame  
  And composition of the mind doth follow  
  The frame and composition of the body:  
  
  So where the body's furniture is beauty,  
  The mind's must needs be virtue; which allowed,  
  Virtue itself is reason but refined,  
  
  And love the quintessence of that. This proves  
  My sister's beauty, being rarely fair,  
  Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love,  
  And chiefly in that love, her love to me.  
  
  If hers to me, then so is mine to her;

Since in like causes are effects alike.

FRIAR

O ignorance in knowledge! long ago,  
How often have I warn'd thee this before?  
Indeed, if we were sure there were no deity,  
Nor heaven nor hell, then to be led alone  
By nature's light (as were philosophers  
Of elder times), might instance some defence.  
But 'tis not so; then, madman, thou wilt find  
That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

GIOVANNI

Your age o'errules you; had you youth like mine,  
You'd make her love your Heaven, and her divine.

FRIAR

Nay then, I see th'art too far sold to hell,  
It lies not in the compass of my prayers  
To call thee back; yet let me counsel thee:  
Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

GIOVANNI

Marriage? Why, that's to damn her. That's to prove  
Her greedy of variety of lust.

FRIAR

O fearful! If thou wilt not, give me leave  
To shrive her, lest she should die unabsolved.

GIOVANNI

At your best leisure, father; then she'll tell you  
How dearly she doth prize my matchless love.

Then you will know what pity 'twere we two  
Should have been sundered from each other's arms.  
View well her face, and in that little round  
You may observe a world's variety:  
For colour, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath.  
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres  
Make music to the citizens in Heaven.  
But, father, what is else for pleasure framed,  
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnamed.

FRIAR                     The more I hear, I pity thee the more.  
                              Wouldst thou be ruled.

GIOVANNI               In what?

FRIAR                     Why, leave her yet;  
                              The throne of mercy is above your trespass;  
                              Yet time is left you both —

GIOVANNI               To embrace each other,  
                              Else let all time be struck quite out of number.  
                              She is like me, and I like her, resolved.

FRIAR                     No more! I'll visit her. This grieves me most,  
                              Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost.

*Exeunt*

2.6a: *[A Room in Florio's House.] Enter Florio, Donada, Annabella, and Putana*

DONADA                      Fair gentlewoman, here's a letter sent  
To you from my young cousin; I dare swear  
He loves you in his soul: would you could hear  
Sometimes what I see daily, sighs and tears,  
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

FLORIO                      Receive it, Annabella.

ANNABELLA                Alas, good man!

DONADA                      What's that she said?

PUTANA                      An't please you, sir, she said, "Alas, good man."  
Truly I do commend him to her every night before  
her first sleep, because I would have her dream of  
him, and she hearkens to that most religiously.

DONADA                      Say'st so? God-a-mercy, Putana, there's something  
for thee and prithe do what thou canst on his  
behalf; sha' not be lost labour, take my word for't.

PUTANA                      Thank you most heartily, ma'am; now I have a  
feeling of your mind, let me alone to work.

ANNABELLA                Guardian!

PUTANA                      Did you call?

ANNABELLA                   Keep this letter.

DONADA                       Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

FLORIO                       Keep it for what? pray read it me hereright.

ANNABELLA                   I shall, sir.

*She reads*

DONADA                       How d'you find her inclined, signior?

FLORIO                       Troth, ma'am, I know not how; not all so well  
As I could wish.

ANNABELLA                   Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's debtor.  
The jewel I'll return; for if he love,  
I'll count that love a jewel.

DONADA                       Mark you that?  
Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

ANNABELLA                   You must excuse me,  
Indeed I will not keep it.

FLORIO                       Where's the ring,  
That which your mother in her will bequeathed  
And charged you on her blessing not to give't  
To any but your husband? Send back that.

ANNABELLA                   I have it not.



FLORIO                                Ha, have it not! Where is't?

ANNABELLA                        My brother in the morning took it from me,  
Said he would wear't today.

FLORIO                                Well, what do you say  
To young Bergetto's love? Are you content  
To match with him? Speak.

DONADA                              There is the point, indeed.

ANNABELLA                        What shall I do? I must say something now.

FLORIO                                What say? Why d'you not speak?

ANNABELLA                        Sir, with your leave — Please you to give me freedom?

FLORIO                                Yes, you have it.

ANNABELLA                        Signora Donada, if your nephew mean  
To raise his better fortunes in his match,  
The hope of me will hinder such a hope;  
Ma'am, if you love him, as I know you do,  
Find one more worthy of his choice than me.  
In short, I'm sure I sha' not be his wife.

DONADA                              Why, here's plain dealing; I commend thee for't,  
And all the worst I wish thee, is, Heaven bless thee!  
Your father yet and I will still be friends;

Shall we not, Signior Florio?

FLORIO Yes, why not?

Look, here your cousin comes.

*2.6b: Enter Bergetto and Poggio*

DONADA O coxcomb! what doth he make here?

BERGETTO Where is my aunt, sirs?

DONADA What is the news now?

BERGETTO Save you, aunt, save you! You must not think I come for nothing, masters; and how, and how is't? What, you have read my letter? Ah, there I— tickled you, i'faith.

POGGIO But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.

BERGETTO Sirrah sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest; and riddle what 'tis.

ANNABELLA You say you'll tell me.

BERGETTO As I was walking just now in the street, I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me, and because he did thrust me, I very valiantly call'd him rogue. He here-upon bade me draw; I

told him I had more wit than so, but when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the hilts of his rapier that my head sung whilst my feet capered in the kennel.

DONADA

Was ever the like ass seen!

ANNABELLA

And what did you all this while?

BERGETTO

Laugh at him for a gull, till I saw the blood run about mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard (they say he is a new-come doctor) called me into his house, and gave me a plaster — look you, here 'tis — and, sir, there was a young wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently, i'faith I shall love her as long as I live for't — did she not, Poggio?

POGGIO

Yes, and kissed him too.

BERGETTO

Why, la now, you think I tell a lie, aunt, I warrant.

DONADA

Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head, had beaten some wit into it; for I fear thou never wilt have any.

BERGETTO

O, aunt, but there was a wench would have done a

man's heart good to have look'd on her — by this light, she had a face methinks worth twenty of you, Mistress Annabella.

DONADA                      Was ever such a fool born?

ANNABELLA                I am glad she liked you, sir.

BERGETTO                 Are you so? By my troth I thank you, forsooth.

FLORIO                     Sure 'twas the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

BERGETTO                 'Twas she, 'twas she.

FLORIO                     A very modest well-behaved young maid, as I have seen.

DONADA                    Is she indeed?

FLORIO                    Indeed she is, if I have any judgment.

DONADA                    Well, sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters: now you are dismissed, your mistress here will none of you.

BERGETTO                 No! Why, what care I for that? I can have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown a-piece; cannot I, Poggio?

POGGIO I'll warrant you, sir.

DONADA Signior Florio, I thank you for your free recourse  
you gave for my admittance; and to you, fair maid,  
that jewel I will give you 'gainst your marriage.  
Come, will you go, sir?

BERGETTO Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell, mistress. I'll  
come again tomorrow. Farewell, mistress.

*Exeunt Donada, Bergetto, and Poggio*

*2.6c: Enter Giovanni*

FLORIO Son, where have you been? What, alone, alone still?  
I would not have it so, you must forsake  
This over-bookish humour. Well, your sister  
Hath shook the fool off.

GIOVANNI 'Twas no match for her.

FLORIO 'Twas not indeed, I meant it nothing less;  
Soranzo is the man I only like —  
Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time,  
And it grows late.

*2.6d: Exit Florio*

GIOVANNI Whose jewel's that?

ANNABELLA                   Some sweetheart's.

GIOVANNI                    So I think.

ANNABELLA                   Signora Donada, gave it me to wear  
                                  Against my marriage.

GIOVANNI                    But you shall not wear it.  
                                  Send it her back again.

ANNABELLA                   What, you are jealous?

GIOVANNI                    That you shall know anon, at better leisure:  
                                  Welcome, sweet night! the evening crowns the  
                                  day.

*Exeunt*

**ACT III.**

*3.1: [A Room in Donada's House.] Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

BERGETTO                    Does my aunt think to make me a baby still? No,  
                                  Poggio, she shall know I have a sponce now.

POGGIO                      Ay, let her not bob you off like an ape with an  
                                  apple.

BERGETTO                    'Sfoot, I will have the wench if she were ten aunts,  
                                  in despite of her nose, Poggio.

POGGIO                                 Hold her to the grindstone and give not a jot of  
ground. She hath in a manner promised you  
already.

BERGETTO                             True, Poggio, and her uncle, the doctor, swore I  
should marry her.

POGGIO                                 He swore, I remember.

BERGETTO                             And I will have her, that's more; didst see the  
codpiece-point she gave me and the box of  
marmalade?

POGGIO                                 Very well; and kissed you. There's no way but to  
clap up a marriage in hugger-mugger.

BERGETTO                             I will do't; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow  
valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

POGGIO                                 Should you be afraid of your aunt?

BERGETTO                             Hang her, old doating rascal! No, I say I will have  
her. Come away.

*Exeunt*

*3.2a: [A Room in Florio's House.] Enter Florio, Giovanni, Soranzo, Anxabella, Putana, and Vasques*

FLORIO                                 My Lord Soranzo, though I must confess  
The proffers that are made me have been great,

In marriage of my daughter, yet the hope  
Of your still rising honours has prevail'd  
Above all other jointures. Here she is;  
She knows my mind, speak for yourself to her,  
And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly:  
For any private speech, I'll give you time.  
Come, son, and you the rest, let them alone;  
Agree they as they may.

SORANZO I thank you, sir.

GIOVANNI Sister, be not all woman, think on me.

SORANZO Vasques.

VASQUES My lord?

SORANZO Attend me without.

*3.2b: Exeunt all but Soranzo and Annabella*

ANNABELLA Sir, what's your will with me?

SORANZO Do you not know what I should tell you?

ANNABELLA Yes, you'll say you love me.

SORANZO And I'll swear it too;  
Will you believe it?

ANNABELLA 'Tis no point of faith.



*Enter Giovanni above*

SORANZO                   Have you not will to love?

ANNABELLA               Not you.

SORANZO                   Whom then?

ANNABELLA               That's as the fates infer.

GIOVANNI                 Of those I'm regent now.

SORANZO                   What mean you, sweet?

ANNABELLA               To live and die a maid.

SORANZO                   O, that's unfit.

Did you but see my heart, then would you swear —

ANNABELLA               That you were dead.

GIOVANNI                 That's true, or somewhat near it.

SORANZO                   See you these true love's tears?

ANNABELLA               No.

GIOVANNI                 Now she winks.

SORANZO                   They plead to you for grace.

ANNABELLA               Yet nothing speak.

SORANZO                   O grant my suit.

ANNABELLA                   What is't?

SORANZO                    To let me live —

ANNABELLA                 Take it.

SORANZO                   — Still yours.

ANNABELLA                 That is not mine to give.

GIOVANNI                  One such another word would kill his hopes.

SORANZO                   Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,  
Know I have loved you long and loved you truly:  
Not hope of what you have, but what you are,  
Hath drawn me on; then let me not in vain  
Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain.  
I'm sick, and sick to th' heart.

ANNABELLA                 Help, aqua vitae!

SORANZO                   What mean you?

ANNABELLA                 Why, I thought you had been sick.

SORANZO                   Do you mock my love?

GIOVANNI                  There, sir, she was too nimble.

SORANZO                   Tis plain, she laughs at me. —These scornful taunts  
Neither become your modesty or years.

ANNABELLA                    You are no looking-glass; or if you were,  
I'd dress my language by you.

GIOVANNI                    I am confirmed.

ANNABELLA                    To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks  
Your common sense should make you understand,  
That if I loved you or desired your love,  
Some way I should have given you better taste.  
But since you are a nobleman, and one  
I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,  
Let me advise you to forbear your suit,  
And think I wish you well, I tell you this.

SORANZO                    Is't you speak this?

ANNABELLA                    Yes, I myself; yet know —  
Thus far I give you comfort — if mine eyes  
Could have picked out a man (amongst all those  
That sued to me) to make a husband of,  
You should have been that man. Let this suffice;  
Be noble in your secrecy and wise.

GIOVANNI                    Why, now I see she loves me.

ANNABELLA                    One word more:  
As ever virtue liv'd within your mind,

As ever noble courses were your guide,  
As ever you would have me know you loved me,  
Let not my father know hereof by you;  
If I hereafter find that I must marry,  
It shall be you or none.

SORANZO I take that promise.

ANNABELLA Oh, oh, my head!

SORANZO What's the matter? Not well?

ANNABELLA O, I begin to sicken.

GIOVANNI Heaven forbid!

*Exit from above*

SORANZO Help, help, within there, ho!

*3.2c: Enter Florio, Giovanni, and Putana*

Look to your daughter, Signior Florio.

FLORIO Hold her up, she swoons.

GIOVANNI Sister, how d'you?

ANNABELLA Sick — brother, are you there?

FLORIO Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a  
physician; quickly, I say.

PUTANA                      Alas, poor child!

*3.2d: Exeunt all but Soranzo. Re-enter Vasques*

VASQUES                    My lord.

SORANZO                    O Vasques, now I doubly am undone  
Both in my present and my future hopes.  
She plainly told me that she could not love,  
And thereupon soon sickened, and I fear  
Her life's in danger.

VASQUES                    By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all.  
—'Las, sir, I am sorry for that; But hath she given  
you an absolute denial?

SORANZO                    She hath and she hath not; I'm full of grief,  
But what she said I'll tell thee as we go.

*Exeunt*

*3.3: [Another Room in the same.] Enter Giovanni and Putana.*

PUTANA                      O sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly  
undone, and shamed for ever: your sister, O your  
sister!

GIOVANNI                    What of her? for Heaven's sake, speak; how does  
she?

PUTANA O that ever I was born to see this day.

GIOVANNI She is not dead, ha? Is she?

PUTANA Dead? No, she is quick; 'tis worse, she is with child. You know what you have done; Heaven forgive 'ee! 'Tis too late to repent now, Heaven help us!

GIOVANNI With child? How dost thou know't?

PUTANA How do I know't? Am I at these years ignorant what the meanings of qualms and water-pangs be? Of changing of colours, queasiness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name? she is quick, upon my word: if you let a physician see her water, y'are undone.

GIOVANNI Commend me to her, bid her take no care; Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you, Make some excuse, till I return. — O me! I have a world of business in my head. — Do not discomfort her. — How do these news perplex me! — If my father Come to her, tell him she's recovered well, Say 'twas but some ill diet; d'you hear, woman?

Look you to't.

PUTANA                    I will, sir.

*Exeunt*

*3.4a: [Another Room in the same.] Enter Florio and Richardetto.*

FLORIO                    And how d'you find her, sir?

RICHARDETTO            Indifferent well;  
  
I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick,  
  
But that she told me she had lately eaten  
  
Melons, and, as she thought, those disagreed  
  
With her young stomach.

FLORIO                    Did you give her aught?

RICHARDETTO            An easy surfeit-water, nothing else.  
  
You need not doubt her health; I rather think  
  
Her sickness is a fulness of her blood —  
  
You understand me?

FLORIO                    I do; you counsel well  
  
And once, within these few days, will so order't  
  
She shall be married ere she know the time.

RICHARDETTO            Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy choice;  
  
That were dishonour.

FLORIO                                    Master Doctor, no;  
I will not do so neither; in plain words,  
My Lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

RICHARDETTO                            A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

FLORIO                                    As any is in Parma. Not far hence  
Dwells Father Bonaventure, a grave friar,  
Once tutor to my son; now at his cell  
I'll have 'em married.

RICHARDETTO                            You have plotted wisely.

*3.4b: Enter Friar and Giovanni*

FRIAR                                      Good peace be here, and love!

GIOVANNI                                Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best  
To draw this holy man from forth his cell,  
To visit my sick sister, that with words  
Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need,  
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

FLORIO                                    Twas well done, Giovanni; thou herein  
Hast show'd a Christian's care, a brother's love.  
Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,  
And one thing would entreat you.

FRIAR                                      Say on, sir.



FLORIO                                   I have a father's dear impression,  
And wish, before I fall into my grave,  
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit;  
A word from you, grave man, will win her more  
Than all our best persuasions.

FRIAR                                   Gentle sir,  
All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her.

*Exeunt*

*3.5a: [A Room in Richardetto's House.] Enter Grimaldi*

GRIMALDI                           Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo,  
Twenty to one you miss your bride; I know  
Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes  
A soldier's valour, but in terms of love,  
Where merit cannot sway, policy must.  
I am resolved; if this physician  
Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

*Enter Richardetto*

RICHARDETTO                    You are come as I could wish; this very night  
Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd, must be affied  
To Annabella, and, for aught I know,  
Married.

GRIMALDI                           How!

RICHARDETTO            Yet your patience: —  
The place, 'tis Friar Bonaventure's cell.  
Now I would wish you to bestow this night  
In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night:  
If you miss now, tomorrow I'll know all.

GRIMALDI                Have you the poison?

RICHARDETTO            Here 'tis, in this box.  
Doubt nothing, this will do't; in any case,  
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

GRIMALDI                I'll speed him.

RICHARDETTO            Do. Away; for 'tis not safe  
You should be seen much here — Ever my love!

GRIMALDI                And mine to you.

*Exit Grimaldi*

RICHARDETTO            So! If this hit, I'll laugh and hug revenge;  
And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,  
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin.  
But to my other business. — niece Philotis!

*3.5b: Enter Philotis*

PHILOTIS                Uncle?

RICHARDETTO            My lovely niece, You have bethought'ee?

PHILOTIS                Yes, and, as you counselled,  
Fashioned my heart to love him; but he swears  
He will to-night be married, for he fears  
His aunt else, if he should know the drift,  
Will hinder all, and call his coz to shrift.

RICHARDETTO            Tonight? Why, best of all; — but let me see,  
I— ha — yes — so it shall be; in disguise  
We'll early to the friar's — I have thought on't.

*3.5c: Enter Bergetto and Poggio*

PHILOTIS                Uncle, he comes.

RICHARDETTO            Welcome, my worthy coz.

BERGETTO                Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass! — Aha, Poggio!

PHILOTIS                There's hope of this yet.

RICHARDETTO            You shall have time enough; withdraw a little,  
We must confer at large.

BERGETTO                Have you not sweetmeats or dainty devices for  
me?

PHILOTIS                You shall have enough, sweetheart.

BERGETTO                Sweetheart! Mark that, Poggio. By my troth, I

cannot choose but kiss thee once more for that  
word, “sweetheart.” — Poggio, I have a monstrous  
swelling about my stomach, whatsoever the matter  
be.

POGGIO                     You shall have physic for’t, sir.

RICHARDETTO            Time runs apace.

BERGETTO                Time’s a blockhead.

RICHARDETTO            Be ruled; when we have done what’s fit to do,  
Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too.

*Exeunt.*

*3.6a: Enter the Friar sitting in a chair, Annabella kneeling and whispering to him; a table before them  
and wax-lights; she weeps and wrings her hands*

FRIAR                     I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,  
You have unripped a soul so foul and guilty  
As I must tell you true, I marvel how  
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,  
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,  
Whiles I do read a lecture.

ANNABELLA              Wretched creature!

FRIAR                     Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,  
Almost condemned alive. There is a place —

List, daughter — in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires,  
A lightless sulphur, choaked with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness: in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls  
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders; there is burning oil  
Poured down the drunkard's throat; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

ANNABELLA

Mercy, O mercy!

FRIAR

Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave  
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear  
How he will cry, "O, would my wicked sister  
Had first been damned, when she did yield to lust!"—  
But soft, methinks I see repentance work  
New motions in your heart; say, how is't with you?

ANNABELLA

Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

FRIAR

There is, despair not; Heaven is merciful,  
And offers grace even now. Tis thus agreed,

First, for your honour's safety, that you marry  
My Lord Soranzo; next, to save your soul,  
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

ANNABELLA            Ay me!

FRIAR                    Sigh not; I know the baits of sin  
Are hard to leave. O, 'tis a death to do't.  
Remember what must come. Are you content?

ANNABELLA            I am.

FRIAR                    I like it well; we'll take the time.  
Who's near us there?

*3.6b: Enter Florio and Giovanni*

FLORIO                  Did you call, father?

FRIAR                    Is Lord Soranzo come?

FLORIO                  He stays below.

FRIAR                    Bid him come near.

GIOVANNI                My sister weeping, ha?  
I fear this friar's falsehood. — I will call him.

*Exit*

FLORIO                  Daughter, are you resolv'd?

ANNABELLA                      Father, I am.

*3.6c: Re-enter Giovanni, with Soranzo and Vasques*

FLORIO                              My Lord Soranzo, here  
Give me your hand; for that, I give you this.

*[Joins their hands]*

SORANZO                            Lady, say you so too?

ANNABELLA                        I do, and vow  
To live with you and yours.

FRIAR                                Timely resolved:  
My blessing rest on both; more to be done,  
You may perform it on the morning-sun.

*Exeunt*

*3.7a: [The Street before the Monastery.] Enter Grimaldi with his rapier drawn and a dark lantern*

GRIMALDI                            Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon  
To finish such a work; here I will lie  
To listen who comes next.

*He lies down*

*Enter Bergetto and Philotis disguised; and after Richardetto and Poggio*

BERGETTO                            We are almost at the place, I hope, sweetheart.

GRIMALDI                            I hear them near, and heard one say “sweetheart.”

Tis he; now guide my hand, some angry justice,  
Home to his bosom. — Now have at you, sir!

*Strikes Bergetto and exit*

BERGETTO                    O help, help! Here's a stitch fallen in my guts. O  
for a flesh-tailor quickly! — Poggio!

PHILOTIS                    What ails my love?

BERGETTO                    I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward, and  
yet I am wet before and behind. — Lights! lights!  
ho, lights!

PHILOTIS                    Alas, some villain here has slain my love.

RICHARDETTO                O Heaven forbid it. — Raise up the next neighbours  
Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights.

*Exit Poggio*

How is't, Bergetto? Slain? It cannot be;  
Are you sure y'are hurt?

BERGETTO                    O my belly seethes like a porridge-pot; some cold  
water, I shall boil over else; my whole body is in a  
sweat, that you may wring my shirt; feel here —  
Why, Poggio!

*3.7b: Re-enter Poggio, with Officers, and lights and halberts*



POGGIO                                 Here. Alas, how do you?

RICHARDETTO                         Give me a light. What's here? All blood! O sirs,  
Signora Donada's nephew now is slain.  
Follow the murderer with all the haste  
Up to the city, he cannot be far hence;  
Follow, I beseech you.

OFFICERS                                 Follow, follow, follow.

*3.7c: Exeunt Officers*

RICHARDETTO                         Tear off thy linen, coz, to stop his wounds. — Be  
of good comfort, man.

BERGETTO                                Is all this mine own blood? Nay, then, good night  
with me. Poggio, commend me to my aunt, dost  
hear? Bid her for my sake make much of this  
wench. O! — I am going the wrong way sure, my  
belly aches so. — O, farewell, Poggio! — O! — O!  
—   *Dies*

PHILOTIS                                 O, he is dead.

POGGIO                                 How! Dead!

RICHARDETTO                         He's dead indeed.  
Tis now too late to weep: let's have him home,  
And with what speed we may, find out the

murderer.

POGGIO                                    O my master, my master, my master!

*Exeunt*

*3.8: [A Room in Hippolita's House.] Enter Vasques and Hippolita*

HIPPOLITA                            Betrothed?

VASQUES                                I saw it.

HIPPOLITA                            And when's the marriage-day?

VASQUES                                Some two days hence.

HIPPOLITA                            Two days? Why, then, I would but wish two hours  
To send him to his last, and lasting sleep.  
And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

VASQUES                                I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust, you my  
secrecy; I am infinitely yours.

HIPPOLITA                            I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.  
So soon? O, wicked man, I durst be sworn,  
He'd laugh to see me weep.

VASQUES                                And that's a villainous fault in him.

HIPPOLITA                            No, let him laugh; I am arm'd in my resolves;  
Be thou still true.

VASQUES I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a  
preferment, as I am like to climb to.

HIPPOLITA Even to my bosom, Vasques. Let my youth  
Revel in these new pleasures; if we thrive,  
He now hath but a pair of days to live.

*Exeunt.*

3.9: [*The Street before the Cardinal's Gates.*] Enter Florio, Donada, Richardetto, Poggio, and Officers

FLORIO Tis bootless now to show yourself a child,  
Signora Donada; what is done, is done.  
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

RICHARDETTO I must confess, somewhat I was in fault  
That had not first acquainted you what love  
Past 'twixt him and my niece; but, as I live,  
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

DONADA Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm,  
That I am sure of.

FLORIO I believe that too.  
But stay, my masters, are you sure you saw  
The murderer pass here?

OFFICER And it please you, sir, we are sure we saw a ruffian,  
with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get

into my lord Cardinal's Grace's gate, that we are  
sure of; but for fear of his grace (bless us) we durst  
go no farther.

DONADA Know you what manner of man he was?

OFFICER Yes, sure, I know the man; they say he is a soldier;  
he that loved your daughter, sir, an't please ye;  
'twas he for certain.

FLORIO Grimaldi, on my life.

OFFICER Ay, ay, the same.

RICHARDETTO The cardinal is noble; he no doubt  
Will give true justice.

DONADA Knock someone at the gate.

POGGIO I'll knock, sir. *(Poggio knocks)*

*3.9b: Enter Cardinal and Grimaldi*

CARDINAL Why, how now, friends! What saucy mates are you  
That know nor duty nor civility?  
Are we a person fit to be your host,  
Or is our house become your common inn,  
To beat our doors at pleasure? O, your news  
Is here before you; you have lost a nephew,

Donada, last night by Grimaldi slain:

Is that your business? Well, ma'am, we have knowledge on't,

Let that suffice.

GRIMALDI

In presence of your grace,

In thought, I never meant Bergetto harm.

But Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn

Soranzo, backed with his confederates,

Hath often wronged me; I, to be revenged,

Had thought by way of ambush to have killed him,

But was unluckily therein mistook;

Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:

And though my fault to him were merely chance,

Yet humbly I submit me to your grace,

To do with me as you please.

CARDINAL

Rise up, Grimaldi.

You citizens of Parma, if you seek

For justice, know, as nuncio from the Pope,

For this offence I here receive Grimaldi

Into his Holiness' protection.

He is no common man, but nobly born;

Of princes' blood, though you, sir Florio,

Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.

Bury your dead.— Away, Grimaldi; leave 'em.

*3.9c: Exeunt Cardinal and Grimaldi*

DONADA                    Is this a churchman's voice? Dwells justice here?

FLORIO                    Justice is fled to Heaven, and comes no nearer.  
Come, come, Donada, there's no help in this,  
When cardinals think murder's not amiss.  
Great men may do their wills, we must obey;  
But Heaven will judge them for't, another day.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV.**

*4.1a [A Room in Florio's House.] A Banquet, Hautboys. Enter the Friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donada, Florio, Richardetto, Putana, and Vasques*

FRIAR                    These holy rites performed, now take your times  
To spend the remnant of the day in feast;  
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,  
Who are your guests, though not with mortal eyes  
To be beheld. — Long prosper in this day,  
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

SORANZO                Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of goodness  
Hath been a shield for me against my death;  
And, more to bless me, hath enriched my life  
With this most precious jewel; such a prize

As earth hath not another like to this.

Cheer up, my love; and, gentlemen, my friends,  
Rejoice with me in mirth; this day we'll crown  
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

GIOVANNI

O torture! Were the marriage yet undone,  
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love  
Clipped by another, I would dare confusion,  
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

VASQUES

Are you not well, sir?

GIOVANNI

Prithee, sirrah, wait;  
I need not thy officious diligence.

FLORIO

Signora Donada, come, you must forget  
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

SORANZO

Vasques!

VASQUES

My lord?

SORANZO

Reach me that weighty bowl.  
Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you;  
Your turn comes next, though now a bachelor.  
Here's to your sister's happiness and mine.

GIOVANNI

I cannot drink.

SORANZO                   What?

GIOVANNI                 'Twill indeed offend me.

ANNABELLA              Pray do not urge him, if he be not willing.

*Hautboys*

FLORIO                   How now, what noise is this?

VASQUES                O, sir, I had forgot to tell you; certain young  
                              maidens of Parma, in honour to madam  
                              Annabella's marriage, have sent their loves to her  
                              in a masque.

SORANZO                 We are much bound to them; so much the more,  
                              As it comes unexpected; guide them in.

*4.1b: Enter Hippolita and Ladies in white robes with garlands of willows, [all masked]. Music and a dance.*

SORANZO                 Thanks, lovely virgins; now might we but know  
                              To whom we have been beholding for this love,  
                              We shall acknowledge it.

HIPPOLITA              Yes, you shall know:  
                              What think you now?

ALL                      Hippolita!

HIPPOLITA              Tis she,



Be not amaz'd; nor blush, young lovely bride,  
I come not to defraud you of your man.  
Tis now no time to reckon up the talk  
What Parma long hath rumoured of us both.  
But now to you, sweet creature: lend's your hand;  
Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim  
Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord.  
What I have right to do, his soul knows best;  
But in my duty to your noble worth,  
Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,  
Here, take, Soranzo, take this hand from me:  
I'll once more join, what by the holy church  
Is finished and allowed. Have I done well?

SORANZO

You have too much engaged us.

HIPPOLITA

One thing more.

That you may know my single charity,  
Freely I here remit all interest  
I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows;  
And to confirm't — reach me a cup of wine —  
My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink  
Long rest t'ee! — Look to it, Vasques.

VASQUES

Fear nothing.

*She gives her a poisoned cup; she drinks.*

SORANZO                      Hippolita, I thank you, and will pledge  
   This happy union as another life;  
   Wine, there!

VASQUES                      You shall have none; neither shall you pledge her.

HIPPOLITA                    How!

VASQUES                      Know now, Mistress She-Devil, your own  
   mischievous treachery hath killed you.

HIPPOLITA                    Villain!

ALL                              What's the matter?

VASQUES                      Foolish woman, thou art now like a firebrand that  
   hath kindled others and burnt thyself; thy vain  
   hope hath deceived thee, thou art but dead; if  
   thou hast any grace, pray.

HIPPOLITA                    Monster!

VASQUES                      Die in charity, for shame. — This thing of malice  
   hath privately corrupted me to poison my lord,  
   whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his  
   marriage day. End thy days in peace, vile woman;  
   as for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

ALL                                  Wonderful justice!

RICHARDETTO                      Heaven, thou art righteous.

HIPPOLITA                         O 'tis true;

   I feel my minute coming. Had that slave  
Kept promise (O my torment!) thou, this hour,  
Hadst died, Soranzo — heat above hell fire! —  
Take here my curse amongst you: may thy bed  
Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart,  
Burn blood and boil in vengeance — O my heart,  
My flame's intolerable — May'st thou live  
To father bastards, may her womb bring forth  
Monsters, and die together in your sins,  
Hated, scorned, and unpitied — O! — O! — *Dies.*

FLORIO                                Was e'er so vile a creature!

RICHARDETTO                      Here's the end  
   Of lust and pride.

ANNABELLA                         It is a fearful sight.

SORANZO                            Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,  
   And never will forget thee. — Come, my love  
We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape.  
Father and friends, we must break up this mirth;

It is too sad a feast.

DONADA

Bear hence the body.

FRIAR

Here's an ominous change;

Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed.

I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,

Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

*Exeunt*

4.2. *[A Room in Richardetto's House.] Enter Richardetto and Philotis*

RICHARDETTO

My wretched wife, more wretched in her shame

Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon

The forfeit of her modesty and life.

And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover,

Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall,

Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.

Debates already 'twixt his wife and him

Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,

Slightens his love, and he abandons hers.

Much talk I hear. Since things go thus, my niece,

In tender love and pity of your youth,

My counsel is, that you should free your years

From hazard of these woes by flying hence

To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul

In holiness a holy votaress:  
Leave me to see the end of these extremes.  
All human worldly courses are uneven;  
No life is blessed but the way to Heaven.

PHILOTIS                      Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

RICHARDETTO              Ay, gentle niece, and in your hourly prayers  
Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.  
Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads,  
Your home your cloister, your best friends your  
beads.

PHILOTIS                      Then farewell, world, and worldly thoughts, adieu.  
Welcome, chaste vows; myself I yield to you.

*Exeunt*

*4.3: [A Chamber in Soranzo's House.] Enter Soranzo unbraced, and Annabella dragged in*

SORANZO                      Come, strumpet, famous whore! Were every drop  
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins  
A life, this sword (dost see't?) should in one blow  
Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot,  
Was there no man in Parma to be bawd  
To your loose cunning whoredom else but I?  
Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,  
The heyday of your luxury, be fed

Up to a surfeit, and could none but I  
Be picked out to be cloak to your close tricks,  
Your belly-sports? Now I must be the dad  
To all that gallimaufry that is stuffed  
In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb,  
Say, must I?

ANNABELLA

Beastly man! Why, 'tis thy fate.  
I sued not to thee; for, but that I thought  
Your over-loving lordship would have run  
Mad on denial, had you lent me time,  
I would have told you in what case I was.  
But you would needs be doing.

SORANZO

Whore of whores!  
Dar'st thou tell me this?

ANNABELLA

O yes, why not?  
You were deceived in me; 'twas not for love  
I chose you, but for honour; yet know this,  
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,  
I'd see whether I could love you.

SORANZO

Excellent quean!  
Why, art thou not with child?

ANNABELLA                   What needs all this,  
When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.

SORANZO                    Tell me by whom.

ANNABELLA                 Soft, sir,'twas not in my bargain.  
Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach,  
I am content t' acquaint you with; the man,  
The more than man, that got this sprightly boy —  
For 'tis a boy, and that for glory, sir,  
Your heir shall be a son—

SORANZO                    Damnable monster!

ANNABELLA                 Nay, and you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

SORANZO                    Yes, speak, and speak thy last.

ANNABELLA                 A match, a match!  
This noble creature was in every part  
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman  
Who had not been but human, as was I,  
Would have kneeled to him, and have begg'd for love.

SORANZO                    What was he called?

ANNABELLA                 We are not come to that.  
Let it suffice that you shall have the glory

To father what so brave a father got.

SORANZO  
Not know it, strumpet? I'll rip up thy heart,  
And find it there.

ANNABELLA  
Do, do.

SORANZO  
And with my teeth,  
Tear the prodigious letcher joint by joint.

ANNABELLA  
Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry!

SORANZO  
Dost thou laugh?  
Come, whore, tell me your lover, or, by truth,  
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't?

ANNABELLA  
(Sings) *Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore?*

SORANZO  
Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag  
Thy lust be-lepered body through the dust.  
Yet tell his name.

ANNABELLA  
(Sings) *Morendo in gratia Dei, morirei senza dolore.*

SORANZO  
Dost thou triumph? The treasure of the earth  
Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings  
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down  
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail  
Against my rage. Dost thou not tremble yet?



ANNABELLA                    At what? To die? No, be a gallant hangman.  
I dare thee to the worst: strike, and strike home.

SORANZO                    Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

ANNABELLA                My life? I will not buy my life so dear.

SORANZO                    I will not slack my vengeance.

*4.3b: Enter Vasques*

VASQUES                    What d'you mean, sir?

SORANZO                    Forbear, Vasques; such a damned whore  
Deserves no pity.

VASQUES                    Now the gods forefend! And would you be her  
executioner, and kill her in your rage too? O,  
'twere most unmanlike. She is your wife: what  
faults have been done by her before she married  
you, were not against you; alas, poor lady, what  
hath she committed which any lady in Italy in the  
like case would not? Sir, you must be ruled by your  
reason and not by your fury; that were unhuman  
and beastly.

SORANZO                    She shall not live.

VASQUES                    Come, she must. You would have her confess the

authors of her present misfortunes, I warrant'ee;  
'tis an unconscionable demand. Good sir, be  
reconciled; alas, good gentlewoman.

ANNABELLA

Pish, do not beg for me; I prize my life  
As nothing; if the man will needs be mad,  
Why let him take it.

SORANZO

Vasques, hear'st thou this?

VASQUES

Yes, and commend her for it; in this she shows the  
nobleness of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my  
heart, but it becomes her rarely. — Sir, in any case  
smother your revenge; leave the scenting out your  
wrongs to me; be ruled, as you respect your  
honour, or you mar all.— Sir, if ever my service  
were of any credit with you, be not so violent in  
your distractions. 'Tis as manlike to bear  
extremities, as godlike to forgive.

SORANZO

O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh,  
This faithless face of hers, had I laid up  
The treasure of my heart. — Hadst thou been virtuous,  
Fair, wicked woman, not the matchless joys  
Of life itself, had made me wish to live  
With any saint but thee; deceitful creature,

How hast thou mocked my hopes, and in the shame  
Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive!  
I did too dearly love thee.

VASQUES

This is well; follow this temper with some passion.  
Be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.

SORANZO

Be witness to my words thy soul and thoughts,  
And tell me, didst not think that in my heart  
I did too superstitiously adore thee?

ANNABELLA

I must confess, I know you loved me well.

SORANZO

And wouldst thou use me thus? O, Annabella,  
Be thou assured, whatsoe'er the villain was  
That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,  
Well he might lust, but never loved like me.  
He doated on the picture that hung out  
Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye;  
Not on the part I loved, which was thy heart,  
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

ANNABELLA

O my lord!  
These words wound deeper than your sword could do.

SORANZO

Forgive me, Annabella. Though thy youth  
Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,

Yet will I not forget what I should be,  
And what I am, a husband; in that name  
Is hid divinity: if I do find  
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit  
All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

VASQUES                      By my troth, and that's a point of noble charity.

ANNABELLA                  Sir, on my knees —

SORANZO                    Rise up, you shall not kneel.  
  
Get you to your chamber, see you make no show  
Of alteration; I'll be with you straight.  
  
My reason tells me now that 'tis as common  
To err in frailty as to be a woman.  
  
Go to your chamber.

*4.3c: Exit Annabella*

VASQUES                    So, this was somewhat to the matter; what do you  
think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

SORANZO                    I carry hell about me; all my blood  
Is fired in swift revenge.

VASQUES                    That may be; but know you how, or on whom?

SORANZO                    I'll make her tell herself, or —

VASQUES

Or what? You must not do so. Let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while; go to her, use her mildly, win her, if it be possible to a voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in; the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

SORANZO

Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.

*4.3d: Exit*

VASQUES

Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce! I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago. Up and up so quick? And so quickly too? 'Twere a fine policy to learn by whom: this must be known; and I have thought on't —

*4.3e Enter Putana*

Here's the way, or none. — What, crying, old mistress! Alas, alas, I cannot blame you; we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

PUTANA

O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day!  
Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

VASQUES

Me? Why, he makes a dog of me. But if some were

of my mind, I know what we would do; As sure as  
I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady  
with unkindness. Say she be with child, is that  
such a matter for a young woman of her years to  
be blamed for?

PUTANA

Alas, good heart, it is against her will full sore.

VASQUES

I durst be sworn, all his madness is for that she  
will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know,  
and when he doth know it, I am so well  
acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all  
straight. Well, I could wish she would in plain  
terms tell all, for that's the way, indeed.

PUTANA

Do you think so?

VASQUES

Foh, I know't; provided that he did not win her  
to't by force. He was once in a mind that you  
could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you,  
but I somewhat pacified him from that; yet sure  
you know a great deal.

PUTANA

Heaven forgive us all! I know a little, Vasques.

VASQUES

Why should you not? Who else should? Upon my  
conscience, she loves you dearly, and you would

not betray her to any affliction for the world.

PUTANA

Not for all the world, by my faith and troth,  
Vasques.

VASQUES

Twere pity of your life if you should; but in this  
you should both relieve her present discomforts,  
pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love  
and preferment.

PUTANA

Dost think so, Vasques?

VASQUES

Nay, I know't; sure 'twas some near and entire  
friend.

PUTANA

Twas a dear friend indeed; but —

VASQUES

But what? Fear not to name him; my life between  
you and danger: Faith, I think 'twas no base fellow.

PUTANA

Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

VASQUES

'Uds pity, what else? You shall be rewarded too,  
trust me.

PUTANA

Twas even no worse than her own brother.

VASQUES

Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you!

PUTANA

Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman as ever

kissed fair lady. O they love most perpetually.

VASQUES

A brave gentleman indeed! Why, therein I commend her choice. — Better and better! — You are sure 'twas he?

PUTANA

Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

VASQUES

He were to blame if he would: but may I believe thee?

PUTANA

Believe me! No, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long to belie them now.

VASQUES

Where are you? There within, sirs!

*4.3f Enter Banditti*

PUTANA

How now, what are these?

VASQUES

You shall know presently. Come, sirs, take me this old damnable hag, gag her instantly, and put out her eyes. Quickly, quickly!

PUTANA

Vasques, Vasques!

VASQUES

Gag her, I say. 'Sfoot, do you suffer her to prate? What d'you fumble about? Let me come to her; I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch.



Sirs, carry her closely into the coalhouse, and put  
out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose:  
d'you hear, be speedy and sure.

Why this is excellent and above expectation .

*Exeunt Banditti with Putana*

Her own brother! O horrible! to what a height of  
liberty in damnation hath the devil trained our  
age. Her brother! Well, there's yet but a beginning:  
I must to my lord, and tutor him better in his  
points of vengeance. But soft — What thing  
comes next?

*4.3g Enter Giovanni*

Giovanni! As I could wish; my belief is  
strengthened, 'tis as firm as winter and summer.

GIOVANNI                      Where's my sister?

VASQUES                      Troubled with a new sickness, my lord; she's  
somewhat ill.

GIOVANNI                      Where is she?

VASQUES                      In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone.  
Your liberality hath doubly made me your servant,  
and ever shall, ever.

*4.3b Exit Giovanni. Re-enter Soranzo*

Sir, I have plied my cue with cunning and success;  
I beseech you let us be private.

SORANZO                    My lady's brother's come; now he'll know all.

VASQUES                    Let him know't; I have made some of them fast  
enough. How have you dealt with my lady?

SORANZO                    Gently, as thou hast counselled. O, my soul  
Runs circular in sorrow for revenge.  
But, Vasques, thou shalt know —

VASQUES                    Nay, I will know no more, for now comes your  
turn to know; I would not talk so openly with you.  
Let my young master take time enough, and go at  
pleasure; he is sold to death, and the devil shall  
not ransom him. Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

SORANZO                    No conquest can gain glory of my fear.

*Exeunt*

**ACTV.**

*5.1a: [The Street before Soranzo's House.] Annabella appears above*

ANNABELLA                Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes  
Wherein false joys have spun a weary life!

To these my fortunes now I take my leave.  
My conscience now stands up against my lust,  
With depositions characterized in guilt,

*5.1b: Enter Friar [below]*

And tells me I am lost: now I confess;  
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face  
Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.  
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil  
Of thine own virtues and my modest fame,  
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars  
That luckless reigned at my nativity:  
O would the scourge, due to my black offence  
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel  
The torment of an uncontrolled flame!

FRIAR

What's this I hear?

ANNABELLA

That man, that blessed friar,  
Who joined in ceremonial knot my hand  
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft  
I trod the path to death, and showed me how.  
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust  
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust;  
And so did I.



*Exit Friar*

ANNABELLA                    Thanks to the Heavens, who have prolonged my breath  
To this good use: now I can welcome death.

*Exit Annabella*

5.2: *[Another Room in the same.] Enter Soranzo and Vasques*

VASQUES                    Am I to be believed now? First, marry a strumpet  
that cast herself away upon you but to laugh at  
your horns, to feast on your disgrace, riot in your  
vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste  
your estate upon panders and bawds!

SORANZO                    No more, I say, no more.

VASQUES                    A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord!

SORANZO                    I am resolv'd; urge not another word;  
With all the cunning words thou canst, invite  
The states of Parma to my birthday's feast;  
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,  
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail.  
Be speedy, and return.

VASQUES                    Let not your pity betray you, till my coming back;  
think upon incest and cuckoldry.

SORANZO                    Revenge is all the ambition I aspire;

To that I'll climb or fall; my blood's on fire.

*Exeunt*

*5.3a: [A Room in Florio's House.] Enter Giovanni*

GIOVANNI                      Busy opinion is an idle fool,  
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,  
Frights the unexperienced temper of the mind:  
So did it me; who, ere my precious sister  
Was married, thought all taste of love would die  
In such a contract; but I find no change  
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.  
She is still one to me, and every kiss  
As sweet and as delicious as the first  
I reaped, when yet the privilege of youth  
Entitled her a virgin. O the glory  
Of two united hearts like hers and mine!  
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds,  
My world, and all of happiness, is here,  
And I'd not change it for the best to come:  
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

*5.3b: Enter Friar*

Father, you enter on the jubilee  
Of my retired delights; now I can tell you,

The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else  
But slavish and fond superstitious fear;  
And I could prove it too —

FRIAR

Thy blindness slays thee.  
Look there, 'tis writ to thee.

*Gives him the letter*

GIOVANNI

From whom?

FRIAR

Unrip the seals and see;  
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon  
Be frozen harder than congealed coral.  
Why d'you change colour, son?

GIOVANNI

'Fore Heaven, you make  
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love  
And your religion-masked sorceries.  
Where had you this?

FRIAR

Thy conscience, youth, is seared,  
Else thou wouldst stoop to warning.

GIOVANNI

Tis her hand,  
I know't; and 'tis all written in her blood.  
She writes I know not what. Death? I'll not fear  
An armed thunderbolt aimed at my heart.

She writes, we are discovered — pox on dreams  
Of low faint-hearted cowardice! — Discovered?  
The devil we are! which way is't possible?  
Are we grown traitors to our own delights?  
Confusion take such dotage, 'tis but forged;  
This is your peevish chattering, weak old man.

*5.3c: Enter Vasques*

Now, miss, what news bring you?

VASQUES

My lord, according to his yearly custom, keeping  
this day a feast in honour of his birthday, by me  
invites you thither. Your worthy father, with the  
Pope's reverend nuncio, and other magnificoes of  
Parma, have promised their presence; will't please  
you to be of the number?

GIOVANNI

Yes, tell him I dare come.

VASQUES

Dare come?

GIOVANNI

So I said; and tell him more, I will come.

VASQUES

These words are strange to me.

GIOVANNI

Say I will come.





*5.3e: Exit Friar*

GIOVANNI

Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,  
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.  
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots;  
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,  
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall  
Be crush'd to splits: with me they all shall perish.

*Exit*

*5.4a: [A Hall in Soranzo's Home.] Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Banditti*

SORANZO

You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

VASQUES

I will undertake for their parts. Be sure, my  
masters, to be bloody enough; for your pardons,  
trust to my lord; but for reward, you shall trust  
none but your own pockets.

BANDITTI

We'll make a murder.

SORANZO

Here's gold — here's more; want nothing; what you do  
Is noble, and an act of brave revenge.

VASQUES

Hold, take every man a vizard; when ye are  
withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can  
possibly. You know the watchword; till which be  
spoken, move not; but when you hear that, rush in

like a stormy flood. I need not instruct you in your own profession.

ALL

No, no, no.

VASQUES

In, then; your ends are profit and preferment. —  
Away!

*5.4b: Exeunt Banditti*

SORANZO

The guests will all come, Vasques?

VASQUES

Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge your resolution. Call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of honour, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage in your own wrongs; so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call your own.

SORANZO

'Tis well; the less I speak, the more I burn,  
And blood shall quench that flame.

VASQUES

Now you begin to turn Italian. This beside —  
when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit: give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at liberty; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very

act of his damnation.

SORANZO

It shall be so; and see, as we would wish,  
He comes himself first —

*5.4c: Enter Giovanni*

Welcome, my much-loved brother,  
Now I perceive you honour me; y'are welcome.  
But where's my father?

GIOVANNI

With the other states,  
Attending on the nuncio of the Pope,  
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister?

SORANZO

Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet;  
Y'are best walk to her chamber.

GIOVANNI

If you will.

SORANZO

I must expect my honourable friends;  
Good brother, get her forth.

GIOVANNI

You are busy, sir.

*Exit Giovanni*

VASQUES

Even as the great devil himself would have it! let  
him go and glut himself in his own destruction.  
*(Flourish)*

*5.4d: Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donada, Richardetto, and Attendants*

SORANZO                    Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,  
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest  
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

CARDINAL                 You are our friend, my lord; his Holiness  
Shall understand how zealously you honour  
Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute:  
Our special love to you.

SORANZO                    Signiors, to you  
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks  
For this so memorable courtesy.  
Pleaseth your grace walk near?

CARDINAL                 My lord, we come  
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,  
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

SORANZO                    Attend his grace there! — Signiors, keep your way.

*Exeunt*

*5.5: [Annabella's Bed Chamber in the same.] Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed*

GIOVANNI                 What, changed so soon? Hath your new sprightly lord  
Found out a trick in night-games more than we  
Could know, in our simplicity? Ha! Is't so?

Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous  
To your past vows and oaths?

ANNABELLA

Why should you jest  
At my calamity, without all sense  
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

GIOVANNI

What danger's half so great as thy revolt?  
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,  
Malice, or any treachery beside,  
Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate  
Clasped in my fist, and could command the course  
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been  
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.  
And what? You'll now be honest, that's resolved?

ANNABELLA

Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,  
And know that now there's but a dining-time  
'Twixt us and our confusion: let's not waste  
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.  
Alas, these gay attires were not put on  
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast  
Was not ordained to riot in expense;  
I, that have now been chambered here alone,  
Barred of my guardian, or of any else,

Am not for nothing at an instant freed  
To fresh access. Be not deceived, my brother,  
This banquet is an harbinger of death  
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,  
And be prepared to welcome it.

GIOVANNI                      Well, then;  
  
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth  
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

ANNABELLA                    So I have read too.

GIOVANNI                      But 'twere somewhat strange  
  
To see the waters burn; could I believe  
This might be true, I could believe as well  
There might be hell or Heaven.

ANNABELLA                    That's most certain.

GIOVANNI                      A dream, a dream! Else in this other world  
  
We should know one another.

ANNABELLA                    So we shall.

GIOVANNI                      Have you heard so?

ANNABELLA                    For certain.

GIOVANNI                      But d'you think,

That I shall see you there? — You look on me?

May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,

Or do as we do here?

ANNABELLA

I know not that.

But good, for the present, what d'you mean

To free yourself from danger? Some way think

How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.

GIOVANNI

Look up, look here; what see you in my face?

ANNABELLA

Distraction and a troubled countenance.

GIOVANNI

Death, and a swift repining wrath:— yet look,

What see you in mine eyes?

ANNABELLA

Methinks you weep.

GIOVANNI

I do indeed; these are the funeral tears

Shed on your grave; these furrowed up my cheeks

When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.

Be record all the spirits of the air,

And all things else that are, that day and night,

Early and late, the tribute which my heart

Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love

Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now.

Pray, Annabella, pray; since we must part,



Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne  
Of innocence and sanctity in Heaven.  
Pray, pray, my sister!

ANNABELLA

Then I see your drift —  
Ye blessed angels, guard me!

GIOVANNI

So say I.  
Kiss me. If ever after-times should hear  
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps  
The laws of conscience and of civil use  
May justly blame us, yet when they but know  
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour  
Which would in other incests be abhorred.  
Kiss me again — forgive me.

ANNABELLA

With my heart.

GIOVANNI

Farewell.

ANNABELLA

Will you be gone?

GIOVANNI

One other kiss, my sister.

ANNABELLA

What means this?

GIOVANNI

To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss.  
*(Stabs her)*

Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand.

Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

ANNABELLA

O brother, by your hand?

GIOVANNI

When thou art dead

I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute

With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,

Would make me stagger to perform this act,

Which I most glory in.

ANNABELLA

Forgive him, Heaven — and me my sins. farewell,

Brother unkind, unkind! — Mercy, great Heaven

— O! — O!

*(Dies)*

GIOVANNI

She's dead, alas, good soul! The hapless fruit

That in her womb received its life from me

Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.

I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed

In all her best, bore her alive and dead.

Soranzo, thou hast missed thy aim in this!

I have prevented now thy reaching plots,

And killed a love, for whose each drop of blood

I would have pawned my heart. Fair Annabella,

How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,

Triumphing over infamy and hate!  
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,  
And boldly act my last, and greater part.

*Exit with the body*

5.6: *[A Banqueting Room in the same.] A Banquet. Enter the Cardinal, Florio, Donada, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vasques, and Attendants. They take their places.*

VASQUES                      Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and  
resolute.

SORANZO                      Enough — my heart is fixed. — Pleaseth your grace  
To taste these coarse confections; though the use  
Of such set entertainments more consists  
In custom, than in cause, yet, reverend sir,  
I am still made your servant by your presence.

CARDINAL                      And we your friend.

SORANZO                      But where's my brother Giovanni?

*Enter Giovanni, with a heart upon his dagger*

GIOVANNI                      Here, here, Soranzo! Trimmed in reeking blood,  
That triumphs over death; proud in the spoil  
Of love and vengeance! Fate or all the powers  
That guide the motions of immortal souls  
Could not prevent me.

CARDINAL                   What means this?

FLORIO                     Son Giovanni!

SORANZO                   Shall I be forestalled?

GIOVANNI                  Be not amazed; if your misgiving hearts  
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear  
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,  
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty  
Which I have acted? My sister, O my sister!

FLORIO                     Ha! What of her?

GIOVANNI                  The glory of my deed  
Darkened the midday sun, made noon as night.  
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare;  
I came to feast too; but I digged for food  
In a much richer mine than gold or stone  
Of any value balanced; 'tis a heart,  
A heart, my lords, in which is mine entombed:  
Look well upon't; d'you know it?

VASQUES                  What strange riddle's this?

GIOVANNI                  Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why d'you startle?  
I vow 'tis hers: this dagger's point ploughed up  
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame



CARDINAL

Incestuous villain!

FLORIO

O, his rage belies him.

GIOVANNI

It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth;

I vow it is so.

SORANZO

I shall burst with fury.

Bring the strumpet forth!

VASQUES

I shall, sir.

*Exit Vasques*

GIOVANNI

Do, sir; — Have you all no faith

To credit yet my triumphs? Here I swear

By all that you call sacred, by the love

I bore my Annabella whilst she lived,

These hands have from her bosom ripped this  
heart.

*Re-enter Vasques*

Is't true or no?

VASQUES

Tis most strangely true.

FLORIO

Cursed man! — Have I lived to —

*(Dies)*

CARDINAL

Hold up, Florio —

Monster of children! see what thou hast done,  
Broke thy old father's heart! Is none of you  
Dares venture on him?

GIOVANNI

Let'em. — O, my father,  
How well his death becomes him in his griefs!  
Why, this was done with courage; now survives  
None of our house but I, gilt in the blood  
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

SORANZO

Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought  
T' outlive thy murders?

GIOVANNI

Yes, I tell thee yes;  
Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;  
Thus I exchange it royally for thine,  
And thus and thus! Now brave revenge is mine.

VASQUES

I cannot hold any longer. — You, sir, are you  
grown insolent in your butcheries? Have at you!

*[They] fight*

GIOVANNI

Come, I am armed to meet thee.

VASQUES

No, will it not be yet? If this will not, another  
shall. Not yet? I shall fit you anon. — Vengeance!

*5.6b: Enter Banditti*

GIOVANNI                    Welcome! come more of you whate'er you be,  
I dare your worst —  
O, I can stand no longer! Feeble arms,  
Have you so soon lost strength?

VASQUES                    Now, you are welcome, sir! — Away, my masters,  
all is done, shift for yourselves. Your reward is your  
own; shift for yourselves.

BANDITTI                    Away, away!

*5.6c: Exeunt Banditti*

VASQUES                    How d'you, my lord? See you this? How is't?

SORANZO                    Dead; but in death well pleased, that I have lived  
To see my wrongs revenged on that black devil.  
O! —  
*(Dies)*

VASQUES                    The reward of peace and rest be with him, my  
ever dearest lord and master.

GIOVANNI                    Whose hand gave me this wound?

VASQUES                    Mine, sir, I was your first; have you enough?

GIOVANNI                    I thank thee; thou hast done for me  
But what I would have else done on myself.



Art sure thy lord is dead?

VASQUES

O impudent slave!

As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

CARDINAL

Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

GIOVANNI

Mercy? Why, I have found it in this justice.

CARDINAL

Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

GIOVANNI

O, I bleed fast.

Death, thou art a guest long look'd for; I embrace

Thee and thy wounds; O, my last minute comes!

Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,

Freely to view my Annabella's face.

*(Dies)*

DONADA

Strange miracle of justice!

CARDINAL

Raise up the city; we shall be murdered all!

VASQUES

You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task

being ended, I have paid the duty to the son

which I have vowed to the father.

CARDINAL

Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate fiend

Hath led thee on to this?

VASQUES

Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs; for

know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my country in my youth by Lord Soranzo's father; whom, whilst he lived, I served faithfully; since whose death I have been to this man, as I was to him. What I have done, was duty, and I repent nothing but that the loss of my life had not ransomed his.

CARDINAL

Say, sirrah, know'st thou any yet unnamed,  
Of council in this incest?

VASQUES

Yes, an old woman, sometimes guardian to this murdered lady.

CARDINAL

And what's become of her?

VASQUES

Within this room she is; whose eyes, after her confession, I caused to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done you may judge of, and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

CARDINAL

Peace! — First this woman, chief in these effects:  
My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en  
Out of the city, for example's sake,

There to be burnt to ashes.

DONADA 'Tis most just.

CARDINAL Be it your charge, Donada, see it done.

DONADA I shall.

VASQUES What for me? If death, 'tis welcome; I have been honest to the son as I was to the father.

CARDINAL Sirrah, for thee, since what thou didst was done  
Not for thyself, being no Italian,  
We banish thee for ever, to depart  
Within three days; in this we do dispense  
With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

VASQUES 'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that  
a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge.

*Exit Vasques*

CARDINAL Take up these slaughtered bodies, see them buried;  
And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,  
Confiscate by the canons of the church,  
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

RICHARDETTO Your grace's pardon; thus long I liv'd disguised,  
To see the effect of pride and lust at once

Brought both to shameful ends.

CARDINAL                      What! Richardetto, whom we thought for dead?

DONADA                        Sir, was it you —

RICHARDETTO                Your friend.

CARDINAL                      We shall have time  
To talk at large of all; but never yet  
Incest and murder have so strangely met.  
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,  
Who could not say, 'tis pity she's a whore?

*Exeunt.*

**THE END**