

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

John Ford

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'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

John Ford

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Dramatis Personae

BONAVENTURA a friar.
A CARDINAL Nuncio to the Pope.
SORANZO a nobleman.
FLORIO }
DONADO } citizens of Parma

GRIMALDI a Roman gentleman.
GIOVANNI son to FLORIO.
BERGETTO nephew to DONADO.
RICBARDETTO a supposed physician.
VASQUES servant to SORANZO.
POGGIO servant to BERGETTO.
Banditti.

ANNABELLA daughter to FLORIO.
HIPPOLITA wife to RICUARDETTO.
PHILOTIS his niece.
PUTANA tutoress to ANNABELLA.

Officers, Attendants, Servants etc.

The Scene: Parma.

Act 1.

Scene 1.

[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: wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell;
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond: 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.

Gio. Gentle father,
To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know;
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

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That beauty, which, if fram'd 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 it,
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 mov'd a Majesty above,
With thy unranked (almost) blasphemy.

Giovanni Oh, do not speak of that, dear confessor.

Friar Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?

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How did the university applaud
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee;
I did so: but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
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 easy 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.

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[Exeunt.]

Scene 2.

[Enter Grimaldi and Vasques, with their swords drawn.]

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. See you these grey hairs? they'll not flinch for a bloody nose. 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 Scold like a cot-quean: that's your profession. 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.

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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 is worsted.]

[Enter Florio, Donado, and Soranzo, from opposite sides.]

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?
Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie! 'tis naught.

Donado 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, maybe, thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this betrays

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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 will'd my servant to correct his 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; I should have worm'd you, sir, for running mad.

Grimaldi I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

Vasques On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach do, honest
innocence, do! spoon-meat is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

Grimaldi Remember this!

[Exit.]

Soranzo I fear thee not, 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.

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[Exeunt.]

Putana How like you this, child? here's threatening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

Annabella But, tutoress, such a life gives no content
To me, my thoughts are fix'd 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-timber'd 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. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams: 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, and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty: liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never have purchased such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime. An 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, would he were thine! Commend a man for his qualities, but take

Scene 2.

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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.

[Enter Bergetto and Poggio.]

Putana But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now! Here's another of your ciphers to fill up the number: Oh, 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 heard'st 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? Oh, 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 uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks; and then have at her, i' faith. Mark my pace, Poggio!

[Passes over the stage.]

Poggio Sir, I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish pavin with a

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better grace, I know not how often.

Annabella [Aside, and following him.] This idiot haunts me too.

Putana Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich magnifico that is below with your father, charge, Signior Donado, his uncle, for that he means to make this, his cousin, a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently: but I hope I have tutored you better. They say a fool's bauble is a lady's play-fellow; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent!

[Giovanni passes over the stage.]

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 Oh, '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.

Scene 2.

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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.

[Exit with Putana.]

Scene 3.

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.
Oh, that it were not in religion sin
To make our love a god, and worship it!
I have even wearied heaven with pray'rs, dried up
The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd
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.
Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves!
I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart
Were rated at the price of that attempt.
Oh me! she comes.

[Enter Annabella and Putana.]

Annabella Brother!

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Giovanni [Aside.] 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 do you, sister?

Annabella Howe'er 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.—[Aside] If this were any other company for her, I should
think my absence an office of some credit; but I will leave them together.

[Exit.]

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?

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Giovanni I ' faith, I mean no harm.

Annabella Harm?

Giovanni No, good faith.
How is it with thee?

Annabella [Aside.] I trust he be not frantic.
[Aloud] 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 it, indeed you 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.

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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 Fie upon you!

Giovanni The lily and the rose, most sweetly strange,
Upon your dimple cheeks do strive for change:
Such lips would tempt a saint: such hands as those
Would make an anchorite lascivious.

Annabella Do 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 Oh, 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

Scene 3.

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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.
Oh, 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 do 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 consum'd 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'd virtue could advise,
But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny
That you must either love, or I must die.

Annabella Comes this in sadness from you?

Giovanni Let some mischief
Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

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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 resolv'd.
I blush to tell thee, but I'll tell thee now
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,
I have sigh'd 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, ye gods,
For pity's sake, I beg you!

Annabella On my knees, [She kneels.]
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, [He kneels.]
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.

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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 it, I.

Giovanni And I; and by this kiss, [Kisses her.]
(Once more, yet once more; now let's rise) [They 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.]

Scene 4

[Enter Florio and Donado.]

Florio Signior Donado, you have said enough,
I understand you; but would have you know,
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.

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You see I have but two, a son and her;
And he is so devoted to his book,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune,
I am, I thank my stars, bless'd with enough.
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.

Donado 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, sir; 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, signior.

[Exit.]

Donado 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. When I was young,
I could have done 't, i' faith, and so shall he,
If he will learn of me; and, in good time,
He comes himself.

[Enter Bergetto and Poggio.]

How now, Bergetto, whither away so fast?

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Bergetto Oh, uncle! I have heard the strangest news that ever came out of the mint; have I not, Poggio?

Poggio Yes, indeed, sir.

Donado What news, Bergetto?

Bergetto Why, look ye, uncle, 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, only with sandbags; and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, 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.

Donado And you are running thither?

Bergetto Ay, forsooth, uncle.

Donado Wilt thou be a fool still? Come, sir, you shall not go; you have more mind of a puppet-play than on the business I told you: 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, uncle, should I sit at home still, and not go abroad to see fashions like other gallants?

Donado To see hobby-horses! what wise talk, I pray, had you with Annabella,

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when you were at Signior Florio's house?

Bergetto Oh, the wench! Uds sa'me, uncle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

Donado 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.

Donado Oh, gross!

Bergetto Nay, uncle; then she ask'd 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.

Donado This is intolerable.

Bergetto Then said she, will Signior Donado, your uncle, leave you all his wealth?

Donado 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 his wealth? why, woman, he hath no other wit; if he had, he should hear on 't to his everlasting glory and confusion: I know", quoth I, I am his white boy, and will not be gull'd ; and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

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Donado 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, uncle.

Donado 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.

Donado 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 2

Scene 1

[Enter Giovanni and Annabella.]

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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 conquer'd, and inflamed
A heart, whose tribute is thy brother's life.

Annabella And mine is his. Oh, how these stolen contents
Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd!

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 Oh, you are wanton!
Tell on 't, you were best; do.

Giovanni Thou wilt chide me then.
Kiss me so! thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,
And suck'd 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.

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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 wouldst 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.

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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!

[Enter Putana.]

Putana Child, how is 't, child? well, thank heav'n, ha?

Annabella Oh, guardian, what a paradise of joy
Have I passed over!

Putana Nay, what a paradise of joy have you passed 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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

Florio [Within.] Daughter Annabella!

Annabella Oh, me! my father, Here, sir: reach my work.

Florio [Within.] What are you doing?

Annabella So; let him come now.

[Enter Florio, followed by Richardetto as a Doctor of Physic, and Philotis, with a lute.]

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 skill'd in physic; and, for that I see
You have of late been sickly, I entreated
This reverend man to visit you some time.

Annabella You 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Philotis Thank you, lady.

Florio Sir, now you know my house, pray make not strange;
And if you find my daughter need your art,
I'll be your paymaster.

Richardetto Sir, what I am
She shall command.

Florio You shall bind me to you.
Daughter, I must have conference with you
About some matters that concern us both.
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.]

Scene 2

[Enter Soranzo, with a book.]

Soranzo [Reads.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Love's 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 ly'st; for, had thy bosom
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,
Thou wouldst have kiss'd the rod that made the[e] smart.
To work then, happy muse, and contradict
What Sannazar hath in his envy writ.

[Writes.]

Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys;
His pleasures life, and his reward all joys.

Had Annabella liv'd when Sannazar
Did, in his brief Encomium, celebrate
Venice, that queen of cities, he had left
That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,
And for one only look from Annabel,
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.
Oh, how my thoughts are

Vasques [Within.] Pray forbear; in rules of civility, let me give notice on
't: I shall be tax'd of my neglect of duty and service.

Soranzo What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?
Can I be nowhere private?

Vasques [Within.] Troth, you wrong your modesty.

Soranzo What's the matter, Vasques? who is 't?

[Enter Hippolita and Vasques.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Hippolita 'Tis I;
Do you know me now? Look, perjur'd man, on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd.
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, urg'd 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 loathe 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 drown'd 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 liv'd,
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,
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake
A voyage to Ligorne, for that we heard
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter
Young and unfriended, whom, 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?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 digress'd 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.
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be a curse. Woman, come here no more;
Learn to repent, and die; for by my honour,
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul.

[Exit.]

Vasques [Aside.] This part has been scurvily play'd.

Hippolita [Going.] How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
And shuns the use of that which I more scorn
Than I once lov'd, his love! but let him go,
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.

Vasques Mistress, mistress, Madam Hippolita; pray, a word or two.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Hippolita With me, sir?

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 Oh, you were miserably bitter, which you followed even to the last syllable; '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 [Aside.] I have it, and it shall be so; thanks opportunity.
[Aloud.] Persuade me! to what?

Vasques Visit him in some milder temper. Oh, if you could but master a little your female spleen, how might you win him!

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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 him master of all I have, but even of myself.

Vasques Oh, you are a noble gentlewoman!

Hippolita Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? well, I know thou art wise, and seest the reward of an old 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 [Aside.] Work you that way, old mole? then I have the wind of you. [Aloud.] 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 these 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,

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

Vasques Come, you are merry; this is such a happiness that I can neither think nor believe.

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

Vasques Then here I call our good genii 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.
[Aside] On this delicious bane my thought shall banquet,
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[Exit with Vasques.]

Scene 3

[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 borrow'd shape

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 prevail'd.

Philotis Alas, I fear
You mean some strange revenge.

Richardetto Oh, 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 nor any else.

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

Philotis Yes.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Richardetto And crav'd 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? 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.

[Enter Grimaldi.]

Grimaldi Save you, sir.

Richardetto And you, sir.

Grimaldi I have heard
Of your approved skill, which through the city
Is freely talk'd 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[Philotis retires.]

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 it he?

Richardetto Is he your enemy?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Grimaldi The man I hate
Worse than confusion; I will tell him straight.

Richardetto Nay, then take my 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 ruin'd me.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 4

[Enter Donado, with a letter, Bergetto, and Poggio.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Donado 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, uncle! why am not I big enough to carry mine own letter, I pray?

Donado Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of 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 handwriting. Oh, you think I am a blockhead, uncle. No, sir, Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself; so I have.

Poggio Yes truly, sir, I have it in my pocket.

Donado A sweet one, no doubt; pray let's see it.

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

Donado 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 uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard. I am wise enough to tell you I can board where I see occasion; or if you like my uncle's wit better than mine, you shall marry me; if you like mine better than his, 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"

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Bergetto Ah, ha! here's stuff, uncle!

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

Poggio None, upon my word, but mine own.

Bergetto And mine, uncle, believe it, nobody's else; 'twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit for 't.

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

Bergetto How? that were a jest indeed! I scorn it, i' faith.

Donado What! you do not?

Bergetto Judge me, but I do now.

Poggio Indeed, sir, 'tis very unhealthy.

Donado Well, sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions and fopperies, till I come back, you were as good not; look to 't.

[Exit.]

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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Poggio Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene 5

[Enter Friar and Giovanni.]

Friar Peace! thou hast told a tale, whose every word
Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul;
I'm sorry I have heard it: would mine ears
Had been one minute deaf, before the hour
That thou cam'st to me! Oh, young man, castaway,
By the religious number of mine order,
I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes
Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf:
But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd,
Thou art a man remark'd 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 allow'd,
Virtue itself is reason but refined,
And love the quintessence of that: this proves
My sister's beauty, being rarely fair,

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 Oh, 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 thou 'rt 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 Oh, 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 sunder'd 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;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks!
Wonder in every portion of that throne.
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Make music to the citizens in heaven.
But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

Friar The more I hear, I pity thee the more;
That one so excellent should give those parts
All to a second death. What I can do,
Is but to pray; and yet I could advise thee,
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, resolv'd.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene 6

[Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, and Putana.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Florio Where is Giovanni?

Annabella Newly walk'd abroad,
And, as I heard him say, gone to the friar,
His reverend tutor.

Florio That's a blessed man,
A man made up of holiness; I hope
He'll teach him how to gain another world.

Donado 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 [Takes the letter.] Alas, good man!

Donado 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.

Donado Say'st so? God a' mercy, Putana! there is something for thee [Gives
her money] and prithee do what thou canst on his behalf; it shall not be
lost labour, take my word for it.

Putana Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a feeling of your mind, let
me alone to work.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Annabella Guardian.

Putana Did you call?

Annabella Keep this letter.

Donado 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 the letter.]

Donado How do you find her inclined, signior?

Florio Troth, sir, 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.

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

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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Florio Where's the ring,
That which your mother, in her will, bequeath'd,
And charged you on her blessing not to give it
To any but your husband? send back that.

Annabella I have it not.

Florio Ha! have it not; where is it?

Annabella My brother in the morning took it from me,
Said he would wear it to-day.

Florio Well, what do you say
To young Bergetto's love! are you content to
Match with him? speak.

Donado There is the point, indeed.

Annabella [Aside] What shall I do? I must say something now.

Florio What say? why do you not speak?

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

Florio Yes, you have [it].

Annabella Signior Donado, if your nephew mean
To raise his better fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope:

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,
Find one more worthy of his choice than me;
In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

Donado 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.

[Enter Bergetto and Poggio.]

Donado Oh, coxcomb! what doth he make here?

Bergetto Where is my uncle, sirs?

Donado What is the news now?

Bergetto Save you, uncle, save you! You must not think I come for nothing,
masters; and how, and how is it? 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 it
is.

Annabella You say you'll tell me.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 hereupon 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 caper'd in the kennel.

Donado 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) call'd 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 it did she not, Poggio?

Poggio Yes, and kiss'd him too.

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

Donado 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 Oh, uncle, 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.

Donado Was ever such a fool born?

Annabella I am glad she liked you, sir.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Bergetto Are you so? by my troth I thank you, forsooth.

Florio Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

Bergetto 'Twas she, 'twas she.

Donado How do you know that, Simplicity?

Bergetto Why does he not say so? if I should have said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle, and so have deserv'd a dry beating again; I'll none of that.

Florio A very modest well-behav'd young maid, as I have seen.

Donado Is she indeed?

Florio Indeed she is, if I have any judgment.

Donado Well, sir, now you are free: you need not care for sending letters now; you are dismiss'd, 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 apiece; cannot I, Poggio?

Poggio I'll warrant you, sir.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Donado 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 against your marriage. Come, will you go, sir?

Bergetto Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell, mistress; I'll come again tomorrow farewell, mistress.

[Exeunt Donado, Bergetto, and Poggio.]

[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.

[Exit.]

Giovanni Whose jewel's that?

Annabella Some sweetheart's.

Giovanni So I think.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Annabella A lusty youth,
Signior Donado, gave it me to wear
Against my marriage.

Giovanni But you shall not wear it;
Send it him 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 3

Scene 1

[Enter Bergetto and Poggio.]

Bergetto Does my uncle think to make me a baby still? No, Poggio; he shall
know I have a sponce now.

Poggio Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape with an apple.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Bergetto 'Sfoot, I will have the wench, if he were ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio.

Poggio Hold him 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 kiss'd you, that my chops water'd at the sight on't: there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger—mugger.

Bergetto I will do it; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

Poggio Should you be afraid of your uncle?

Bergetto Hang him, old doting rascal! no; I say I will have her.

Poggio Lose no time then.

Bergetto I will beget a race of wise men and constables that shall cart whores at their own charges; and break the duke's peace ere I have done, myself. Come away.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 2

[Enter Florio, Giovanni, Soranzo, Annabella, 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 [Aside to Annabella.] Sister, be not all woman, think on me.

Soranzo Vasques.

Vasques My lord.

Soranzo Attend me without.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[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 will swear it too; will you believe it?

Annabella 'Tis no point of faith.

[Enter Giovanni, in the gallery 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?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Annabella To live and die a maid.

Soranzo Oh, that's unfit.

Giovanni Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.

Soranzo 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 Oh, grant my suit.

Annabella What is 't?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 lov'd you long, and lov'd 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 the 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 [Aside.] 'Tis plain; she laughs at me. [Aloud.] These scornful

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

taunts

Neither become your modesty nor years.

Annabella You are no looking-glass; or if you were,
I would dress my language by you.

Giovanni I am confirm'd.

Annabella To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks
Your common sense should make you understand,
That if I lov'd 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 pick'd out a man, amongst all those
That sued to me, to make a husband of,
You should have been that man; let this surfeice,
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 lov'd me,
Let not my father know hereof by you;
If I hereafter find that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Soranzo I take that promise.

Annabella Oh, oh, my head!

Soranzo What's the matter, not well?

Annabella Oh, I begin to sicken.

Giovanni Heaven forbid!

[Exit from above.]

Soranzo Help, help, within there, ho!

[Enter Florio, Giovanni, and Putana.]

Look to your daughter, Signior Florio.

Florio Hold her up, she swoons.

Giovanni Sister, how do you?

Annabella Sick, brother, are you there?

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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Putana Alas, poor child!

[Exeunt all but Soranzo.]

[Re-enter Vasques.]

Vasques My lord.

Soranzo Oh, 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 sicken'd; and I fear
Her life's in danger.

Vasques [Aside.] By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. [Aloud.]
'Las, sir, I am sorry for that; may be, 'tis but the maids-sickness, an
overflux of youth; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy as
present marriage. 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.]

Scene 3

[Enter Giovanni and Putana.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Putana Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone, and shamed for ever: your sister, oh, your sister!

Giovanni What of her? for heaven's sake, speak; how does she?

Putana Oh, 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 you! '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? Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word; if you let a physician see her water, you are undone.

Giovanni But in what case is she?

Putana Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon espied, and she must look for often henceforward.

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. Oh, me!
I have a world of business in my head.
Do not discomfort her
How do these news perplex me! If my father

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Come to her, tell him she's recover'd well;
Say 'twas but some ill diet d' ye hear, woman?
Look you to 't.

Putana I will, sir.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 4

[Enter Florio and Richardetto.]

Florio And how do 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 fullness of her blood
You understand me?

Florio I do; you counsel well;

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

And once, within these few days, will so order it,
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 them married.

Richardetto You have plotted wisely.

Florio I'll send one straight to speak with him tonight.

Richardetto Soranzo's wise; he will delay no time.

Florio It shall be so.

[Enter Friar and Giovanni.]

Friar Good peace be here, and love!

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Florio Welcome, religious friar; you are one
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

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.]

Scene 5

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[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 resolv'd, 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Richardetto Do. Away; for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here, ever my love!

Grimaldi And mine to you.

[Exit.]

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!

[Enter Philotis.]

Philotis Uncle.

Richardetto My lovely niece,
You have bethought you?

Philotis Yes, and, as you counsell'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him; but he swears
He will tonight be married; for he fears
His uncle 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.

Philotis Uncle, he comes.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[Enter Bergetto and Poggio.]

Richardetto Welcome, my worthy coz.

Bergetto Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass! A-ha, Poggio! [Kisses her.]

Richardetto [Aside.] There's hope of this yet.
[Aloud] 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.]

Scene 5

Scene 6

Annabella's chamber. A table with wax lights.

[Annabella at confession before the Friar; she weeps and wrings her hands.]

Friar I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,
You have unripp'd 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,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Annabella Wretched creature!

Friar Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd 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, chok'd 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
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Annabella Mercy! oh, mercy!

Friar There stand these wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
And secret incests, cursing one another:
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
How he will cry, Oh, would my wicked sister
Had first been damn'd, 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 Ah me!

Friar Sigh not; I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave; oh, '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?

[Enter Florio and Giovanni.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Florio Did you call, father?

Friar Is Lord Soranzo come?

Florio He stays below.

Friar Have you acquainted him at full?

Florio I have,
And he is overjoy'd.

Friar And so are we:
Bid him come near.

Giovanni [Aside.] My sister weeping? Ha!
I fear this friar's falsehood. [Aloud.] I will call him.

[Exit.]

Florio Daughter, are you resolv'd?

Annabella Father, I am.

[Re-enter Giovanni, with Soranzo and Vasques.]

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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[Joins their hands.]

Soranzo Lady, say you so too?

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

Friar Timely resolv'd;
My blessing rest on both! more to be done,
You may perform it on the morning sun.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 7

[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 followed, at a distance, by
Richardetto and Poggio.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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! [Stabs Bergetto]

[Exit.]

Bergetto Oh, help, help! here's a stitch fallen in my guts; oh 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 Oh, 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 you are hurt?

Bergetto Oh, 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!

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[Re-enter Poggio, with Officers, and lights.]

Poggio Here; alas! how do you?

Richardetto Give me a light. What's here? all blood! Oh, sirs,
Signior Donado'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.

[Exeunt.]

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 uncle, dost hear? bid him, for my sake, make much of this
wench: oh I am going the wrong way sure, my belly aches so oh,
farewell, Poggio! Oh! oh! [Dies.]

Philotis Oh, 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Poggio Oh, my master! my master! my master!

[Exeunt.]

Scene 8

[Enter Vasques and Hippolita.]

Hippolita Betroth'd?

Vasques I saw it.

Hippolita And when's the marriage-day?

Vasques Some two days hence.

Hippolita Two days! why, man, 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,

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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.]

Scene 9

[Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio, and Officers.]

Florio 'Tis bootless now to show yourself a child.
Signior Donado, 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
Passed 'twixt him and my niece; but, as I live,
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Donado 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 An 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.

Donado Know you what manner of man he was?

Officer Yes, sure, I know the man; they say he is a soldier: he that lov'd
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.

Donado Knock someone at the gate.

Poggio I'll knock, sir. [Knocks.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Servant [Within.] What would ye?

Florio We require speech with the lord cardinal
About some present business; pray inform
His grace that we are here.

[Enter Cardinal, followed by 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? What such haste
Is yours, as that it cannot wait fit times?
Are you the masters of this commonwealth,
And know no more discretion? Oh, your news
Is here before you: you have lost a nephew,
Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain:
Is that your business? well, sir, 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, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me; I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought, by way of ambush, to have kill'd him,
But was, unluckily, therein mistook;
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:
And though my fault to him were merely chance,
[Kneeling.] Yet humbly I submit me to your grace,
To do with me as you please.

Cardinal Rise up, Grimaldi. [He rises.]
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,

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Of princes' blood, though you, Sir Florio,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.
If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.
Bury your dead: away, Grimaldi leave 'em!

[Exeunt Cardinal and Grimaldi.]

Donado Is this a churchman's voice? dwells justice here?

Florio Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no nearer.
Soranzo? was 't for him? Oh, impudence!
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?
Come, come, Donado, 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 4

Scene 1

[Enter the Friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donado, Florio,
Richardetto, Putana, and Vasques]

Friar These holy rites perform'd, now take your times
To spend the remnant of the day in feast;
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 enrich'd 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 [Aside.] Oh, 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, fellow, wait;
I need not thy officious diligence.

Florio Signior Donado, 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!

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[Drinks, and offers him the bowl.]

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 Oh, 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, for which they humbly crave your patience and silence.

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

[Enter Hippolita, followed by 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Hippolita Yes, you shall know:
[Unmasks.] What think you now?

Omnes 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 rumour'd of us both;
Let rash report run on! the breath that vents it
Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.
But now to you, sweet creature: lend 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 allow'd. 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

[Vasques gives her a poisoned cup.]

My Lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink
Long rest t' ye! [She drinks] [Aside.] Look to it, Vasques.

Vasques Fear nothing

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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
kill'd you; I must not marry you.

Hippolita Villain!

Omnes What's the matter?

Vasques Foolish woman, thou art now like a firebrand, that hath kindled
others and burnt thyself: troppo sperar, inganna, 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, this woman, hath
privately corrupted me with promise of [marriage,] under this politic
reconciliation, to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion
on his marriage–day. I promised her fair; but I knew what my reward should
have been, and would willingly have spared her life, but that I was
acquainted with the danger of her disposition; and now have fitted her a
just payment in her own coin: there she is, she hath yet and end thy days
in peace, vile woman; as for life, there's no hope, think not on 't.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Omnes Wonderful justice!

Richardetto Heaven, thou art righteous.

Hippolita Oh, 'tis true,
I feel my minute coming. Had that slave
Kept promise, Oh, my torment! thou, this hour,
Hadst died, Soranzo heat above hell–fire!
Yet, ere I pass away cruel, cruel flames!
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart,
Burn blood, and boil in vengeance Oh, 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, scorn'd, and unpitied. oh oh [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.

Donado Bear hence the body.

Friar [Aside to Giovanni.] Here's an ominous change!
Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed!

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 2

[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.
I need not now (my heart persuades me so)
To further his confusion; there is One
Above begins to work; for, as I hear,
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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.
Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads,
Your home your cloister, your best friends your beads;
Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth,
Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene 3

[Enter Soranzo unbraced, and dragging in Annabella.]

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,
That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin,
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 pick'd out to be cloak to your close tricks,
Your belly-sports? Now I must be the dad
To all that gallimaufry that is stuff'd
In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb!
Why, 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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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!
Darest thou tell me this?

Annabella Oh, 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, '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] therefore glory, sir,
Your heir shall be a son)

Soranzo Damnable monster!

Annabella Nay, an you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

Soranzo Yes, speak, and speak thy last.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for love.
You! why you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or, indeed,
Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

Soranzo What was he call'd?

Annabella We are not come to that;
Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.
In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
That you had been a creature; but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.

Soranzo Tell me his name.

Annabella Alas, alas, there's all! will you believe?

Soranzo What?

Annabella You shall never know.

Soranzo How!

Annabella Never; if
You do, let me be curs'd.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 lecher 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 beleper'd body through the dust
[Hales her up and down.] Yet tell his name.

Annabella [Sings.] Morendo in grazia dee morire 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;
I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel it.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Soranzo Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,
Knows thy old father this?

Annabella No, by my life.

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. [Draws his sword.]

[Enter Vasques.]

Vasques What do 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? Oh,
'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 inhuman and
beastly.

Soranzo She shall not live.

Vasques Come, she must: you would have her confess the authors of her
present misfortunes, I warrant you; 'tis an unconscionable demand, and she

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

should lose the estimation that I, for my part, hold of her worth, if she had done it: why, sir, you ought not, of all men living, to know it. 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. [Aside to Soranzo.] 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. [Aloud.] Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you are married now; what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors! 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as godlike to forgive.

Soranzo Oh, 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 mock'd my hopes, and in the shame
Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive!
I did too dearly love thee.

Vasques [Aside to Soranzo.] 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 lov'd me well.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Soranzo And wouldst thou use me thus! O Annabella!
Be thou assured, whoe'er the villain was
That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,
Well he might lust, but never loved like me.
He doted on the picture that hung out
Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye;
For on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

Annabella Oh, my lord!
These words wound deeper than your sword could do.

Vasques Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin to weep myself, so much I
pity him; why, madam, I knew, when his rage was overpast, what it would
come to.

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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[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? Alas! to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your hand, is a usual sport in these days; but to know what ferret it was that hunted your coney-burrow, there is the cunning.

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.

[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; but after my madam's scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud fault-finding, then I remembered the proverb, that where hens crow, and cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses. 'sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-tailor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again. 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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[Enter Putana, in tears.]

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 Oh, 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 strait: 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 it; provided that he did not win her to it 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 it; sure it was 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 it was 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 kiss'd fair lady. Oh, they love most perpetually.

Vasques [Aside.] A brave gentleman indeed! why therein I commend her choice better and better [Aloud.] You are sure 'twas he?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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! why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew? No, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long, to belie them now.

Vasques Where are you? there, within, sirs!

[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 do you fumble about? Let me come to her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch! [They gag her.] Sirs, carry her closely into the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose; do you hear, be speedy and sure.

[Exeunt Banditti with Putana.]

Why this is excellent, and above expectation her own brother! Oh, horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the devil trained

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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: now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail; but soft what thing comes next? Giovanni! as I could wish; my belief is strengthened, 'tis as firm as winter and summer.

[Enter Giovanni.]

Giovanni Where's my sister?

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

Giovanni Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vasques Troth, sir, and you I think have even hit it; but my virtuous lady

Giovanni Where is she?

Vasques In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone. [Giovanni gives him money.] Your liberality hath doubly made me your servant, and ever shall, ever

[Exit Giovanni, re-enter Soranzo.]

Sir, I am made a man; 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Vasques Let him know it; I have made some of them fast enough. How have you dealt with my lady?

Soranzo Gently, as thou hast counsell'd; oh, 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.]

Act 5

Scene 1

[Annabella appears at a window, 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.
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn
A wretched, woeful woman's tragedy!
My conscience now stands up against my lust,
With depositions character'd in guilt,

[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.
Here like a turtle, (mew'd up in a cage)
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
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 reign'd at my nativity!
Oh, 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 join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,
I trod the path to death, and show'd me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust;
And so did I.

Friar Here's music to the soul!

Annabella Forgive me, my good Genius, and this once
Be helpful to my ends; let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper, double lined with tears and blood;

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have died in.

Friar Lady, Heaven hath heard you,
And hath by providence ordain'd that I
Should be his minister for your behoof.

Annabella Ha, what are you?

Friar Your brother's friend, the friar;
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you:
What would you, or to whom? fear not to speak.

Annabella Is Heaven so bountiful? then I have found
More favour than I hoped; here, holy man

[Throws down a letter.]

Commend me to my brother, give him that,
That letter; bid him read it, and repent.
Tell him that I, imprison'd in my chamber,
Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
(Which gives me cause of much suspect) have time
To blush at what hath passed; bid him be wise,
And not believe the friendship of my lord;
I fear much more than I can speak: good Father,
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy.
I must break off. You'll do 't?

Friar Be sure I will,
And fly with speed: my blessing ever rest
With thee, my daughter; live, to die more blest!

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

[Exit.]

Annabella Thanks to the heavens, who have prolong'd my breath
To this good use! now I can welcome death.

[Withdraws from the window.]

Scene 2

[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;
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in meantime, I'll cause our lady
To deck herself in all her bridal robes;
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.
Begone yet hear you, are the banditti ready
To wait in ambush?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Vasques Good sir, trouble not yourself about other business than your own resolution; remember that time lost cannot be recalled.

Soranzo 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.]

Scene 3

[Enter Giovanni.]

Giovanni Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights th' 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 reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Entitled her a virgin. Oh, the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine!
Let poring bookmen 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.

[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' ye 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 sear'd,
Else thou wouldst stoop to warning.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discover'd pox on dreams
Of low faint-hearted cowardice! discover'd?
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!
Now, sir, what news bring you?

[Enter Vasques.]

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.

Vasques You will not miss?

Giovanni Yet more! I'll come, sir. Are you answered?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Vasques So I'll say my service to you.

[Exit.]

Friar You will not go, I trust.

Giovanni Not go! for what?

Friar Oh, do not go; this feast, I'll gage my life,
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin;
Be ruled, you shall not go.

Giovanni Not go! stood Death
Threatening his armies of confounding plagues,
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,
I would be there; not go! yes, and resolve
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all;
For I will go.

Friar Go where thou wilt; I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end: I must not stay
To know thy fall; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma, farewell; would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine! Well, young man, since no prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair.

[Exit.]

Giovanni Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots;
Be all a man, my soul; let not the curse
Of old prescription rend from me the gall
Of courage, which enrolls a glorious death:
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.]

Scene 4

[Enter Soranzo, Vasques with masques, 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, and as unmerciful as if you were preying upon a rich booty on the very mountains of Liguria: 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, [Gives them money.] here's more; want nothing; what you do
Is noble, and an act of brave revenge:
I'll make you rich, banditti, and all free.

Omnes Liberty! liberty!

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Vasques Hold, take every man a vizard; when you 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.

Omnes No, no, no.

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

[Exeunt Banditti.]

Soranzo The guests will all come, Vasques?

Vasques Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge your resolution: you see nothing is unready to this great work, but a great mind in you; 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

[Enter Giovanni.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Welcome, my much-lov'd brother;
Now I perceive you honour me; you 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;
You were 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.]

Vasques Even as the great devil himself would have it! let him go and glut
himself in his own destruction

[Flourish.]

Hark, the nuncio is at hand; good sir, be ready to receive him.

[Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Richardetto, and Attendants.]

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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.]

Scene 5

[Annabella, richly dressed, and Giovanni.]

Giovanni What, chang'd so soon! hath your new sprightly lord

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 dangers 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
Clasp'd 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 resolv'd?

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 ordain'd to riot in expense;
I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 do 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 brother, for the present, what d' ye 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 conscience.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 furrow'd up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
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!
Never till now did Nature do her best,
To show a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous destinies required again.
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 aftertimes 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 abhorr'd.
Give me your hand: how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colour'd veins! how constantly
These palms do promise health! but I could chide
With Nature for this cunning flattery
Kiss me again forgive me.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Annabella With my heart.

Giovanni Farewell!

Annabella Will you be gone?

Giovanni Be dark, bright sun,
And make this midday night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx!
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 Oh, 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,

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Brother unkind, unkind, mercy, great Heaven, oh oh!

[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 miss'd thy aim in this!
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd 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!

[The scene closes.]

Scene 6

[A banquet. Enter the Cardinal, Florio, Donaldo, Sorarizo, Richardetto, Vasques, and Attendants.]

Vasques [Apart to Soranza] Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.

Soranzo Enough my heart is fix'd. Pleaseth your grace

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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! trimm'd in reeling 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 [Aside.] Shall I be forestall'd?

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, oh, my sister!

Florio Ha! what of her?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Giovanni The glory of my deed
Darken'd the midday sun, made noon as night.
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare,
I came to feast too; but I digg'd 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 entomb'd:
Look well upon 't; do you know it?

Vasques [Aside.] What strange riddle's this?

Giovanni 'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why do you startle?
I vow 'tis hers; this dagger's point plough'd up
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.

Florio Why, madman, art thyself?

Giovanni Yes, father; and, that times to come may know,
How, as my fate, I honour'd my revenge,
List, father; to your ears I will yield up
How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

Florio What is 't thou say'st?

Giovanni Nine moons have had their changes,
Since I first thoroughly view'd, and truly lov'd,
Your daughter and my sister.

Florio How? Alas, my lords,
He is a frantic madman!

Giovanni Father, no.
For nine months space, in secret, I enjoy'd

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I lived
A happy monarch of her heart and her;
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;
For her too fruitful womb too soon betray'd
The happy passage of our stolen delights,
And made her mother to a child unborn.

Cardinal Incestuous villain!

Florio Oh, 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.]

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 ripp'd this heart.

[Re-enter Vasques.]

Is 't true or no, sir?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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 them! Oh, 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? [Draws.]

Giovanni Yes, I tell thee yes;
For in my fists I bear the twists of life.
Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;
Thus I exchange it royally for thine.

[They fight.]

And thus and thus! now brave revenge is mine.

[Soranzo falls.]

Vasques I cannot hold any longer. You, sir, are you grown insolent in your
butcheries? have at you.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Giovanni Come, I am arm'd to meet thee.

[They fight.]

Vasques No! will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall. Not yet? I shall fit you anon VENGEANCE!

[The Banditti rush in.]

Giovanni Welcome! come more of you; whate'er you be,
I dare your worst

[They surround and wound him.]

Oh, I can stand no longer; feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength? [Falls.]

Vasques Now, you are welcome, sir! [Aside to Banditti.] Away, my masters,
all is done; shift for yourselves, your reward is your own; shift for
yourselves.

Banditti Away,away!

[Exeunt.]

Vasques How do you, my lord? See you this? [Pointing to Giovanni.] how is
't?

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Soranzo Dead; but in death well pleas'd, that I have liv'd
To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.
Oh, Vasques, to thy bosom let me give
My last of breath; let not that lecher live
Oh!

[Dies.]

Vasques The reward of peace and rest be with [you], my ever dearest lord
and master!

Giovanni Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vasques Mine, sir; I was your first man; 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 Oh, 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 Oh, I bleed fast.
Death, thou 'rt a guest long look'd for, I embrace

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Thee and thy wounds; oh, my last minute comes!
Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view my Annabella's face.

[Dies.]

Donado Strange miracle of justice!

Cardinal Raise up the city, we shall be murder'd 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, fellow, know'st thou any yet unnam'd,
Of council in this incest?

Vasques Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian to this murder'd 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

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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.

Donado 'Tis most just.

Cardinal Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

Donado I shall.

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

Cardinal Fellow, 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.]

Cardinal Take up these slaughter'd 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.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Richardetto [Discovers himself.] 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?

Donado 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.]