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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

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

'TIS
Pity She's a Whore
Acted by the *Queen's* Majesty's Servants,
at *The Phoenix* in
Drury Lane.

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Richard*
Collins, and are to be sold at his shop
in *Paul's Churchyard*, at the sign
of the three Kings. 1633.

img: 2-a

sig: A1v

In 0001

The Scene

In 0002

PARMA.

In 0001

The Actors' Names.

In 0002

Bonaventura,

A Friar.

In 0003

A Cardinal,

Nuncio to the Pope.

In 0004

Soranzo,

A Nobleman.

In 0005

Florio,

A Citizen of *Parma*.

In 0006

Donado,

Another Citizen.

In 0007

Grimaldi,

A Roman Gentleman.

In 0008

Giovanni,

Son to *Florio*.

In 0009

Bergetto,

Nephew to *Donado*.

In 0010

Richardetto,

A supposed Physician.

In 0011

Vasques,

Servant to *Soranzo*.

In 0012

Poggio,

Servant to *Bergetto*.

In 0013

Banditti,

In 0014

Women.

In 0015

Annabella,

Daughter to *Florio*.

In 0016

Hippolita,

Wife to *Richardetto*

In 0017

Philotis,

His Niece.

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

In 0001

To the truly Noble, *John*,
Earl of *Peterborough*, Lord Mordaunt,
Baron of *Turvey*.

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

My LORD,

In 0005

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

Where a Truth of *Merit* hath
a general warrant, There
Love is but a *Debt, Acknowledgement*
a *Justice*. Greatness
cannot often claim *Virtue* by
Inheritance; Yet in this,
YOURS appears most Eminent,
for that you are not more rightly Heir to
your *Fortunes*, than Glory shall be to your *Memory*.
Sweetness of disposition ennobles a freedom
of Birth; in BOTH, your lawful Interest adds
Honor to your own Name, and mercy to my
presumption. Your Noble allowance of *These*
First Fruits of my leisure in the Action, emboldens
my confidence, of your as noble construction
in this Presentment: especially since my Service
must ever owe particular duty to your

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

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

Favors, by a particular Engagement. The Gravity
of the *Subject* may easily excuse the lightness of
the *Title*: otherwise, I had been a severe Judge against
mine own guilt. Princes have vouchsafed
Grace to trifles, offered from a purity of Devotion,
your Lordship may likewise please, to admit into
your good opinion, with these weak endeavors,
the constancy of Affection from the sincere *Lover*
of your Deserts in Honor

img: 3-b
sig: [A3r]

JOHN FORD.

In 0001
In 0002

To my Friend the
Author.

In 0003
In 0004
In 0005
In 0006
In 0007
In 0008
In 0009
In 0010
In 0011
In 0012

With admiration I beheld *This Whore*
Adorned with Beauty, such as might restore
(If ever being as *Thy Muse* hath famed)
Her *Giovanni*, in his love unblamed:
The ready *Graces* lent their willing aid,
Pallas herself now played the Chambermaid
And helped to put her Dressings on: secure
Rest Thou, that *Thy Name* herein shall endure
To th' end of Age; and *Annabella* be
Gloriously *Fair*, even in her *Infamy*.

img: 4-a
img: 4-b
sig: B1r

THOMAS ELLICE.

wln 0001
wln 0002

'Tis Pity She's a
WHORE.

wln 0003
wln 0004

Enter Friar and Giovanni.
Friar.

wln 0005
wln 0006
wln 0007
wln 0008
wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011
wln 0012
wln 0013
wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016

Dispute no more in this, for know (young man)
These are no School-points; nice Philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jest; wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God; with foolish grounds of Art,
Discovered first the nearest way to Hell;
And filled the world with devilish Atheism:
Such questions youth are fond; For better 'tis,
To bless the Sun, than reason why it shines;
Yet he thou talk'st of, is above the Sun,
No more; I may not hear it.

wln 0017
wln 0018
wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029

Giovanni Gentle Father,
To you I have unclasped my burdened soul,
Emptied the store-house of my thoughts and heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know;
And yet is here the comfort I shall have,
Must I not do, what all men else may, love?

Friar Yes. you may love fair son.

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

img: 5-a
sig: B1v

wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047

Friar Why foolish madman?

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

Friar Have done unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

Giovanni Shall then, (for that I am her brother born)
My joys be ever banished from her bed?
No Father; in your eyes I see the change.
Of pity and compassion: from your age
As from a sacred *Oracle*. distills

wln 0048
wln 0049
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wln 0066

img: 5-b
sig: B2r

wln 0067
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wln 0091
wln 0092

wln 0093

The life of Counsel: tell me holy man,
What Cure shall give me ease in these extremes.
Friar Repentance (son) and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast moved a Majesty above
With thy un-ranged (almost) Blasphemy.
Giovanni O do not speak of that (dear Confessor)
Friar Art thou (my son) that miracle of Wit,
Who once within these three Months wert esteemed
A wonder of thine age, throughout *Bononia*?
How did the University applaud
Thy Government, Behavior, Learning, Speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man?
I was proud of my Tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my Books, than part with thee,
I did so: but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
O *Giovanni*: hast thou left the Schools
Of Knowledge, to converse with Lust and Death?
(For Death waits on thy Lust) look through the World,

And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious, than this Idol thou ador'st:
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin,
Though in such games as those, they lose that win.
Giovanni It were more ease to stop the *Ocean*
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.
Friar Then I have done, and in thy wilful flame:
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just,
Yet hear my counsel.
Giovanni As a voice of life.
Friar Hie to thy Father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy Chamber, then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground:
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utter'st
In tears, (and if 't be possible) of blood:
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of Lust
That rots thy Soul, acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night:
For seven days' space do this, then if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me:
I'll think on remedy, pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here — away,
My blessing with thee, we have need to pray.
Giovanni All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance, else I'll swear, my Fate's my God.

Exeunt.

Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.

wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
wln 0097
wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101

img: 6-a
sig: B2v

Vasques Come sir, stand to your tackling, if you prove *Craven*,
I'll make you run quickly.

Grimaldi Thou art no equal match for me.

Vasques Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home news,
nor cannot play the Mountebank for a meal's meat, and swear
I got my wounds in the field: see you these gray hairs, they'll
not flinch for a bloody nose, wilt thou to this gear?

Grimaldi Why slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation

wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
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wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138

With a Cast-suit; Call thy Master, he shall know that I dare —

Vasques Scold like a Cotquean (that's your Profession) thou poor
shadow of a Soldier, I will make thee know, my Master keeps
Servants, thy betters in quality and performance: Com'st thou to
fight or prate?

Grimaldi Neither with thee,
I am a Roman. and a Gentleman, one that have got
Mine honor with expense of blood,

Vasques You are a lying Coward, and a fool, fight, or by these Hilts
I'll kill thee — brave my Lord, — you'll fight.

Grimaldi Provoke me not, for if thou dost — *They fight*, *Grimaldi*

Vasques Have at you. *hath the*

Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo. *worst*

Florio What meant these sudden broils so near my doors?
Have you not other places, but my house
To vent the spleen of your disordered bloods?
Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love *Grimaldi*? Fie, 'tis naught.

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

Enter above Annabella and Putana.

Florio What's the ground?

Soranzo That with your patience Signore, I'll resolve
This Gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To Signior *Florio*'s Daughter; to whose ears
He still prefers his suit to my disgrace,
Thinking the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report:
But know *Grimaldi*, though (may be) thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this betrays
A lowness in thy mind; which were 't thou Noble
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee
For this unworthiness; and on this ground
I willed my Servant to correct this tongue,

img: 6-b
sig: B3r

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wln 0142
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wln 0174

img: 7-a
sig: B3v

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wln 0177
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wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186

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

Vasques And had your sudden coming prevented us, I had let my Gentleman blood under the gills; I should have wormed you Sir, for running mad.

Grimaldi I'll be revenged *Soranzo*.

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

Grimaldi remember this.

Soranzo I fear thee not *Grimaldi*.

Exit Grimaldi

Florio My Lord *Soranzo*, this is strange to me,

Why you should storm, having my word engaged:

Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear?

Losers may talk by law of any game.

Vasques Yet the villain of words, signior *Florio* may be such, As would make any unspleened Dove, Choleric, Blame not my Lord in this.

Florio Be you more silent,

I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love

Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

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

Exeunt.

Putana How like you this child? here's threat'ning challenging, quarreling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake; you had need look to yourself (*Charge*) you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

Annabella: But (*Tutress*) such a life, gives no content To me, my thoughts are fixed on other ends; Would you would leave me.

Putana Leave you? no marvel else; leave me, no leaving (*Charge*) This is love outright, Indeed I blame you not, you have Choice fit for the best Lady in *Italy*.

Annabella Pray do not talk so much.

Putana Take the worst with the best, there's *Grimaldi* the soldier a very well-timbered fellow: they say he is a Roman, Nephew to the Duke *Montferrato*, they say he did good service in the wars against the *Milanese*, but faith (*Charge*) I do not like him, and be for nothing, but for being a soldier; one amongst

twenty of your skirmishing Captains, but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright, I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams; though he might serve, if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

Annabella Fie how thou prat'st.

Putana As I am a very woman, I like *Signior Soranzo*, well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind, and what is more than all this, a Nobleman; such a one were I the fair *Annabella*, myself, I would wish and pray for: then he is bountiful; beside he is handsome, and, by my troth, I

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img: 7-b
sig: B4r

wln 0213
wln 0214
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wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
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wln 0232
wln 0233
wln 0234

think wholesome: (and that's news in a gallant of three and twenty.) liberal that I know: loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never ha' purchased such a good name, with *Hippolita* the lusty Widow in her husband's lifetime: And 'twere but for that report (sweet heart) would 'a were thine: Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain-sufficient, *naked man*: such a one is for your bed, and such a one is *Signior Soranzo* my life for 't.

Annabella Sure the woman took her morning's Draught too soon.
Enter Begetto and Poggio.

Putana But look (sweet heart,) look what thing comes now: Here's another of your ciphers to fill up the number: Oh brave old Ape in a silken Coat, observe.

Bergetto Didst thou think *Poggio*, that I would spoil my New clothes, and leave my dinner to fight.

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

Bergetto I am wiser than so: for I hope *Poggio*. thou Never heard'st of an elder brother, that was a Coxcomb, Didst *Poggio*?

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

Bergetto Is it possible *Poggio*? oh monstrous! why I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time, but sirrah, I have another purchase in hand, I shall have the wench mine uncle says, I will but wash my face, and shift socks, and then have at her i' faith —

Mark my pace *Poggio*.

Poggio Sir I have seen an. Ass, and a Mule trot the Spanish pavin with a better grace, I know not how often.

Exeunt

Annabella This Idiot haunts me too.

Putana Ay, Ay, he needs no description, the rich *Magnifico*, that is below with your Father (*Charge*) *Signior Donado* his Uncle; for that he means to make this his Cousin a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right *Israelite*, and fall down to him presently: but I hope I have tutored you better: they say a fool's babble is a Lady's playfellow: yet you having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh at any rate: hang him Innocent.

Enter Giovanni.

Annabella But see *Putana*, see: what blessed shape Of some celestial Creature now appears? What man is he, that with such sad aspect Walks careless of himself?

Putana Where?

Annabella Look below.

Putana Oh, 'tis your brother sweet —

Annabella Ha!

Putana 'Tis your brother.

wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237
wln 0238
wln 0239
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img: 8-a
sig: B4v

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wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282

Annabella Sure 'tis not he, this is some woeful thing
Wrapped up in grief, some shadow of a man.
Alas he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes
Drowned all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh.
Lets down *Putana*, and partake the cause,
I know my Brother in the Love he bears me,
Will not deny me partage in his sadness,
My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

Exit.

Giovanni Lost, I am lost: my fates have doomed my death:
The more I strive, I love, the more I love,
The less I hope: I see my ruin, certain.
What Judgement, or endeavors could apply
To my incurable and restless wounds,
I thoroughly have examined, but in vain:
O that it were not in Religion sin,

To make our love a God, and worship it.
I have even wearied heaven with prayers, dried up
The spring of my continual tears, even starved
My veins with daily fasts: what wit or Art
Could Counsel, I have practiced; but alas
I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales
To fright unsteady youth; I'm still the same,
Or I must speak, or burst; 'tis not I know,
My lust; but 'tis my fare that leads me on.
Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves,
I'll tell her, that I love her, though my heart
Were rated at the price of that attempt.
Oh me! she comes.

Enter Annabella and Putana.

Annabella Brother.

Giovanni If such a thing
As Courage dwell in men, (ye heavenly powers)
Now double all that virtue in my tongue.

Annabella Why Brother, will you not speak to me?

Giovanni Yes; how d'ee Sister?

Annabella Howsoever I am, methinks you are not well.

Putana Bless us why are you so sad Sir.

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

Annabella Withdraw *Putana*.

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

Exit Putana:

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

Annabella How's this?

wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286

img: 8-b
sig: C1r

Giovanni Faith I mean no harm.
Annabella Harm?
Giovanni No good faith; how is't with 'ee?
Annabella I trust he be not frantic—

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wln 0323

I am very well brother.
Giovanni Trust me but I am sick, I fear so sick,
'Twill cost my life.
Annabella Mercy forbid it: 'tis not so I hope.
Giovanni I think you love me Sister.
Annabella Yes you know, I do.
Giovanni I know 't indeed — y' are very fair.
Annabella Nay then I see you have a merry sickness,
Giovanni That's as it proves: they Poets feign (I read)
That *Juno* for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses: but I durst swear,
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did theirs.
Annabella Troth this is pretty.
Giovanni Such a pair of stars.
As are thine eyes, would (like *Promethean* fire.)
(If gently glanced) give life to senseless stones.
Annabella Fie upon 'ee,
Giovanni The Lily and the Rose most sweetly strange
Upon your dimpled Cheeks do strive for change.
Such lips would tempt a Saint; such hands as those
Would make an *Anchoret* Lascivious.
Annabella D'ee mock me', or flatter me,
Giovanni If you would see a beauty more exact
Than Art can counter fit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.
Annabella O you are a trim youth.
Giovanni Here. *Offers his Dagger to her.*
Annabella What to do.
Giovanni And here's my breast, strike home.
Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak.
Why stand 'ee? *Annabella* Are you earnest?
Giovanni Yes most earnest.
You cannot love? *Annabella* Whom?
Giovanni Me, my tortured soul
Hath felt affliction in the heat of Death.
O *Annabella* I am quite undone,

img: 9-a
sig: C1v

wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327

The love of thee (my sister) and the view
Of thy immortal beauty hath untuned
All harmony both of my rest and life,
Why d'ee not strike?

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wln 0360

img: 9-b
sig: C2r

wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
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wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375

Annabella Forbid it my just fears,
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.
Giovanni True *Annabella*; 'tis no time to jest,
I have too long suppressed the hidden flames
That almost have consumed me; I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans,
Ran over all my thoughts, despised my Fate,
Reasoned against the reasons of my love,
Done all that **smoothed-cheek** Virtue could advise,
But found all bootless; 'tis my destiny,
That you must either love, or I must die.

Annabella Comes this in sadness from you?

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

Annabella You are my brother *Giovanni*.

Giovanni You,
My Sister *Annabella*; I know this:
And could afford you instance why to love
So much the more for this; to which intent
Wise Nature first in your Creation meant
To make you mine: else 't had been sin and foul,
To share one beauty to a double soul.
Nearness in birth or blood, doth but persuade
A nearer nearness in affection.

I have asked Counsel of the holy Church,
Who tells me I may love you, and 'tis just,
That since I may, I should; and will, yes will:
Must I now live, or die?

Annabella Live, thou hast won
The field, and never fought; what thou hast urged,
My captive heart had long ago resolved.
I blush to tell thee, (but I'll tell thee now)
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,

I have sighed ten; for every tear shed twenty:
And not so much for that I loved, as that
I durst not say I loved; nor scarcely think it.

Giovanni Let not this Music be a dream (ye gods)
For pity's sake I beg 'ee.

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

She kneels.

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

He kneels.

Annabella You mean good sooth then?

Giovanni In good troth I do,

wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
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wln 0385
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img: 10-a
sig: C2v

wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
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wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423

And so do you I hope: say, I'm in earnest:

Annabella I'll swear 't and I.

Giovanni And I, and by this kiss,

Kisses her.

(Once more, yet once more, now let's rise, by this)

I would not change this minute for *Elysium*,

What must we now do?

Annabella What you will. *Giovanni* Come then,

After so many tears as we have wept,

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

Exeunt.

Enter Florio and Donado.

Florio *Signior Donado*, you have said enough,

I understand you, but would have you know,

I will not force my Daughter 'gainst her will.

You see I have but two, a Son and Her;

And he is so devoted to his Book,

As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:

Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely

Upon my Girl; as for worldly Fortune,

I am I thank my Stars, blest with enough:

My Care is how to match her to her liking,

I would not have her marry Wealth, but Love,

And if she like your Nephew, let him have her,

Here's all that I can say.

Donado Sir you say well,

Like a true father, and for my part, I

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

Will promise to assure my Nephew presently,

Three thousand *Florins* yearly during life,

And after I am dead, my whole estate.

Florio 'Tis a fair proffer sir, meantime your Nephew

Shall have free passage to commence his suit;

If he can thrive, he shall have my consent,

So for this time I'll leave you *Signior*.

Exit.

Donado Well,

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

But he is such another Dunce, I fear

He'll never win the Wench; when I was young

I could have done 't i' faith, and so shall he

If he will learn of me; and in good time

He comes himself.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Poggio How now *Bergetto*, whither away so fast?

Bergetto Oh Uncle, I have heard the strangest news that ever came out of the Mint, have I not *Poggio*?

Poggio Yes indeed Sir. *Donado* What news *Bergetto*?

Bergetto Why look ye Uncle? my Barber told me just now that there is a fellow come to Town, who undertakes to make a Mill go without the mortal help of any water or wind,

wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434

img: 10-b
sig: C3r

wln 0435
wln 0436
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wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471

only with Sandbags: and this fellow hath a strange Horse, a most excellent beast, I'll assure you Uncle, (my Barber says) whose head to the wonder of all Christian people, stands just behind where his tail is, is't not true *Poggio*?

Poggio So the Barber swore for sooth.

Donado And you are running hither? *Bergetto* Ay forsooth Uncle.

Donado Wilt thou be a Fool still? come sir, you shall not go, you have more mind of a Puppet-play, then on the business I told ye: why thou great Baby, wu't never have wit, wu't make thyself a May-game to all the world?

Poggio Answer for yourself Master.

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

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

Bergetto Oh the wench: uds sa' me, Uncle; I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

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

Bergetto What did I say *Poggio*?

Poggio forsooth my Master said, that he loved her almost as well as he loved *Parmasent*, and swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but such a Nose as his was, to be as pretty a young woman, as any was in *Parma*. *Donado* Oh gross!

Bergetto Nay Uncle, then she asked me, whether my Father had any more children than myself: and I said no, 'twere better he should have had his brains knocked out first.

Donado This is intolerable.

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

Donado Ha! that was good, did she harp upon that string?

Bergetto Did she harp upon that string, ay that she did: I answered, leave me all his wealth? why woman, he hath no other wit, if he had, he should hear on 't to his everlasting glory and confusion: I know (quoth I) I am his white boy, and will not be gulled: and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay I did fit her.

Donado Ah sirrah, then I see there is no changing of nature, Well *Bergetto*, I fear thou wilt be a very Ass still.

Bergetto I should be sorry for that Uncle.

Donado Come, come you home with me, since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich Jewel in the Letter.

Bergetto Ay marry, that will be excellent.

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

Ber. *Poggio*, 'twill do *Poggio*.

Exeunt.

wln 0472

Actus Secundus.

wln 0473

Enter Giovanni and Annabella, as from their Chamber.

wln 0474

Giovanni Come *Annabella*, no more Sister now,

wln 0475

But Love; a name more Gracious, do not blush,

wln 0476

(Beauty's sweet wonder) but be proud, to know

wln 0477

That yielding thou hast conquered, and inflamed

wln 0478

A heart whose tribute is thy brother's life.

wln 0479

Annabella And mine is his, oh how these stolen contents

wln 0480

Would print a modest Crimson on my cheeks,

wln 0481

Had any but my heart's delight prevailed.

wln 0482

Giovanni I marvel why the chaster of your sex

wln 0483

Should think this pretty toy called *Maidenhead*,

wln 0484

So strange a loss, when being lost, 'tis nothing,

wln 0485

And you are still the same. *Annabella* 'Tis well for you,

wln 0486

Now you can talk. *Giovanni* Music as well consists

wln 0487

In th' ear, as in the playing. *Annabella* Oh y' are wanton,

wln 0488

Tell on 't, y' are best, do.

wln 0489

Giovanni Thou wilt chide me then,

wln 0490

Kiss me, so; thus hung *Jove* on *Laeda*'s neck,

wln 0491

And sucked divine *Ambrosia* from her lips:

wln 0492

I envy not the mightiest man alive,

wln 0493

But hold myself in being King of thee,

wln 0494

More great, then were I King of all the world:

wln 0495

But I shall lose you *Sweetheart*.

wln 0496

Annabella But you shall not. *Giovanni* You must be married Mistress.

wln 0497

Annabella Yes, to whom? *Giovanni* Some one must have you.

wln 0498

Annabella You must. *Giovanni* Nay some other.

wln 0499

Annabella Now prithee do not speak so, without jesting

wln 0500

You'll make me weep in earnest.

wln 0501

Giovanni What you will not.

wln 0502

But tell me sweet, canst thou be dared to swear

wln 0503

That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?

wln 0504

Annabella By both our loves I dare, for didst thou know

wln 0505

My *Giovanni*, how all suitors seem

wln 0506

To my eyes hateful, thou wouldst trust me then.

wln 0507

Giovanni Enough, I take thy word; Sweet we must part,

wln 0508

Remember what thou vow'st, keep well my heart.

wln 0509

Annabella Will you begone? *Giovanni* I must.

wln 0510

Annabella When to return? *Giovanni* Soon.

wln 0511

Annabella Look you do. *Giovanni* Farewell. *Exit.*

wln 0512

Annabella Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,

wln 0513

And where thou art, I know I shall be there

wln 0514

Guardian.

wln 0515

Enter Putana.

wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528

Putana Child, how is't child? well, thank Heaven, ha!
Annabella O *Guardian*, what a Paradise of joy
Have I passed over!
Putana Nay what a Paradise of joy have you passed under?
why now I commend thee (*Charge*) fear nothing, (sweetheart)
what though he be your Brother; your Brother's a
man I hope, and I say still, if a young Wench feel the fit upon
her, let her take anybody, Father or Brother, all is one.
Annabella I would not have it known for all the world.
Putana Nor I indeed, for the speech of the people; else 'twere nothing.
Florio within — Daughter *Annabella*.
Annabella O me! my Father, — here Sir, — reach my work.
Florio within. What are you doing? *Annabella* So, let him come now,

wln 0529
wln 0530

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

wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542

Florio So hard at work, that's well; you lose no time, look,
I have brought you company, here's one, a learned Doctor, latelyly
come from *Padua*, much skilled in Physic, and for that I see
you have of late been sickly, I entreated this reverent man
to visit you some time.
Annabella Y' are very welcome Sir.
Richardetto I thank you Mistress,
Loud Fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
As well for Virtue as perfection:
For which I have been bold to bring with me
A Kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song,
And music, one perhaps will give content,

img: 12-a
sig: C4v

wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
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wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
wln 0561

Please you to know her.
Annabella They are parts I love,
And she for them most welcome.
Philotis Thank you Lady.
Florio Sir now you know my house, pray make not strange,
And if you find my Daughter need your Art,
I'll be your paymaster.
Richardetto Sir, what I am she shall command.
Florio You shall bind me to you,
Daughter, I must have conference with you,
About some matters that concerns us both.
Good Master Doctor, please you but walk in,
We'll crave a little of your Cousin's cunning:
I think my Girl hath not quite forgot
To touch an Instrument, she could have done 't,
We'll hear them both.
Richardetto I'll wait upon you sir. *Exeunt.*
Enter Soranzo in his study reading a Book.
Love's measure is extreme, the comfort, pain:

wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
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wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580

img: 12-b
sig: D1r

The life unrest, and the reward disdain
What's here? look o'er again, 'tis so, so writes
This smooth licentious Poet in his rhymes.
But *Sanazar* thou liest, for had thy bosom
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,
Thou wouldst have kissed the rod that made the smart.
To work then happy Muse, and contradict
What *Sanazer* hath in his envy writ.
Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys,
His pleasure's life, and his reward all joys.
Had *Annabella* lived when *Sanazar*
Did in his brief *Encomium* celebrate
Venice that Queen of Cities, he had left
That Verse which gained him such a sum of Gold,
And for one only look from *Annabell*
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks,
O how my thoughts are —
Vasques within — Pray forbear, in rules of Civility, let me give
notice on 't: I shall be taxed of my neglect of duty and service.

wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
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wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609

Soranzo What rude intrusion interrupts my peace,
Can I be nowhere private?
Vasques within. Troth you wrong your modesty.
Soranzo What's the matter *Vasques*, who is't?
Enter Hippolita and Vasques.
Hippolita 'Tis I:
Do you know me now? look perjured man on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wronged,
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth
A scorn to men and Angels, and shall I
Be now a foil to thy unsated change?
Thou knowest (false wanton) when my modest fame
Stood free from stain, or scandal, all the charms
Of Hell or sorcery could not prevail
Against the honor of my chaster bosom:
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths
Such and so many, that a heart of steel
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine:
And shall the Conquest of my lawful bed,
My husband's death urged on by his disgrace,
My loss of womanhood be ill rewarded
With hatred and contempt? No, know *Soranzo*,
I have a spirit doth as much distaste
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
Dost loathe the memory of what hath passed.
Soranzo Nay dear *Hippolita*.
Hippolita Call me not dear,
Nor think with supple words to smooth the grossness
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new Mistress,

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wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
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wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617

img: 13-a
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Your goodly *Madam Merchant* shall triumph
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,
My birth was Nobler, and by much more Free.
Soranzo You are too violent.
Hippolita You are too double
In your dissimulation, seest thou this,
This habit, these black mourning weeds of Care,
'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorced

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wln 0654

img: 13-b
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My husband from his life and me from him,
And made me Widow in my widowhood.
Soranzo Will you yet hear?
Hippolita More of the perjuries?
Thy soul is drowned too deeply in those sins,
Thou need'st not add to th' number.
Soranzo Then I'll leave you,
You are past all rules of sense.
Hippolita And thou of grace.
Vasques Fie Mistress, you, are not near the limits of reason, if
my Lord had a resolution as noble as Virtue itself, you take the
course to unedge it all. Sir I beseech you do not perplex her,
griefs (alas) will have a vent, I dare undertake *Madam Hippolita*
will now freely hear you.
Soranzo Talk to a woman frantic, are these the fruits of your love?
Hippolita They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man,
Didst thou not swear, whilst yet my husband lived,
That thou wouldst wish no happiness on earth
More than to call me wife? didst thou not vow
When he should die to marry me? for which
The Devil in my blood, and thy protests
Caused me to Counsel him to undertake
A voyage to *Livorno*, for that we heard,
His Brother there was dead, and left a Daughter
Young and unfriended, who with much ado
I wished him to bring hither; he did so,
And went; and as thou know'st died on the way.
Unhappy man to buy his death so dear
With my advice; yet thou for whom I did it,
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.
Soranzo Who could help this?
Hippolita Who? perjured man thou couldst,
If thou hadst faith or love.
Soranzo You are deceived,
The vows I made, (if you remember well)
Were wicked and unlawful, 'twere more sin
To keep them, than to break them; as for me

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img: 14-a
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wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702

I cannot mask my penitence, think thou
How much thou hast digressed from honest shame,
In bringing of a gentleman to death
Who was thy husband, such a one as he,
So noble in his quality, condition,
Learning, behavior, entertainment, love,
As *Parma* could not show a braver man.
Vasques You do not well, this was not your promise.
Soranzo I care not, let her know her monstrous life,
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be a Curse; woman, come here no more,
Learn to repent and die; for by my honor
I hate thee and thy lust; you have been too foul.
Vasques This part has been scurvily played.
Hippolita How foolishly this beast contemns his Fate,
And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn
Than I once loved his love; but let him go, *She offers to*
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe. *go away.*
Vasques Mistress, Mistress Madam *Hippolita*,
Pray a word or two. *Hippolita* With me Sir?
Vasques With you if you please. *Hippolita* What is't?
Vasques I know you are infinitely moved now, and you think
you have cause, some I confess you have, but sure not so much
as you imagine. *Hippolita* Indeed.
Vasques O you were miserably bitter, which you followed
even to the last syllable: Faith you were somewhat too shrewd,
by my life you could not have taken my Lord in a worse time,
since I first knew him: tomorrow you shall find him a new
man. *Hippolita* Well, I shall wait his leisure.
Vasques Fie, this is not a hearty patience, it comes sourly from
you, troth let me persuade you for once.
Hippolita I have it and it shall be so; thanks opportunity
— persuade me to what —
Vasques Visit him in some milder temper, O if you could but
master a little your female spleen, how might you win him!
Hippolita He will never love me: *Vasques*, thou hast been a too trusty
servant to such a master, and I believe thy reward in the end will fall

out like mine. *Vasques* So perhaps too.
Hippolita Resolve thyself it will; had I one so true, so truly honest,
so secret to my Counsels, as thou hast been to him and
his, I should think it a **slight** acquittance, not only to make
him Master of all I have, but even of myself.
Vasques O you are a noble Gentlewoman.
Hippolita Wu't thou feed always upon hopes? well, I know
thou art wise, and seest the reward of an old servant dally what
it is *Vasques* Beggary and neglect.
Hippolita True, but *Vasques*, wert thou mine, and wouldst be
private to me and my designs; I here protest myself, and all

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what I can else call mine, should be at thy dispose.

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

Hippolita What then?

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

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

Vasques Come you are merry, This is such a happiness that I can Neither think or believe.

Hippolita Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirmed.

Vasques Then here I call our good *Genie* foe-witnesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

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

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

Richardetto Thou seest (my lovely Niece) these strange mishaps, How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace, Wherein I am but as a looker on,

Whiles others act my shame, and I am silent.

Philotis But Uncle, wherein can this borrowed shape Give you content?

Richardetto I'll tell thee gentle Niece, Thy wanton Aunt in her lascivious riots Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead In my late Journey to *Livorno* for you; (As I have caused it to be rumored out) Now would I see with what an impudence She gives scope to her loose adultery, And how the Common voice allows hereof: Thus far I have prevailed.

Philotis Alas, I fear You mean some strange revenge.

Richardetto O be not troubled, Your ignorance shall plead for you in all, But to our business, what, you learnt for certain How *Signior Florio* means to give his Daughter In marriage to *Soranzo*?

Philotis Yes for certain.

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

wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765

img: 15-a
sig: D3v

wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
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wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798

Philotis For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.
Richardetto There's Mystery in that which time must show,
She used you kindly. *Philotis* Yes.
Richardetto And craved your company? *Philotis* Often.
Richardetto 'Tis well, it goes as I could wish,
I am the Doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you; if all fail not we shall thrive.
But who comes here? *Enter Grimaldi.*
I know him, 'tis *Grimaldi*,
A Roman and a soldier, near allied
Unto the Duke of *Montferrato*, one
Attending on the *Nuncio* of the Pope
That now resides in *Parma*, by which means
He hopes to get the love of *Annabella*,

Grimaldi Save you Sir. *Richardetto* And you Sir.
Grimaldi I have heard
Of your approved skill, which through the City
Is freely talked of, and would crave your aid.
Richardetto For what Sir?
Grimaldi Marry sir for this —
But I would speak in Private.
Richardetto Leave us Cousin. *Exit Philotis*
Grimaldi I love fair *Annabella*, and would know
Whether in Arts there may not be receipts
To move affection.
Richardetto Sir perhaps there may,
But these will nothing profit you.
Grimaldi Not me?
Richardetto Unless I be mistook, you are a man
Greatly in favor with the Cardinal.
Grimaldi What of that?
Richardetto In duty to his Grace,
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek
To marry *Florio's* daughter, you must first
Remove a bar twixt you and her.
Grimaldi Who's that?
Richardetto *Soranzo* is the man that hath her heart,
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.
Grimaldi *Soranzo*, what mine Enemy, is't he?
Richardetto Is he your Enemy?
Grimaldi The man I hate,
Worse than Confusion:
I'll tell him straight.
Richardetto Nay, then take mine advice,
(Even for his Grace's sake the Cardinal)
I'll find a time when he and she do meet,
Of which I'll give you notice, and to be sure

wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802

He shall **not** scape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your Rapier's point in, if he had
As many heads as *Hydra* had, he dies.
Grimaldi But shall I trust thee Doctor?

img: 15-b
sig: D4r

wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825

Richardetto As yourself,
Doubt not in aught; thus shall the Fates decree,
By me *Soranzo* falls, that ruined me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Donado, Bergetto and Poggio.

Donado Well Sir, I must be content to be both your Secretary
and your Messenger myself; I cannot tell what this Letter may
work, but as sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk with
her, I fear thou wu't mar whatsoever I make.

Bergetto You make Uncle? why am not I big enough to carry
mine own Letter I pray?

Donado Ay, ay carry a fool's head o' thy own; why thou Dunce,
wouldst thou write a letter, and carry it thyself

Bergetto Yes that I would, and read it to her with my own
mouth, for you must think, if she will not believe me myself
when she hears me speak; she will not believe another's handwriting.
O you think I am a blockhead Uncle, no sir, *Poggio*
knows I have indited a letter myself, so I have.

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

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

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

Donado Begin.

Poggio reads

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

Poggio *MOst dainty and honey-sweet Mistress, I could call
you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves you, but
my Uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for
his age, and the color of his beard; I am wise enough to tell you
I can board where I see occasion, or if you like my Uncle's wit better
than mine, you shall marry me; if you like mine better than
his, I will marry you in spite of your teeth; So commending my
best parts to you, I rest.* Yours upwards and downwards,
or you may choose, *Bergetto*.

Bergetto Ah ha, here's stuff Uncle.

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

Poggio None upon my word, but mine own.

img: 16-a
sig: D4v

wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842

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

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

wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875

Bergetto How? that were a jest indeed; I scorn it i' faith.
Donado What you do not?
Bergetto Judge me, but I do now.
Poggio Indeed sir 'tis very unhealthy.
Donado Well sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions,
and fopperies till I come back, you were as good no; look
to 't. *Exit Donado*
Bergetto *Poggio*, shall's steal to see this Horse with the head in 's tail?
Poggio Ay but you must take heed of whipping.
Bergetto Dost take me for a Child *Poggio*,
Come honest *Poggio*, *Exeunt:*
Enter Friar and Giovanni.
Friar Peace, thou hast told a tale, whose every word
Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul:
I'm sorry I have heard it; would mine ears
Had been one minute deaf, before the hour
That thou cam'st to me: *o young man* castaway,
By the religious number of mine order,
I day and night have waked my aged eyes,
Above thy strength, to weep on thy behalf:
But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolved,
Thou art a man remarked to taste a mischief,
Look for 't; though it come late, it will come sure.
Giovanni Father, in this you are uncharitable;
What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good.
It is a principle (which you have taught
When I was yet your Scholar) that the Fame
And Composition of the *Mind* doth follow
The Frame and Composition of *Body*:
So where the *Body's* furniture is *Beauty*,
The *Mind's* must needs be *Virtue*: which allowed.
Virtue itself is *Reason but refined*,
And *Love* the Quintessence of that, this proves

img: 16-b
sig: E1r

wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890

My Sister's *Beauty* being rarely *Fair*,
Is rarely *Virtuous*; chiefly in her love,
And chiefly in that *Love, her love to me*.
If *hers to me*, then so is *mine to her*;
Since in like Causes are effects alike.
Friar O ignorance in knowledge, long ago,
How often have I warned thee this before?
Indeed if we were sure there were no *Deity*,
Nor *Heaven* nor *Hell*, then to be led alone,
By Nature's light (as were Philosophers
Of elder times) might instance some defense.
But 'tis not so; then Madman, thou wilt find,
That *Nature* is in Heaven's positions blind.
Giovanni Your age o'errules you, had you youth like mine,
You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912

img: 17-a
sig: E1v

wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
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wln 0925
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wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937

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

Giovanni Marriage? why that's to damn her; that's to prove
Her greedy of variety of lust.

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

Giovanni At your best leisure Father, then she'll tell you,
How dearly she doth prize my Matchless love,
Than you will know what pity 'twere we two
Should have been sundered from each other's arms.
View well her face, and in that little round,
You may observe a world of variety;
For Color, lips, for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For Jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of Flowers, cheeks;
Wonder in every portion of that Throne:
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the Spheres
Make Music to the Citizens in Heaven:
But Father, what is else for pleasure framed,
Lest I offend your ears shall go unnamed.

Friar The more I hear, I pity thee the more,
That one so excellent should give those parts:
All to a second Death; what I can do
Is but to pray; and yet I could advise thee,
Wouldst thou be ruled.

Giovanni In what?

Friar Why leave her yet,
The Throne of *Mercy* is above your trespass,
Yet time is left you both —

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.

Florio Where's *Giovanni*?

Annabella Newly walked abroad,
And (as I heard him say) gone to the Friar
His reverent Tutor.

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

Donado Fair Gentlewoman, here's a letter sent:
To you from my young Cousin, I dare swear
He loves you in his soul, would you could hear

wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948

img: 17-b
sig: E2r

wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
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wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985

Sometimes, what I see daily, sighs and tears,
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

Florio Receive it *Annabella*.

Annabella Alas good man.

Donado What's that she said?

Putana And please you sir, she said, alas good man, truly I do
Commend him to her every night before her first sleep, because
I would have her dream of him, and she harkens to that most
religiously.

Donado Say'st so, god-a-mercy *Putana* there's something for thee,
and prithee do what thou canst on his behalf; sha' not

be lost labor, take my word for 't.

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

Annabella *Guardian!*

Putana Did you call?

Annabella Keep this letter,

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

Florio Keep it for what? pray read it me here right.

Annabella I shall sir,

She reads,

Donado How d'ee find her inclined *Signior?*

Florio Troth sir I know not how; not all so well

As I could wish.

Annabella Sir I am bound to rest your Cousin's debtor,
The Jewel I'll return, for if he love,
I'll count that love a Jewel.

Donado Mark you that?

Nay keep them both sweet Maid.

Annabella You must excuse me,

Indeed I will not keep it.

Florio Where's the Ring,

That which your Mother in her will bequeathed,
And charged you on her blessing not to give 't
To any but your Husband? send back that.

Annabella I have it not,

Florio Ha! have it not, where is't?

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

Florio Well, what do you say

To young *Bergetto's* love? are you content
To match with him? speak.

Donado There's the point indeed.

Annabella What shall I do, I must say something now.

Florio What say, why d'ee not speak?

Annabella Sir with your leave

Please you to give me freedom.

Florio Yes you have.

Annabella *Signior Donado*, if your Nephew mean

img: 18-a
sig: E2v

wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022

To raise his better Fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope;
Sir if you love him, as I know you do;
Find one more worthy of his choice than me,
In short, I'm sure, I sha' not be his wife.

Donado Why here's plain dealing, I commend thee for 't,
And all the worst I wish thee, is heaven bless thee,
Your Father yet and I will still be friends,
Shall we not *Signior Florio*?

Florio Yes, why not?
Look here your Cousin comes.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Donado Oh Coxcomb, what doth he make here?

Bergetto Where's my Uncle sirs.

Donado What's the news now?

Bergetto Save you Uncle save you, you must not think I come
for nothing Masters, and how and how is't? what you have
read my letter, ah, there I — tickled you i' faith.

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

Bergetto Sirrah *Sweetheart*, I'll tell thee a good jest, and riddle
what 'tis.

Annabella You say you'd tell me.

Bergetto As I was walking just now in the Street, I met a
swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me, and because
he did thrust me, I very valiantly called him *Rogue*, he
hereupon bade me draw, I told him I had more wit than so, but
when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the
hilts of his Rapier, that my head sung whilst my fear capered
in the kennel.

Donado Was ever the like ass seen?

Annabella And what did you all this while?

Bergetto Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood run about
mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my
heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard; (they say he
is a new-come Doctor) called me into this house, and gave me a
plaster, look you here 'tis; and sir there was a young wench
washed my face and hands most excellently, i' faith I shall love

img: 18-b
sig: E3r

wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030

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

Poggio Yes and kissed him too.

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

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

Bergetto Oh Uncle, but there was a wench, would have done a
man's heart good to have looked on her, by this light she had a
face methinks worth twenty of you Mistress *Annabella*.

wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
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wln 1051
wln 1052
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wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059

Do, Was ever such a fool born?
Annabella I am glad she liked you sir.
Bergetto Are you so, by my troth I thank you forsooth.
Florio Sure 'twas the Doctor's niece, that was last day with
us here:
Bergetto 'Twas she, 'twas she.
Donado How do you know that simplicity?
Bergetto Why does not he say so? if I should have said no, I
should have given him the lie *Uncle*, and so have deserved a dry
beating again; I'll none of that.
Florio A very modest well-behaved young Maid as I have seen.
Donado Is she indeed?
Florio Indeed
She is, if I have any Judgement.
Donado Well sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending
letters, now you are dismissed, your Mistress here will
none of you.
Bergetto No; why what care I for that, I can have Wenches enough
in *Parma* for half a Crown a piece, cannot I *Poggio*?
Poggio I'll warrant you sir.
Donado *Signior Florio*, I thank you for your free recourse you
gave for my admittance; and to you fair Maid that Jewel I
will give you 'gainst your marriage, come will you go sir?
Bergetto Ay marry will I Mistress, farewell Mistress, I'll come again
tomorrow — farewell Mistress. *Exit Donado Bergetto and Poggio*
Enter Giovanni
Florio Son, where have you been? what alone, alone, still,
still? I would not have it so, you must forsake this over bookish
humor. Well, your Sister hath shook the Fool off.

img: 19-a
sig: E3v

wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073

Giovanni 'Twas no match for her.
Florio 'Twas not indeed I meant it nothing less,
Soranzo is the man I only like;
Look on him *Annabella*, come, 'tis supertime,
And it grows late. *Exit Florio.*
Giovanni Whose Jewel's that?
Annabella Some Sweetheart's.
Giovanni So I think.
Annabella A lusty youth, *Signior Donado* gave it me
To wear against my Marriage.
Giovanni But you shall not wear it, send it him back again.
Annabella What, you are jealous?
Giovanni That you shall know anon, at better leisure:
Welcome sweet night, the Evening crowns the Day. *Exeunt.*

wln 1074
wln 1075

Actus Tertius.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091

img: 19-b
sig: E4r

Bergetto DOes my Uncle think to make me a Baby still? no,
Poggio, he shall know, I have a sponce now.
Poggio Ay let him not bob you off like an Ape with an apple.
Bergetto 'Sfoot, I will have the wench, if he were ten Uncles,
in despite of his nose *Poggio*.
Poggio Hold him to the Grindstone, and give not a jot of ground,
She hath in a manner promised you already.
Poggio True *Poggio*, and her Uncle the Doctor
Swore I should marry her.
Poggio He swore I remember.
Bergetto And I will have her that's more; didst see the codpiece point
she gave me, and the box of Marmalade?
Poggio Very well, and kissed you, that my chops watered at the
sight on 't; there's no way but to clap up a marriage in
hugger-mugger.
Bergetto I will do 't for I tell thee *Poggio*, I begin to grow valiant

wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098

methinks, and my courage begins to rise.
Poggio Should you be afraid of your Uncle?
Bergetto Hang him old doting Rascal, no, I say I will have her.
Poggio Lose no time then.
Bergetto I will beget a race of Wise men and Constables, that
shall cart whores at their own charges, and break the Duke's
peace ere I have done myself. — come away. *Exeunt.*

wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121

*Enter Florio, Giovanni, Soranzo, Annabella,
Putana and Vasques.*
Florio My Lord *Soranzo*, though I must confess,
The proffers that are made me, have been great
In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope
Of your still rising honors, have prevailed
Above all other Jointures; here she is,
She knows my mind, speak for yourself to her,
And hear you daughter, see you use him nobly,
For any private speech, I'll give you time:
Come son and you, the rest let them alone,
Agree as they may.
Soranzo I thank you sir.
Giovanni Sister be not all woman, think on me.
Soranzo *Vasques?* *Vasques* My Lord.
Soranzo Attend me without — *Exeunt omnes, manet Soranzo.*
Annabella Sir what's your will with me? *and Annabella.*
Soranzo Do you not know what I should tell you?
Annabella Yes, you'll say you love me.
Soranzo And I'll swear it too; will you believe it?
Annabella 'Tis not point of faith.
Enter Giovanni above.
Soranzo Have you not will to love?

wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126

img: 20-a
sig: E4v

Annabella Not you. *Soranzo* Whom then?
Annabella That's as the Fates infer.
Giovanni Of those I'm regent now.
Soranzo What mean you sweet?
Annabella To live and die a Maid.

wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
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wln 1147
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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

Soranzo Oh that's unfit.
Giovanni Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.
Soranzo Did you but see my heart, then would you swear —
Annabella That you were dead.
Giovanni That's true, or somewhat near it.
Soranzo See you these true love's tears?
Annabella No. *Giovanni* Now she winks.
Soranzo They plead to you for grace.
Annabella Yet nothing speak.
Soranzo Oh grant my suit.
Annabella What is't *Soranzo* To let me live.
Annabella Take it —
Soranzo Still yours. —
Annabella That is not mine to give.
Giovanni One such another word would kill his hopes.
Soranzo Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,
I know I have loved you long, and loved you truly;
Not hope of what you have, but what you are
Have drawn me on, then let me not in vain
Still feel the rigor of your chaste disdain.
I'm sick, and sick to th' heart.
Annabella Help, *Aqua-vitae*
Soranzo What mean you?
Annabella Why I thought you had been sick.
Soranzo Do you mock my love?
Giovanni There sir she was too nimble.
Soranzo 'Tis plain; she laughs at me, these scornful taunts
neither become your modesty, or years.
Annabella You are no looking-glass, or if you were, I'd dress
my language by you.
Giovanni I'm confirmed —
Annabella To put you out of doubt, my Lord, methinks your
Common sense should make you understand, that if I loved you,
or desired your love, some way I should have given you better
taste: but since you are a Noble man, and one I would not wish
should spend his youth in hopes, let me advise you here, to forbear
your suit, and think I wish you well, I tell you this.

img: 20-b
sig: F1r

wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166

Soranzo Is't you speak this?
Annabella Yes, I myself; yet know
Thus far I give you comfort, if mine eyes

wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185

Could have picked out a man (amongst all those
That sued to me) to make a husband of,
You should have been that man; let this suffice,
Be noble in your secrecy and wise.

Giovanni Why now I see she loves me.

Annabella One word more:

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

Soranzo I take that promise.

Annabella Oh, oh my head.

Soranzo What's the matter, not well?

Annabella Oh I begin to sicken.

Giovanni Heaven forbid.

Exit from above.

Soranzo Help, help, within there ho.

Giovanni Look to your daughter *Signior Florio*.

wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199

Enter Florio, Giovanni, Putana.

Florio Hold her up, she swoons.

Giovanni Sister how d'ee?

Annabella Sick, brother, are you there?

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

Putana Alas poor Child.

Exeunt, manet Soranzo.

Enter Vasques.

Vasques My Lord.

Soranzo Oh *Vasques*, now I doubly am undone.

Both in my present and my future hopes:
She plainly told me, that she could not love,
And thereupon soon sickened, and I fear
Her life's in danger.

img: 21-a
sig: F1v

wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207

Vasques By 'r lady Sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. — 'las sir,
I am sorry for that, may be 'tis but the *Maids' sickness*, an overflow
of youth, and then sir, there is no such present remedy,
as present Marriage. But hath she given you an absolute
denial?

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

Exeunt.

Enter Giovanni and Putana.

wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211

Putana Oh sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone,
And shamed forever; your sister, oh your sister.

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

Putana Oh that ever I was born to see this day.

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

Giovanni She is not dead, ha, is she?

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

Giovanni With child? how dost thou know 't?

Putana How do I know 't? am I at these years ignorant, what
the meaning's of Quames, and Waterpangs be? of changing of
Colors, Queasiness of stomachs, Pukings, and another thing
that I could name; do not (for her and your Credit's sake) spend
the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so; she is quick
upon my word, if you let a Physician see her water y' are
undone.

Giovanni But in what case is she?

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

Giovanni Commend me to her, bid her take no care,
Let not the Doctor visit her I charge you,
Make some excuse, till I return; *oh me*,
I have a world of business in my head,
Do not discomfort her; how do this news perplex me!
If my Father come to her, tell him she's recovered well,
Say 'twas but some ill diet; d'ee hear *Woman*,
Look you to 't.

Putana I will sir.

Exeunt.

img: 21-b
sig: F2r

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

*Enter Florio and **Richardetto***

Florio And how d'ee find her sir?

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

Florio Did you give her aught?

Richardetto An easy surfeit water, nothing else,
You need not doubt her health; I rather think
Her sickness is a fullness of her blood,
You understand me?

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

Richardetto Yet let not haste (sir) make unworthy choice,
That were dishonor.

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

Richardetto A noble and a virtuous Gentleman.

Florio As any is in *Parma*; not far hence,
Dwells Father *Bonaventure*, a grave Friar,
Once Tutor to my Son; now at his Cell

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

img: 22-a
sig: F2v

wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
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wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307

I'll have 'em married.

Richardetto You have plotted wisely.

Florio I'll send one straight

To speak with him tonight.

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

Florio It shall be so:

Enter Friar and Giovanni.

Friar Good peace be here and love.

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

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

Of ghostly comfort in this time of need,
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

Florio 'Twas well done *Giovanni*, thou herein
Hast showed a Christian's care, a Brother's love
Come Father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would entreat you.

Friar Say on sir.

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

Friar Gentle Sir,
All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her.

Exeunt.

Enter Grimaldi.

Grimaldi Now if the Doctor keep his word, *Soranzo*,
Twenty to one you miss your Bride; I know
'Tis an un noble act, and not becomes
A Soldier's valor; but in terms of love,
Where Merit cannot sway, Policy must.
I am resolved, if this Physician
Play not on both hands, then *Soranzo* falls.

Enter Richardetto.

Richardetto You are come as I could wish, this very night *Soranzo*,
'tis ordained must be affied to *Annabella*; and for aught
I know, married. *Grimaldi* How!

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

Grimaldi Have you the poison?

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

wln 1308

wln 1309

img: 22-b
sig: F3r

Grimaldi I'll speed him.
Richardetto Do; away, for 'tis not safe

wln 1310

You should be seen much here — ever my love.

wln 1311

Grimaldi And mine to you. *Exit Grimaldi*

wln 1312

Richardetto So, if this hit, I'll laugh and hug revenge;

wln 1313

And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,

wln 1314

May chance to mourn the lusty Bridegroom's ruin.

wln 1315

But to my other business; Niece *Philotis*.

wln 1316

Enter Philotis.

wln 1317

Philotis Uncle.

wln 1318

Richardetto My lovely Niece, you have bethought 'ee.

wln 1319

Philotis Yes, and as you counselled,

wln 1320

Fashioned my heart to love him, but he swears

wln 1321

He will tonight be married; for he fears

wln 1322

His Uncle else, if he should know the drift,

wln 1323

Will hinder all, and call his Coz to shrift.

wln 1324

Richardetto Tonight? why best of all; but let me see,

wln 1325

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

wln 1326

We'll early to the Friar's, I have thought on 't.

wln 1327

Enter Bergetto and Poggio

wln 1328

Philotis Uncle, he comes.

wln 1329

Richardetto Welcome my worthy Coz.

wln 1330

Bergetto Lass pretty Lass, come buss Lass; a ha *Poggio*.

wln 1331

Philotis There's hope of this yet.

wln 1332

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

wln 1333

Bergetto Have you not sweetmeats, or dainty devices for me?

wln 1334

Philotis You shall enough *Sweetheart*.

wln 1335

Bergetto *Sweetheart*, mark that *Poggio*; by my troth I cannot

wln 1336

choose but kiss thee once more for that word *Sweetheart*; *Poggio*,

wln 1337

I have a monstrous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever
the matter be.

wln 1338

Poggio You shall have Physic for 't sir.

wln 1339

Richardetto Time runs apace.

wln 1340

Bergetto Time's a blockhead.

wln 1341

Richardetto Be ruled, when we have done what's fit to do,

wln 1342

Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too. *Exeunt.*

wln 1343

wln 1344

wln 1344

wln 1344

wln 1344

img: 23-a
sig: F3v

wln 1345

*Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair, Annabella kneeling
and whispering to him, a Table before them and wax-lights,
she weeps, and wrings her hands.*

wln 1346

wln 1347

wln 1348

Friar I am glad to see this penance; for believe me,
You have unripped a soul, so foul and guilty.

wln 1349

wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379

img: 23-b
sig: F4r

wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394

wln 1395

As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up, but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whiles I do read a Lecture.

Annabella Wretched creature.

Friar Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched.

Almost condemned alive; there is *a place*
(List daughter) in a black and hollow Vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no Sun,
But flaming horror of consuming Fires;
A lightless Sulphur, choked with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in *this place*
Dwell many thousand, thousand sundry sorts
Of never dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity, there are Gluttons fed
With Toads and Adders; there is burning Oil
Poured down the Drunkard's throat, the Usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten Gold;
There is the Murderer forever stabbed,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On Racks of burning steel, whiles in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

Annabella Mercy, oh mercy.

Friar There stands these wretched things.

Who have dreamt out whole years in lawless sheets
And secret incests, cursing one another;
Then you will wish, each kiss your brother gave,
Had been a Dagger's point; Then you shall hear
How he will cry, oh would my wicked sister
Had first been damned, when she did yield to lust.

But soft, methinks I see repentance work
New motions in your heart, say? how is't with you?

Annabella Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

Friar There is, despair not; Heaven is merciful,

And offers grace even now; 'tis thus agreed,
First, for your Honor's safety that you marry
The Lord *Soranzo*, next, to save your soul,
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Annabella Ay me.

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

Annabella I am.

Friar I like it well, we'll take the time,
Who's near us there?

Enter Florio, Giovanni.

wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405

Florio Did you call Father?
Friar Is Lord *Soranzo* come?
Florio he stays below.
Friar Have you acquainted him at full?
Florio I have and he is overjoyed.
Friar And so are we: bid him come near.
Giovanni My Sister weeping, ha? I fear this *Friar*'s falsehood,
I will call him. *Exit.*
Florio Daughter, are you resolved?
Annabella Father, I am.

wln 1406

Enter Giovanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.

wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413

Florio My Lord *Soranzo*, here
Give me your hand, for that I give you this.
Soranzo Lady, say you so too?
Annabella I do, and vow, to live with you and yours.
Friar Timely resolved:
My blessing rest on both, more to be done,
You may perform it on the Morning-sun. *Exeunt.*

img: 24-a
sig: F4v

wln 1414
wln 1415

*Enter Grimaldi with his Rapier drawn,
and a Dark-lantern.*

wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418

Grimaldi 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon
To finish such a work; here I will lie
To listen who comes next. *He lies down.*

wln 1419
wln 1420

*Enter Bergetto and Philotis disguised, and after
Richardetto and Poggio.*

wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437

Bergetto We are almost at the place, I hope *Sweetheart*.
Grimaldi I hear them near, and heard one say *Sweetheart*,
'Tis he; now guide my hand some angry *Justice*
Home to his bosom, now have at you sir. *strikes Bergetto and Exit.*
Bergetto Oh help, help, here's a stitch fallen in my guts,
Oh for a Flesh-tailor quickly — *Poggio*.
Philotis What ails my love?
Bergetto I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward and yet
I am wet before and behind, lights, lights, ho lights.
Philotis Alas, some Villain here has slain my love.
Richardetto Oh Heaven forbid it; raise up the next neighbors
Instantly *Poggio*, and bring lights, *Exit Poggio.*
How is't *Bergetto*? slain?
It cannot be; are you sure y' are hurt?
Bergetto O my belly seethes like a Porridge-pot, some cold water
I shall boil over else; my whole body is in a sweat, that you
may wring my shirt; feel here — why *Poggio*.

wln 1438

Enter Poggio with Officers, and lights and Halberds.

wln 1439

Poggio Here; alas, how do you?

wln 1440

Richardetto Give me a light, what's here? all blood! O sirs,

wln 1441

Signior Donado's Nephew now is slain,

wln 1442

Follow the murderer with all the haste

wln 1443

Up to the City, he cannot be far hence,

wln 1444

Follow I beseech you.

wln 1445

Officers. Follow, follow, follow.

Exeunt Officers.

img: 24-b

sig: G1r

wln 1446

Richardetto Tear off thy linen Coz, to stop his wounds,
Be of good comfort man.

wln 1447

wln 1448

Bergetto Is all this mine own blood? nay then goodnight with
me, *Poggio*. commend me to my Uncle, dost hear? bid him for
my sake make much of this wench, oh — I am going the wrong
way sure, my belly aches so — oh farewell, *Poggio* — oh —
oh —

Dies.

wln 1453

Philotis O he is dead.

wln 1454

Poggio How! dead!

wln 1455

Richardetto He's dead indeed,

wln 1456

'Tis now too late to weep, let's have him home,

wln 1457

And with what speed we may, find out the Murderer.

wln 1458

Poggio Oh my Master, my Master, my Master.

Exeunt.

wln 1459

Enter Vasques and Hippolita.

wln 1460

Hippolita Betrothed?

wln 1461

Vasques I saw it.

wln 1462

Hippolita And when's the marriage-day?

wln 1463

Vasques Some two days hence.

wln 1464

Hippolita Two days? Why man I would but wish two hours

wln 1465

To send him to his last, and lasting sleep.

wln 1466

And *Vasques* thou shalt see, I'll do it bravely.

wln 1467

Vasques I do not doubt your wisdom, nor (I trust) you my secrecy,
I am infinitely yours.

wln 1468

Hippolita I will be thine in spite of my disgrace,

wln 1469

So soon? o wicked man, I durst be sworn,

wln 1470

He'd laugh to see me weep.

wln 1471

Vasques And that's a Villainous fault in him.

wln 1472

Hippolita No, let him laugh, I'm armed in my resolves

wln 1473

Be thou still true.

wln 1474

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

wln 1475

Hippolita Even to my bosom *Vasques*, let *My youth*

wln 1476

Revel in these new pleasures, if we thrive,

wln 1477

He now hath but a pair of days to live.

Exeunt.

wln 1478

Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio and Officers.

wln 1479

Florio 'Tis bootless now to show yourself a child

wln 1480

wln 1481

img: 25-a

sig: G1v

wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
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wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510

Signior Donado, what is done, is done;
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for Justice.
Richardetto I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,
That had not first acquainted you what love
Passed twixt him and my Niece, but as I live,
His Fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

Donado **Alas** poor Creature, he meant no man harm,
That I am sure of.

Florio I believe that too;
But stay my Masters, are you sure you saw
The Murderer pass here?

Officer And it please you sir, we are sure we saw a Ruffian
with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my Lord
Cardinal's Grace's gate, that we are sure of; but for fear of his
Grace (bless us) we durst go no further.

Donado Know you what manner of man he was?

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

Florio *Grimaldi* on my life.

Officer Ay, ay, the same.

Richardetto The Cardinal is Noble, he no doubt
Will give true Justice.

Donado Knock some one at the gate,

Poggio I'll knock sir.

Poggio knocks.

Servant *within*. What would 'ee?

Florio We require speech with the Lord Cardinal
About some present business, pray inform
His Grace, that we are here.

Enter Cardinal and Grimaldi.

Cardinal Why how now friends? what saucy mates are you
That know nor duty nor Civility?
Are we a person fit to be your host?
Or is our house become your common Inn
To beat our doors at pleasure? what such haste
Is yours as that it cannot wait fit times?

img: 25-b
sig: G2r

wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527

Are you the Masters of this Commonwealth
And know no more discretion? oh your news
Is here before you, you have lost a Nephew
Donado, last night by *Grimaldi* slain:
Is that your business? well sir, we have knowledge on 't.
Let that suffice.

Grimaldi In presence of your Grace,
In thought I never meant *Bergetto* harm,
But *Florio* you can tell, with how much scorn
Soranzo backed with his Confederates,

wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
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wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554

img: 26-a
sig: G2v

wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

Hath often wronged me; I to be revenged,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought by way of Ambush to have killed him,
But was unluckily, therein mistook;
Else he had felt what late *Bergetto* did:
And though my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your Grace,
To do with me as you please.

Cardinal Rise up *Grimaldi*,
You Citizens of *Parma*, if you seek
For Justice; Know as *Nuncio* from the Pope,
For this offense I here receive *Grimaldi*
Into his holiness' protection.
He is no Common man, but nobly born;
Of Prince's blood, though you Sir *Florio*,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter
If more you seek for, you must go to *Rome*,
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.
Bury your dead — away *Grimaldi* — leave 'em.

*Exit Cardinal
and Grimaldi*

Donado Is this a Churchman's voice? dwells *Justice* here?

Florio *Justice* is fled to Heaven and comes no nearer
Soranzo, was't for him? O Impudence!
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?
Come, come *Donado*, there's no help in this,
When *Cardinals* think murder's not amiss,
Great men may do their wills, we must obey,
But Heaven will judge them for 't another day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

A Banquet.

Hautboys.

*Enter the Friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donado,
Florio, Richardetto, Putana and Vasques.*

Friar These holy rights performed, now take your times,
To spend the remnant of the day in Feast;
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the Saints
Who are your guests, though not with mortal eyes
To be beheld; long prosper in this day
You happy Couple, to each other's joy:

Soranzo Father, your prayer is heard, the hand of goodness
Hath been a shield for me against my death;
And more to bless me, hath enriched my life
With this most precious Jewel; such a prize
As Earth hath not another like to this.
Cheer up my Love, and Gentlemen, my Friends,
Rejoice with me in mirth, this day we'll crown

wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585

img: 26-b
sig: G3r

wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601

wln 1602

wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617

With lusty Cups to *Annabella's* health.

Giovanni Oh Torture, were the marriage yet undone, *Aside.*
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my Love
Clipped by another, I would dare Confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

Vasques Are you not well Sir?

Giovanni Prithee fellow wait,
I need not thy officious diligence.

Florio Signior *Donado*, come you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

Soranzo *Vasques*?

Vasques My Lord.

Soranzo Reach me that weighty bowl,
Here brother *Giovanni*, here's to you,

Your turn comes next, though now a Bachelor,
Here's to your sister's happiness and mine.

Giovanni I cannot drink.

Soranzo What?

Giovanni 'Twill indeed offend me

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

Florio How now, what noise is this?

Vasques O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certain young Maidens
of *Parma* in honor to Madam *Annabella's* marriage, have sent
their loves to her in a Masque, for which they humbly crave
your patience and silence.

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

Hautboys.

*Enter Hippolita and Ladies in white Robes with
Garlands of Willows.*

Music and a Dance.

Dance.

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

Hippolita Yes, you shall know,
What think you now?

Omnes *Hippolita*?

Hippolita 'Tis she,
Be not amazed; nor blush young lovely Bride,
I come not to defraud you of your man,
'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk
What *Parma* long hath rumored of us both,
Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it
Will (like a bubble) break itself at last.
But now to you *Sweet Creature*, lend's your hand,
Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim

wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621

img: 27-a
sig: G3v

Some interest in *Soranzo*, now your Lord,
What I have right to do, his soul knows best:
But in my duty to your Noble worth,
Sweet *Annabella*, and my care of you,

wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
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wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
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'll once more join, what by the holy Church
Is finished and allowed; have I done well?
Soranzo You have too much engaged us.
Hippolita One thing more
That you may know my single charity,
Freely I here remit all interest
I ere could claim; and give you back your vows,
And to confirm 't, reach me a Cup of wine
My Lord *Soranzo*, in this draught I drink,
Long rest 'ee —look to it *Vasques*.

Vasques Fear nothing — *He gives her a poisoned Cup,*

Soranzo Hippolita, I thank you, and will pledge *She drinks.*

This happy Union as another life,
Wine there.

Vasques You shall have none, neither shall you pledge her.

Hippolita How!

Vasques Know now Mistress she devil, your own mischievous treachery
Hath killed you, I must not marry you.

Hippolita Villain.

Omnes. What's the matter?

Vasques Foolish woman, thou art now like a Firebrand, that
hath kindled others and burnt thyself; *Troppo sperar inganna*,
thy vain hope hath deceived thee, thou art but dead, if thou
hast any grace, pray.

Hippolita Monster.

Vasques Die in charity for shame,
This thing of malice, this woman had privately corrupted me
with promise of malice, under this politic reconciliation to
to poison my Lord, whiles she might laugh at his Confusion
on his marriage-day; I promised her fair, but I knew what my
reward should have been, and would willingly have spared her
life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition,
and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin,
there she is, she hath yet — and end thy days in
peace vile woman, as for life there's no hope, think not on 't.

Omnes. Wonderful Justice!

img: 27-b
sig: G4r

wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662

Richardetto Heaven thou art righteous.
Hippolita O 'tis true,
I feel my minute coming, had that slave
Kept promise, (o my torment) thou this hour

wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
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wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695

Hadst died *Soranzo* — heat above hellfire —
Yet ere I pass away — Cruel, cruel flames —
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart,
Burn blood and boil in Vengeance — o my heart,
My Flame's intolerable — mayst thou live
To father Bastards, may her womb bring forth
Monsters, and die together in your sins
Hated, scorned and unpitied — oh — oh —

Dies.

Florio Was e'er so vile a Creature?

Richardetto Here's the end

Of lust and pride. *Annabella* It is a fearful sight.

Soranzo *Vasques*, I know thee now a trusty servant,
And never will forget thee — come *My Love*,
We'll home, and thank the Heavens for this escape,
Father and Friends, we must break up this mirth,
It is too sad a Feast.

Donado Bear hence the body.

Friar Here's an ominous change,
Mark this my *Giovanni*, and take heed,
I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

Exeunt.

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

Richardetto My wretched wife more wretched in her shame
Then in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon
The forfeit of her modesty and life.
And I am sure (my Niece) though vengeance hover,
Keeping aloof yet from *Soranzo's* fall,
Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.
I need not (now my heart persuades me so)
To further his confusion; there is one
Above begins to work, for as I hear,
Debate's already twixt his wife and him,

img: 28-a
sig: G4v

wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710

Thicken and run to head; she (as 'tis said)
Sleightens his love, and he abandons hers
Much talk I hear, since things go thus (my Niece)
In tender love and pity of your youth,
My counsel is, that you should free your years
From hazard of these woes; by flying hence
To fair *Cremona*, there to vow your soul
In holiness a holy Votaress,
Leave me to see the end of these extremes
All human worldly courses are uneven,
No life is blessed but the way to Heaven.

Philotis Uncle, shall I resolve to be a Nun?

Richardetto Ay gentle Niece; and in your hourly prayers
Remember me your poor unhappy Uncle;
Hie to *Cremona* now, as Fortune leads,

wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715

Your home, your cloister, your best Friends, your beads,
Your chaste and single life shall crown your Birth,
Who dies a Virgin, live a Saint on earth.
Philotis Then farewell world, and worldly thoughts adieu,
Welcome chaste vows, myself I yield to you. *Exeunt.*

wln 1716

Enter Soranzo unbraced, and Annabella dragged in.

wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730

Soranzo Come strumpet, famous whore, were every drop
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins
A life, this Sword, (dost see 't) should in one blow
Confound them all, Harlot, rare, notable Harlot,
That with thy brazen face maintainst thy sin
Was there no man in *Parma* to be bawd
To your loose cunning whoredom else but I?
Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,
The heyday of your luxury be fed
Up to a surfeit, and could none but I
Be picked out to be cloak to your close tricks,
Your belly-sports? Now I must be the Dad
To all that gallimaufry that's stuffed
In thy Corrupted bastard-bearing womb,

img: 28-b
sig: H1r

wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756

Say, must I?
Annabella Beastly man, why 'tis thy fate:
I sued not to thee, for, but that I thought
Your *Over-loving Lordship* would have run
Mad on denial, had ye lent me time,
I would have told 'ee in what case I was,
But you would needs be doing.
Soranzo Whore of whores!
Dar'st thou tell me this?
Annabella O yes, why not?
You were deceived in me; 'twas not for love
I chose you, but for honor; yet know this,
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,
I'd see whether I could love you.
Soranzo Excellent Queen!
Why art thou not with Child?
Annabella What needs all this,
When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.
Soranzo Tell me by whom.
Annabella Soft sir, 'twas not in my bargain.
Yet somewhat sir to stay your longing stomach
I'm content t' acquaint you with; *The man*,
The more than *Man* that got this sprightly Boy,
(For 'tis a Boy that for glory sir,
Your heir shall be a Son,)
Soranzo Damnable Monster.

wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767

img: 29-a
sig: H1v

Annabella Nay and you will not hear, I'll speak no more.
Soranzo Yes speak, and speak thy last.
Annabella A match, a match;
This *Noble Creature* was in every part
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,
Who had not been but human as was I,
Would have kneeled to him, and have begged for love.
You, why you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or indeed,
Unless you kneeled, to hear another name him.
Soranzo What was he called?

wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
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wln 1782
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wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803

Annabella We are not come to that,
Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory,
To *Father* what so *Brave a Father* got.
In brief, had not this chance, fallen out as't doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
That you had been a *Creature*; but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.
Soranzo Tell me his name.
Annabella Alas, alas, there's all
Will you believe?
Soranzo What?
Annabella You shall never know. *Soranzo* How!
Annabella Never,
If you do, let me be cursed.
Soranzo Not know it, Strumpet, I'll rip up thy heart,
And find it there.
Annabella Do, do.
Soranzo And with my teeth,
Tear the prodigious lecher joint by joint.
Annabella Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry.
Soranzo Dost thou laugh?
Come *Whore*, tell me your lover, or by Truth
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't
Annabella *Che morte plus dolce che morire per amore.* sings.
Soranzo Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust belepered body through the dust.
Yet tell his name.
Annabella *Morendo in gratia Lei morirei senza dolore.* sings
Soranzo Dost thou Triumph? the Treasure of the Earth
Shall not redeem thee, were there kneeling Kings,
Did beg thy life, or Angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage; dost thou not tremble yet?
Annabella At what? to die; No, be a *Gallant hangman*
I dare thee to the worst, strike, and strike home,
I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel 't.

img: 29-b

wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
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wln 1821
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wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840

Soranzo Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,
Knows thy old Father this? *Annabella* No by my life.

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

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

Soranzo I will not slack my Vengeance.

Enter Vasques.

Vasques What d'ee mean Sir?

Soranzo Forbear *Vasques*, such a damned *Whore*
Deserves no pity.

Vasques Now the gods forefend!

And would you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too?

O 'twere most unmanlike; she is your wife, what faults hath
been done by her before she married you, were not against you;
alas *Poor Lady*, what hath she committed, which any Lady
in *Italy* in the like case would not? Sir, you must be ruled by
your reason, and not by your fury, that were unhuman and
beastly.

Soranzo She shall not live.

Vasques Come she must; you would have her confess the Authors
of her present misfortunes I warrant 'ee, 'tis an unconscionable
demand, and she should lose the estimation that I (for
my part) hold of her worth, if she had done it; why sir you
ought not of all men living to know it: good sir be reconciled,
alas good gentlewoman.

Annabella Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life
As nothing; if *The man* will needs be mad.

Why let him take it.

Soranzo *Vasques*, hear'st thou this?

Vasques Yes, and commend her for it; in this she shows the nobleness
of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes
her rarely — Sir, in any case smother your revenge; leave
the scenting out your wrongs to me, be ruled as you respect
your honor, or you mar all — Sir, if ever my service were of
any Credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you
are married now; what a triumph might the report of this give
to other neglected Suitors, 'tis as manlike to bear extremities,
as godlike to forgive.

wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849

Soranzo O *Vasques*, *Vasques*, in this piece of flesh,
This faithless face of hers, had I laid up
The treasure of my heart; hadst thou been virtuous
(Fair wicked woman) not the matchless joys
Of Life itself had made me wish to live
With any Saint but thee; *Deceitful Creature*,
How hast thou mocked my hopes, and in the shame
Of thy lewd womb, even buried me alive?
I did too dearly love thee.

wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877

img: 30-b
sig: H3r

wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897

Vasques This is well;
Follow this temper with some passion, *Aside.*
Be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.
Soranzo Be witness to my words thy soul and thoughts,
And tell me didst not think that in my heart,
I did too superstitiously adore thee.
Annabella I must confess, I know you loved me well.
Soranzo And wouldst thou use me thus? O *Annabella*,
Be thus assured, whatsoe'er the Villain was,
That thus hath tempted thee to *This disgrace*,
Well he might lust, but never loved like me:
He doted on the picture that hung out
Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye;
Not on the part I loved, which was thy heart,
And as I thought, thy Virtues.
Annabella O my Lord!
These words wound deeper than your Sword could do.
Vasques Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin to weep myself,
so much I pity him; why *Madam* I knew when his rage
was overpast, what it would come to.
Soranzo Forgive me *Annabella*, though thy youth
Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,
Yet will not I forget what I should be,
And what I am, a husband; in that name
Is hid Divinity; if I do find
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit
all former faults, and take thee to my bosom.
Vasques By my troth, and that's a point of noble charity.

Annabella Sir on my knees —
Soranzo Rise up, you shall not kneel,
Get you to your chamber, see you make no show
Of alteration, I'll be with you straight;
My reason tells me now, that *'Tis as common*
To err in frailty as to be a woman,
Go to your chamber. *Exit Annabella.*
Vasques So, this was somewhat to the matter; what do you
think of your heaven of happiness now sir?
Soranzo I carry hell about me, all my blood
Is fired in swift revenge.
Vasques That may be, but know you how, or on whom? alas,
to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your
hand, is a usual sport in these days; but to know what *Secret*
it was that haunted your *Cunny-berry*, there's the cunning.
Soranzo I'll make her tell herself, or —
Vasques Or what? you must not do so, let me yet persuade your
sufferance a little while, go to her, use her mildly, win her if
it be possible to a Voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if
all hit, I will not miss my mark; pray sir go in, the next news

wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914

img: 31-a
sig: H3v

wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945

I tell you shall be wonders.

Soranzo Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow. *Exit.*

Vasques Ah sirrah, here's work for the nonce; I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago; but after *My Madam's* scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud faultfinding, then I remembered the Proverb, that *Where Hens crow, and Cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses*; 'sfoot, if the lower parts of a *She-tailor's Cunning*, can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whiles I live again; up and up so quick? and so quickly too? 'twere a fine policy to learn by whom this must be known: and I have thought on 't — here's the way or none — what crying old Mistress! alas, alas, I cannot blame 'ee, we have a Lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

Enter Putana.

Putana O *Vasques*, that ever I was born to see this day,

Doth he use thee so too, sometimes *Vasques*?

Vasques Me? why he makes a dog of me; but if some were of my mind, I know what we would do; as sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my Lady with unkindness; say she be with-child, is that such a matter for a young woman of her years, to be blamed for?

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

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

Putana Do you think so?

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

Putana Heaven forgive us all, I know a little *Vasques*.

Vasques Why should you not? who else should? upon my Conscience she loves you dearly, and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

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

Vasques 'Twere pity of your life if you should, but *In this* you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my Lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

Putana Dost think so *Vasques*?

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

Putana 'Twas a dear friend indeed; but —

Vasques But what? fear not to name him: my life between you and danger; faith I think 'twas no base Fellow.

Putana Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951

img: 31-b
sig: H4r

Vasques Ud's pity, what else; you shall be rewarded too; trust me.
Putana 'Twas even no worse than her own brother.
Vasques Her brother *Giovanni* I warrant 'ee?
Putana Even he *Vasques*; as brave a Gentleman as ever kissed
fair Lady; O they love most perpetually.
Vasques A brave Gentleman indeed, why therein I Commend

wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
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wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988

img: 32-a
sig: H4v

her choice — better and better — you are sure 'twas he?
Putana Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her
too.
Vasques He were to blame if he would: but may I believe thee?
Putana Believe me! why dost think I am a Turk or a Jew?
no *Vasques*, I have known their dealings too long to belie them
now.
Vasques Where are you? there within sirs?
Enter Banditti.
Putana How now, what are these?
Vasques You shall know presently,
Come sirs, take me *This old Damnable hag*,
Gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly.
Putana *Vasques*, *Vasques*.
Vasques Gag her I say 'sfoot d'ee suffer her to prate? what d'ee
fumble about? let me come to her, I'll help your old gums,
you Toad-bellied bitch; sirs, carry her closely into the Coalhouse,
and put out her eyes instantly, if she roars, slit her
nose; d'ee hear, be speedy and sure. Why this is excellent and
above expectation. *Exit with* Putana.
Her own brother? O horrible! to what a height of liberty in
damnation hath the Devil trained our age, her Brother, well;
there's yet but a beginning, I must to my Lord, and tutor him
better in his points of vengeance; now I see how a smooth tale
goes beyond a smooth tail, but soft, —
what thing comes next? *Enter* Giovanni.
Giovanni! as I would wish; my belief is strengthened,
'Tis as firm as Winter and Summer.
Giovanni Where's my Sister?
Vasques Troubled with a new sickness my Lord she's somewhat ill.
Giovanni Took too much of the flesh I believe.
Vasques Troth sir and you I think have e'en hit it,
But *My virtuous Lady*.
Giovanni Where's she?
Vasques In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone, your liberality
hath doubly made me your servant, and ever shall ever — *Exit* Giovanni
Sir, I am made a man, I have plied my Cue with cunning *Enter* Soranzo.

wln 1989
wln 1990

and success, I beseech you let's be private.
Soranzo My Lady's brother's come, now he'll know all.

wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001

Vasques Let him know 't, I have made some of them fast enough,
How have you dealt with my Lady?

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

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

Soranzo No Conquest can gain glory of my fear. *Exit.*

wln 2002

Actus Quintus.

wln 2003

Enter Annabella above.

wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020

Annabella Pleasure's farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes,
Wherein *False joys* have spun a weary life,
To these my Fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou *Precious Time*, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate; here stay thy restless course,
And bear to Ages that are yet unborn,
A wretched woeful woman's *Tragedy*,
My Conscience now stands up against my lust
With dispositions charactered in guilt,
And tells me I am lost: *Now* I confess,
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,
Is cursed if it be not clothed with grace:
Here like a Turtle (mewed up in a Cage)
Unmated, I converse with Air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
O *Giovanni*, that hast had the spoil

Enter Friar.

img: 32-b
sig: 11r

wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034

Of thine own virtues and my modest fame,
Would thou hadst been less subject to those Stars
That luckless reigned at my Nativity:
O would the scourge due to my black offense
Might pass from thee, that *I alone* might feel
The torment of an uncontrolled flame.

Friar What's this I hear?

Annabella That man, that *Blessed Friar*,
Who joined in Ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am; told me oft,
I trod the path to death, and showed me how.
But they who sleep in Lethargies of Lust
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust,
And so did I.

wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057

img: 33-a
sig: IIv

wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067

wln 2068

wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080

Friar Here's Music to the soul.
Annabella Forgive me my *Good Genius*, and this once
Be helpful to my ends; Let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper double lined with tears and blood:
Which being granted; here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have died in.

Friar Lady, Heaven hath heard you,
And hath by providence ordained, that I
should be his Minister for your behoof.

Annabella Ha, what are you?

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

Annabella Is Heaven so bountiful? then I have found
More favor than I hoped; here *Holy man* — *Throws a letter,*
Commend me to my Brother give him that,
That Letter; bid him read it and repent,
Tell him that I (imprisoned in my chamber,
Barred of all company, even of *My Guardian*,
Who gives me cause of much suspect) have time

To blush at what hath passed: bid him be wise,
And not believe the Friendship of my Lord,
I fear much more than I can speak: *Good father*,
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy,
I must break off — you'll do 't?

Friar Be sure I will;
And fly with speed — my blessing ever rest
With thee my daughter, live to die more blessed. *Exit Friar*

Annabella Thanks to the heavens, who have prolonged my breath
To this good use: Now I can welcome Death. *Exit.*

Enter Soranzo and Vasques.

Vasques Am I to be believed now?
First, marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to
laugh at your horns? to feast on your disgrace, riot in your vexations,
cuckold you in your bridebed, waste your estate upon
Panders and Bawds?

Soranzo No more, I say no more.

Vasques *A Cuckold is a goodly tame beast my Lord.*

Soranzo I am resolved; urge not another word,
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in mean time I'll cause our Lady
To deck herself in all her bridal Robes,
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.

wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093

img: 33-b
sig: I2r

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

Begone; yet hear you, are the *Banditti* ready
To wait in Ambush?

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

Soranzo With all the cunning words thou canst, invite
The States of *Parma* to my Birthday's feast,
Haste to my *Brother rival* and his Father,
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail,
Be speedy and return.

Vasques Let not your pity betray you, till my coming back,
Think upon *Incest* and *Cuckoldry*.

Soranzo Revenge is all the Ambition I aspire,
To that I'll climb or fall; my blood's on fire.

Exeunt.

Enter Giovanni.

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

Enter Friar.

Father, you enter on the *Jubilee*
Of my retired delights; Now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted, is naught else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear;
And I could prove it too —

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

*Gives the
Letter.*

Giovanni From whom?

Friar Unrip the seals and see:
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congealed Coral.
Why d'ee change color son?

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

Friar Thy Conscience youth is seared,

wln 2128

wln 2129

img: 34-a
sig: I2v

wln 2130

wln 2131

wln 2132

wln 2133

wln 2134

wln 2135

wln 2136

wln 2137

wln 2138

wln 2139

wln 2140

wln 2141

wln 2142

wln 2143

wln 2144

wln 2145

wln 2146

wln 2147

wln 2148

wln 2149

wln 2150

wln 2151

wln 2152

wln 2153

wln 2154

wln 2155

wln 2156

wln 2157

wln 2158

wln 2159

wln 2160

wln 2161

wln 2162

wln 2163

wln 2164

wln 2165

wln 2166

img: 34-b
sig: I3r

wln 2167

wln 2168

wln 2169

wln 2170

wln 2171

wln 2172

Else thou wouldst stoop to warning.

Giovanni 'Tis her hand,

I know 't; and 'tis all written in her blood.

She writes I know not what; Death? I'll not fear

An armed thunderbolt aimed at my heart.

She writes we are discovered, pox on dreams

Of low faint-hearted Cowardice; discovered?

The Devil we are; which way is't possible?

Are we grown Traitors to our own delights?

Confusion take such dotage, 'tis but forged,

This is your peevish chattering weak old man,

Now sir, what news bring you?

Enter Vasques.

Vasques My Lord, according to his yearly custom keeping this

day a Feast in honor of his Birthday, by me invites you thither;

your worthy Father with the Pope's reverend *Nuncio*, and

other Magnificoes of *Parma*, have promised their presence, wilt

please you to be of the number?

Giovanni Yes, tell them I dare come.

Vasques Dare come?

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

Vasques These words are strange to me.

Giovanni Say I will come.

Vasques You will not miss?

Giovanni Yet more, I'll come; sir, are you answered?

Vasques So I'll say — my service to you.

Exit Vasques

Friar You will not go I trust.

Giovanni Not go? for what?

Friar O do not go, this feast (I'll gage my life)

Is but a plot to train you to your ruin,

Be ruled, you sha' not go.

Giovanni Not go? stood Death

Threat'ning his armies of confounding plagues,

With hosts of dangers hot as blazing Stars,

I would be there; not go? yes and resolve

To strike as deep in slaughter as they all.

For I will go.

Friar Go where thou wilt, I see

The wildness of thy Fate draws to an end,

To a bad fearful end; I must not stay

To know thy fall, back to *Bononia* I

With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.

Parma farewell, would I had never known thee,

Or aught of thine; well *Young man*, since no prayer

Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair.

Exit Friar

wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181

Despair or tortures of a thousand hells
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots
Be all a man my soul; let not the Curse
Of old prescription rent from me the gall
Of Courage, which enrolls a glorious death.
If I must totter like a well-grown Oak,
Some under shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crushed to splits: with me they all shall perish. *Exit.*

wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202

Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Banditti.
Soranzo You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?
Vasques I will undertake for their parts; be sure my Masters to
be bloody enough, and as unmerciful, as if you were praying
upon a rich booty on the very Mountains of *Liguria*; for your
pardons trust to my Lord; but for reward you shall trust none
but your own pockets.
Banditti omnes. We'll make a murder.
Soranzo Here's gold, here's more; want nothing, what you do
is noble, and an act of brave revenge.
I'll make ye rich *Banditti* and all Free.
Omnes. Liberty, liberty.
Vasques Hold, take every man a Vizard; when ye are withdrawn,
keep as much silence as you can possibly: you know
the watchword, till which be spoken move not, but when you
hear *that*, rush in like a stormy-flood; I need not instruct ye
in your own profession.
Omnes. No, no, no.
Vasques In then, your ends are profit and preferment — away. *Exit*
Soranzo The guests will all come *Vasques*? *Banditti.*
Vasques Yes sir,

img: 35-a
sig: I3v

wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219

and now let me a little edge your resolution;
you see nothing is unready to this *Great work*, but a great mind
in you: Call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of
Honor, *Hippolita's* blood; and arm your courage in your own
wrongs, so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance
which you may truly call *Your own*.
Soranzo 'Tis well; the less I speak, the more I burn,
and blood shall quench that flame.
Vasques Now you begin to turn Italian, this beside, when my
young *Incest-monger* comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit:
give him time enough, let him have your Chamber and bed at liberty;
let my *Hot Hare* have law ere he be hunted to his death,
that if it be possible, he may post to Hell in the very Act of his
damnation.
Soranzo It shall be so; and see as we would wish,
He comes himself first; welcome my *Much-loved brother*,
Now I perceive you honor me; y' are welcome,

Enter
Giovanni.

wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232

But where's my father?
Giovanni With the other States,
Attending on the *Nuncio* of the Pope
To wait upon him hither; how's my sister?
Soranzo Like a good huswife scarcely ready yet,
Y' are best walk to her chamber.
Giovanni If you will.
Soranzo I must expect my honorable Friends,
Good brother get her forth.
Giovanni You are busy Sir. *Exit Giovanni.*
Vasques Even as the great Devil himself would have it, let him
go and glut himself in his own destruction; hark, the *Nuncio*
is at hand; good sir be ready to receive him.

wln 2233

Flourish. *Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Richardetto and Attendants.*

wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237

Soranzo Most reverend Lord, this grace hath made me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this Noble Favor.
Cardinal You are our Friend my Lord, his holiness

img: 35-b
sig: 14r

wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248

Shall understand, how zealously you honor
Saint Peter's Vicar in his substitute
Our special love to you.
Soranzo Signiors to you
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy,
Pleaseth your Grace to walk near?
Cardinal My Lord, we come
To celebrate your Feast with Civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.
Soranzo Attend his grace there, Signiors keep your way. *Exeunt*

wln 2249

Enter Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed.

wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263

Giovanni What changed so soon? hath your new sprightly Lord
Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know in our simplicity? ha! is't so?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths?
Annabella Why should you jest
At my Calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in?
Giovanni What danger's half so great as thy revolt?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside
Would stoop to my bent-brows; why I hold Fate
Clasped in my fist, and could Command the Course
Of time's eternal motion; hadst thou been,

wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272

img: 36-a
sig: I4v

One thought more steady than an ebbing Sea.
And what? you'll now be honest, that's resolved?
Annabella Brother, dear brother, know what I have been;
And know that now there's but a dying time
Twixt us and our Confusion: let's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas, these gay attires were not put on
But to some end; this sudden solemn Feast
Was not ordained to riot in expense;

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 have now been chambered here alone,
Barred of my Guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access; be not deceived *My Brother*,
This Banquet is an harbinger of Death
To you and me, resolve yourself it is,
And be prepared to welcome it.
Giovanni Well then,
The *Schoolmen* teach that all this Globe of earth
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.
Annabella So I have read too.
Giovanni But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the Waters burn, could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or Heaven.
Annabella That's most certain.
Giovanni A dream, a dream; else in this other world
We should know one another.
Annabella So we shall.
Giovanni Have you heard so?
Annabella For certain.
Giovanni But d'ee think,
That I shall see you there,
You look on me,
May we kiss one another,
Prate or laugh,
Or do as we do here?
Annabella I know not that,
But good for the present, what d'ee mean
To free yourself from danger? some way, think
How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.
Giovanni Look up, look here; what see you in my face?
Annabella Distraction and a troubled Countenance.
Giovanni Death and a swift repining wrath — yet look,
What see you in mine eyes?
Annabella Methinks you weep.
Giovanni I do indeed; these are the funeral tears

img: 36-b
sig: K1r

wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
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wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346

Shed on your grave, these furrowed up my cheeks
When first I loved and knew not how to woe.
Fair *Annabella*, should I here repeat
The Story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the Air,
And all things else that are; that Day and Night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to *Annabella's* sacred love,
Hath been *these tears*, which are *her mourners now*:
Never till now did Nature do her best,
To show *a matchless beauty* to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous Destinies require again.
Pray *Annabella*, pray; since we must part,
Go thou white in thy soul, to fill a Throne
Of Innocence and Sanctity in Heaven.
Pray, pray my Sister.
Annabella Then I see your drift,
Ye blessed Angels, guard me.
Giovanni So say I,
Kiss me; if ever after times should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The Laws of *Conscience* and of *Civil use*
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, *That love* will wipe away that rigor,
Which would in other *Incests* be abhorred.
Give me your hand; how sweetly Life doth run
In these well colored veins! how constantly
These Palms do promise health! but I could chide
With Nature for this Cunning flattery,
Kiss me again — forgive me.
Annabella With my heart.
Giovanni Farewell.
Annabella Will you begone?
Giovanni Be dark bright Sun,
And make this midday night, that thy guilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendor

img: 37-a
sig: K1v

wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356

More sooty, than the *Poets* feign their *Styx*.
One other kiss my Sister.
Annabella What means this?
Giovanni To save thy fame and kill thee in a kiss. *stabs her.*
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand,
Revenge is mine; Honor doth love Command.
Annabella Oh brother by your hand?
Giovanni When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for 't; for to dispute
With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,

wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376

Would make me stagger to perform *this act*
Which I most glory in.
Annabella Forgive him Heaven — and me my sins, farewell.
Brother unkind, unkind — mercy great Heaven — oh — oh. *Dies.*
Giovanni She's dead, alas good soul; *The hapless Fruit*
That in her womb received its life from me,
Hath had from me a *Cradle and a Grave.*
I must not dally, this sad Marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo thou hast missed thy aim in this,
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And killed a Love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawned my heart; *Fair Annabella,*
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not Courageous hand, stand up my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part. *Exit with the Body.*
A Banquet.
Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vasques
and attendants; They take their places.

wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382

Vasques Remember Sir what you have to do, be wise and resolute.
Soranzo Enough — my heart is fixed, pleaseth *Your Grace*
To taste these Course Confections; though the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In Custom, than in Cause; yet *Reverend Sir,*
I am still made your servant by your presence.

img: 37-b
sig: K2r

wln 2383
wln 2384

Cardinal And we your Friend.
Soranzo But where's my Brother *Giovanni*?

wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402

Enter Giovanni with at heart upon his Dagger.
Giovanni Here, here *Soranzo*; trimmed in reeking blood,
That triumphs over death; proud in the spoil
Of *Love* and *Vengeance*, Fate or all the Powers
That guide the motions of Imortal Souls
Could not prevent me.
Cardinal What means this?
Florio Son *Giovanni*?
Soranzo Shall I be forestalled?
Giovanni Be not amazed: If your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle sight; what bloodless Fear
Of Coward passion would have seized your senses,
Had you beheld the *Rape of Life and Beauty*
Which I have acted? my sister, oh my sister,
Florio Ha! What of her?
Giovanni The Glory of my Deed
Darkened the midday Sun, made Noon as Night.
You came to feast *My Lords* with dainty fare,

wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418

img: 38-a
sig: K2v

I came to feast too, but I digged for food
In a much richer Mine then Gold or Stone
Of any value balanced; 'tis a *Heart*,
A Heart my Lords, in which is mine entombed,
Look well upon 't; d'ee know 't?
Vasques What strange riddle's this?
Giovanni 'Tis *Annabella's Heart*, 'tis; why d'ee startle?
I vow 'tis hers, this Dagger's point plowed up
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.
Florio Why madman, art thyself?
Giovanni Yes Father, and that times to come may know,
How as my Fate I honored my revenge:
List Father, to your ears I will yield up
How much I have deserved to be your son.
Florio What is't thou say'st?

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

Giovanni Nine Moons have had their changes,
Since I first thoroughly viewed and truly loved
Your Daughter and *my Sister*.
Florio How! alas my Lords, he's a frantic madman!
Giovanni Father no;
For nine Months space, in secret I enjoyed
Sweet *Annabella's* sheets; Nine Months I lived
A happy Monarch of her heart and her,
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Bears the Confounding print of thy disgrace,
For her too fruitful womb too soon bewrayed
The happy passage of our stolen delights,
And made her Mother to a Child unborn.
Cardinal Incestuous Villain.
Florio Oh his rage belies him.
Giovanni It does not, 'tis the Oracle of truth,
I vow it is so.
Soranzo I shall burst with fury,
Bring the strumpet forth.
Vasques I shall Sir. *Exit Vasques*
Giovanni Do sir, have you all no faith
To credit yet my Triumphs? here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the love
I bore my *Annabella* whilst she lived,
These hands have from her bosom ripped *this heart*.
Is't true or no sir? *Enter Vasques*
Vasques 'Tis most strangely true.
Florio Cursed man — have I lived to — *Dies.*
Cardinal Hold up *Florio*,
Monster of Children, see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old Father's heart; is none of you
Dares venture on him?

wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455

img: 38-b
sig: K3r

Giovanni Let 'em; oh my Father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefs!
Why this was done with Courage; now survives
None of our house but I, guilt in the blood
Of a *Fair sister* and a *Hapless Father*.

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

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

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

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

Giovanni Come, I am armed to meet thee.

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

Enter Banditti.

wln 2469
wln 2470
wln 2471
wln 2472
wln 2473
wln 2474
wln 2475
wln 2476

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

Oh I can stand no longer, Feeble arms
Have you so soon lost strength.

Vasques Now, you are welcome Sir,
Away my Masters, all is done,
Shift for yourselves, your reward is your own,
Shift for yourselves.

Bandit Away, away. *Exeunt Banditti.*

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

Soranzo Dead; but in death well pleased, that I have lived
To see my wrongs revenged on that *Black Devil*.

O *Vasques*, to thy bosom let me give
My last of breath, let not that Lecher live — oh *Dies.*

Vasques The Reward of peace and rest be with him,
My ever dearest Lord and Master.

Giovanni Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vasques Mine Sir, I was your first man, have you enough?

Giovanni I thank thee, thou hast done for me but what I would
have else done on myself, art sure thy Lord is dead?

Vasques Oh Impudent slave, as sure as I am sure to see thee die,

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

Giovanni *Mercy?* why I have found it in this *Justice*.

Cardinal Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

img: 39-a
sig: K3v

wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495

Giovanni Oh I bleed fast,
Death, thou art a guest long looked for, I embrace
Thee and thy wounds; oh my last minute comes.

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
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wln 2522
wln 2523
wln 2524
wln 2525
wln 2526
wln 2527
wln 2528
wln 2529

Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view *My Annabella's face*. *Dies.*

Donado Strange Miracle of Justice!

Cardinal Raise up the City, we shall be murdered all.

Vasques You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task being ended, I have paid the Duty to the Son, which I have vowed to the Father.

Cardinal Speak wretched Villain, what incarnate Fiend Hath led thee on to this?

Vasques Honesty, and pity of my Master's wrongs; for know *My Lord*. I am by birth a *Spaniard*, brought forth my Country in my youth by Lord *Soranzo's* Father; whom whilst he lived, I served faithfully; since whose death I have been to this man, as I was to him; what I have done was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransomed his.

Cardinal Say Fellow, know'st thou any yet unnamed Of Counsel in this Incest?

Vasques Yes, an old woman, sometimes *Guardian* to this murdered Lady.

Cardinal And what's become of her?

Vasques Within this Room she is, whose eyes after her confession I caused to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from *Giovanni's* own mouth you have heard: now *My Lord*, what I have done, you may Judge of, and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

Cardinal Peace; First this woman chief in these effects, My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en Out of the City, for example's sake, There to be burned to ashes.

Donado 'Tis most just.

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

Donado I shall.

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

img: 39-b
sig: K4r

wln 2530
wln 2531
wln 2532
wln 2533
wln 2534
wln 2535
wln 2536
wln 2537
wln 2538
wln 2539
wln 2540
wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543

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

Vasques 'Tis well; this Conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a *Spaniard* outwent an *Italian in revenge*. *Exit Vasques*

Cardinal Take up these slaughtered bodies, see them buried, And all the Gold and Jewels, or whatsoever, Confiscate by the Canons of the Church, We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Richardetto Your Grace's pardon, thus long I lived disguised To see the effect of *Pride and Lust* at once Brought both to shameful ends.

wln 2544

Cardinal What *Richardetto* whom we **thought** for dead?

wln 2545

Donado Sir was it you —

wln 2546

Richardetto Your friend.

wln 2547

Cardinal We shall have time

wln 2548

To talk at large of all, but never yet

wln 2549

Incest and *Murder* have so strangely met.

wln 2550

Of one so young, so rich in Nature's store,

wln 2551

Who could not say, 'Tis pity she's a Whore?

Exeunt.

wln 2552

FINIS.

ln 0001

The general Commendation deserved by the Actors, in

ln 0002

their Presentment of this Tragedy, may easily excuse such

ln 0003

few faults, as are escaped in the Printing: A common

ln 0004

charity may allow him the ability of spelling, whom a secure

ln 0005

confidence assures that he cannot ignorantly err in

ln 0006

the Application of Sense.

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*.