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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 1-b
sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

'TIS
Pitty Shee's a Whore
Acted by the *Queenes* Maiesties Ser-
uants, at The Phænix in
Drury-Lane.

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Richard*
Collins, and are to be sold at his shop
in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the signe
of the three Kings. 1633.

ln 0001

The Sceane

ln 0002

PARMA.

ln 0001

The Actors Names.

ln 0002

Bonauentura,

A Fryar.

ln 0003

A Cardinall,

Nuntio to the Pope.

ln 0004

Soranzo,

A Nobleman.

ln 0005

Florio,

A Cittizen of *Parma.*

ln 0006

Donado,

Another Cittizen.

ln 0007

Grimaldi,

A Roman Gentleman.

ln 0008

Giouanni,

Sonne to *Florio.*

ln 0009

Bergetto,

Nephew to *Donado.*

ln 0010

Richardetto,

A suppos'd Phisitian.

ln 0011

Vasques,

Seruant to *Soranzo.*

ln 0012

Poggio,

Seruant to *Bergetto.*

ln 0013

Bandetti,

ln 0014

Woemen.

ln 0015

Annabella,

Daughter to *Florio.*

ln 0016

Hippolita,

Wife to *Richardetto*

ln 0017

Philotis,

His Neece.

ln 0018

Putana,

Tutresse to *Annabella.*

img: 2-b
sig: A2r

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003

To the truely Noble, *John*,
Earle of *Peterborough*, Lord Mordant,
Baron of *Turuey*.

ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021

My LORD,
WHere a Truth of *Meritt* hath
a generall warrant, There
Loue is but a *Debt*, *Acknow-*
ledgement a Iustice. Greatnesse
cannot often claime *Virtue* by
Inheritance; Yet in this,
YOVRS appeares most Emi-
nent, for that you are not more rightly Heyre to
your *Fortunes*, then Glory shalbe to your *Memory*.
Sweetenesse of disposition ennobles a freedome
of Birth; in BOTH, your lawfull Interest adds
Honour to your owne Name, and mercy to my
presumption. Your Noble allowance of *These*
First Fruites of my leasure in the Action, embol-
dens my confidence, of your as noble constructi-
on in this Presentment: especially since my Ser-
uice must euer owe particular duty to your Fa-

A2

uours,

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

The Epistle

ln 0022
ln 0023
ln 0024
ln 0025
ln 0026
ln 0027
ln 0028
ln 0029
ln 0030

uours, by a particular Ingagement. The Grauity
of the *Subiect* may easily excuse the leightnesse of
the *Title*: otherwise, I had beene a seuerer Iudge a-
gainst mine owne guilt. Princes haue vouchsaf't
Grace to trifles, offred from a purity of Deuotion,
your Lordship may like wise please, to admit into
your good opinion, with these weake endeouours,
the constancy of Affection from the sincere *Louer*
of your Deserts in Honour

ln 0031

IOHN FORD.

img: 3-b
sig: [A3r]

ln 0001

ln 0002

To my Friend the
Author.

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

VVith admiration I behel'd *This Whore*
Adorn'd with Beauty, such as might restore
(If euer being as *Thy Muse* hath fam'd)
Her *Giouanni*, in his loue vnblam'd:
The ready *Graces* lent their willing ayd,
Pallas her selfe now playd the Chamber-maide
And help't to put her Dressings on: secure
Rest Thou, that *Thy Name* herein shall endure
To th'end of Age; and *Annabella* bee
Gloriously *Faire*, euen in her *Infamie*.

ln 0013

THOMAS ELLICE.

img: 4-a
sig: [A3v]

img: 4-b
sig: B1r

wln 0001

wln 0002

T'is Pitty Shee's a
VVHOORE.

wln 0003

Enter Fryar and Giouanni.

wln 0004

Fryar.

wln 0005

DIspute no more in this, for know (young man)

wln 0006

These are no Schoole-points; nice Philosophy

wln 0007

May tolerate vnlikely arguments,

wln 0008

But Heauen admits no jest; wits that presum'd

wln 0009

On wit too much, by striuing how to proue

wln 0010

There was no God; with foolish grounds of

wln 0011

Discouer'd first the neerest way to Hell; (Art,

wln 0012

And fild the world with deuelish Atheisme:

wln 0013

Such questions youth are fond; For better 'tis,

wln 0014

To blesse the Sunne, then reason why it shines;

wln 0015

Yet hee thou talk'st of, is aboue the Sun,

wln 0016

No more; I may not heare it.

wln 0017

Gio. Gentle Father,

wln 0018

To you I haue vnclasp't my burthened soule,

wln 0019

Empty'd the store-house of my thoughts and heart,

wln 0020

Made my selfe poore of secrets; haue not left

wln 0021

Another word vntold, which hath not spoke

wln 0022

All what I euer durst, or thinke, or know;

wln 0023

And yet is here the comfort I shall haue,

wln 0024

Must I not doe, what all men else may, loue?

wln 0025

Fry. Yes. you may loue faire sonne.

wln 0026

Gio. Must I not praise

wln 0027

That beauty, which if fram'd a new, the gods

wln 0028

Would make a god of, if they had it there;

wln 0029

And kneele to it, as I doo kneele to them?

B

Fry.

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 0030 *Fry.* Why foolish mad-man?
wln 0031 *Gio.* Shall a peeuish sound,
wln 0032 A customary forme, from man to man,
wln 0033 Of brother and of sister, be a barre
wln 0034 Twixt my perpetuall happinesse and mee?
wln 0035 Say that we had one father, say one wombe,
wln 0036 (Curse to my ioyes) gaue both vs life, and birth;
wln 0037 Are wee not therefore each to other bound
wln 0038 So much the more by Nature; by the the links
wln 0039 Of blood, of reason; Nay if you will hau't,
wln 0040 Euen of Religion, to be euer one,
wln 0041 One soule, one flesh, one loue, one heart, one *All*?
wln 0042 *Fry.* Haue done vnhappy youth, for thou art lost.
wln 0043 *Gio.* Shall then, (for that I am her brother borne)
wln 0044 My ioyes be euer banisht from her bed?
wln 0045 No Father; in your eyes I see the change.
wln 0046 Of pittie and compassion: from your age
wln 0047 As from a sacred *Oracle*. distills
wln 0048 The life of Counsell: tell mee holy man,
wln 0049 What Cure shall giue me ease in these extreames.
wln 0050 *Fry.* Repentance (sonne) and sorrow for this sinne:
wln 0051 For thou hast mou'd a Maiesty aboue
wln 0052 With thy vn-raunged (almost) Blasphemy.
wln 0053 *Gio.* O doe not speake of that (deare Confessor)
wln 0054 *Fry.* Art thou (my sonne) that miracle of Wit,
wln 0055 Who once within these three Moneths wert esteem'd
wln 0056 A wonder of thine age, throughout *Bononia*?
wln 0057 How did the Vniuersity applaud
wln 0058 Thy Gouverment, Behaiour, Learning, Speech,
wln 0059 Sweetnesse, and all that could make vp a man?
wln 0060 I was proud of my Tutellage, and chose
wln 0061 Rather to leaue my Bookes, then part with thee,
wln 0062 I did so: but the fruites of all my hopes
wln 0063 Are lost in thee, as thou art in thy selfe.
wln 0064 O *Giouanni*: hast thou left the Schooles
wln 0065 Of Knowledge, to conuerse with Lust and Death?
wln 0066 (For Death waites on thy Lust) looke through the World,

And

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 0067

And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine

wln 0068

More glorious, then this Idoll thou ador'st:

wln 0069

Leaue her, and take thy choyce, 'tis much lesse sinne,

wln 0070

Though in such games as those, they lose that winne.

wln 0071

Gio. It were more ease to stop the *Ocean*

wln 0072

From floates and ebbs, then to dissuade my vowes.

wln 0073

Fry. Then I haue done, and in thy wilfull flame:

wln 0074

Already see thy ruine; Heauen is iust,

wln 0075

Yet heare my counsell.

wln 0076

Gio. As a voyce of life.

wln 0077

Fry. Hye to thy Fathers house, there locke thee fast

wln 0078

Alone within thy Chamber, then fall downe

wln 0079

On both thy knees, and grouell on the ground:

wln 0080

Cry to thy heart, wash euery word thou vtter'st

wln 0081

In teares, (and if't bee possible) of blood:

wln 0082

Begge Heauen to cleanse the leprosie of Lust

wln 0083

That rots thy Soule, acknowledge what thou art,

wln 0084

A wretch, a worme, a nothing: weepe, sigh, pray

wln 0085

Three times a day, and three times euery night:

wln 0086

For seuen dayes space doe this, then if thou find'st

wln 0087

No change in thy desires, returne to me:

wln 0088

I'le thinke on remedy, pray for thy selfe

wln 0089

At home, whil'st I pray for thee here — away,

wln 0090

My blessing with thee, wee haue neede to pray.

wln 0091

Gio. All this I'le doe, to free mee from the rod

wln 0092

Of vengeance, else I'le sweare, my Fate's my God.

Exeunt.

wln 0093

Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.

wln 0094

Vas. Come sir, stand to your tackling, if you proue *Crauen*,

wln 0095

I'le make you run quickly.

wln 0096

Gri. Thou art no equall match for mee.

wln 0097

Vas. Indeed I neuer went to the warres to bring home newes,

wln 0098

nor cannot play the Mountibanke for a meales meate, and sweare

wln 0099

I got my wounds in the field: see you these gray haire, they'le

wln 0100

not flinch for a bloody nose, wilt thou to this geere?

wln 0101

Gri. Why slaue, think'st thou I'le ballance my reputation

T'is pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
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wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138

With a Cast-suite; Call thy Maister, he shall know that I dare —

Vas. Scold like a Cot-queane (that's your Profession) thou poore shaddow of a Souldier, I will make thee know, my Maister keepes Seruants, thy betters in quality and performance: Com'st thou to fight or prate?

Gri. Neither with thee,
I am a Romane. and a Gentleman, one that haue got
Mine honour with expence of blood,

Vas. You are a lying Coward, and a foole, fight, or by these Hilts I'le kill thee — braue my Lord, — you'le fight.

Gri. Prouoake me not, for if thou dost — *They fight, Gri-*

Vas. Haue at you. *mal hath the*

Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo. *worst*

Flo. What meant these sudden broyles so neare my dores?

Haue you not other places, but my house
To vent the spleene of your disordered bloods?

Must I be haunted still with such vnrest,
As not to eate, or sleepe in peace at home?

Is this your loue *Grimaldi*? Fie, t'is naught.

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

Enter aboue Annabella and Putana.

Flo. What's the ground?

Sor. That with your patience Signore, I'le resolue

This Gentleman, whom fame reports a souldier,

(For else I know not) riualls mee in loue

To Signior *Florio*'s Daughter; to whose eares

He still prefers his suite to my disgrace,

Thinking the way to recommend himselfe,

Is to disparage me in his report:

But know *Grimaldi*, though (may be) thou art

My equall in thy blood, yet this bewrayes

A lownesse in thy minde; which wer't thou Noble

Thou would'st as much disdain, as I doe thee

For this vnworthinesse; and on this ground

I will'd my Seruant to correct this tongue,

Holding

T'is pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0139

Holding a man, so base, no match for me.

wln 0140

Vas. And had your suddane comming prevented vs, I had let my Gentleman blood vnder the gilles; I should haue worm'd you Sir, for running madde.

wln 0141

wln 0142

Gri. Ile be reueng'd *Soranzo*.

wln 0143

wln 0144

Vas On a dish of warme-broth to stay your stomack, doe honest Innocence, doe; spone-meat is a wholesomer dyet then a spanish blade.

wln 0145

wln 0146

Gri. remember this.

wln 0147

wln 0148

Sor. I feare thee not *Grimaldi*.

Ex. Gri:

wln 0149

wln 0150

Flo. My Lord *Soranzo*, this is strange to me, Why you should storme, hauing my word engag'd:

wln 0151

Owing her heart, what neede you doubt her eare?

wln 0152

Loosers may talke by law of any game.

wln 0153

wln 0154

Vas. Yet the villaine of words, signior *Florio* may be such, As would make any vnspleen'd Doue, Chollerick, Blame not my Lord in this.

wln 0155

wln 0156

Flo. Be you more silent,

wln 0157

I would not for my wealth, my daughters loue

wln 0158

Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

wln 0159

Vasques put vp, let's end this fray in wine.

Exeunt.

wln 0160

wln 0161

Putana How like you this child? here's threatning challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on euery side, and all is for your sake; you had neede looke to your selfe (*Chardge*) you'le be stolne away sleeping else shortly.

wln 0162

wln 0163

Annabella: But (*Tutresse*) such a life, giues no content To me, my thoughts are fixt on other ends; Would you would leaue me.

wln 0164

wln 0165

wln 0166

Put. Leaue you? no maruaile else; leaue me, no leauing (*Chardge*)

wln 0168

This is loue outright, Indeede I blame you not, you haue

wln 0169

Choyce fit for the best Lady in *Italy*.

wln 0170

Anna. Pray doe not talke so much.

wln 0171

wln 0172

Put. Take the worst with the best, there's *Grimaldi* the souldier a very well-timbred fellow: they say he is a Roman,

wln 0173

Nephew to the Duke *Mount Ferratto*, they say he did good ser-

wln 0174

vice in the warrs against the *Millanoys*, but faith (*Chardge*) I doe not like him, and be for nothing, but for being a souldier; one a-

wln 0175

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
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wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212

mongst twenty of your skirmishing Captaines, but haue some pryue mayme or other, that marres their standing vpright, I like him the worse, hee crinckles so much in the hams; though hee might serue, if their were no more men, yet hee's not the man I would choose.

Anna. Fye how thou prat'st.

Put. As I am a very woman, I like *Signiour Soranzo*, well; hee is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more then that, kind, and what is more then all this, a Noble-man; such a one were I the faire *Annabella*, my selfe, I would wish and pray for: then hee is bountifull; beside hee is handsome, and, by my troth, I thinke wholsome: (and that's newes in a gallant of three and twenty.) liberall that I know: louing, that you know; and a man sure, else hee could neuer ha' purchast such a good name, with *Hippolita* the lustie Widdow in her husbands life time: And t'were but for that report (sweet heart) would'a were thine: Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plaine-sufficient, *naked man*: such a one is for your bed, and such a one is *Signior Soranzo* my life for't.

Anna. Sure the woman tooke her mornings Draught to soone.

Enter Begetto and Poggio.

Put. But looke (sweet heart,) looke what thinge comes now: Here's another of your cyphers to fill vp the number: Oh braue old Ape in a silken Coate, obserue.

Ber. Did'st thou thinke *Poggio*, that I would spoyle my New cloathes, and leaue my dinner to fight.

Pog. No Sir, I did not take you for so arrant a babie.

Ber. I am wyser then so: for I hope *Poggio*. thou Neuer heard'st of an elder brother, that was a Coxcomb, Did'st *Poggio*?

Pog. Neuer indeede Sir, as long as they had either land or mony left them to inherit.

Ber. Is it possible *Poggio*? oh monstrous! why Ile vnder-take, with a handfull of siluer, to buy a headfull of wit at any tyme, but sirrah, I haue another purchase in hand, I shall haue the wench myne vnckle sayes, I will but wash my face, and shift socks, and then haue at her yfaith —

Marke

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
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wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245
wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249

Marke my pace *Poggio*.

Pog. Sir I haue seene an. Asse, and a Mule trot the Spanish
pauin with a better grace, I know not how often.

Exeunt

Anna. This Ideot haunts me too.

Put. I, I, he needes no discription, the rich *Magnifico*, that is
below with your Father (*Chardge*) *Signior Donado* his Vnckle;
for that he meanes to make this his Cozen a golden calfe, thinkes
that you wil be a right *Isralite*, and fall downe to him presently:
but I hope I haue tuterd you better: they say a fooles bable is a
Ladies playfellow: yet you hauing wealth enough, you neede not
cast vpon the dearth of flesh at any rate: hang him Innocent.

Enter Giouanni.

Anna. But see *Putana*, see: what blessed shape
Of some cælestiall Creature now appeares?
What man is hee, that with such sad aspect
Walkes carelesse of him selfe?

Put. Where?

Anna. Looke below.

Put. Oh, 'tis your brother sweet —

Anna. Ha!

Put. 'Tis your brother.

Anna. Sure 'tis not hee, this is some woefull thinge
Wrapt vp in grieffe, some shaddow of a man.
Alas hee beats his brest, and wipes his eyes
Drown'd all in teares: me thinkes I heare him sigh.
Lets downe *Putana*, and pertake the cause,
I know my Brother in the Loue he beares me,
Will not denye me partage in his sadnesse,
My soule is full of heauinesse and feare.

Exit.

Gio. Lost, I am lost: my fates haue doom'd my death:
The more I striue, I loue, the more I loue,
The lesse I hope: I see my ruine, certaine.
What Iudgement, or endeuors could apply
To my incurable and restlesse wounds,
I throughly haue examin'd, but in vaine:
O that it were not in Religion sinne,

To

T'is pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
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wln 0264
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wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286

To make our loue a God, and worship it.
I haue euen wearied heauen with prayers, dryed vp
The spring of my continuall teares, euen steru'd
My veines with dayly fasts: what wit or Art
Could Counsaile, I haue practiz'd; but alas
I find all these but dreames, and old mens tales
To fright vnsteady youth; I'me still the same,
Or I must speake, or burst; tis not I know,
My lust; but tis my fare that leads me on.
Keepe feare and low faint hearted shame with slaues,
Ile tell her, that I loue her, though my heart
Were rated at the price of that attempt.
Oh me! she comes.

Enter Anna. and Putana.

Anna. Brother.

Gio. If such a thing

As Courage dwell in men, (yee heauenly powers)
Now double all that vertue in my tongue.

Anna. Why Brother, will you not speake to me?

Gio. Yes; how d'ee Sister?

Anna. Howsoeuer I am, me thinks you are not well.

Put. Blesse vs why are you so sad Sir.

Gio. Let me intreat you leaue vs a while, *Putana*,
Sister, I would be pryuate with you.

Anna. With-drawe *Putana*.

Put. I will,

If this were any other Company for her, I should thinke my ab-
sence an office of some credit; but I will leaue them together.

Exit Putana:

Gio. Come Sister lend your hand, let's walke together.
I hope you neede not blush to walke with mee,
Here's none but you and I.

Anna. How's this?

Gio. Faith I meane no harme.

Anna. Harme?

Gio. No good faith; how ist with'ee?

Anna. I trust hee be not franticke—

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,

wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
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wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323

I am very well brother.

Gio. Trust me but I am sicke, I feare so sick,
'Twill cost my life.

Anna. Mercy forbid it: 'tis not so I hope.

Gio. I thinke you loue me Sister.

Anna. Yes you know, I doe.

Gio. I know't indeed — y'are very faire.

Anna. Nay then I see you haue a merry sicknesse,

Gio. That's as it proues: they Poets faigne (I read)
That *Iuno* for her forehead did exceede
All other goddesses: but I durst sweare,
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did theirs.

Anna. Troth this is pretty.

Gio. Such a paire of starres.

As are thine eyes, would (like *Promethean* fire.)
(If gently glaun't) giue life to senselesse stones.

Anna. Fie vpon'ee,

Gio. The Lilly and the Rose most sweetly strainge
Vpon your dimpled Cheekes doe striue for change.
Such lippes would tempt a Saint; such hands as those
Would make an *Anchoret* Lasciuious.

Anna. D'ee mock mee', or flatter mee,

Gio. If you would see a beauty more exact
Then Art can counter fit, or nature frame,
Looke in your glasse, and there behold your owne.

Anna. O you are a trime youth.

Gio. Here.

Offers his Dagger to her.

Anna. What to doe.

Gio. And here's my breast, strick home.
Rip vp my bosome, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speake.
Why stand'ee? *Anna.* Are you earnest?

Gio. Yes most earnest.

You cannot loue? *Anna.* Whom?

Gio. Me, my tortur'd soule
Hath felt affliction in the heate of Death.
O *Annabella* I am quite vndone,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
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wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360

The loue of thee (my sister) and the view
Of thy immortall beauty hath vntun'd
All harmony both of my rest and life,
Why d'ee not strike?
Anna. Forbid it my iust feares,
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.
Gio. True *Annabella*; 'tis no time to iest,
I haue too long suppress the hidden flames
That almost haue consum'd me; I haue spent
Many a silent night in sighes and groanes,
Ran ouer all my thoughts, despis'd my Fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my loue,
Done all that **smooth'd-cheeke** Vertue could aduise,
But found all bootlesse; 'tis my destiny,
That you must eyther loue, or I must dye.
Anna. Comes this in sadnesse from you?
Gio. Let some mischiefe
Befall me soone, if I dissemble ought.
Anna. You are my brother *Giouanni*.
Gio. You,
My Sister *Annabella*; I know this:
And could afford you instance why to loue
So much the more for this; to which intent
Wise Nature first in your Creation ment
To make you mine: else't had beene sinne and foule,
To share one beauty to a double soule.
Neerenesse in birth or blood, doth but perswade
A neerer neerenesse in affection.
I haue askt Counsell of the holy Church,
Who tells mee I may loue you, and 'tis iust,
That since I may, I should; and will, yes will:
Must I now liue, or dye?
Anna. Liue, thou hast wonne
The field, and neuer fought; what thou hast vrg'd,
My captiue heart had long agoe resolu'd.
I blush to tell thee, (but I'le tell thee now)
For euery sigh that thou hast spent for me,

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
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wln 0380
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wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397

I haue sigh'd ten; for euery teare shed twenty:
And not so much for that I lou'd, as that
I durst not say I lou'd; nor scarcely thinke it.

Gio. Let not this Musicke be a dreame (yee gods)
For pittie's-sake I begge'ee.

Anna. On my knees,
Brother, euen by our Mothers dust, I charge you,
Doe not betray mee to your mirth or hate,
Loue mee, or kill me Brother.

Shee kneeles.

Gio. On my knees,
Sister, euen by my Mothers dust I charge you,
Doe not betray mee to your mirth or hate,
Loue mee, or kill mee Sister.

Hee kneeles.

Anna. You meane good sooth then?

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

Anna. I'le swear't and I.

Gio. And I, and by this kisse,
(Once more, yet once more, now let's rise, by this)
I would not change this minute for *Elyzium*,
What must we now doe?

Kisses her.

Anna. What you will. *Gio.* Come then,
After so many teares as wee haue wept,
Let's learne to court in smiles, to kisse and sleepe.

Exeunt.

Enter Florio and Donado.

Flo. Signior Donado, you haue sayd enough,
I vnderstand you, but would haue you know,
I will not force my Daughter 'gainst her will.
You see I haue but two, a Sonne and Her;
And hee is so deuoted to his Booke,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Vpon my Girle; as for worldly Fortune,
I am I thanke my Starres, blest with enough:
My Care is how to match her to her liking,
I would not haue her marry Wealth, but Loue,
And if she like your Nephew, let him haue her,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0398

Here's all that I can say.

wln 0399

Do. Sir you say well,

wln 0400

Like a true father, and for my part, I

wln 0401

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

wln 0402

Will promise to assure my Nephew presently,

wln 0403

Three thousand *Florrens* yeerely during life,

wln 0404

And after I am dead, my whole estate.

wln 0405

Flo. 'Tis a faire proffer sir, meane time your Nephew

wln 0406

Shall haue free passage to commence his suite;

wln 0407

If hee can thriue, hee shall haue my consent,

wln 0408

So for this time I'le leaue you *Signior*.

Exit.

wln 0409

Do. Well,

wln 0410

Here's hope yet, if my Nephew would haue wit,

wln 0411

But hee is such another Dunce, I feare

wln 0412

Hee'le neuer winne the Wench; when I was young

wln 0413

I could haue done't yfaith, and so shall hee

wln 0414

If hee will learne of mee; and in good time

wln 0415

Hee comes himselfe.

wln 0416

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

wln 0417

Pog. How now *Bergetto*, whether away so fast?

wln 0418

Ber. Oh Vnkle, I haue heard the strangest newes that euer
came out of the Mynt, haue I not *Poggio*.

wln 0419

Pog. Yes indeede Sir. *Do.* What newes *Bergetto*?

wln 0420

Ber. Why looke yee Vnkle? my Barber told me iust now

wln 0421

that there is a fellow come to Towne, who vndertakes to make
a Mill goe without the mortall helpe of any water or winde,

wln 0422

onely with Sand-bags: and this fellow hath a strange Horse, a

wln 0423

most excellent beast, I'le assure you Vnkle, (my Barber sayes)

wln 0424

whose head to the wonder of all Christian people, stands iust be-

wln 0425

hind where his taylor is, is't not true *Poggio*?

wln 0426

Pog. So the Barber swore for sooth.

wln 0427

Do. And you are running hither? *Ber.* I forsooth Vnkle.

wln 0428

Do. Wilt thou be a Foole stil? come sir, you shall not goe,

wln 0429

you haue more mind of a Puppet-play, then on the businesse I

wln 0430

told y'ee: why thou great Baby, wu't neuer haue wit, wu't

wln 0431

make thy selfe a May-game to all the world?

wln 0432

Pog. Answer for your selfe Maister.

wln 0433

wln 0434

Ber.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
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wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471

Ber. Why Vnkle, shu'd I sit at home still, and not goe abroad to see fashions like other gallants?

Do. To see hobby-horses: what wise talke I pray had you with *Annabella*, when you were at *Signior Florio's* house?

Ber. Oh the wench: vds sa'me, Vnkle; I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

Do. Nay I thinke so, and what speech was't?

Ber. What did I say *Poggio*?

Pog. forsooth my Maister said, that hee loued her almost as well as hee loued Parmasent, and swore (I'le be sworne for him) that shee wanted but such a Nose as his was, to be as pretty a young woeman, as any was in *Parma*. *Do.* Oh grose!

Ber. Nay Vnkle, then shee ask't mee, whether my Father had any more children then my selfe: and I sayd no, 'twere better hee should haue had his braynes knockt out first.

Do. This is intolerable.

Ber. Then sayd shee, will *Signior Donado* your Vnkle leaue you all his wealth?

Do. Ha! that was good, did she harpe vpon that string?

Ber. Did she harpe vpon that string, I that shee did: I answered, leaue me all his wealth? why woeman, hee hath no other wit, if hee had, he should heare on't to his euerlasting glory and confusion: I know (quoth I) I am his white boy, and will not be guld: and with that shee fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay I did fit her.

Do. Ah sirrah, then I see there is no changing of nature, Well *Bergetto*, I feare thou wilt be a very Asse still.

Ber. I should be sorry for that Vnkle.

Do. Come, come you home with me, since you are no better a speaker, I'le haue you write to her after some courtly manner, and inclose some rich Iewell in the Letter.

Ber. I marry, that will be excellent.

Do. Peace innocent,
Once in my time I'le set my wits to schoole,
If all faile, 'tis but the fortune of a foole.

Ber. *Poggio*, 'twill doe *Poggio*.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Giouanni and Annabella, as from their Chamber.

Gio. Come *Annabella*, no more Sister now,
But *Loue*; a name more Gracious, doe not blush,
(Beauties sweete wonder) but be proud, to know
That yeelding thou hast conquer'd, and inflam'd
A heart whose tribute is thy brothers life.

Anna. And mine is his, oh how these stolne contents
Would print a modest Crymson on my cheekes,
Had any but my hearts delight preuail'd.

Gio. I maruaile why the chaster of your sex
Should thinke this pretty toye call'd *Maiden-head*,
So strange a losse, when being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same. *Anna.* 'Tis well for you,
Now you can talke. *Gio.* Musicke aswell consists
In th'eare, as in the playing. *Anna.* Oh y'are wanton,
Tell on't, y'are best, doe.

Gio. Thou wilt chide me then,
Kisse me, so; thus hung *Ioue* on *Læda's* necke,
And suck't diuine *Ambrosia* from her lips:
I enuy not the mightiest man aliue,
But hold my selfe in being King of thee,
More great, then were I King of all the world:
But I shall lose you *Sweet-heart*.

Anna. But you shall not. *Gio.* You must be married Mistres.

Anna. Yes, to whom? *Gio.* Some one must haue you.

Anna. You must. *Gio.* Nay some other.

Anna. Now prithee do not speake so, without iesting
You'le make me weepe in earnest.

Gio. What you will not.
But tell me sweete, can'st thou be dar'd to sweare
That thou wilt liue to mee, and to no other?

Anna. By both our loues I dare, for didst thou know
My *Giouanni*, how all suiters seeme
To my eyes hatefull, thou wouldst trust mee then.

Gio.

wln 0472

wln 0473

wln 0474

wln 0475

wln 0476

wln 0477

wln 0478

wln 0479

wln 0480

wln 0481

wln 0482

wln 0483

wln 0484

wln 0485

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wln 0488

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wln 0495

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wln 0497

wln 0498

wln 0499

wln 0500

wln 0501

wln 0502

wln 0503

wln 0504

wln 0505

wln 0506

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0507

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

wln 0508

Anna. Will you begon? *Gio.* I must.

wln 0509

Anna. When to returne? *Gio.* Soone.

wln 0510

Anna. Looke you doe. *Gio.* Farewell.

Exit.

wln 0511

Anna. Goe where thou wilt, in mind I'le keepe thee here,
And where thou art, I know I shall be there

wln 0512

Guardian.

wln 0513

Enter Putana.

wln 0514

Put. Child, how is't child? well, thanke Heauen, ha!

wln 0515

Anna. O *Guardian*, what a Paradise of joy

wln 0516

Haue I past ouer!

wln 0517

Put. Nay what a Paradise of ioy haue you past vnder?

wln 0518

why now I commend thee (*Chardge*) feare nothing, (sweete-

wln 0519

heart) what though hee be your Brother; your Brother's a

wln 0520

man I hope, and I say still, if a young Wench feele the fitt vpon

wln 0521

her, let her take any body, Father or Brother, all is one.

wln 0522

Anna. I would not haue it knowne for all the world.

wln 0523

Put. Nor I indeed, for the speech of the people; else 'twere

wln 0524

Florio within — Daughter *Annabella.*

(nothing.

wln 0525

Anna. O mee! my Father, — here Sir, — reach my worke.

wln 0526

Flo. within. What are you doing? *An.* So, let him come now,

wln 0527

wln 0528

*Enter Florio, Richardetto, like a Doctor of Physicke,
and Philotis with a Lute in her hand.*

wln 0529

wln 0530

Flo. So hard at worke, that's well; you lose no time, looke,
I haue brought you company, here's one, a learned Doctor, late-
ly come from *Padua*, much skild in Physicke, and for that I see
you haue of late beene sickly, I entreated this reuerent man
to visit you some time.

wln 0531

wln 0532

wln 0533

wln 0534

wln 0535

Anna. Y'are very welcome Sir.

wln 0536

Richard. I thanke you Mistresse,

wln 0537

Loud Fame in large report hath spoke your praise,

wln 0538

Aswell for Vertue as perfection:

wln 0539

For which I haue beene bold to bring with mee

wln 0540

A Kins-woeman of mine, a maide, for song,

wln 0541

And musicke, one perhaps will giue content,

wln 0542

Please

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0543

Please you to know her.

wln 0544

Anna. They are parts I loue,
And shee for them most welcome.

wln 0545

Phi. Thanke you Lady.

wln 0546

Flo. Sir now you know my house, pray make not strange,
And if you finde my Daughter neede your Art,
I'le be your pay-master.

wln 0547

Rich. Sir, what I am shee shall command.

wln 0548

Flo. You shall bind me to you,

wln 0549

Daughter, I must haue conference with you,
About some matters that concernes vs both.

wln 0550

Good Maister Doctor, please you but walke in,
Wee'le craue a little of your Cozens cunning:

wln 0551

I thinke my Girle hath not quite forgot

wln 0552

To touch an Instrument, she could haue don't,
Wee'le heare them both.

wln 0553

Rich. I'le waite vpon you sir.

Exeunt.

wln 0554

Enter Soranzo in his study reading a Booke.

wln 0555

Loues measure is extreame, the comfort, paine:

wln 0556

The life vnrest, and the reward disdaind

wln 0557

What's here? looke o're againe, 'tis so, so writes

wln 0558

This smooth licentious Poet in his rymes.

wln 0559

But *Sanazar* thou lyst, for had thy bosome

wln 0560

Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,

wln 0561

Thou wouldst haue kist the rod that made the smart.

wln 0562

To worke then happy Muse, and contradict

wln 0563

What *Sanazer* hath in his enuy writ.

wln 0564

Loues measure is the meane, sweet his annoyes,

wln 0565

His pleasures life, and his reward all ioyes.

wln 0566

Had *Annabella* liu'd when *Sanazar*

wln 0567

Did in his briefe *Enconium* celebrate

wln 0568

Venice that Queene of Citties, he had left

wln 0569

That Verse which gaind him such a sume of Gold,

wln 0570

And for one onely looke from *Annabell*

wln 0571

Had writ of her, and her diuiner cheekes,

wln 0572

O how my thoughts are —

wln 0573

Vasques within — Pray forbear, in rules of Ciuility, let me giue
notice on't: I shall be tax't of my neglect of duty and seruice.

wln 0574

wln 0575

wln 0576

wln 0577

wln 0578

wln 0579

wln 0580

Soran.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,

wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
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wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617

Soran. What rude intrusion interrupts my peace,
Can I be no where priuate?

Vas. within. Troth you wrong your modesty.

Soran. What's the matter *Vasques*, who is't?

Enter Hipplita and Vasques.

Hip. 'Tis I:

Doe you know mee now? looke periurd man on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust haue wrong'd,
Thy sensuall rage of blood hath made my youth
A scorn to men and Angels, and shall I
Be now a foyle to thy vnsated change?
Thou knowst (false wanton) when my modest fame
Stood free from staine, or scandall, all the charmes
Of Hell or sorcery could not preuaile
Against the honour of my chaster bosome:
Thyne eyes did pleade in teares, thy tongue in oathes
Such and so many, that a heart of steele
Would haue beene wrought to pittie, as was mine:
And shall the Conquest of my lawfull bed,
My husbands death vrg'd on by his disgrace,
My losse of woeman-hood be ill rewarded
With hatred and contempt? No, know *Soranzo*,
I haue a spirit doth as much distast
The slauery of fearing thee, as thou
Dost loath the memory of what hath past.

Soran. Nay deare *Hippolita*.

Hip. Call me not deare,

Nor thinke with supple words to smooth the grosenesse
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new Mistresse,
Your goodly *Madam Merchant* shall triumph
On my deiection; tell her thus from mee,
My byrth was Nobler, and by much more Free.

Soran. You are too violent.

Hip. You are too double

In your dissimulation, see'st thou this,
This habit, these blacke mourning weedes of Care,
'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorc't

wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
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wln 0653
wln 0654

My husband from his life and me from him,
And made me Widdow in my widdow-hood.

Soran. Will you yet heare?

Hip. More of the periuries?

Thy soule is drown'd too deeply in those sinnes,
Thou need'st not add to'th number.

Soran. Then I'le leaue you,
You are past all rules of sence.

Hip. And thou of grace.

Vas. Fy Mistresse, you, are not neere the limits of reason, if
my Lord had a resolution as noble as Vertue it selfe, you take the
course to vnedge it all. Sir I beseech you doe not perplexe her,
griefes (alas) will haue a vent, I dare vndertake Madam *Hippo-*
lita will now freely heare you.

Soran. Talke to a woman frantick, are these the fruits of your

Hip. They are the fruites of thy vntruth, false man, (loue?)
Didst thou not sweare, whil'st yet my husband liu'd,
That thou wouldst wish no happinese on earth
More then to call me wife? didst thou not vow
When hee should dye to marry mee? for which
The Deuill in my blood, and thy protests
Caus'd mee to Counsaile him to vndertake
A voyage to *Ligorne*, for that we heard,
His Brother there was dead, and left a Daughter
Young and vnfriended, who with much adoe
I wish't him to bring hither; hee did so,
And went; and as thou know'st dyed on the way.
Vnhappy man to buy his death so deare
With my aduice; yet thou for whom I did it,
Forget'st thy vowes, and leau'st me to my shame.

Soran. Who could helpe this?

Hip. Who? periur'd man thou couldst,
If thou hadst faith or loue.

Soran. You are deceiu'd,
The vowes I made, (if you remember well)
Were wicked and vnlawfull, 'twere more sinne
To keepe them, then to breake them; as for mee

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
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wln 0691

I cannot maske my penitence, thinke thou
How much thou hast digrest from honest shame,
In bringing of a gentleman to death
Who was thy husband, such a one as hee,
So noble in his quality, condition,
Learning, behaiour, entertainment, loue,
As *Parma* could not shew a brauer man.

Vas. You doe not well, this was not your promise.

Soran. I care not, let her know her monstrous life,
Ere I'le be seruile to so blacke a sinne,
I'le be a Curse; woeman, come here no more,
Learne to repent and dye; for by my honour
I hate thee and thy lust; you haue beene too foule.

Vas. This part has beene scuruily playd.

Hip. How foolishly this beast contemnes his Fate,
And shuns the vse of that, which I more scorne
Then I once lou'd his loue; but let him goe,
My vengeance shall giue comfort to his woe.

*She offers to
goe away.*

Vas. Mistresse, Mistresse Madam *Hippolita*,
Pray a word or two. *Hip.* With mee Sir?

Vas. With you if you please. *Hip.* What is't?

Vas. I know you are infinitely mou'd now, and you thinke
you haue cause, some I confesse you haue, but sure not so much
as you imagine. *Hip.* Indeed.

Vas. O you were miserably bitter, which you followed
euen to the last sillable: Faith you were somewhat too shrewd,
by my life you could not haue tooke my Lord in a worse time,
since I first knew him: tomorrow you shall finde him a new
man. *Hip.* Well, I shall waite his leasure.

Vas. Fie, this is not a hearty patience, it comes sowerly from
you, troth let me perswade you for once.

Hip. I haue it and it shall be so; thanks opportunity
— perswade me to what —

Vas. Visitt him in some milder temper, O if you could but
master a little your femall spleen, how might you winne him!

Hip. Hee wil neuer loue me: *Vasques*, thou hast bin a too trusty
seruant to such a master, & I beleeeue thy reward in the end wil fal

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
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wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728

out like mine. *Vas.* So perhaps too.

Hip. Resolue thy selfe it will; had I one so true, so truely honest, so secret to my Counsels, as thou hast beene to him and his, I should thinke it a **flight** acquittance, not onely to make him Maister of all I haue, but euen of my selfe.

Vas. O you are a noble Gentlewoman.

Hip. Wu't thou feede alwayes vpon hopes? well, I know thou art wise, and see'st the reward of an old seruant dally what it is *Vas.* Beggery and neglect.

Hip. True, but *Vasques*, wer't thou mine, and wouldst bee priuate to me and my designes; I here protest my selfe, and all what I can else call myne, should be at thy dispose.

Vas. Worke you that way old moule? then I haue the wind of you — I were not worthy of it, by any desert that could lye — within my compasse; if I could —

Hip. What then?

Vas. I should then hope to liue in these my old yeares with rest and security.

Hip. Giue me thy hand, now promise but thy silence, And helpe to bring to passe a plot I haue; And here in sight of Heauen, (that being done) I make thee Lord of mee and mine estate.

Vas. Come you are merry, This is such a happinesse that I can Neither thinke or beleue.

Hip. Promise thy secresie, and 'tis confirm'd.

Vas. Then here I call our good *Genij* foe-witnesses, whatsoever your designes are, or against whomsoever, I will not onely be a speciall actor therein, but neuer disclose it till it be effected.

Hip. I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine: Come then, let's more conferre of this anon.

On this delicious bane my thoughts shall banquet, Reuenge shall sweeten what my griefes haue tasted.

Exeunt.

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

Richar. Thou see'st (my louely Necce) these strange mis- How all my fortunes turne to my disgrace, (haps, Wherein I am but as a looker on,

Whiles

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0729

Whiles others act my shame, and I am silent.

wln 0730

Phi. But Vnkle, wherein can this borrowed shape
Giue you content?

wln 0731

wln 0732

Richard. I'le tell thee gentle Neece,

wln 0733

Thy wanton Aunt in her lasciuious riotts

wln 0734

Liues now secure, thinkes I am surely dead

wln 0735

In my late Iourney to *Ligorne* for you;

wln 0736

(As I haue caus'd it to be rumord out)

wln 0737

Now would I see with what an impudence

wln 0738

Shee giues scope to her loose adultery,

wln 0739

And how the Common voyce allowes hereof:

wln 0740

Thus farre I haue preuail'd.

wln 0741

Phi. Alas, I feare

wln 0742

You meane some strange reuenge.

wln 0743

Richard. O be not troubled,

wln 0744

Your ignorance shall pleade for you in all,

wln 0745

But to our businesse, what, you learnt for certaine

wln 0746

How *Signior Florio* meanes to giue his Daughter

wln 0747

In marriage to *Soranzo*?

wln 0748

Phi. Yes for certaine.

wln 0749

Richard. But how finde you young *Annabella's* loue,

wln 0750

Inclind to him?

wln 0751

Phi. For ought I could perceiue,

wln 0752

Shee neyther fancies him or any else.

wln 0753

Richard. There's Mystery in that which time must shew,

wln 0754

Shee vs'd you kindly. *Phi.* Yes.

wln 0755

Richard. And crau'd your company? *Phi.* Often.

wln 0756

Richard. 'Tis well, it goes as I could wish,

wln 0757

I am the Doctor now, and as for you,

wln 0758

None knowes you; if all faile not we shall thriue.

wln 0759

But who comes here?

Enter Grimaldi.

wln 0760

I know him, 'tis *Grimaldi*,

wln 0761

A Roman and a souldier, neere allyed

wln 0762

Vnto the Duke of *Montferrato*, one

wln 0763

Attending on the *Nuntio* of the Pope

wln 0764

That now resides in *Parma*, by which meanes

wln 0765

He hopes to get the loue of *Annabella*,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0766 *Gri.* Saue you Sir. *Richard.* And you Sir.

wln 0767 *Gri.* I haue heard
wln 0768 Of your approu'd skill, which through the City
wln 0769 Is freely talkt of, and would craue your ayd.

wln 0770 *Richard.* For what Sir?

wln 0771 *Gri.* Marry sir for this —

wln 0772 But I would speake in Priuate.

wln 0773 *Richard.* Leaue vs Cozen.

Exit Phi.

wln 0774 *Gri.* I loue faire *Annabella*, and would know
wln 0775 Whether in Arts there may not be receipts
wln 0776 To moue affection.

wln 0777 *Richard.* Sir perhaps there may,
wln 0778 But these will nothing profit you.

wln 0779 *Gri.* Not mee?

wln 0780 *Richard.* Vnlesse I be mistooke, you are a man
wln 0781 Greatly in fauour with the Cardinall.

wln 0782 *Gri.* What of that?

wln 0783 *Richard.* In duty to his Grace,
wln 0784 I will be bold to tell you, if you seeke
wln 0785 To marry *Florio's* daughter, you must first
wln 0786 Remoue a barre twixt you and her.

wln 0787 *Gri.* Whose that?

wln 0788 *Richard:* *Soranzo* is the man that hath her heart,
wln 0789 And while hee liues, be sure you cannot speed.

wln 0790 *Gri.* *Soranzo*, what mine Enemy, is't hee?

wln 0791 *Richard.* Is hee your Enemy?

wln 0792 *Gri.* The man I hate,

wln 0793 Worse then Confusion:

wln 0794 I'le tell him streight.

wln 0795 *Richard.* Nay, then take mine aduice,
wln 0796 (Euen for his Graces sake the Cardinall)
wln 0797 I'le finde a time when hee and shee doe meete,
wln 0798 Of which I'le giue you notice, and to be sure
wln 0799 Hee shall **n[*]t** scape you, I'le prouide a poyson
wln 0800 To dip your Rapiers poynt in, if hee had
wln 0801 As many heads as *Hidra* had, he dyes.

wln 0802 *Gri.* But shall I trust thee Doctor?

Richard.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
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wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825

Richard. As your selfe,
Doubt not in ought; thus shall the Fates decree,
By me *Soranzo* falls, that ruin'd mee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Donado, Bergetto and Poggio.

Do. Well Sir, I must bee content to be both your Secretary
and your Messenger my selfe; I cannot tell what this Letter may
worke, but as sure as I am aliue, if thou come once to talke with
her, I feare thou wu't marre whatsoever I make.

Ber. You make Vnkle? why am not I bigge enough to car-
ry mine owne Letter I pray?

Do. I, I carry a fooles head o'thy owne; why thou Duncce,
wouldst thou write a letter, and carry it thy selfe

Ber. Yes that I wudd, and reade it to her with my owne
mouth, for you must thinke, if shee will not beleue me my selfe
when she heares me speake; she will not beleue anothers hand-
writing. O you thinke I am a blocke-head Vnkle, no sir, *Pog-*
gio knowes I haue indited a letter my selfe, so I haue.

Pog. Yes truely sir, I haue it in my pocket.

Do. A sweete one no doubt, pray let's see't.

Ber. I cannot reade my owne hand very well *Poggio*,
Reade it *Poggio*.

Do. Begin.

Poggio reades

Pog. *MOst dainty and honey-sweete* Mistresse, *I could call*
you faire, and lie as fast as any that loues you, but
my Vnkle being the elder man, I leaue 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 Vnkles wit bet-
ter then mine, you shall marry mee; if you like mine better then
his, I will marry you in spight of your teeth; So commending my
best parts to you, I rest. Yours vpwards and downwards,
or you may chose, *Bergetto.*

Ber. Ah ha, here's stufte Vnkle.

Do. Here's stufte indeed to shame vs all,
Pray whose aduice did you take in this learned Letter?

Pog. None vpon my word, but mine owne.

wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838

Ber.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
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wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875

Ber. And mine Vnkle, beleeeue it, no bodies else; 'twas mine owne brayne, I thanke a good wit for't.

Do. Get you home sir, and looke you keepe within doores till I returne.

Ber. How? that were a iest indeede; I scorne it yfaith.

Do. What you doe not?

Ber. Iudge me, but I doe now.

Pog. Indeede sir 'tis very vnhealthy.

Do. Well sir, if I heare any of your apish running to motions, and fopperies till I come backe, you were as good no; looke too't.

Exit Do.

Ber. *Poggio*, shall's steale to see this Horse with the head in's

Pog. I but you must take heede of whipping. (tayle?)

Ber. Dost take me for a Child *Poggio*,
Come honest *Poggio*,

Exeunt:

Enter Fryar and Giouanni.

Fry. Peace, thou hast told a tale, whose euery word Threatens eternall slaughter to the soule:
I'me sorry I haue heard it; would mine eares
Had beene one minute deafe, before the houre
That thou cam'st to mee: *o young man* cast-away,
By the relligious number of mine order,
I day and night haue wak't my aged eyes,
About thy strength, to weepe on thy behalfe:
But Heauen is angry, and be thou resolu'd,
Thou art a man remark't to tast a mischief,
Looke for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

Gio. Father, in this you are vncharitable;
What I haue done, I'le proue both fit and good.
It is a principall (which you haue taught
When I was yet your Scholler) that the Fame
And Composition of the *Minde* doth follow
The Frame and Composition of *Body*:
So where the *Bodies* furniture is *Beauty*,
The *Mindes* must needs be *Vertue*: which allowed.
Vertue it selfe is *Reason but refin'd*,
And *Loue* the Quintesence of that, this proues

My

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
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wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912

My Sisters *Beauty* being rarely *Faire*,
Is rarely *Vertuous*; chiefly in her loue,
And chiefly in that *Loue*, *her loue to me*.

If *hers to me*, then so is *mine to her*;
Since in like Causes are effects alike.

Fry. O ignorance in knowledge, long agoe,
How often haue I warn'd thee this before?
Indeede if we were sure there were no *Deity*,
Nor *Heauen* nor *Hell*, then to be lead alone,
By Natures light (as were Philosophers
Of elder times) might instance some defence.
But 'tis not so; then Madman, thou wilt finde,
That *Nature* is in Heauens positions blind.

Gio. Your age o're rules you, had you youth like mine,
You'd make her loue your heauen, and her diuine.

Fry. Nay then I see th'art too farre sold to hell,
It lies not in the Compasse of my prayers
To call thee backe; yet let me Counsell thee:
Perswade thy sister to some marriage.

Gio. Marriage? why that's to dambe her; that's to proue
Her greedy of variety of lust.

Fry. O fearefull! if thou wilt not, giue me leaue
To shriue her; lest shee should dye vn-absolu'd.

Gio. At your best leasure Father, then shee'le tell you,
How dearely shee doth prize my Matchlesse loue,
Then you will know what pittie 'twere we two
Should haue beene sundred from each others armes.
View well her face, and in that little round,
You may obserue a world of variety;
For Colour, lips, for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For Iewels, eyes; for threds of purest gold,
Hayre; for delicious choyce of Flowers, cheekes;
Wonder in euery portion of that Throne:
Heare her but speake, and you will sweare the Sphæres
Make Musicke to the Cittizens in Heauen:
But Father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
Least I offend your eares shall goe vn-nam'd.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0913

Fry. The more I heare, I pittie thee the more,
That one so excellent should giue those parts:

wln 0914

All to a second Death; what I can doe

wln 0915

Is but to pray; and yet I could aduise thee,

wln 0916

Wouldst thou be rul'd.

wln 0917

Gio. In what?

wln 0918

Fry. Why leaue her yet,

wln 0919

The Throne of *Mercy* is aboue your trespasse,

wln 0920

Yet time is left you both —

wln 0921

Gio. To embrace each other,

wln 0922

Else let all time be strucke quite out of number;

wln 0923

Shee is like mee, and I like her resolu'd.

wln 0924

Fry. No more, I'le visit her; this grieues me most,

wln 0925

Things being thus, a paire of soules are lost.

wln 0926

Exeūt.

wln 0927

Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.

wln 0928

Flo. Where's *Giouanni*?

wln 0929

Anna. Newly walk't abroad,

wln 0930

And (as I heard him say) gon to the Fryar

wln 0931

His reuerent Tutor.

wln 0932

Flo. That's a blessed man,

wln 0933

A man made vp of holinesse, I hope

wln 0934

Hee'le teach him how to gaine another world.

wln 0935

Do. Faire Gentlewoman, here's a letter sent:

wln 0936

To you from my young Cozen, I dare sweare

wln 0937

He loues you in his soule, would you could heare

wln 0938

Sometimes, what I see dayly, sighes and teares,

wln 0939

As if his breast were prison to his heart.

wln 0940

Flo. Receiue it *Annabella*.

wln 0941

Anna. Alas good man.

wln 0942

Do. What's that she said?

wln 0943

Pu. And please you sir, she sayd, alas good man, truely I doe

wln 0944

Commend him to her euery night before her first sleepe, because

wln 0945

I would haue her dreame of him, and shee harkens to that most

wln 0946

relligiously.

wln 0947

Do. Say'st so, godamercy *Putana* there's something for thee,

wln 0948

and prythee doe what thou canst on his behalfe; sha'not

be

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,

wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
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wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985

be lost labour, take my word for't.
Pu. Thanke you most heartily sir, now I haue a *Feeling* of
your mind, let mee alone to worke.
Anna. *Guardian!*
Pu. Did you call?
Anna. Keepe this letter,
Do. *Signior Florio*, in any case bid her reade it instantly.
Flo. Keepe it for what? pray reade it mee here right.
Anna. I shall sir, *She reades,*
Do. How d'ee finde her inclin'd *Signior?*
Flo. Troth sir I know not how; not all so well
As I could wish.
Anna. Sir I am bound to rest your Cozens debter,
The Iewell I'le returne, for if he loue,
I'le count that loue a Iewell.
Do. Marke you that?
Nay keepe them both sweete Maide.
Anna. You must excuse mee,
Indeed I will not keepe it.
Flo. Where's the Ring,
That which your Mother in her will bequeath'd,
And charg'd you on her blessing not to giue't
To any but your Husband? send backe that.
Anna. I haue it not,
Flo. Ha! haue it not, where is't?
Anna. My brother in the morning tooke it frō me,
Said he would weare't to Day.
Flo. Well, what doe you say
To young *Bergetto's* loue? are you content
To match with him? speake.
Do. There's the poynt indeed.
Anna. What shal I doe, I must say something now.
Flo. What say, why d'ee not speake?
Anna. Sir with your leaue
Please you to giue me freedome.
Flo. Yes you haue.
Anna. *Signior Donado*, if your Nephew meane

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
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wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022

To rayse his better Fortunes in his match,
The hope of mee will hinder such a hope;
Sir if you loue him, as I know you doe;
Find one more worthy of his choyce then mee,
In short, I'me sure, I sha'not be his wife.

Do. Why here's plaine dealing, I commend thee for't,
And all the worst I wish thee, is heauen blesse thee,
Your Father yet and I will still be friends,
Shall we not *Signior Florio*?

Flo. Yes, why not?
Looke here your Cozen comes.

*Entel*J* Bergetto and Poggio.

Do. Oh Coxcombe, what doth he make here?

Ber. Where's my Vnkle sirs.

Do. What's the newes now?

Ber. Saue you Vnkle saue you, you must not thinke I come
for nothing Maisters, and how and how is't? what you haue
read my letter, ah, there I — tickled you yfaith.

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

Ber. Sirrah *Sweet-heaf*Jt*, I'le tell thee a good jest, and riddle
what 'tis.

Anna. You say you'd tell mee.

Ber. As I was walking iust now in the Streete, I mett a
swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me, and be-
cause hee did thrust me, I very valiantly cal'd him *Rogue*, hee
hereupon bad me drawe, I told him I had more wit then so, but
when hee saw that I would not, hee did so maule me with the
hilts of his Rapier, that my head sung whil'st my feere caper'd
in the kennell.

Do. Was euer the like asse seene?

Anna. And what did you all this while?

Ber. Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood runne about
mine eares, and then I could not choose but finde in my
heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard; (they say hee
is a new-come Doctor) cald mee into this house, and gaue me a
playster, looke you here 'tis; and sir there was a young wench
washt my face and hands most excellently, yfaith I shall loue

her

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
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wln 1058
wln 1059

her as long as I liue for't, did she not *Poggio*?

Pog. Yes and kist him too.

Ber. Why la now, you thinke I tell a lye Vnkle I warrant.

Do. Would hee that beate thy blood out of thy head, had beaten some wit into it; For I feare thou neuer wilt haue any.

Ber. Oh Vnkle, but there was a wench, would haue done a mans heart good to haue lookt on her, by this light shee had a face mee-thinks worth twenty of you Mistresse *Annabella*.

Do. Was euer such a foole borne?

Anna. I am glad shee lik't you sir.

Ber. Are you so, by my troth I thanke you forsooth.

Flo. Sure 'twas the Doctors neece, that was last day with vs here:

Ber. 'Twas shee, 'twas shee.

Do. How doe you know that simplicity?

Ber. Why doe's not hee say so? if I should haue sayd no, I should haue giuen him the lye *Vnkle*, and so haue deseru'd a dry beating againe; I'le none of that.

Flo. A very modest welbehau'd young Maide as I haue seene.

Do. Is shee indeed?

Flo. Indeed

Shee is, if I haue any Iudgement.

Do. Well sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters, now you are dismiss, your Mistresse here will none of you.

Ber. No; why what care I for that, I can haue Wenches enough in *Parma* for halfe a Crowne a peece, cannot I *Poggio*?

Pog. I'le warrant you sir.

Do. *Signior Florio*, I thanke you for your free recourse you gaue for my admittance; and to you faire Maide that Iewell I will giue you 'gainst your marriage, come will you goe sir?

Ber. I marry will I Mistres, farwell Mistres, I'le come againe to morrow — farwell Mistres. *Exit Do. Ber. & Pog.*

Enter Gio.

Flo. Sonne, where haue you beene? what alone, alone, still, still? I would not haue it so, you must forsake this ouer bookish humour. Well, your Sister hath shooke the Foole off.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1060

Gio. 'Twas no match for her.

wln 1061

Flo. 'Twas not indeed I ment it nothing lesse,

wln 1062

Soranzo is the man I onely like;

wln 1063

Looke on him *Annabella*, come, 'tis supper-time,

wln 1064

And it growes late.

Exit Florio.

wln 1065

Gio. Whose Iewell's that?

wln 1066

Anna. Some Sweet-hearts.

wln 1067

Gio. So I thinke.

wln 1068

Anna. A lusty youth, *Signior Donado* gaue it me

wln 1069

To weare against my Marriage.

wln 1070

Gio. But you shall not weare it, send it him backe againe.

wln 1071

Anna. What, you are jealous?

wln 1072

Gio. That you shall know anon, at better leasure:

wln 1073

Welcome sweete night, the Euening crownes the Day.

Exeunt.

wln 1074

Actus Tertius.

wln 1075

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

wln 1076

Ber. DO'es my Vnkle thinke to make mee a Baby still? no,

wln 1077

Poggio, he shall know, I haue a skonce now.

wln 1078

Pog. I let him not bobbe you off like an Ape with an apple.

wln 1079

Ber. Sfoot, I will haue the wench, if he were tenne Vnkles,

wln 1080

in despight of his nose *Poggio*. (ground,

wln 1081

Pog. Hold him to the Grynd-stone, and giue not a jot of

wln 1082

Shee hath in a manner promised you already.

wln 1083

Pog. True *Poggio*, and her Vnkle the Doctor

wln 1084

Swore I should marry her.

wln 1085

Pog. He swore I remember.

wln 1086

Ber. And I will haue her that's more; did'st see the codpeice-point she gaue me, and the box of Mermalade?

wln 1087

Pog. Very well, and kist you, that my chopps watred at the

wln 1089

sight on't; there's no way but to clap vp a marriage in hugger mugger.

wln 1090

Ber. I will do't for I tell thee *Poggio*, I begin to grow valiant

wln 1091

methinks,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1092

methinkes, and my courage begins to rise.

wln 1093

Pog. Should you be afraid of your Vnkle?

wln 1094

Ber. Hang him old doating Rascall, no, I say I will haue her.

wln 1095

Pog. Lose no time then.

wln 1096

Ber. I will beget a race of Wise men and Constables, that

wln 1097

shall cart whoores at their owne charges, and breake the Dukes

wln 1098

peace ere I haue done my selfe. — come away.

Exeunt.

wln 1099

Enter Florio, Giouanni, Soranzo, Annabella,

wln 1100

Putana and Vasques.

wln 1101

Flo. My Lord *Soranzo*, though I must confesse,

wln 1102

The proffers that are made me, haue beene great

wln 1103

In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope

wln 1104

Of your still rising honours, haue preuaild

wln 1105

About all other Ioyntures; here shee is,

wln 1106

She knowes my minde, speake for your selfe to her,

wln 1107

And heare you daughter, see you vse him nobly,

wln 1108

For any priuate speech, I'le giue you time:

wln 1109

Come sonne and you, the rest let them alone,

wln 1110

Agree as they may.

wln 1111

Soran. I thanke you sir.

wln 1112

Gio. Sister be not all woeman, thinke on me.

wln 1113

Soran. *Vasques?* *Vas.* My Lord.

wln 1114

Soran. Attend me without — *Exeunt omnes, manet Soran.*

wln 1115

Anna. Sir what's your will with me? (*& Anna.*)

wln 1116

Soran. Doe you not know what I should tell you?

wln 1117

Anna. Yes, you'le say you loue mee.

wln 1118

Soran. And I'le sweare it too; will you beleuee it?

wln 1119

Anna. 'Tis not poynt of faith.

wln 1120

Enter Giouanni aboue.

wln 1121

Soran. Haue you not will to loue?

wln 1122

Anna. Not you. *Soran.* Whom then?

wln 1123

Anna. That's as the Fates inferre.

wln 1124

Gio. Of those I'me regient now.

wln 1125

Soran. What meane you sweete?

wln 1126

Anna. To liue and dye a Maide.

Soran.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163

Soran. Oh that's vnfit.
Gio. Here's one can say that's but a womans noate.
Soran. Did you but see my heart, then would you sweare —
Anna. That you were dead.
Gio. That's true, or somewhat neere it.
Soran. See you these true loues teares?
Anna. No. *Gio.* Now shee winkes.
Soran. They plead to you for grace.
Anna. Yet nothing speake.
Soran. Oh grant my suite.
Anna. What is't *Soran.* To let mee liue.
Anna. Take it —
Soran. Still yours. —
Anna. That is not mine to giue.
Gio. One such another word would kil his hopes.
Soran. Mistres, to leaue those fruitlesse strifes of wit,
I know I haue lou'd you long, and lou'd you truely;
Not hope of what you haue, but what you are
Haue drawne me on, then let mee not in vaine
Still feele the rigour of your chaste disdain.
I'me sicke, and sicke to th'heart.
Anna. Helpe, *Aquavitæ*
Soran. What meane you?
Anna. Why I thought you had beene sicke.
Soran. Doe you mocke my loue?
Gio. There sir shee was too nimble.
Soran. 'Tis plaine; shee laughes at me, these scornefull taunts
neither become your modesty, or yeares.
Anna. You are no looking-glasse, or if you were, I'de dresse
my language by you.
Gio. I'me confirm'd —
Anna. To put you out of doubt, my Lord, mee-thinks your
Common sence should make you vnderstand, that if I lou'd you,
or desir'd your loue, some way I should haue giuen you better
tast: but since you are a Noble man, and one I would not wish
should spend his youth in hopes, let mee aduise you here, to for-
beare your suite, and thinke I wish you well, I tell you this.

Soran.

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore,

wln 1164

Soran. Is't you speake this?

wln 1165

Anna. Yes, I my selfe; yet know

wln 1166

Thus farre I giue you comfort, if mine eyes

wln 1167

Could haue pickt out a man (amongst all those

wln 1168

That sue'd to mee) to make a husband of,

wln 1169

You should haue beene that man; let this suffice,

wln 1170

Be noble in your secrecie and wise.

wln 1171

Gio. Why now I see shée loues me.

wln 1172

Anna. One word more:

wln 1173

As euer Vertue liu'd within your mind,

wln 1174

As euer noble courses were your guide.

wln 1175

As euer you would haue me know you lou'd me,

wln 1176

Let not my Father know hereof by you:

wln 1177

If I hereafter finde that I must marry,

wln 1178

It shall be you or none.

wln 1179

Soran. I take that promise.

wln 1180

Anna. Oh, oh my head.

wln 1181

Soran. What's the matter, not well?

wln 1182

Anna. Oh I begin to sicken.

wln 1183

Gio. Heauen forbid.

Exit from aboue.

wln 1184

Soran. Helpe, helpe, within there ho.

wln 1185

Gio. Looke to your daughter *Signior Florio.*

wln 1186

Enter Florio, Giouanni, Putana.

wln 1187

Flo. Hold her vp, shée sounes.

wln 1188

Gio. Sister how d'ee?

wln 1189

Anna. Sicke, brother, are you there?

wln 1190

Flo. Conuay her to her bed instantly, whil'st I send for a Phisitian, quickly I say.

wln 1191

Put. Alas poore Child.

Exeunt, manet Soranzo.

wln 1192

Enter Vasques.

wln 1193

Vas. My Lord.

wln 1194

Soran. Oh *Vasques*, now I doubly am vndone.

wln 1195

Both in my present and my future hopes:

wln 1196

Shée plainely told me, that shée could not loue,

wln 1197

And thereupon soone sickned, and I feare

wln 1198

Her life's in danger.

wln 1199

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1200

wln 1201

wln 1202

wln 1203

wln 1204

wln 1205

wln 1206

Vas. Byr lady Sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. — 'las sir, I am sorry for that, may bee 'tis but the *Maides sicknesse*, an o-uer-fluxe of youth, and then sir, there is no such present remedy, as present Marriage. But hath shee giuen you an absolute deniall?

Soran. She hath, and she hath not; I'me full of grieffe,
But what she sayd, I'le tell thee as we goe. *Exeunt.*

wln 1207

Enter Giouanni and Putana.

wln 1208

wln 1209

wln 1210

wln 1211

wln 1212

wln 1213

wln 1214

wln 1215

wln 1216

wln 1217

wln 1218

wln 1219

wln 1220

wln 1221

wln 1222

wln 1223

wln 1224

wln 1225

wln 1226

wln 1227

wln 1228

wln 1229

wln 1230

wln 1231

wln 1232

wln 1233

wln 1234

wln 1235

Put. Oh sir, wee are all vndone, quite vndone, vtterly vndone, And sham'd foreuer; your sister, oh your sister.

Gio. What of her? for Heauens sake speake, how do'es shee?

Put. Oh that euer I was borne to see this day.

Gio. She is not dead, ha, is shee?

Put. Dead? no, shee is quicke, 'tis worse, she is with childe, You know what you haue done; Heauen forgiue'ee, 'Tis too late to repent, now Heauen helpe vs.

Gio. With child? how dost thou know't?

Put. How doe I know't? am I at these yeeres ignorant, what the meaning's of Quames, and Waterpangs be? of changing of Colours, Quezinesse of stomacks, Pukings, and another thing that I could name; doe not (for her and your Credits sake) spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so; shee is quick vpon my word, if you let a Phisitian see her water y'are vndone.

Gio. But in what case is shee?

Put. Prettily amended, 'twas but a fit which I soone espi'd, and she must looke for often hence-forward.

Gio. Commend me to her, bid her take no care, Let not the Doctor visit her I charge you, Make some excuse, till I returne; *oh mee*, I haue a world of businesse in my head, Doe not discomfort her; how doe this newes perplex mee! If my Father come to her, tell him shee's recouer'd well, Say 'twas but some ill dyet; d'ee heare *Woeman*, Looke you to't.

Put. I will sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

Enter Florio and **Richa[*]detto**

wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272

Flo. And how d'ee finde her sir?

Richard. Indifferent well,

I see no danger, scarce perceiue shee's sicke,
But that shee told mee, shee had lately eaten
Mellownes, and as shee thought, those disagreed
With her young stomacke.

Flo. Did you giue her ought?

Richard. An easie surfeit water, nothing else,
You neede not doubt her health; I rather thinke
Her sicknesse is a fulnesse of her blood,
You vnderstand mee?

Flo. I doe; you counsell well,
And once within these few dayes, will so order't
She shall be married, ere shee know the time.

Richard. Yet let not hast (sir) make vnworthy choice,
That were dishonour.

Flo. Maister Doctor no,
I will not doe so neither, in plaine words
My Lord *Soranzo* is the man I meane.

Richard. A noble and a vertuous Gentleman.

Flo. As any is in *Parma*; not farre hence,
Dwels Father *Bonauenture*, a graue Fryar,
Once Tutor to my Sonne; now at his Cell
I'le haue'em married.

Richard. You haue plotted wisely.

Flo. I'le send one straight
To speake with him to night.

Richard. *Soranzo's* wise, he will delay no time.

Flo. It shall be so:

Enter Fryar and Giouanni.

Fry. Good peace be here and loue.

Flo. Welcome relligious Fryar, you are one,
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

Gio. Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best,
To draw this holy man from forth his Cell,
To visit my sicke sister, that with words

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309

Of ghostly comfort in this time of neede,
Hee might absolue her, whether she liue or dye.

Flo. 'Twas well done *Giouanni*, thou herein
Hast shewed a Christians care, a Brothers loue
Come Father, I'le conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would intreat you.

Fry. Say on sir.

Flo. I haue a Fathers deare impression,
And wish before I fall into my graue,
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit;
A word from you *Graue man*, will winne her more,
Then all our best perswasions.

Fry. Gentle Sir,
All this I'le say, that Heauen may prosper her.

Exeunt.

Enter Grimaldi.

Gri. Now if the Doctor keepe his word, *Soranzo*,
Twenty to one you misse your Bride; I know
'Tis an vnnoble act, and not becomes
A Souldiers vallour; but in termes of loue,
Where Merite cannot sway, Policy must.
I am resolu'd, if this Phisitian
Play not on both hands, then *Soranzo* falls.

Enter Richardetto.

Richard. You are come as I could wish, this very night *Soranzo*, 'tis ordain'd must bee affied to *Annabella*; and for ought I know, married. *Gri.* How!

Richard. Yet your patience,
The place, 'tis **Fryars** *Bonauentures* Cell.
Now I would wish you to bestow this night,
In watching thereabouts, 'tis but a night,
If you misse now, to morrow I'le know all.

Gri. Haue you the poyson?

Richard. Here 'tis in this Box,
Doubt nothing, this will -doe't; in any case
As you respect your life, be quicke and sure.

Gri. I'le speede him.

Richard. Doe; away, for 'tis not safe

You

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1310

You should be seene much here — euer my loue.

wln 1311

Gri. And mine to you.

Exit Gri.

wln 1312

Richard. So, if this hitt, I'le laugh and hug reuenge;

wln 1313

And they that now dreame of a wedding-feast,

wln 1314

May chance to mourne the lusty Bridegromes ruine.

wln 1315

But to my other businesse; Neice *Philotis*.

wln 1316

Enter Philotis.

wln 1317

Phi. Vnkle.

wln 1318

Richard. My louely Neece, you haue bethought'ee.

wln 1319

Phi. Yes, and as you counsel'd,

wln 1320

Fashion'd my heart to loue him, but hee swears

wln 1321

Hee will to night be married; for he feares

wln 1322

His Vnkle else, if hee should know the drift,

wln 1323

Will hinder all, and call his Couze to shrift.

wln 1324

Richard. To night? why best of all; but let mee see,

wln 1325

I — ha — yes, — so it shall be; in disguise

wln 1326

Wee'le earely to the Fryars, I haue thought on't.

wln 1327

Enter Bergetto and Poggio

wln 1328

Phi. Vnkle, hee comes.

wln 1329

Richard. Welcome my worthy Couze.

wln 1330

Ber. Lasse pretty Lasse, come busse Lasse; a ha *Poggio*.

wln 1331

Phi. There's hope of this yet.

wln 1332

Richard. You shall haue time enough, withdraw a little,

wln 1333

Wee must conferre at large.

wln 1334

Ber. Haue you not sweete-meates, or dainty deuices for me?

wln 1335

Phi. You shall enough *Sweet-heart*.

wln 1336

Ber. *Sweet-heart*, marke that *Poggio*; by my troth I cannot choose but kisse thee once more for that word *Sweet-heart*; *Poggio*, I haue a monstrous swelling about my stomacke, whatsoeuer the matter be.

wln 1337

Pog. You shall haue Phisick for't sir.

wln 1338

Richard. Time runs apace.

wln 1339

Ber. Time's a blockhead.

wln 1340

Richard. Be rul'd, when wee haue done what's fitt to doe,

wln 1341

Then you may kisse your fill, and bed her too.

Exeunt.

wln 1342

wln 1343

wln 1344

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347

Enter the Fryar in his study, sitting in a chayre, Annabella kneeling and whispering to him, a Table before them and wax-lights, she weepes, and wrings her hands.

wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353

Fry. I am glad to see this pennance; for beleeeue me,
You haue vnript a soule, so foule and guilty.
As I must tell you true, I maruaile how
The earth hath borne you vp, but weepe, weepe on,
These teares may doe you good; weepe faster yet,
Whiles I doe reade a Lecture.

wln 1354
wln 1355

Anna. Wretched creature.

wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361

Fry. I, you are wretched, miserably wretched.
Almost condemn'd aliue; there is *a place*
(List daughter) in a blacke and hollow Vault,
Where day is neuer seene; there shines no Sunne,
But flaming horroure of consuming Fires;
A lightlesse Suphure, choakt with smoaky foggs
Of an infected darknesse; in *this place*

wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367

Dwell many thousand, thousand sundry sorts
Of neuer dying deaths; there damned soules
Roare without pittie, there are Gluttons fedd
With Toades and Addars; there is burning Oyle
Powr'd downe the Drunkards throate, the Vsurer
Is forc't to supp whole draughts of molten Gold;
There is the Murtherer for-euer stab'd,

wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372

Yet can he neuer dye; there lies the wanton
On Racks of burning steele, whiles in his soule
Hee feeles the torment of his raging lust.

wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379

Anna. Mercy, oh mercy.

Fry. There stands these wretched things.
Who haue dream't out whole yeeres in lawlesse sheets
And secret incests, cursing one another;
Then you will wish, each kisse your brother gaue,
Had beene a Daggery poynt; then you shall heare
How hee will cry, oh would my wicked sister
Had first beene damn'd, when shee did yeeld to lust.

But

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1380

But soft, methinkes I see repentance worke

wln 1381

New motions in your heart, say? how is't with you?

wln 1382

Anna. Is there no way left to redeeme my miseries?

wln 1383

Fry. There is, despaire not; Heauen is mercifull,

wln 1384

And offers grace euen now; 'tis thus agreed,

wln 1385

First, for your Honours safety that you marry

wln 1386

The Lord *Soranzo*, next, to saue your soule,

wln 1387

Leaue off this life, and henceforth liue to him.

wln 1388

Anna. Ay mee.

wln 1389

Fry. Sigh not, I know the baytes of sinne

wln 1390

Are hard to leaue, oh 'tis a death to doe't.

wln 1391

Remember what must come, are you content?

wln 1392

Anna. I am.

wln 1393

Fry. I like it well, wee'le take the time,

wln 1394

Who's neere vs there?

wln 1395

Enter Florio, Giouanni.

wln 1396

Flo. Did you call Father?

wln 1397

Fry. Is Lord *Soranzo* come?

wln 1398

Flo. Hee stayes belowe.

wln 1399

Fry. Haue you acquainted him at full?

wln 1400

Flo. I haue and hee is ouer-ioy'd.

wln 1401

Fry. And so are wee: bid him come neere.

wln 1402

Gio. My Sister weeping, ha? I feare this *Fryars* falshood,

wln 1403

I will call him.

Exit.

wln 1404

Flo. Daughter, are you resolu'd?

wln 1405

Anna. Father, I am.

wln 1406

Enter Giouanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.

wln 1407

Flo. My Lord *Soranzo*, here

wln 1408

Giue mee your hand, for that I giue you this.

wln 1409

Soran. Lady, say you so too?

wln 1410

Anna. I doe, and vow, to liue with you and yours.

wln 1411

Fry. Timely resolu'd:

wln 1412

My blessing rest on both, more to be done,

wln 1413

You may performe it on the Morning-sun.

Exeunt.

Enter

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1414
wln 1415

*Enter Grimaldi with his Rapier drawne,
and a Darke-lanthorne.*

wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418

Gf/i.* 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soone
To finish such a worke; here I will lye
To listen who comes next. *Hee lies downe.*

wln 1419
wln 1420

*Enter Bergetto and Philotis disguis'd, and after
Richardetto and Poggio.*

wln 1421

Ber. Wee are almost at the place, I hope *Sweet-heart.*

wln 1422

Gri. I heare them neere, and heard one say *Sweet-heart,*

wln 1423

'Tis hee; now guide my hand some angry *Iustice*

wln 1424

Home to his bosome, now haue at you sir. *strikes Ber. & Exit.*

wln 1425

Ber. Oh helpe, helpe, here's a stich fallen in my gutts,

wln 1426

Oh for a Flesh-taylor quickly — *Poggio.*

wln 1427

Phi. What ayles my loue?

wln 1428

Ber. I am sure I cannot pisse forward and backward and yet
I am wet before and behind, lights, lights, ho lights.

wln 1429

Phi. Alas, some Villaine here has slaine my loue.

wln 1430

Richard. Oh Heauen forbid it; raise vp the next neighbours

wln 1431

Instantly *Poggio*, and bring lights, *Exit Poggio.*

wln 1432

How is't *Bergetto*? slaine?

wln 1433

It cannot be; are you sure y'are hurt?

wln 1434

Ber. O my belly seeths like a Porridge-pot, some cold water

wln 1435

I shall boyle ouer else; my whole body is in a sweat, that you
may wring my shirt; feele here — why *Poggio.*

wln 1436

wln 1437

wln 1438

Enter Poggio with Officers, and lights and Halberts.

wln 1439

Pog. Here; alas, how doe you?

wln 1440

Richard. Giue me a light, what's here? all blood! O sirs,

wln 1441

Signior Donado's Nephew now is slaine,

wln 1442

Follow the murtherer with all the haste

wln 1443

Vp to the Citty, hee cannot be farre hence,

wln 1444

Follow I beseech you.

wln 1445

Officers. Follow, follow, follow.

Exeunt Officers.

Richard.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
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wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481

Richard. Teare off thy linnen Couz, to stop his wounds,
Be of good comfort man.

Ber. Is all this mine owne blood? nay then good-night with
me, *Poggio.* commend me to my Vnkle, dost heare? bid him for
my sake make much of this wench, oh — I am going the wrong
way sure, my belly akes so — oh farwell, *Poggio* — oh —
oh —

Dyes.

Phi. O hee is dead.

Pog. How! dead!

Richard. Hee's dead indeed,
'Tis now to late to weepe, let's haue him home,
And with what speed we may, finde out the Murtherer.

Pog. Oh my Maister, my Maister, my Maister.

Exeunt.

Enter Vasques and Hippolita.

Hip. Betroath'd?

Vas. I saw it.

Hip. And when's the marriage-day?

Vas. Some two dayes hence.

Hip. Two dayes? Why man I would but wish two houres
To send him to his last, and lasting sleepe.
And *Vasques* thou shalt see, I'le doe it brauely.

Vas. I doe not doubt your wisdom, nor (I trust) you my
I am infinitely yours. (secresie,

Hip. I wilbe thine inspight of my disgrace,
So soone? o wicked man, I durst be sworne,
Hee'd laugh to see mee weepe.

Vas. And that's a Villanous fault in him.

Hip. No, let him laugh, I'me arm'd in my resolues
Be thou still true.

Vas. I should get little by treachery against so hopefull a pre-
ferment, as I am like to climbe to.

Hip. Euen to my bosome *Vasques*, let *My youth*
Reuell in these new pleasures, if wee thriue,
Hee now hath but a paire of dayes to liue.

Exeunt.

Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio and Officers.

Flo. 'Tis bootlesse now to shew your selfe a child

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1482

Signior Donado, what is done, is done;

wln 1483

Spend not the time in teares, but seeke for Iustice.

wln 1484

Richard. I must confesse, somewhat I was in fault,

wln 1485

That had not first acquainted you what loue

wln 1486

Past twixt him and my Neece, but as I liue,

wln 1487

His Fortune grieues me as it were mine owne.

wln 1488

Do. **Ala[*]** poore Creature, he ment no man harme,
That I am sure of.

wln 1489

Flo. I beleeeue that too;

wln 1490

But stay my Maisters, are you sure you saw

wln 1491

The Murtherer passe here?

wln 1492

Offic. And it please you sir, wee are sure wee saw a Ruffian
with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my Lord
Cardinals Graces gate, that wee are sure of; but for feare of his
Grace (blesse vs) we durst goe no further.

wln 1493

Do. Know you what manner of man hee was?

wln 1494

Offic. Yes sure I know the man, they say a is a souldier, hee

wln 1495

that lou'd your daughter Sir an't please y'ee, 'twas hee for cer-

wln 1496

taine.

wln 1497

Flo. *Grimaldi* on my life.

wln 1498

Offic. I, I, the same.

wln 1499

Richard. The Cardinall is Noble, he no doubt

wln 1500

Will giue true Iustice.

wln 1501

Do. Knocke some one at the gate,

wln 1502

Pog. I'le knocke sir.

wln 1503

Seruant within. What would'ee?

wln 1504

Flo. Wee require speech with the Lord Cardinall

wln 1505

About some present businesse, pray informe

wln 1506

His Grace, that we are here.

wln 1507

wln 1508

wln 1509

wln 1510

wln 1511

Enter Cardinall and Grimaldi.

wln 1512

Car. Why how now friends? what sawcy mates are

wln 1513

That know nor duty nor Ciuillity? (you

wln 1514

Are we a person fit to be your hoast?

wln 1515

Or is our house become your common Inne

wln 1516

To beate our dores at pleasure? what such haste

wln 1517

Is yours as that it cannot waite fit times?

Are

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1518 Are you the Maisters of this Common-wealth
wln 1519 And know no more discretion? oh your newes
wln 1520 Is here before you, you haue lost a Nephew
wln 1521 *Donado*, last night by *Grimaldi* slaine:
wln 1522 Is that your businesse? well sir, we haue knowledge on't.
wln 1523 **Le[*]** that suffice.

wln 1524 *Gri.* In presence of your Grace,
wln 1525 In thought I neuer ment *Bergetto* harme,
wln 1526 But *Florio* you can tell, with how much scorne
wln 1527 *Soranzo* backt with his Confederates,
wln 1528 Hath often wrong'd mee; I to be reueng'd,
wln 1529 (For that I could not win him else to fight)
wln 1530 Had thought by way of Ambush to haue kild him,
wln 1531 But was vnluckely, therein mistooke;
wln 1532 Else hee had felt what late *Bergetto* did:
wln 1533 And though my fault to him were meerely chance,
wln 1534 Yet humbly I submit me to your Grace,
wln 1535 To doe with mee as you please.

wln 1536 *Car.* Rise vp *Grimaldi*,
wln 1537 You Cittizens of *Parma*, if you seeke
wln 1538 For Iustice; Know as *Nuntio* from the Pope,
wln 1539 For this offence I here receiue *Grimaldi*
wln 1540 Into his holinesse protection.
wln 1541 Hee is no Common man, but nobly borne;
wln 1542 Of Princes blood, though you Sir *Florio*,
wln 1543 Thought him to meane a husband for your daughter
wln 1544 If more you seeke for, you must goe to *Rome*,
wln 1545 For hee shall thither; learne more wit for shame.
wln 1546 Bury your dead — away *Grimaldi* — leaue'em. *Ex. Car. & Gri.*

wln 1547 *Do.* Is this a Church-mans voyce? dwels *Iustice* here?

wln 1548 *Flo.* *Iustice* is fledd to Heauen and comes no neerer
wln 1549 *Soranzo*, was't for him? O Impudence!
wln 1550 Had he the face to speake it, and not blush?
wln 1551 Come, come *Donado*, there's no helpe in this,
wln 1552 When *Cardinals* thinke murder's not amisse,
wln 1553 Great men may doe there wills, we must obey,
wln 1554 But Heauen will iudge them for't another day. *Exeunt.*

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1555

Actus Quartus.

wln 1556

A Banquet.

Hoboyes.

wln 1557

Enter the Fryar, Giouanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donado, Florio, Richardetto, Putana and Vasques.

wln 1558

wln 1559

Fry. These holy rights perform'd, now take your times,

wln 1560

To spend the remnant of the day in Feast;

wln 1561

Such fit repasts are pleasing to the Saints

wln 1562

Who are your guests, though not with mortall eyes

wln 1563

To be beheld; long prosper in this day

wln 1564

You happy Couple, to each others ioy:

wln 1565

Soran. Father, your prayer is heard, the hand of goodnesse

wln 1566

Hath beene a sheild for me against my death;

wln 1567

And more to blesse me, hath enricht my life

wln 1568

With this most precious Iewell; such a prize

wln 1569

As Earth hath not another like to this.

wln 1570

Cheere vp my Loue, and Gentlemen, my Friends,

wln 1571

Reioyce with mee in mirth, this day wee'le crowne

wln 1572

With lusty Cups to *Annabella's* health.

wln 1573

Gio. Oh Torture, were the marriage yet vndone,

Aside.

wln 1574

Ere I'de endure this sight, to see my Loue

wln 1575

Clipt by another, I would dare Confusion,

wln 1576

And stand the horreur of ten thousand deaths.

wln 1577

Vas. Are you not well Sir?

wln 1578

Gio. Prethee fellow wayte,

wln 1579

I neede not thy officious diligence.

wln 1580

Flo. Signior *Donado*, come you must forget

wln 1581

Your late mishaps, and drowne your cares in wine.

wln 1582

*Sof*Jan.* *Vasques?*

wln 1583

Vas. My Lord.

wln 1584

Soran. Reach me that weighty bowle,

wln 1585

Here brother *Giouanni*, here's to you,

Your

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,

wln 1586

Your turne comes next, though now a Batchelour,
Here's to your sisters happinesse and mine.

wln 1587

Gio. I cannot drinke.

wln 1588

Soran. What?

wln 1589

Gio. 'Twill indeede offend me

wln 1590

Anna. Pray, doe not vrge him if hee be not willing.

wln 1591

Flo. How now, what noyse is this?

wln 1592

Vas. O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certaine youg Maidens
of *Parma* in honour to Madam *Annabella's* marriage, haue sent
their loues to her in a Masque, for which they humbly craue
your patience and silence.

wln 1593

wln 1594

wln 1595

wln 1596

wln 1597

Soran. Wee are much bound to them, so much the more as
it comes vnexpected; guide them in.

wln 1598

wln 1599

Hoboyes.

wln 1600

*Enter Hippolita and Ladies in white Roabes with
Garlands of Willowes.*

wln 1601

wln 1602

Musicke and a Daunce.

Dance.

wln 1603

Soran. Thanks louely Virgins, now might wee but know
To whom wee haue beene beholding for this loue,
Wee shall acknowledge it.

wln 1604

wln 1605

Hip. Yes, you shall know,

wln 1606

What thinke you now?

wln 1607

Omnes Hippolita?

wln 1608

Hip. 'Tis shee,

wln 1609

Bee not amaz'd; nor blush young louely Bride,

wln 1610

I come not to defraud you of your man,

wln 1611

'Tis now no time to reckon vp the talke

wln 1612

What *Parma* long hath rumour'd of vs both,

wln 1613

Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it

wln 1614

Will (like a bubble) breake it selfe at last.

wln 1615

But now to you *Sweet Creature*, lend's your hand,

wln 1616

Perhaps it hath beene said, that I would claime

wln 1617

Some interest in *Soranzo*, now your Lord,

wln 1618

What I haue right to doe, his soule knowes best:

wln 1619

But in my duty to your Noble worth,

wln 1620

Sweete *Annabella*, and my care of you,

wln 1621

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
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wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658

Here take *Soranzo*, take this hand from me,
I'le once more ioyne, what by the holy Church
Is finish't and allow'd; haue I done well?
Soran. You haue too much ingag'd vs.
Hip. One thing more
That you may know my single charity,
Freely I here remit all interest
I ere could clayme; and guie you backe your vowes,
And to confirm't, reach me a Cup of wine
My Lord *Soranzo*, in this draught I drinke,
Long rest 'ee —looke to it *Vasques*.
Vas. Feare nothing — *He giues her a poysond Cup,*
Soran. *Hippolita*, I thanke you, and will pledge *(She drinks.*
This happy Vnion as another life,
Wine there.
Vas. You shall haue none, neither shall you pledge her.
Hip. How!
Vas. Know now Mistresse shee deuill, your owne mischieuous
Hath kild you, I must not marry you. *(treachery*
Hip. Villaine.
Omnes. What's the matter?
Vas. Foolish woeman, thou art now like a Fire-brand, that
hath kindled others and burnt thy selfe; *Troppo sperar niganna*,
thy vaine hope hath deceiued thee, thou art but dead, if thou
hast any grace, pray.
Hip. Monster.
Vas. Dye in charity for shame,
This thing of malice, this woman had priuately corrupted mee
with promise of malice, vnder this politique reconciliation to
to poyson my Lord, whiles shee might laugh at his Confusion
on his marriage-day; I promis'd her faire, but I knew what my
reward should haue beene, and would willingly haue spar'd her
life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her dispositi-
on, and now haue fitted her a iust payment in her owne coyne,
there shee is, shee hath yet — and end thy dayes in
peace vild woman, as for life there's no hope, thinke not on't.
Omnes. Wonderfull Iustice!

Richard.

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
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wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695

Richard. Heauen thou art righteous.
Hip. O 'tis true,
I feele my minute comming, had that slaue
Kept promise, (o my torment) thou this houre
Had'st dyed *Soranzo* — heate aboue hell fire —
Yet ere I passe away — Cruell, cruell flames —
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a racke vnto thy heart,
Burne blood and boyle in Vengeance — o my heart,
My Flame's intolerable — maist thou liue
To father Bastards, may her wombe bring forth
Monsters, and dye together in your sinnes
Hated, scorn'd and vnpittied — oh — oh — *Dyes.*
Flo. Was e're so vild a Creature?
Richard. Here's the end
Of lust and pride. *Anna.* It is a fearefull sight.
Soran. *Vasques*, I know thee now a trusty seruant,
And neuer will forget thee — come *My Loue*,
Wee'le home, and thanke the Heauens for this escape,
Father and Friends, wee must breake vp this mirth,
It is too sad a Feast.
Do. Beare hence the body.
Fry. Here's an ominous change,
Marke this my *Giouani*, and take heed,
I feare the euent; that marriage seldome's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richardetto and Philotis.
Richard. My wretched wife more wretched in her shame
Then in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soone
The forfeit of her modesty and life.
And I am sure (my Neece) though vengeance houer,
Keeping aloofe yet from *Soranzo's* fall,
Yet hee will fall, and sinke with his owne weight.
I need not (now my heart perswades me so)
To further his confusion; there is one
Aboue begins to worke, for as I heare,
Debate's already twixt his wife and him,

Thicken

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 1696 Thicken and run to head; shée (as 'tis sayd)
wln 1697 Sleightens his loue, and he abandons hers
wln 1698 Much talke I heare, since things goe thus (my Neece)
wln 1699 In tender loue and pittie of your youth,
wln 1700 My counsell is, that you should free your yeeres
wln 1701 From hazard of these woes; by flying hence
wln 1702 To faire *Cremona*, there to vow your soule
wln 1703 In holinesse a holy Votaresse,
wln 1704 Leauē me to see the end of these extreames
wln 1705 All humane worldly courses are vneuen,
wln 1706 No life is blessed but the way to Heauen.
wln 1707 *Phi.* Vnkle, shall I resolue to be a Nun?
wln 1708 *Richard.* I gentle Neece; and in your hourelly prayers
wln 1709 Remember me your poore vnhappy Vnkle;
wln 1710 Hie to *Cremona* now, as Fortune leades,
wln 1711 Your home, your cloyster, your best Friends, your beades,
wln 1712 Your chaste and single life shall crowne your Birth,
wln 1713 Who dyes a Virgine, liue a Saint on earth.
wln 1714 *Phi.* Then farwell world, and worldly thoughts adeiu,
wln 1715 Welcome chaste vowes, my selfe I yeeld to you. *Exeunt.*

wln 1716 *Enter Soranzo vnbrac't, and Annabella dragg'd in.*

wln 1717 *Soran.* Come strumpet, famous whoore, were euery drop
wln 1718 Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veynes
wln 1719 A life, this Sword, (dost see't) should in one blowe
wln 1720 Confound them all, Harlot, rare, notable Harlot,
wln 1721 That with thy brazen face maintaint thy sinne
wln 1722 Was there no man in *Parma* to be bawd
wln 1723 To your loose cunning whorodome else but I?
wln 1724 Must your hot ytch and plurisie of lust,
wln 1725 The heyday of your luxury be fedd
wln 1726 Vp to a surfeite, and could none but I
wln 1727 Be pickt out to be cloake to your close tricks,
wln 1728 Your belly-sports? Now I must be the Dad
wln 1729 To all that gallymaufrey that's stuf
wln 1730 In thy Corrupted bastard-bearing wombe,

Say,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1731

Shey, must I?

wln 1732

Anna. Beastly man, why 'tis thy fate:

wln 1733

I sued not to thee, for, but that I thought

wln 1734

Your *Ouer-louing Lordship* would haue runne

wln 1735

Madd on denyall, had yee lent me time,

wln 1736

I would haue told 'ee in what case I was,

wln 1737

But you wou'd needes be doing.

wln 1738

Soran. Whore of whores!

wln 1739

Dar'st thou tel' mee this?

wln 1740

Anna. O yes, why not?

wln 1741

You were deceiu'd in mee; 'twas not for loue

wln 1742

I chose you, but for honour; yet know this,

wln 1743

Wou'd you be patient yet, and hide your shame,

wln 1744

I'de see whether I could loue you.

wln 1745

Soran. Excellent Queane!

wln 1746

Why art thou not with Child?

wln 1747

Anna. What needs all this,

wln 1748

When 'tis superfluous? I confesse I am.

wln 1749

Soran. Tell mee by whome.

wln 1750

Anna. Soft sir, 'twas not in my bargaine.

wln 1751

Yet somewhat sir to stay your longing stomacke

wln 1752

I'me content t'acquaint you with; *The man,*

wln 1753

The more then *Man* that got this sprightly Boy,

wln 1754

(For 'tis a Boy that for glory sir,

wln 1755

Your heyre shalbe a Sonne,)

wln 1756

Soran. Damnable Monster.

wln 1757

Anna. Nay and you will not heare, I'le speake no more.

wln 1758

Soran. Yes speake, and speake thy last.

wln 1759

Anna. A match, a match;

wln 1760

This *Noble Creature* was in euery part

wln 1761

So angell-like, so glorious, that a woeman,

wln 1762

Who had not beene but human as was I,

wln 1763

Would haue kneel'd to him, and haue beg'd for loue.

wln 1764

You, why you are not worthy once to name

wln 1765

His name without true worship, or indeede,

wln 1766

Vnlesse you kneel'd, to heare another name him.

wln 1767

Soran. What was hee cal'd?

H

Anna.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775
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wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803

Anna. Wee are not come to that,
Let it suffice, that you shall haue the glory,
To *Father* what so *Braue a Father* got.
In briefe, had not this chance, falne out as't doth,
I neuer had beene troubled with a thought
That you had beene *a Creature*; but for marriage,
I scarce dreame yet of that.
Soran. Tell me his name.
Anna. Alas, alas, there's all
Will you beleue?
Soran. What?
Anna. You shall neuer know. *Soran.* How!
Anna. Neuer,
If you doe, let mee be curst.
Soran. Not know it, Strumpet, I'le ripp vp thy heart,
And finde it there.
Anna. Doe, doe.
Soran. And with my teeth,
Teare the prodigious leacher joynt by ioynt.
Anna. Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry.
Soran. Do'st thou laugh?
Come *Whore*, tell mee your loue, or by Truth
I'le hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't
Anna. *Che morte plus dolce che morire per amore.*
Soran. Thus will I pull thy hayre, and thus I'le drag
Thy lust be-leaped body through the dust.
Yet tell his name.
Anna. *Morendo in gratia **Lei** morirere senza dolore.*
Soran. Dost thou Triumph? the Treasure of the Earth
Shall not redeeme thee, were there kneeling Kings,
Did begge thy life, or Angells did come downe
To plead in teares, yet should not all preuayle
Against my rage; do'st thou not tremble yet?
Anna. At what? to dye; No, be a *Gallant hang-man*
I dare thee to the worst, strike, and strike home,
I leaue reuenge behind, and thou shalt feel't.

sings.

sings

Soran.

'Tis pittie shee'[*] a Whoore.

wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
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wln 1814
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wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840

Soran. Yet tell mee ere thou dyest, and tell mee truely,
Knowes thy old Father this? *Anna.* No by my life.

Soran. Wilt thou confesse, and I will spare thy life?

Anna. My life? I will not buy my life so deare.

Soran. I will not slacke my Vengeance.

Enter Vasques.

Vas. What d'ee meane Sir?

Soran. Forbeare *Vasques*, such a damned *Whore*
Deserues no pittie.

Vas. Now the gods forefend!

And wud you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too?
O 'twere most vn-manlike; shee is your wife, what faults hath
beene done by her before she married you, were not against you;
alas *Poore Lady*, what hath shee 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 vnhumane and
beastly.

Soran. Shee shall not liue.

Vas. Come shee must; you would haue her confesse the Au-
thors of her present misfortunes I warrant'ee, 'tis an vnconscio-
nable demand, and shee should loose the estimation that I (for
my part) hold of her worth, if shee had done it; why sir you
ought not of all men liuing to know it: good sir bee reconciled,
alas good gentlewoman.

Anna. Pish, doe not beg for mee, I prize my life
As nothing; if *The man* will needs bee madd.
Why let him take it.

Soran. *Vasques*, hear'st thou this?

Vas. Yes, and commend her for it; in this shee shews the no-
blennesse of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes
her rarely — Sir, in any case smother your reuenge; leaue
the senting out your wrongs to mee, bee rul'd as you respect
your honour, or you marr all — Sir, if euer my seruice 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 giue
to other neglected Sutors, 'tis as manlike to beare extremities,
as godlike to forgiue.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1841 *Soran.* O *Vasques, Vasques*, in this peece of flesh,
wln 1842 This faithlesse face of hers, had I layd vp
wln 1843 The treasure of my heart; hadst thou beene vertuous
wln 1844 (Faire wicked woeman) not the matchlesse ioyes
wln 1845 Of Life it selfe had made mee wish to liue
wln 1846 With any Saint but thee; *Deceitfull Creature*,
wln 1847 How hast thou mock't my hopes, and in the shame
wln 1848 Of thy lewd wombe, euen buried mee aliue?
wln 1849 I did too dearely loue thee.

wln 1850 *Vas.* This is well;
wln 1851 Follow this temper with some passion, *Aside.*
wln 1852 Bee briefe and mouing, 'tis for the purpose.

wln 1853 *Soran.* Be witnesse to my words thy soule and thoughts,
wln 1854 And tell mee didst not thinke that in my heart,
wln 1855 I did too superstitiously adore thee.

wln 1856 *Anna.* I must confesse, I know you lou'd mee well.

wln 1857 *Soran.* And wouldst thou vse mee thus? O *Annabella*,
wln 1858 Bee thus assur'd, whatsor're the Villaine was,
wln 1859 That thus hath tempted thee to *This disgrace*,
wln 1860 Well hee might lust, but neuer lou'd like mee:
wln 1861 Hee doated on the picture that hung out
wln 1862 Vpon thy cheekes, to please his humourous eye;
wln 1863 Not on the part I lou'd, which was thy heart,
wln 1864 And as I thought, thy Vertues.

wln 1865 *Anna.* O my Lord!
wln 1866 These words wound deeper then your Sword could do.

wln 1867 *Vas.* Let mee not euer take comfort, but I begin to weepe my
wln 1868 selfe, so much I pittie him; why *Madam* I knew when his rage
wln 1869 was ouer-past, what it would come to.

wln 1870 *Soran.* Forgiue mee *Annabella*, though thy youth
wln 1871 Hath tempted thee aboue thy strength to folly,
wln 1872 Yet will not I forget what I should bee,
wln 1873 And what I am, a husband; in that name
wln 1874 Is hid Deuinity; if I doe finde
wln 1875 That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit
wln 1876 all former faults, and take thee to my bosome.

wln 1877 *Vas.* By my troth, and that's a poynt of noble charity.

Anna.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore,

wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
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wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914

Anna. Sir on my knees —

Soran. Rise vp, you shall not kneele,
Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew
Of alteration, I'le be with you streight;
My reason tells mee now, that *'Tis as common*
To erre in frailty as to bee a woeman,
Goe to your chamber.

Exit Anna.

Vas. So, this was somewhat to the matter; what doe you
thinke of your heauen of happinesse now sir?

Soran. I carry hell about mee, all my blood
Is fir'd in swift reuenge.

Vas. That may bee, but know you how, or on whom? alas,
to marry a great woeman, being made great in the stocke to your
hand, is a vsuall sport in these dayes; but to know what *Secret*
it was that haunted your *Cunny-berry*, there's the cunning.

Soran. I'le make her tell her selfe, or —

Vas. Or what? you must not doe so, let me yet perswade your
sufferance a little while, goe to her, vse her mildly, winne her if
it be possible to a Voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if
all hitt, I will not misse my marke; pray sir goe in, the next news
I tell you shall be wonders.

Soran. Delay in vengeance giues a heauyer blow.

Exit.

Vas. Ah sirrah, here's worke for the nonce; I had a suspici-
on of a bad matter in my head a pretty while agoe; but after *My*
Madams scury looks here at home, her waspish peruersnesse,
and loud fault-finding, then I remembred the Prouerbe, that
Where Hens crowe, and Cocks hold their peace, there are sorry
houses; sfoot, if the lower parts of a *Shee-taylors Cunning*, can
couer such a swelling in the stomacke, I'le neuer blame a false
stich in a shoe whiles I liue againe; vp and vp so quicke? and so
quickly too? 'twere a fine policy to learne by whom this must
be knowne: and I haue thought on't — here's the way or
none — what crying old Mistresse! alas, alas, I cannot blame
'ee, wee haue a Lord, Heauen helpe vs, is so madde as the devill
himselpe, the more shame for him.

Enter Putana.

Put. O *Vasques*, that euer I was borne to see this day,

H3

Doth

wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
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wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951

D[*]th hee vse thee so too, sometimes *Vasques*?

Vas. Mee? why hee makes a dogge of mee; but if some were of my minde, I know what wee would doe; as sure as I am an honest man, hee will goe neere to kill my Lady with vnkindnesse; say shee be with-child, is that such a matter for a young woeman of her yeeres, to be blam'd for?

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

Vas. I durst be sworne, all his madnesse is, for that shee will not confesse whose 'tis, which hee will know, and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that hee will forget all streight; well I could wish, shee would in plaine termes tell all, for that's the way indeed.

Put. Doe you thinke so?

Vas. Fo, I know't; prouided that hee did not winne her to't by force, hee was once in a mind, that you could tell, and ment to haue wrung it out of you, but I somewhat pacified him for that; yet sure you know a great, deale.

Put. Heauen forgie vs all, I know a little *Vasques*.

Vas. Why should you not? who else should? vpon my Conscience shee loues you dearely, and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

Put. Not for all the world by my Faith and troth *Vasques*.

Vas. 'Twere pittie of your life if you should, but *In this* you should both releiue her present discomforts, pacifie my Lord, and gaine your selfe euerlasting loue and preferment.

Put. Do'st thinke so *Vasques*?

Vas. Nay I know't; sure 'twas some neere and entire friend.

Put. 'Twas a deare friend indeed; but —

Vas. But what? feare not to name him: my life betweene you and danger; faith I thinke 'twas no base Fellow.

Put. Thou wilt stand betweene mee and harme?

Vas. V'ds pittie, what else; you shalbe rewarded too; trust me.

Put. 'Twas euen no worse then her owne brother.

Vas. Her brother *Giouanni* I warrant'ee?

Put. Euen hee *Vasques*; as braue a Gentleman as euer kist faire Lady; O they loue most perpetually.

Vas. A braue Gentleman indeed, why therein I Commend

her

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1952

her choyce — better and better — you are sure 'twas hee?

wln 1953

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

wln 1954

Vas. He were to blame if he would: but may I beleeeue thee?

wln 1955

Put. Beleeue mee! why do'st thinke I am a Turke or a Lew? no *Vasques*, I haue knowne their dealings too long to belye them now.

wln 1957

Vas. Where are you? there within sirs?

wln 1958

Enter Bandetti.

wln 1959

Put. How now, what are these?

wln 1960

Vas. You shall know presently,

wln 1961

Come sirs, take mee *This old Damnable hagge*, Gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly.

wln 1962

Put. *Vasques, Vasques.*

wln 1963

Vas. Gag her I say sfoot d'ee suffer her to prate? what d'ee fumble about? let mee come to her, I'le helpe your old gums, you Toad-bellied bitch; sirs, carry her closely into the Coale-house, and put out her eyes instantly, if shee roares, slitt her nose; d'ee heare, bee speedy and sure. Why this is excellent and aboue expectation. *Exit with Putana.*

wln 1964

wln 1965

wln 1966

wln 1967

wln 1968

wln 1969

wln 1970

wln 1971

wln 1972

wln 1973

wln 1974

wln 1975

wln 1976

wln 1977

wln 1978

wln 1979

wln 1980

wln 1981

wln 1982

wln 1983

wln 1984

wln 1985

wln 1986

wln 1987

wln 1988

Her owne brother? O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the Deuill trayn'd 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 tayle, but soft, —

what thing comes next? *Enter Giouanni.*

Giouanni! as I would wish; my beleefe is strenghtned, 'Tis as firme as Winter and Summer.

Gio. Where's my Sister?

Vas. Troubled with a new sicknes my Lord she's somewhat ill.

Gio. Tooke too much of the flesh I beleeeue.

Vas. Troth sir and you I thinke haue e'ne hitt it, But *My vertuous Lady.*

Gio. Where's shee?

Vas. In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone, your liberality hath doubly made me your seruant, and euer shal euer — *Exit Gio.*

Sir, I am made a man, I haue plyed my Cue with cunning *Enter Soranzo.* and

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1989

and successe, I beseech you let's be priuate.

wln 1990

Soran, My Ladyes brother's come, now hee'le know all.

wln 1991

Vas. Let him know't, I haue made some of them fast enough,
How haue you delt with my Lady?

wln 1992

wln 1993

Soran. Gently, as thou hast counsail'd; O my soule
Runs circular in sorrow for reuenge,

wln 1994

wln 1995

But *Vasques*, thou shalt know —

wln 1996

wln 1997

Vas. Nay, I will know no more; for now comes your turne
to know; I would not talke so openly with you: Let my young
Maister take time enough, and goe at pleasure; hee is sold to
death, and the Deuill shall not ransom him, Sir I beseech you,
your priuacy.

wln 1998

wln 1999

wln 2000

Soran. No Conquest can gayne glory of my feare. *Exit.*

wln 2001

wln 2002

Actus Quintus.

wln 2003

Enter Annabella aboue.

wln 2004

Anna. Pleasures farwell, and all yee thriftlesse minutes,

wln 2005

Wherein *False ioyes* haue spun a weary life,

wln 2006

To these my Fortunes now I take my leaue.

wln 2007

Thou *Precious Time*, that swiftly rid'st in poast

wln 2008

Ouer the world, to finish vp the race

wln 2009

Of my last fate; here stay thy restlesse course,

wln 2010

And beare to Ages that are yet vnborne,

wln 2011

A wretched woefull woemans *Tragedy*,

wln 2012

My Conscience now stands vp against my lust

wln 2013

With dispositions charectred in guilt,

Enter Fryar.

wln 2014

And tells mee I am lost: *Now* I confesse,

wln 2015

Beauty that cloathes the out-side of the face,

wln 2016

Is cursed if it be not cloath'd with grace:

wln 2017

Here like a Turtle (mew'd vp in a Cage)

wln 2018

Vn-mated, I conuerse with Ayre and walls,

wln 2019

And descant on my vild vnhappinesse.

wln 2020

O *Giouanni*, that hast had the spoyle

Of

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
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wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057

Of thine owne vertues and my modest fame,
Would thou hadst beene lesse subiect to those Stars
That luckelesse raig'n'd at my Natiuity:
O would the scourge due to my blacke offence
Might passe from thee, that *I alone* might feele
The torment of an vncontrouled flame.
Fry. What's this I heare?
Anna. That man, that *Blessed Fryar*,
Who ioynd in Ceremoniall knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am; told mee oft,
I trod the path to death, and shewed mee how.
But they who sleepe in Lethargies of Lust
Hugge their confusion, making Heauen vniust,
And so did I.
Fry. Here's Musicke to the soule.
Anna. Forgiue mee my *Good Genius*, and this once
Be helpfull to my ends; Let some good man
Passe this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper double lin'd with teares and blood:
Which being granted; here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leauing of that life
I long haue dyed in.
Fry. Lady, Heauen hath heard you,
And hath by prouidence ordain'd, that I
should be his Minister for your behoofe.
Anna. Ha, what are you?
Fry. Your brothers friend the Fryar;
Glad in my soule that I haue liu'd to heare
This free confession twixt your peace and you,
What would you or to whom? feare not to speake.
Anna. Is Heauen so bountifull? then I haue found
More fauour then I hop'd; here *Holy man* — *Throwes a letter,*
Commend mee to my Brother giue him that,
That Letter; bid him read it and repent,
Tell him that I (imprison'd in my chamber,
Bard of all company, euen of *My Guardian*,
Who giues me cause of much suspect) haue time

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 2058 To blush at what hath past: bidd him be wise,
wln 2059 And not beleue the Friendship of my Lord,
wln 2060 I feare much more then I can speake: *Good father,*
wln 2061 The place is dangerous, and spyes are busie,
wln 2062 I must breake off — you'le doe't?
wln 2063 *Fry.* Be sure I will;
wln 2064 And fly with speede — my blessing euer rest
wln 2065 With thee my daughter, liue to dye more blessed. *Exit Fry.*
wln 2066 *Anna.* Thanks to the heauens, who haue prolong'd my breath
wln 2067 To this good vse: Now I can welcome Death. *Exit.*

wln 2068 *Enter Soranzo and Vasques.*

wln 2069 *Vas.* Am I to be beleeu'd now?
wln 2070 First, marry a strumpet that cast her selfe away vpon you but to
wln 2071 laugh at your hornes? to feast on your disgrace, riott in your vex-
wln 2072 ations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste your estate vpon
wln 2073 Panders and Bawds?
wln 2074 *Soran.* No more, I say no more.
wln 2075 *Vas.* *A Cuckold is a goodly tame beast my Lord.*
wln 2076 *Soran.* I am resolu'd; vrge not another word,
wln 2077 My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
wln 2078 As thunder; in meane time I'le cause our Lady
wln 2079 To decke her selfe in all her bridall Robes,
wln 2080 Kisse her, and fold her gently in my armes.
wln 2081 Begone; yet heare you, are the *Bandetti* ready
wln 2082 To waite in Ambush?
wln 2083 *Vas.* Good Sir, trouble not your selfe about other busines, then
wln 2084 your owne resolution; remember that time lost cannot be recal'd.
wln 2085 *Soran.* With all the cunning words thou canst, inuite
wln 2086 The States of *Parma* to my Birth-dayes feast,
wln 2087 Haste to my *Brother riuall* and his Father,
wln 2088 Entreate them gently, bidd them not to fayle,
wln 2089 Bee speedy and returne.
wln 2090 *Vas.* Let not your pittie betray you, till my comming backe,
wln 2091 Thinke vpon *Incest* and *Cuckoldry*.
wln 2092 *Soran.* Reuenge is all the Ambition I aspire,
wln 2093 To that I'le clime or fall; my blood's on fire. *Exeunt.*

Enter

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

Enter Giouanni.

wln 2094

wln 2095

wln 2096

wln 2097

wln 2098

wln 2099

wln 2100

wln 2101

wln 2102

wln 2103

wln 2104

wln 2105

wln 2106

wln 2107

wln 2108

wln 2109

wln 2110

wln 2111

wln 2112

wln 2113

wln 2114

wln 2115

wln 2116

wln 2117

wln 2118

wln 2119

wln 2120

wln 2121

wln 2122

wln 2123

wln 2124

wln 2125

wln 2126

wln 2127

wln 2128

wln 2129

Gio. *Busie opinion* is an idle Foole,
That as a Schoole-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights the vnexperienc't temper of the mind:
So did it mee; who ere *My precious Sister*
Was married, thought all tast of loue would dye
In such a Contract; but I finde no change
Of pleasure in this formall law of sports.
Shee is still one to mee, and euery kisse
As sweet, and as delicious as the first
I reap't; when yet the priuiledge of youth
Intitl'd her *a Virgine*. O the glory
Of two vnited hearts like hers and mine!
Let *Poaring booke-men* dreame of other worlds,
My world, and all of happinesse is here,
And I'de not change it for the best to come,
A life of pleasure is Elyzeum.
Father, you enter on the *Iubile*
Of my retyr'd delights; Now I can tell you,
The hell you oft haue prompted, is nought else
But slauish and fond superstitious feare;
And I could proue it too —

Fry. Thy blindnesse slayes thee,
Looke there, 'tis writt to thee.

Gio. From whom?

Fry. Vnrip the seales and see:
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder then congeal'd Corral.
Why d'ee change colour sonne?

Gio. Fore Heauen you make
Some petty Deuill factor 'twixt my loue
And your relligion-masked sorceries.
Where had you this?

Fry. Thy Conscience youth is sear'd,
Else thou wouldst stoope to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand,

Enter Fryar.

*Giues the
Letter.*

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2130 I know't; and 'tis all written in her blood.
wln 2131 She writes I know not what; Death? I'le not feare
wln 2132 An armed thunder-bolt aym'd at my heart.
wln 2133 Shee writes wee are discouered, pox on dreames
wln 2134 Of lowe faint-hearted Cowardise; discouered?
wln 2135 The Deuill wee are; which way is't possible?
wln 2136 Are wee growne Traytours to our owne delights?
wln 2137 Confusion take such dotage, 'tis but forg'd,
wln 2138 This is your peeuish chattering weake old man,
wln 2139 Now sir, what newes bring you?

Enter Vasques.

Vas. My Lord, according to his yearely custome keeping this day a Feast in honour of his Birth-day, by mee inuites you thither; your worthy Father with the Popes reuerend *Nuntio*, and other Magnifico's of *Parma*, haue promis'd their presence, wilt please you to be of the number?

Gio. Yes, tell them I dare come.

Vas. Dare come?

Gio. So I sayd; and tell him more I will come.

Vas. These words are strange to mee.

Gio. Say I will come.

Vas. You will not misse?

Gio. Yet more, I'le come; sir, are you answer'd?

V[]s.* So I'le say — my seruice to you.

Exit Vas.

Fry. You will not goe I trust.

Gio. Not goe? for what?

Fry. O doe not goe, this feast (I'le gage my life)

Is but a plot to trayne you to your ruine,
Be rul'd, you sha'not goe.

Gio. Not goe? stood Death
Threatning his armies of confounding plagues,
With hoasts of dangers hot as blazing Starrs,
I would be there; not goe? yes and resolute
To strike as deepe in slaughter as they all.
For I will goe.

Fry. Goe where thou wilt, I see
The wildnesse of thy Fate drawes to an end,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,

wln 2167 To a bad fearefull end; I must not stay
wln 2168 To know thy fall, backe to *Bononia* I
wln 2169 With speed will haste, and shun this comming blowe.
wln 2170 *Parma* farwell, would I had neuer knowne thee,
wln 2171 Or ought of thine; well *Youngman*, since no prayer
wln 2172 Can make thee safe, I leaue thee to despayre. *Exit Fry.*
wln 2173 Despaire or tortures of a thousand hells
wln 2174 All's one to mee; I haue set vp my rest.
wln 2175 *Now, now*, worke serious thoughts on banefull plots
wln 2176 Be all a man my soule; let not the Curse
wln 2177 Of old prescription rent from mee the gall
wln 2178 Of Courage, which inrolls a glorious death.
wln 2179 If I must totter like a well-growne Oake,
wln 2180 Some vnder shrubs shall in my weighty fall
wln 2181 Be crusht to splitts: with me they all shall perish. *Exit.*

wln 2182 *Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Bandetti.*
wln 2183 *Soran.* You will not fayle, or shrinke in the attempt?
wln 2184 *Vas.* I will vndertake for their parts; be sure my Maisters to
wln 2185 be bloody enough, and as vnmercifull, as if you were praying
wln 2186 vpon a rich booty on the very Mountaines of *Liguria*; for your
wln 2187 pardons trust to my Lord; but for reward you shall trust none
wln 2188 but your owne pockets.
wln 2189 *Ban. omnes.* Wee'le make a murther.
wln 2190 *Soran.* Here's gold, here's more; want nothing, what you do
wln 2191 is noble, and an act of braue reuenge.
wln 2192 I'le make yee rich *Bandetti* and all Free.
wln 2193 *Omnes.* Liberty, liberty.
wln 2194 *Vas.* Hold, take euery man a Vizard; when yee are with
wln 2195 drawne, keepe as much silence as you can possibly: you know
wln 2196 the watch-word, till which be spoken moue not, but when you
wln 2197 heare *that*, rush in like a stormy-flood; I neede not instruct yee
wln 2198 in your owne profession.
wln 2199 *Omnes.* No, no, no.
wln 2200 *Vas.* In then, your ends are profit and preferment — away *Exit Ban-*
wln 2201 *Soran.* The guests will all come *Vasques?* *detti.*
wln 2202 *Vas.* Yes sir,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2203

and now let me a little edge your resolution;
you see nothing is vnready to this *Great worke*, but a great mind
in you: Call to your remembrance your disgraces, your losse of
Honour, *Hippolita's* blood; and arme your courage in your owne
wrongs, so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance
which you may truly call *Your owne*.

wln 2204

wln 2205

wln 2206

wln 2207

wln 2208

wln 2209

Soran. 'Tis well; the lesse I speake, the more I burne,
and blood shall quench that flame.

wln 2210

wln 2211

wln 2212

wln 2213

wln 2214

wln 2215

*Enter Gio-
uanni.*

wln 2216

Vas. Now you begin to turne Italian, this beside, when my
young *Incest-monger* comes, hee wilbe sharpe set on his old bitt:
giue him time enough, let him haue your Chamber and bed at li-
berty; let my *Hot Hare* haue law ere he be hunted to his death,
that if it be possible, hee may poast to Hell in the very Act of his
damnation.

wln 2217

wln 2218

wln 2219

wln 2220

Soran. It shall be so; and see as wee would wish,
Hee comes himselfe first; welcome my *Much-lou'd brother*,
Now I perceiue you honour me; y'are welcome,
But where's my father?

wln 2221

wln 2222

wln 2223

wln 2224

wln 2225

Gio. With the other States,
Attending on the *Nuntio* of the Pope
To waite vpon him hither; how's my sister?

wln 2226

Soran. Like a good huswife scarcely ready yet,
Y'are best walke to her chamber.

wln 2227

wln 2228

Gio. If you will.
Soran. I must expect my honourable Friends,
Good brother get her forth.

wln 2229

wln 2230

wln 2231

wln 2232

Gio. You are busie Sir. *Exit Giouanni.*
Vas. Euen as the great Deuill himselfe would haue it, let him
goe and glut himselfe in his owne destruction; harke, the *Nuncio*
is at hand; good sir be ready to receiue him.

wln 2233

Florish.

Enter Cardinall, Florio, Donado, Richardetto and Attendants.

wln 2234

wln 2235

wln 2236

wln 2237

Soran. Most reuerend Lord, this grace hath made me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house; I euer rest
Your humble seruant for this Noble Fauour.

Car. You are our Friend my Lord, his holinesse

Shall

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 2238 Shall vnderstand, how zealously you honour
wln 2239 *Saint Peters Vicar* in his substitute
wln 2240 Our speciall loue to you.
wln 2241 *Soran.* Signiors to you
wln 2242 My welcome, and my euer best of thanks
wln 2243 For this so memorable courtesie,
wln 2244 Pleaseth your Grace to walke neere?
wln 2245 *Car.* My Lord, wee come
wln 2246 To celebrate your Feast with Ciuill mirth,
wln 2247 As ancient custome teacheth: wee will goe.
wln 2248 *Soran.* Attend his grace there, Signiors keepe your way. *Exeūt*

wln 2249
Enter Giouanni and Annabella lying on a bed.

wln 2250 *Gio.* What chang'd so soone? hath your new sprightly Lord
wln 2251 Found out a tricke in night-games more then wee
wln 2252 Could know in our simplicity? ha! is't so?
wln 2253 Or does the fitt come on you, to proue treacherous
wln 2254 To your past vowes and oathes?
wln 2255 *Anna.* Why should you jeast
wln 2256 At my Calamity, without all sence
wln 2257 Of the approaching dangers you are in?
wln 2258 *Gio.* What danger's halfe so great as thy reuolt?
wln 2259 Thou art a faithlesse sister, else thou know'st,
wln 2260 Malice, or any treachery beside
wln 2261 Would stoope to my bent-browes; why I hold Fate
wln 2262 Clasp't in my fist, and could Command the Course
wln 2263 Of times eternall motion; hadst thou beene,
wln 2264 One thought more stedy then an ebbing Sea.
wln 2265 And what? you'le now be honest, that's resolu'd?
wln 2266 *Anna.* Brother, deare brother, know what I haue beene;
wln 2267 And know that now there's but a dying time
wln 2268 Twixt vs and our Confusion: let's not waste
wln 2269 These precious houres in vayne and vselesse speech.
wln 2270 Alas, these gay attyres were not put on
wln 2271 But to some end; this suddaine solemne Feast
wln 2272 Was not ordayn'd to riott in expence;

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309

I that haue now beene chambred here alone,
Bard of my Guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant free'd
To fresh accesse; be not deceiu'd *My Brother*,
This Banquet is an harbinger of Death
To you and mee, resolute your selfe it is,
And be prepar'd to welcome it.
Gio. Well then,
The *Schoole-men* teach that all this Globe of earth
Shalbe consum'd to ashes in a minute.
Anna. So I haue read too.
Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the Waters burne, could I beleue
This might be true, I could beleue as well
There might be hell or Heauen.
Anna. That's most certaine.
Gio. A dreame, a dreame; else in this other world
Wee should know one another.
Anna. So wee shall.
Gio. Haue you heard so?
Anna. For certaine.
Gio. But d'ee thinke,
That I shall see you there,
You looke on mee,
May wee kisse one another,
Prate or laugh,
Or doe as wee doe here?
Anna. I know not that,
But good for the present, what d'ee meane
To free your selfe from danger? some way, thinke
How to escape; I'me sure the guests are come.
Gio. Looke vp, looke here; what see you in my face?
Anna. Distraction and a troubled Countenance.
Gio. Death and a swift repining wrath — yet looke,
What see you in mine eyes?
Anna. Methinkes you weepe.
Gio. I doe indeede; these are the funerall teares

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 2310 Shed on your graue, these furrowed vp my cheekes
wln 2311 When first I lou'd and knew not how to **woe**.
wln 2312 Faire *Annabella*, should I here repeate
wln 2313 The Story of my life, wee might loose time.
wln 2314 Be record all the spirits of the Ayre,
wln 2315 And all things else that are; that Day and Night,
wln 2316 Earely and late, the tribute which my heart
wln 2317 Hath paid to *Annabella's* sacred loue,
wln 2318 Hath been *these teares*, which are *her mourners now*:
wln 2319 Neuer till now did Nature doe her best,
wln 2320 To shew *a matchlesse beauty* to the world,
wln 2321 Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seene,
wln 2322 The jealous Destinies require againe.
wln 2323 Pray *Annabella*, pray; since wee must part,
wln 2324 Goe thou white in thy soule, to fill a Throne
wln 2325 Of Innocence and Sanctity in Heauen.
wln 2326 Pray, pray my Sister.
wln 2327 *Anna.* Then I see your drift,
wln 2328 Yee blessed Angels, guard mee.
wln 2329 *Gio.* So say I,
wln 2330 Kisse mee; if euer after times should heare
wln 2331 Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
wln 2332 The Lawes of *Conscience* and of *Ciuill vse*
wln 2333 May iustly blame vs, yet when they but know
wln 2334 Our loues, *That loue* will wipe away that rigour,
wln 2335 Which would in other *Incests* bee abhorr'd.
wln 2336 Giue mee your hand; how sweetely Life doth runne
wln 2337 In these well coloured veines! how constantly
wln 2338 These Palmes doe promise health! but I could chide
wln 2339 With Nature for this Cunning flattery,
wln 2340 Kisse mee againe — forgiue mee.
wln 2341 *Anna.* With my heart.
wln 2342 *Gio.* Farwell.
wln 2343 *Anna.* Will you begone?
wln 2344 *Gio.* Be darke bright Sunne,
wln 2345 And make this mid-day night, that thy guilt rayes
wln 2346 May not behold a deed, will turne their splendour

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2347

More sooty, then the *Poets* faine their *Stix*.

wln 2348

One other kisse my Sister.

wln 2349

Anna. What meanes this?

wln 2350

Gio. To saue thy fame and kill thee in a kisse. *stabs her.*

wln 2351

Thus dye, and dye by mee, and by my hand,

wln 2352

Reuenge is mine; Honour doth loue Command.

wln 2353

Anna. Oh brother by your hand?

wln 2354

Gio. When thou art dead

wln 2355

I'le giue my reasons for't; for to dispute

wln 2356

With thy (euen in thy death) most louely beauty,

wln 2357

Would make mee stagger to performe *this act*

wln 2358

Which I most glory in.

wln 2359

Anna. Forgiue him Heauen — and me my sinnes, farwell.

wln 2360

Brother vnkind, vnkind — mercy great Heauen — oh — oh. *Dyes.*

wln 2361

Gio. Shee's dead, alas good soule; *The haplesse Fruite*

wln 2362

That in her wombe receiu'd its life from mee,

wln 2363

Hath had from mee a *Cradle and a Graue.*

wln 2364

I must not dally, this sad Marriage-bed

wln 2365

In all her best, bore her aliue and dead.

wln 2366

Soranzo thou hast mist thy ayme in this,

wln 2367

I haue preuented now thy reaching plots,

wln 2368

And kil'd a Loue, for whose each drop of blood

wln 2369

I would haue pawn'd my heart; *Fayre Annabella,*

wln 2370

How ouer-glorious art thou in thy wounds,

wln 2371

Tryumphing ouer infamy and hate!

wln 2372

Shrinke not Couragious hand, stand vp my heart,

wln 2373

And boldly act my last, and greater part. *Exit with the Body.*

wln 2374

A Banquet.

wln 2375

Enter Cardinall, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vas-

wln 2376

ques and attendants; They take their places.

wln 2377

Vas. Remember Sir what you haue to do, be wise and resolute.

wln 2378

Soran. Enough — my heart is fix't, pleaseth *Your Grace*

wln 2379

To taste these Course Confections; though the vse

wln 2380

Of such set enterteiments more consists

wln 2381

In Custome, then in Cause; yet *Reuerend Sir,*

wln 2382

I am still made your seruant by your presence.

Car

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2383

Car. And wee your Friend.

wln 2384

Soran. But where's my Brother *Giouanni*?

wln 2385

Enter Giouanni with at heart vpon his Dagger.

wln 2386

Gio. Here, here *Soranzo*; trim'd in reeking blood,

wln 2387

That tryumphs ouer death; proud in the spoyle

wln 2388

Of *Loue* and *Vengeance*, Fate or all the Powers

wln 2389

That guide the motions of Immortall Soules

wln 2390

Could not preuent mee.

wln 2391

Car. What meanes this?

wln 2392

Flo. Sonne *Giouanni*?

wln 2393

Soran. Shall I be forestall'd?

wln 2394

Gio. Be not amaz'd: If your misgiuing hearts

wln 2395

Shrinke at an idle sight; what bloodlesse Feare

wln 2396

Of Coward passion would haue ceaz'd your sences,

wln 2397

Had you beheld the *Rape of Life and Beauty*

wln 2398

Which I haue acted? my sister, oh my sister,

wln 2399

Flo. Ha! What of her?

wln 2400

Gio. The Glory of my Deed

wln 2401

Darkned the mid-day Sunne, made Noone as Night.

wln 2402

You came to feast *My Lords* with dainty fare,

wln 2403

I came to feast too, but I dig'd for food

wln 2404

In a much richer Myne then Gold or Stone

wln 2405

Of any value ballanc't; 'tis *a Heart*,

wln 2406

A Heart my Lords, in which is mine intomb'd,

wln 2407

Looke well vpon't; d'ee know't?

wln 2408

Vas. What strange ridle's this?

wln 2409

Gio. 'Tis *Annabella's Heart*, 'tis; why d'ee startle?

wln 2410

I vow 'tis hers, this Daggers poynt plow'd vp

wln 2411

Her fruitfull wombe, and left to mee the fame

wln 2412

Of a most glorious executioner.

wln 2413

Flo. Why mad-man, art thy selfe?

wln 2414

Gio. Yes Father, and that times to come may know,

wln 2415

How as my Fate I honoured my reuenge:

wln 2416

List Father, to your eares I will yeeld vp

wln 2417

How much I haue deseru'd to bee your sonne.

wln 2418

Flo. What is't thou say'st?

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
wln 2422
wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427
wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434
wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455

Gio. Nine Moones haue had their changes,
Since I first throughly view'd and truely lou'd
Your Daughter and *my Sister*.

Flo. How! alas my Lords, hee's a frantick mad-man!

Gio. Father no;
For nine Moneths space, in secret I enjoy'd
Sweete *Annabella's* sheetes; Nine Moneths I liu'd
A happy Monarch of her heart and her,
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Beares the Confounding print of thy disgrace,
For her too fruitfull wombe too soone bewray'd
The happy passage of our stolne delights,
And made her Mother to a Child vnborne.

Car. Incestuous Villaine.

Flo. Oh his rage belyes him.

Gio. It does not, 'tis the Oracle of truth,
I vow it is so.

Soran. I shall burst with fury,
Bring the strumpet forth.

Vas. I shall Sir.

Exit Vas.

Gio. Doe sir, haue you all no faith
To credit yet my Triumphs? here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the loue
I bore my *Annabella* whil'st she liu'd,
These hands haue from her bosome ript *this heart*.
Is't true or no sir?

Enter Vas.

Vas. 'Tis most strangely true.

Flo. Cursed man — haue I liu'd to —

Dyes.

Car. Hold vp *Florio*,
Monster of Children, see what thou hast done,
Broake thy old Fathers heart; is none of you
Dares venter on him?

Gio. Let 'em; oh my Father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefes!
Why this was done with Courage; now surviues
None of our house but I, guilt in the blood
Of a *Fayre sister* and a *Haplesse Father*.

Soran.

'Tis pittie shée's a Whoore.

wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
wln 2470
wln 2471
wln 2472
wln 2473
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wln 2475
wln 2476
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wln 2480
wln 2481
wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492

Soran. Inhamane scorne of men, hast thou a thought
T'outliue thy murthers?

Gio. Yes, I tell thee yes;
For in my fists I beare the twists of life,
Soranzo, see this heart which was thy wiues,
Thus I exchange it royally for thine,
And thus and thus, now braue reuenge is mine.

Vas. I cannot hold any longer; you sir, are you growne inso-
lent in your butcheries? haue at you. *Fight.*

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meete thee.

Vas. No, will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall,
Not yet; I shall fitt you anon — *Vengeance.*

Enter Bandetti.

Gio. Welcome, come more of you what e're you be,
I dare your worst —
Oh I can stand no longer, Feeble armes
Haue you so soone lost strength.

Vas. Now, you are welcome Sir,
Away my Maisters, all is done,
Shift for your selues, your reward is your owne,
Shift for your selues.

Ban. Away, away. *Exeunt Bandetti.*

Vas. How d'ee my Lord, see you this? how is't?

Soran. Dead; but in death well pleased, that I haue liu'd
To see my wrongs reueng'd on that *Blacke Deuill.*

O *Vasques*, to thy bosome let mee giue
My last of breath, let not that Lecher liue — oh *Dyes.*

Vas. The Reward of peace and rest be with him,
My euer dearest Lord and Maister.

Gio. Whose hand gaue mee this wound?

Vas. Mine Sir, I was your first man, haue you enough?

Gio. I thanke thee, thou hast done for me but what I would
haue else done on my selfe, ar't sure thy Lord is dead?

Vas. Oh Impudent slaue, as sure as I am sure to see the dye,

Car. Thinke on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

Gio. *Mercy?* why I haue found it in this *Iustice.*

Car. Striue yet to cry to Heauen.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500
wln 2501
wln 2502
wln 2503
wln 2504
wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
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wln 2513
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wln 2520
wln 2521
wln 2522
wln 2523
wln 2524
wln 2525
wln 2526
wln 2527
wln 2528
wln 2529

Gio. Oh I bleed fast,
Death, thou art a guest long look't for, I embrace
Thee and thy wounds; oh my last minute comes.
Where e're I goe, let mee enjoy this grace,
Freely to view *My Annabella's face*. *Dyes.*
Do. Strange Miracle of Iustice!
Car. Rayse vp the Citty, wee shall be murdered all.
Vas. You neede not feare, you shall not; this strange taske be-
ing ended, I haue paid the Duty to the Sonne, which I haue vow-
ed to the Father.
Car. Speake wretched Villaine, what incarnate Feind
Hath led thee on to this?
Vas. Honesty, and pittie of my Maisters wrongs; for know
My Lord. I am by birth a *Spaniard*, brought forth my Coun-
in my youth by Lord *Soranzo's* Father; whom whil'st he li-
ued, I seru'd faithfully; since whose death I haue beene to this
man, as I was to him; what I haue done was duty, and I repent
nothing, but that the losse of my life had not ransom'd his.
Car. Say Fellow, know'st thou any yet vnam'd
Of Counsell in this Incest?
Vas. Yes, an old woeman, sometimes *Guardian* to this mur-
thered Lady.
Car. And what's become of her?
Vas. Within this Roome shee is, whose eyes after her con-
fession I caus'd to be put out, but kept aliue, to confirme what
from *Giouanni's* owne mouth you haue heard: now *My Lord*,
what I haue done, you may Iudge of, and let your owne wise-
dome bee a Iudge in your owne reason.
Car. Peace; First this woeman chiefe in these effects,
My sentence is, that forthwith shee be tane
Out of the City, for examples sake,
There to be burnt to ashes.
Do. 'Tis most iust.
Car. Be it your charge *Donado*, see it done.
Do. I shall.
Vas. What for mee? if death, 'tis welcome, I haue beene ho-
nest to the Sonne, as I was to the Father.

Car.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2530

Car. Fellow, for thee; since what thou did'st, was done
Not for thy selfe, being no Italian,

wln 2531

Wee banish thee for euer, to depart

wln 2532

Within three dayes, in this wee doe dispense

wln 2533

With grounds of reason not of thine offence.

wln 2534

wln 2535

Vas. 'Tis well; this Conquest is mine, and I reioyce that a
Spaniard out-went an *Italian in reuenge.*

Exit Vas.

wln 2536

wln 2537

Car. Take vp these slaughtered bodies, see them buried,

wln 2538

And all the Gold and Iewells, or whatsoever,

wln 2539

Confiscate by the Canons of the Church,

wln 2540

Wee ceaze vpon to the Popes proper vse.

wln 2541

Richar. Your Graces pardon, thus long I liu'd disguis'd

wln 2542

To see the effect of *Pride and Lust* at once

wln 2543

Brought both to shamefull ends.

wln 2544

Car. What *Richardetto* whom wee **thought** for dead?

wln 2545

Do. Sir was it you —

wln 2546

Richar. Your friend.

wln 2547

Car. Wee shall haue time

wln 2548

To talke at large of all, but neuer yet

wln 2549

Incest and *Murther* haue so strangely met.

wln 2550

Of one so young, so rich in Natures store,

wln 2551

Who could not say, *'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore?*

Exeunt.

wln 2552

FINIS.

ln 0001

The generall Commendation deserued by the Actors, in
their Presentment of this Tragedy, may easily excuse such
few faults, as are escaped in the Printing: A common
charity may allow him the ability of spelling, whom a se-
cure confidence assures that hee cannot ignorantly erre in
the Application of Sence.

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

Textual Notes

1. **1 (3-b)**: A3 is an added leaf, and is not included in the collation formula.
2. **336 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *smoothed-cheek* comes from the original *smooth'd-cheeke*, though possible variants include *smooth-cheeked*.
3. **640 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *Livorno* is amended from the original *Ligorne*.
4. **695 (14-a)**: The regularized reading *slight* is amended from the original *flight*.
5. **735 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Livorno* is amended from the original *Ligorne*.
6. **799 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *not* is supplied for the original *n[*]t*.
7. **997 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *Enter* is supplied for the original *Ente[*]*.
8. **1005 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *Sweetheart* is supplied for the original *Sweet-hea[*]t*.
9. **1083 (19-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Potential alternate reading: Bergetto.
10. **1236 (21-b)**: The regularized reading *Richardetto* is supplied for the original *Richa[*]detto*.
11. **1300 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *Friar* is amended from the original *Fryars*.
12. **1416 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *Grimaldi* is supplied for the original *G[*]i*.
13. **1488 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *Alas* is supplied for the original *Ala[*]*.
14. **1523 (25-b)**: The regularized reading *Let* is supplied for the original *Le[*]*.
15. **1582 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *Soranzo* is supplied for the original *So[*]an*.
16. **1795 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Lei* comes from the original *Lei*, though possible variants include *Dei or a lui*.
17. **1915 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *Doth* is supplied for the original *D[*]th*.
18. **2153 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *Vasques* is supplied for the original *V[*]s*.
19. **2311 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *woe* comes from the original *woe*, though possible variants include *woo*.
20. **2385 (37-b)**: The regularized reading *at* comes from the original *at*, though possible variants include *a*.
21. **2544 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *thought* is amended from the original *thoughr*.