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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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

img: 1-b  
sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

'TIS  
Pitty Shee's a Whore  
Acted by the *Queenes* Maiesties Ser-  
*uants, at The Phænix 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 *Pauls* Church-yard, at the signe  
of the three Kings. 1633.

In 0001

The Sceane

In 0002

*PARMA.*

In 0001

The Actors Names.

In 0002

*Bonauentura,*

A Fryar.

In 0003

*A Cardinall,*

Nuntio to the Pope.

In 0004

*Soranzo,*

A Nobleman.

In 0005

*Florio,*

A Cittizen of *Parma.*

In 0006

*Donado,*

Another Cittizen.

In 0007

*Grimaldi,*

A Roman Gentleman.

In 0008

*Giouanni,*

Sonne to *Florio.*

In 0009

*Bergetto,*

Nephew to *Donado.*

In 0010

*Richardetto,*

A suppos'd Phisitian.

In 0011

*Vasques,*

Seruant to *Soranzo.*

In 0012

*Poggio,*

Seruant to *Bergetto.*

In 0013

*Bandetti,*

In 0014

Woemen.

In 0015

*Annabella,*

Daughter to *Florio.*

In 0016

*Hippolita,*

Wife to *Richardetto*

In 0017

*Philotis,*

His Neece.

In 0018

*Putana,*

Tutresse to *Annabella.*

img: 2-b  
sig: A2r

ln 0001  
ln 0002  
ln 0003

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

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

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

A2

uours,

img: 3-a  
sig: A2v

*The Epistle*

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

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

ln 0031

IOHN FORD.

img: 3-b  
sig: [A3r]

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

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

In 0013

THOMAS ELLICE.

img: 4-a  
sig: [A3v]



wln 0001

wln 0002

T'is Pitty Shee's a  
VVHOORE.

wln 0003

*Enter Fryar and Giouanni.*

wln 0004

*Fryar.*

wln 0005

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

wln 0006

These are no Schoole-points; nice Philosophy

wln 0007

May tolerate vnlikely arguments,

wln 0008

But Heauen admits no jest; wits that presum'd

wln 0009

On wit too much, by striuing how to proue

wln 0010

There was no God; with foolish grounds of

wln 0011

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

wln 0012

And fild the world with deuclish Atheisme:

wln 0013

Such questions youth are fond; For better 'tis,

wln 0014

To blesse the Sunne, then reason why it shines;

wln 0015

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

wln 0016

No more; I may not heare it.

wln 0017

*Gio.* Gentle Father,

wln 0018

To you I haue vnclasp't my burthened soule,

wln 0019

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

wln 0020

Made my selfe poore of secrets; haue not left

wln 0021

Another word vntold, which hath not spoke

wln 0022

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

wln 0023

And yet is here the comfort I shall haue,

wln 0024

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

wln 0025

*Fry.* Yes. you may loue faire sonne.

wln 0026

*Gio.* Must I not praise

wln 0027

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

wln 0028

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

wln 0029

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

B

*Fry.*

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
wln 0033  
wln 0034  
wln 0035  
wln 0036  
wln 0037  
wln 0038  
wln 0039  
wln 0040  
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wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066

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

And

*'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.*

wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073  
wln 0074  
wln 0075  
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wln 0098  
wln 0099  
wln 0100  
wln 0101

And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine  
More glorious, then this Idoll thou ador'st:  
Leaue her, and take thy choyce, 'tis much lesse sinne,  
Though in such games as those, they lose that winne.

*Gio.* It were more ease to stop the *Ocean*  
From floates and ebbs, then to disswade my vowes.

*Fry.* Then I haue done, and in thy wilfull flame:  
Already see thy ruine; Heauen is iust,  
Yet heare my counsell.

*Gio.* As a voyce of life.

*Fry.* Hye to thy Fathers house, there locke thee fast  
Alone within thy Chamber, then fall downe  
On both thy knees, and grouell on the ground:  
Cry to thy heart, wash euery word thou vtter'st  
In teares, (and if't bee possible) of blood:  
Begge Heauen to cleanse the leprosie of Lust  
That rots thy Soule, acknowledge what thou art,  
A wretch, a worme, a nothing: weepe, sigh, pray  
Three times a day, and three times euery night:  
For seuen dayes space doe this, then if thou find'st  
No change in thy desires, returne to me:  
I'le thinke on remedy, pray for thy selfe  
At home, whil'st I pray for thee here — away,  
My blessing with thee, wee haue neede to pray.

*Gio.* All this I'le doe, to free mee from the rod  
Of vengeance, else I'le sweare, my Fate's my God.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.*

*Vas.* Come sir, stand to your tackling, if you proue *Crauen*,  
I'le make you run quickly.

*Gri.* Thou art no equall match for mee.

*Vas.* Indeed I neuer went to the warres to bring home newes,  
nor cannot play the Mountibanke for a meales meate, and sweare  
I got my wounds in the field: see you these gray haire, they'le  
not flinch for a bloody nose, wilt thou to this geere?

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

*T'is pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

With a Cast-suite; Call thy Maister, he shall know that I dare —  
*Vas.* Scold like a Cot-queane (that's your Profession) thou poore  
shaddow of a Souldier, I will make thee know, my Maister keeps  
Seruants, thy betters in quality and performance: Com'st thou to  
fight or prate?

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

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

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

*Vas.* Haue at you.

*They fight, Gri-  
mal hath the*

*Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo.*

*worst*

*Flo.* What meant these sudden broyles so neare my dores?  
Haue you not other places, but my house  
To vent the spleene of your disordered bloods?  
Must I be haunted still with such vnrest,  
As not to eate, or sleepe in peace at home?  
Is this your loue *Grimaldi*? Fie, t'is naught.

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

*Enter aboue Annabella and Putana.*

*Flo.* What's the ground?

*Sor.* That with your patience Signore, I'le resolue  
This Gentleman, whom fame reports a souldier,  
(For else I know not) riualls mee in loue  
To Signior *Florio*'s Daughter; to whose eares  
He still prefers his suite to my disgrace,  
Thinking the way to recommend himselfe,  
Is to disparage me in his report:  
But know *Grimaldi*, though (may be) thou art  
My equall in thy blood, yet this bewrayes  
A lownesse in thy minde; which wer't thou Noble  
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I doe thee  
For this vnworthinesse; and on this ground  
I will'd my Seruant to correct this tongue,

Holding

*T'is pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0173  
wln 0174  
wln 0175

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

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

*Gri.* Ile be reueng'd *Soranzo*.

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

*Gri.* remember this.

*Sor.* I feare thee not *Grimaldi*.

*Ex. Gri:*

*Flo.* My Lord *Soranzo*, this is strange to me, Why you should storme, hauing my word engag'd: Owing her heart, what neede you doubt her eare? Loosers may talke by law of any game.

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

*Flo.* Be you more silent, I would not for my wealth, my daughters loue Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

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

*Exeunt.*

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

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

*Put.* Leaue you? no maruaile else; leaue me, no leauing (*Chardge*) This is loue outright, Indeede I blame you not, you haue Choyce fit for the best Lady in *Italy*.

*Anna.* Pray doe not talke so much.

*Put.* Take the worst with the best, there's *Grimaldi* the souldier a very well-timbred fellow: they say he is a Roman, Nephew to the Duke *Mount Ferratto*, they say he did good ser-vice in the warrs against the *Millanoys*, but faith (*Chardge*) I doe not like him, and be for nothing, but for being a souldier; one a-

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wln 0212

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

*Anna.* Fye how thou prat'st.

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

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

*Enter Begetto and Poggio.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marke

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

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wln 0214  
wln 0215  
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wln 0219  
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wln 0249

Marke my pace *Poggio*.

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

*Exeunt*

*Anna.* This Ideot haunts me too.

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

*Enter Giouanni.*

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

*Put.* Where?

*Anna.* Looke below.

*Put.* Oh, 'tis your brother sweet —

*Anna.* Ha!

*Put.* 'Tis your brother.

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

*Exit.*

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

To

*T'is pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0283  
wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286

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

*Enter Anna. and Putana.*

*Anna.* Brother.

*Gio.* If such a thing

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

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

*Gio.* Yes; how d'ee Sister?

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

*Put.* Blesse vs why are you so sad Sir.

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

*Anna.* With-drawe *Putana*.

*Put.* I will,

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

*Exit Putana:*

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

*Anna.* How's this?

*Gio.* Faith I meane no harme.

*Anna.* Harme?

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

*Anna.* I trust hee be not franticke—



wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
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wln 0323

I am very well brother.

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

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

*Gio.* I thinke you loue me Sister.

*Anna.* Yes you know, I doe.

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

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

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

*Anna.* Troth this is pretty.

*Gio.* Such a paire of starres.

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

*Anna.* Fie vpon'ee,

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

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

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

*Anna.* O you are a trime youth.

*Gio.* Here.

*Offers his Dagger to her.*

*Anna.* What to doe.

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

*Gio.* Yes most earnest.

You cannot loue? *Anna.* Whom?

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

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wln 0325  
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wln 0327  
wln 0328  
wln 0329  
wln 0330  
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wln 0359  
wln 0360

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
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wln 0396  
wln 0397

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

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

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

*Shee kneeles.*

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

*He kneeles.*

*Anna.* You meane good sooth then?

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

*Anna.* I'le swear't and I.

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

*Kisses her.*

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio and Donado.*

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0399  
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wln 0401  
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wln 0433  
wln 0434

Here's all that I can say.

*Do.* Sir you say well,  
Like a true father, and for my part, I  
If the young folkes can like, (twixt you and me)  
Will promise to assure my Nephew presently,  
Three thousand *Florrens* yeerely during life,  
And after I am dead, my whole estate.

*Flo.* 'Tis a faire proffer sir, meane time your Nephew  
Shall haue free passage to commence his suite;  
If hee can thriue, hee shall haue my consent,  
So for this time I'le leaue you *Signior*.

*Exit.*

*Do.* Well,  
Here's hope yet, if my Nephew would haue wit,  
But hee is such another Dunce, I feare  
Hee'le neuer winne the Wench; when I was young  
I could haue done't yfaith, and so shall hee  
If hee will learne of mee; and in good time  
Hee comes himselfe.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

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

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

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

*Ber.* Why looke yee Vnkle? my Barber told me iust now  
that there is a fellow come to Towne, who vndertakes to make  
a Mill goe without the mortall helpe of any water or winde,  
onely with Sand-bags: and this fellow hath a strange Horse, a  
most excellent beast, I'le assure you Vnkle, (my Barber sayes)  
whose head to the wonder of all Christian people, stands iust be-  
hind where his tayle is, is't not true *Poggio*?

*Pog.* So the Barber swore for sooth.

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

*Do.* Wilt thou be a Foole stil? come sir, you shall not goe,  
you haue more mind of a Puppet-play, then on the businesse I  
told y'ee: why thou great Baby, wu't neuer haue wit, wu't  
make thy selfe a May-game to all the world?

*Pog.* Answere for your selfe Maister.

*Ber.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0438  
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wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471

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

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

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

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

*Ber.* What did I say *Poggio*?

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

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

*Do.* This is intolerable.

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

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

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

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

*Ber.* I should be sorry for that Vnkle.

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

*Ber.* I marry, that will be excellent.

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

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 0472

Actus Secundus.

wln 0473

*Enter Giouanni and Annabella, as from their Chamber.*

wln 0474

*Gio.* Come *Annabella*, no more Sister now,

wln 0475

But Loue; a name more Gracious, doe not blush,

wln 0476

(Beauties sweete wonder) but be proud, to know

wln 0477

That yeelding thou hast conquer'd, and inflam'd

wln 0478

A heart whose tribute is thy brothers life.

wln 0479

*Anna.* And mine is his, oh how these stolne contents

wln 0480

Would print a modest Crymson on my cheekes,

wln 0481

Had any but my hearts delight preuail'd.

wln 0482

*Gio.* I maruaile why the chaster of your sex

wln 0483

Should thinke this pretty toye call'd *Maiden-head*,

wln 0484

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

wln 0485

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

wln 0486

Now you can talke. *Gio.* Musicke aswell consists

wln 0487

In th'eare, as in the playing. *Anna.* Oh y'are wanton,

wln 0488

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

wln 0489

*Gio.* Thou wilt chide me then,

wln 0490

Kisse me, so; thus hung *Ioue* on *Læda's* necke,

wln 0491

And suck't diuine *Ambrosia* from her lips:

wln 0492

I enuy not the mightiest man aliue,

wln 0493

But hold my selfe in being King of thee,

wln 0494

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

wln 0495

But I shall lose you *Sweet-heart*.

wln 0496

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

wln 0497

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

wln 0498

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

wln 0499

*Anna.* Now prithee do not speake so, without iesting

wln 0500

You'le make me weepe in earnest.

wln 0501

*Gio.* What you will not.

wln 0502

But tell me sweete, can'st thou be dar'd to sweare

wln 0503

That thou wilt liue to mee, and to no other?

wln 0504

*Anna.* By both our loues I dare, for didst thou know

wln 0505

My *Giouanni*, how all suiters seeme

wln 0506

To my eyes hatefull, thou wouldst trust mee then.

*Gio.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0542

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

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

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

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

*Exit.*

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

*Enter Putana.*

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

*Anna.* O *Guardian*, what a Paradise of joy  
Haue I past ouer!

*Put.* Nay what a Paradise of ioy haue you past vnder?  
why now I commend thee (*Chardge*) feare nothing, (sweete-  
heart) what though hee be your Brother; your Brother's a  
man I hope, and I say still, if a young Wench feele the fitt vpon  
her, let her take any body, Father or Brother, all is one.

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

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

*Florio within* — Daughter *Annabella.* (nothing.)

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

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

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

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

*Anna.* Y'are very welcome Sir.

*Richard.* I thanke you Mistresse,  
Loud Fame in large report hath spoke your praise,  
Aswell for Vertue as perfection:  
For which I haue beene bold to bring with mee  
A Kins-woeman of mine, a maide, for song,  
And musicke, one perhaps will giue content,

Please

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0580

Please you to know her.

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

*Phi.* Thanke you Lady.

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

*Rich.* Sir, what I am shee shall command.

*Flo.* You shall bind me to you,  
Daughter, I must haue conference with you,  
About some matters that concernes vs both.  
Good Maister Doctor, please you but walke in,  
Wee'le craue a little of your Cozens cunning:  
I thinke my Girle hath not quite forgot  
To touch an Instrument, she could haue don't,  
Wee'le heare them both.

*Rich.* I'le waite vpon you sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Soranzo in his study reading a Booke.*

*Loues measure is extreame, the comfort, paine:  
The life vnrest, and the reward disdaind  
What's here? looke o're againe, 'tis so, so writes  
This smooth licentious Poet in his rymes.  
But Sanazar thou lyst, for had thy bosome  
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,  
Thou wouldst haue kist the rod that made the smart.  
To worke then happy Muse, and contradict  
What Sanazer hath in his enuy writ.  
Loues measure is the meane, sweet his annoyes,  
His pleasures life, and his reward all ioyes.  
Had Annabella liu'd when Sanazar  
Did in his briefe Enconium celebrate  
Venice that Queene of Citties, he had left  
That Verse which gaind him such a sume of Gold,  
And for one onely looke from Annabell  
Had writ of her, and her diuiner cheekes,  
O how my thoughts are —*

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

*Soran.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

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

*Vas. within.* Troth you wrong your modesty.

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

*Enter Hipplita and Vasques.*

*Hip.* 'Tis I:

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

*Soran.* Nay deare *Hippolita*.

*Hip.* Call me not deare,

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

*Soran.* You are too violent.

*Hip.* You are too double

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

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wln 0653  
wln 0654

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

*Soran.* Will you yet heare?

*Hip.* More of the periuries?

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

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

*Hip.* And thou of grace.

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

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

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

*Soran.* Who could helpe this?

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

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

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wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691

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

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

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

*Vas.* This part has beene scruily playd.

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

*She offers to  
goe away.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Vas.* O you are a noble Gentlewoman.

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

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

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

*Hip.* What then?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Richardetto and Philotis.*

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

Whiles

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

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wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765

Whiles others act my shame, and I am silent.

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

*Richard.* I'le tell thee gentle Neece,  
Thy wanton Aunt in her lasciuious riotts  
Liues now secure, thinkes I am surely dead  
In my late Iourney to *Ligorne* for you;  
(As I haue caus'd it to be rumord out)  
Now would I see with what an impudence  
Shee giues scope to her loose adultery,  
And how the Common voyce allowes hereof:  
Thus farre I haue preuail'd.

*Phi.* Alas, I feare  
You meane some strange reuenge.

*Richard.* O be not troubled,  
Your ignorance shall pleade for you in all,  
But to our businesse, what, you learnt for certaine  
How *Signior Florio* meanes to giue his Daughter  
In marriage to *Soranzo*?

*Phi.* Yes for certaine.

*Richard.* But how finde you young *Annabella's* loue,  
Inclind to him?

*Phi.* For ought I could perceiue,  
Shee neyther fancies him or any else.

*Richard.* There's Mystery in that which time must shew,  
Shee vs'd you kindly. *Phi.* Yes.

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

*Richard.* 'Tis well, it goes as I could wish,  
I am the Doctor now, and as for you,  
None knowes you; if all faile not we shall thriue.  
But who comes here?

*Enter Grimaldi.*

I know him, 'tis *Grimaldi*,  
A Roman and a souldier, neere allyed  
Vnto the Duke of *Montferrato*, one  
Attending on the *Nuntio* of the Pope  
That now resides in *Parma*, by which meanes  
He hopes to get the loue of *Annabella*,

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0801  
wln 0802

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

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

*Richard.* For what Sir?

*Gri.* Marry sir for this —  
But I would speake in Priuate.

*Richard.* Leau vs Cozen.

*Exit Phi.*

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

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

*Gri.* Not mee?

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

*Gri.* What of that?

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

*Gri.* Whose that?

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

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

*Richard.* Is hee your Enemy?

*Gri.* The man I hate,  
Worse then Confusion:  
I'le tell him streight.

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

*Gri.* But shall I trust thee Doctor?

*Richard.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0825

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Donado, Bergetto and Peggio.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Do.* Begin.

*Poggio* reades

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wln 0827  
wln 0828  
wln 0829  
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wln 0831  
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wln 0835  
wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838

*Pog.* *MOst dainty and honey-sweete* Mistresse, *I could call*  
*you faire, and lie as fast as any that loues you, but*  
*my Vnkle being the elder man, I leaue it to him, as more fit for*  
*his age, and the colour of his beard; I am wise enough to tell you*  
*I can board where I see occasion, or if you like my Vnkles wit bet-*  
*ter then mine, you shall marry mee; if you like mine better then*  
*his, I will marry you in spight of your teeth; So commending my*  
*best parts to you, I rest.* Yours vpwards and downwards,  
or you may chose, *Bergetto.*

*Ber.* Ah ha, here's stuffe Vnkle.

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

*Pog.* None vpon my word, but mine owne.

*Ber.*

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

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wln 0842  
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wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875

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

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

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

*Do.* What you doe not?

*Ber.* Iudge me, but I doe now.

*Pog.* Indeede sir 'tis very vnhealthy.

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

*Exit Do.*

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

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

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

*Exeunt:*

*Enter Fryar and Giouanni.*

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

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

My



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My Sisters *Beauty* being rarely *Faire*,  
Is rarely *Vertuous*; chiefly in her loue,  
And chiefly in that *Loue*, *her loue to me*.  
If *hers to me*, then so is *mine to her*;  
Since in like Causes are effects alike.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948

*Fry.* The more I heare, I pittie thee the more,  
That one so excellent should giue those parts:  
All to a second Death; what I can doe  
Is but to pray; and yet I could aduise thee,  
Wouldst thou be rul'd.

*Gio.* In what?

*Fry.* Why leaue her yet,  
The Throne of *Mercy* is aboue your trespasse,  
Yet time is left you both —

*Gio.* To embrace each other,  
Else let all time be strucke quite out of number;  
Shee is like mee, and I like her resolu'd.

*Fry.* No more, I'le visit her; this grieues me most,  
Things being thus, a paire of soules are lost.

*Exeūt.*

*Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.*

*Flo.* Where's *Giouanni*?

*Anna.* Newly walk't abroad,  
And (as I heard him say) gon to the Fryar  
His reuerent Tutor.

*Flo.* That's a blessed man,  
A man made vp of holinesse, I hope  
Hee'le teach him how to gaine another world.

*Do.* Faire Gentlewoman, here's a letter sent:  
To you from my young Cozen, I dare sweare  
He loues you in his soule, would you could heare  
Sometimes, what I see dayly, sighes and teares,  
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

*Flo.* Receiue it *Annabella*.

*Anna.* Alas good man.

*Do.* What's that she said?

*Pu.* And please you sir, she sayd, alas good man, truely I doe  
Commend him to her euery night before her first sleepe, because  
I would haue her dreame of him, and shee harkens to that most  
relligiously.

*Do.* Say'st so, godamercy *Putana* there's something for thee,  
and prythee doe what thou canst on his behalfe; sha'not

be

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wln 0985

be lost labour, take my word for't.

*Pu.* Thanke you most heartily sir, now I haue a *Feeling* of  
your mind, let mee alone to worke.

*Anna.* *Guardian!*

*Pu.* Did you call?

*Anna.* Keepe this letter,

*Do.* *Signior Florio*, in any case bid her reade it instantly.

*Flo.* Keepe it for what? pray reade it mee here right.

*Anna.* I shall sir,

*She reades,*

*Do.* How d'ee finde her inclin'd *Signior?*

*Flo.* Troth sir I know not how; not all so well

As I could wish.

*Anna.* Sir I am bound to rest your Cozens debter,  
The Iewell I'le returne, for if he loue,  
I'le count that loue a Iewell.

*Do.* Marke you that?

Nay keepe them both sweete Maide.

*Anna.* You must excuse mee,  
Indeed I will not keepe it.

*Flo.* Where's the Ring,  
That which your Mother in her will bequeath'd,  
And charg'd you on her blessing not to giue't  
To any but your Husband? send backe that.

*Anna.* I haue it not,

*Flo.* Ha! haue it not, where is't?

*Anna.* My brother in the morning tooke it frō me,  
Said he would weare't to Day.

*Flo.* Well, what doe you say  
To young *Bergetto's* loue? are you content  
To match with him? speake.

*Do.* There's the poynt indeed.

*Anna.* What shal I doe, I must say something now.

*Flo.* What say, why d'ee not speake?

*Anna.* Sir with your leaue  
Please you to giue me freedome.

*Flo.* Yes you haue.

*Anna.* *Signior Donado*, if your Nephew meane

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 0986  
wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
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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 rayse his better Fortunes in his match,  
The hope of mee will hinder such a hope;  
Sir if you loue him, as I know you doe;  
Find one more worthy of his choyce then mee,  
In short, I'me sure, I sha'not be his wife.

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

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

***Entel\**** Bergetto and Poggio.

*Do.* Oh Coxcombe, what doth he make here?

*Ber.* Where's my Vnkle sirs.

*Do.* What's the newes now?

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

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

*Ber.* Sirrah ***Sweet-heal\*It***, I'le tell thee a good jest, and riddle  
what 'tis.

*Anna.* You say you'd tell mee.

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

*Do.* Was euer the like asse seene?

*Anna.* And what did you all this while?

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

her

wln 1023  
wln 1024  
wln 1025  
wln 1026  
wln 1027  
wln 1028  
wln 1029  
wln 1030  
wln 1031  
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wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059

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

*Pog.* Yes and kist him too.

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

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

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

*Do.* Was euer such a foole borne?

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

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

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

*Ber.* 'Twas shee, 'twas shee.

*Do.* How doe you know that simplicity?

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

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

*Do.* Is shee indeed?

*Flo.* Indeed

Shee is, if I haue any Iudgement.

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

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

*Pog.* I'le warrant you sir.

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

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

*Enter Gio.*

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1060

*Gio.* 'Twas no match for her.

wln 1061

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

wln 1062

*Soranzo* is the man I onely like;

wln 1063

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

wln 1064

And it growes late.

*Exit Florio.*

wln 1065

*Gio.* Whose Iewell's that?

wln 1066

*Anna.* Some Sweet-hearts.

wln 1067

*Gio.* So I thinke.

wln 1068

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

wln 1069

To weare against my Marriage.

wln 1070

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

wln 1071

*Anna.* What, you are jealous?

wln 1072

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

wln 1073

Welcome sweete night, the Euening crownes the Day.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1074

Actus Tertius.

wln 1075

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

wln 1076

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

wln 1077

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

wln 1078

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

wln 1079

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

wln 1080

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

wln 1081

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

wln 1082

Shee hath in a manner promised you already.

wln 1083

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

wln 1084

Swore I should marry her.

wln 1085

*Pog.* He swore I remember.

wln 1086

*Ber.* And I will haue her that's more; did'st see the codpeice-

wln 1087

point she gaue me, and the box of Mermalade?

wln 1088

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

wln 1089

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

wln 1090

mugger.

wln 1091

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

methinks,

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

methinkes, and my courage begins to rise.  
*Pog.* Should you be afraid of your Vnkle?  
*Ber.* Hang him old doating Rascall, no, I say I will haue her.  
*Pog.* Lose no time then.  
*Ber.* I will beget a race of Wise men and Constables, that shall cart whoores at their owne charges, and breake the Dukes peace ere I haue done my selfe. — come away. *Exeunt.*

wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
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wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126

*Enter Florio, Giouanni, Soranzo, Annabella, Putana and Vasques.*  
*Flo.* My Lord *Soranzo*, though I must confesse, The proffers that are made me, haue beene great In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope Of your still rising honours, haue preuaild About all other Ioyntures; here shee is, She knowes my minde, speake for your selfe to her, And heare you daughter, see you vse him nobly, For any priuate speech, I'le giue you time: Come sonne and you, the rest let them alone, Agree as they may.  
*Soran.* I thanke you sir.  
*Gio.* Sister be not all woeman, thinke on me.  
*Soran.* *Vasques?* *Vas.* My Lord.  
*Soran.* Attend me without — *Exeunt omnes, manet Soran.*  
*Anna.* Sir what's your will with me? (*& Anna.*)  
*Soran.* Doe you not know what I should tell you?  
*Anna.* Yes, you'le say you loue mee.  
*Soran.* And I'le sweare it too; will you beleuee it?  
*Anna.* 'Tis not poynt of faith.  
*Enter Giouanni aboue.*  
*Soran.* Haue you not will to loue?  
*Anna.* Not you. *Soran.* Whom then?  
*Anna.* That's as the Fates inferre.  
*Gio.* Of those I'me regient now.  
*Soran.* What meane you sweete?  
*Anna.* To liue and dye a Maide.

*Soran.*

wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
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wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163

*Soran.* Oh that's vnfit.

*Gio.* Here's one can say that's but a womans noate.

*Soran.* Did you but see my heart, then would you sweare —

*Anna.* That you were dead.

*Gio.* That's true, or somewhat neere it.

*Soran.* See you these true loues teares?

*Anna.* No. *Gio.* Now shee winkes.

*Soran.* They plead to you for grace.

*Anna.* Yet nothing speake.

*Soran.* Oh grant my suite.

*Anna.* What is't *Soran.* To let mee liue.

*Anna.* Take it —

*Soran.* Still yours. —

*Anna.* That is not mine to giue.

*Gio.* One such another word would kil his hopes.

*Soran.* Mistres, to leaue those fruitlesse strifes of wit,

I know I haue lou'd you long, and lou'd you truely;

Not hope of what you haue, but what you are

Haue drawne me on, then let mee not in vaine

Still feele the rigour of your chaste disdain.

I'me sicke, and sicke to th'heart.

*Anna.* Helpe, *Aquavitæ*

*Soran.* What meane you?

*Anna.* Why I thought you had beene sicke.

*Soran.* Doe you mocke my loue?

*Gio.* There sir shee was too nimble.

*Soran.* 'Tis plaine; shee laughes at me, these scornfull taunts  
neither become your modesty, or yeares.

*Anna.* You are no looking-glasse, or if you were, I'de dresse  
my language by you.

*Gio.* I'me confirm'd —

*Anna.* To put you out of doubt, my Lord, mee-thinks your  
Common sence should make you vnderstand, that if I lou'd you,  
or desir'd your loue, some way I should haue giuen you better  
tast: but since you are a Noble man, and one I would not wish  
should spend his youth in hopes, let mee aduise you here, to for-  
beare your suite, and thinke I wish you well, I tell you this.

*Soran.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

wln 1164

*Soran.* Is't you speake this?

wln 1165

*Anna.* Yes, I my selfe; yet know

wln 1166

Thus farre I giue you comfort, if mine eyes

wln 1167

Could haue pickt out a man (amongst all those

wln 1168

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

wln 1169

You should haue beene that man; let this suffice,

wln 1170

Be noble in your secrecie and wise.

wln 1171

*Gio.* Why now I see shee loues me.

wln 1172

*Anna.* One word more:

wln 1173

As euer Vertue liu'd within your mind,

wln 1174

As euer noble courses were your guide.

wln 1175

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

wln 1176

Let not my Father know hereof by you:

wln 1177

If I hereafter finde that I must marry,

wln 1178

It shall be you or none.

wln 1179

*Soran.* I take that promise.

wln 1180

*Anna.* Oh, oh my head.

wln 1181

*Soran.* What's the matter, not well?

wln 1182

*Anna.* Oh I begin to sicken.

wln 1183

*Gio.* Heauen forbid.

*Exit from aboue.*

wln 1184

*Soran.* Helpe, helpe, within there ho.

wln 1185

*Gio.* Looke to your daughter *Signior Florio.*

wln 1186

*Enter Florio, Giouanni, Putana.*

wln 1187

*Flo.* Hold her vp, shee sounes.

wln 1188

*Gio.* Sister how d'ee?

wln 1189

*Anna.* Sicke, brother, are you there?

wln 1190

*Flo.* Conuay her to her bed instantly, whil'st I send for a Phi-

wln 1191

sitian, quickly I say.

wln 1192

*Put.* Alas poore Child.

*Exeunt, manet Soranzo.*

wln 1193

*Enter Vasques.*

wln 1194

*Vas.* My Lord.

wln 1195

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

wln 1196

Both in my present and my future hopes:

wln 1197

Shee plainely told me, that shee could not loue,

wln 1198

And thereupon soone sickned, and I feare

wln 1199

Her life's in danger.

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1200

wln 1201

wln 1202

wln 1203

wln 1204

wln 1205

wln 1206

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

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

wln 1207

*Enter Giouanni and Putana.*

wln 1208

wln 1209

wln 1210

wln 1211

wln 1212

wln 1213

wln 1214

wln 1215

wln 1216

wln 1217

wln 1218

wln 1219

wln 1220

wln 1221

wln 1222

wln 1223

wln 1224

wln 1225

wln 1226

wln 1227

wln 1228

wln 1229

wln 1230

wln 1231

wln 1232

wln 1233

wln 1234

wln 1235

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Gio.* But in what case is shee?

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

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

*Put.* I will sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

*Flo.* And how d'ee finde her sir?

*Richard.* Indifferent well,

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

*Flo.* Did you giue her ought?

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

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

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

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

*Richard.* A noble and a vertuous Gentleman.

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

*Richard.* You haue plotted wisely.

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

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

*Flo.* It shall be so:

*Enter Fryar and Giouanni.*

*Fry.* Good peace be here and loue.

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

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276  
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wln 1308  
wln 1309

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

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

*Fry.* Say on sir.

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Grimaldi.*

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

*Enter Richardetto.*

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

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

*Gri.* Haue you the poyson?

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

*Gri.* I'le speede him.

*Richard.* Doe; away, for 'tis not safe

You

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
wln 1313  
wln 1314  
wln 1315  
wln 1316  
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wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
wln 1344

You should be seene much here — euer my loue.

*Gri.* And mine to you.

*Exit Gri.*

*Richard.* So, if this hitt, I'le laugh and hug reuenge;  
And they that now dreame of a wedding-feast,  
May chance to mourne the lusty Bridegromes ruine.  
But to my other businesse; Neice *Philotis*.

*Enter Philotis.*

*Phi.* Vnkle.

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

*Phi.* Yes, and as you counsel'd,  
Fashion'd my heart to loue him, but hee sweares  
Hee will to night be married; for he feares  
His Vnkle else, if hee should know the drift,  
Will hinder all, and call his Couze to shrift.

*Richard.* To night? why best of all; but let mee see,  
I — ha — yes, — so it shall be; in disguise  
Wee'le earely to the Fryars, I haue thought on't.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio*

*Phi.* Vnkle, hee comes.

*Richard.* Welcome my worthy Couze.

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

*Phi.* There's hope of this yet.

*Richard.* You shall haue time enough, withdraw a little,  
Wee must conferre at large.

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

*Phi.* You shall enough *Sweet-heart*.

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

*Pog.* You shall haue Phisick for't sir.

*Richard.* Time runs apace.

*Ber.* Time's a blockhead.

*Richard.* Be rul'd, when wee haue done what's fitt to doe,  
Then you may kisse your fill, and bed her too.

*Exeunt.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1345  
wln 1346  
wln 1347

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

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

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

wln 1354

*Anna.* Wretched creature.

wln 1355

*Fry.* I, you are wretched, miserably wretched.

wln 1356

Almost condemn'd aliue; there is *a place*

wln 1357

(List daughter) in a blacke and hollow Vault,

wln 1358

Where day is neuer seene; there shines no Sunne,

wln 1359

But flaming horroure of consuming Fires;

wln 1360

A lightlesse Suphure, choakt with smoaky foggs

wln 1361

Of an infected darknesse; in *this place*

wln 1362

Dwell many thousand, thousand sundry sorts

wln 1363

Of neuer dying deaths; there damned soules

wln 1364

Roare without pittie, there are Gluttons fedd

wln 1365

With Toades and Addars; there is burning Oyle

wln 1366

Powr'd downe the Drunkards throate, the Vsurer

wln 1367

Is forc't to suppe whole draughts of molten Gold;

wln 1368

There is the Murtherer for-euer stab'd,

wln 1369

Yet can he neuer dye; there lies the wanton

wln 1370

On Racks of burning steele, whiles in his soule

wln 1371

Hee feeles the torment of his raging lust.

wln 1372

*Anna.* Mercy, oh mercy.

wln 1373

*Fry.* There stands these wretched things.

wln 1374

Who haue dream't out whole yeeres in lawlesse sheets

wln 1375

And secret incests, cursing one another;

wln 1376

Then you will wish, each kisse your brother gaue,

wln 1377

Had beene a Daggere poynt; then you shall heare

wln 1378

How hee will cry, oh would my wicked sister

wln 1379

Had first beene damn'd, when shee did yeeld to lust.

But

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1380

But soft, methinkes I see repentance worke

wln 1381

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

wln 1382

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

wln 1383

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

wln 1384

And offers grace euen now; 'tis thus agreed,

wln 1385

First, for your Honours safety that you marry

wln 1386

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

wln 1387

Leaue off this life, and henceforth liue to him.

wln 1388

*Anna.* Ay mee.

wln 1389

*Fry.* Sigh not, I know the baytes of sinne

wln 1390

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

wln 1391

Remember what must come, are you content?

wln 1392

*Anna.* I am.

wln 1393

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

wln 1394

Who's neere vs there?

wln 1395

*Enter Florio, Giouanni.*

wln 1396

*Flo.* Did you call Father?

wln 1397

*Fry.* Is Lord *Soranzo* come?

wln 1398

*Flo.* Hee stayes belowe.

wln 1399

*Fry.* Haue you acquainted him at full?

wln 1400

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

wln 1401

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

wln 1402

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

wln 1403

I will call him.

*Exit.*

wln 1404

*Flo.* Daughter, are you resolu'd?

wln 1405

*Anna.* Father, I am.

wln 1406

*Enter Giouanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.*

wln 1407

*Flo.* My Lord *Soranzo*, here

wln 1408

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

wln 1409

*Soran.* Lady, say you so too?

wln 1410

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

wln 1411

*Fry.* Timely resolu'd:

wln 1412

My blessing rest on both, more to be done,

wln 1413

You may performe it on the Morning-sun.

*Exeunt.*

Enter

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1414  
wln 1415

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

wln 1416  
wln 1417  
wln 1418

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

wln 1419  
wln 1420

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

wln 1421

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

wln 1422

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

wln 1423

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

wln 1424

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

wln 1425

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

wln 1426

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

wln 1427

*Phi.* What ayles my loue?

wln 1428

*Ber.* I am sure I cannot pisse forward and backward and yet

wln 1429

I am wet before and behind, lights, lights, ho lights.

wln 1430

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

wln 1431

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

wln 1432

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

wln 1433

How is't *Bergetto*? slaine?

wln 1434

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

wln 1435

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

wln 1436

I shall boyle ouer else; my whole body is in a sweat, that you

wln 1437

may wring my shirt; feele here — why *Poggio.*

wln 1438

*Enter Poggio with Officers, and lights and Halberts.*

wln 1439

*Pog.* Here; alas, how doe you?

wln 1440

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

wln 1441

*Signior Donado's Nephew* now is slaine,

wln 1442

Follow the murtherer with all the haste

wln 1443

Vp to the Citty, hee cannot be farre hence,

wln 1444

Follow I beseech you.

wln 1445

*Officers.* Follow, follow, follow.

*Exeunt Officers.*

*Richard.*



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1446  
wln 1447  
wln 1448  
wln 1449  
wln 1450  
wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455  
wln 1456  
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wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476  
wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481

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

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

*Dyes.*

*Phi.* O hee is dead.

*Pog.* How! dead!

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Vasques and Hippolita.*

*Hip.* Betroath'd?

*Vas.* I saw it.

*Hip.* And when's the marriage-day?

*Vas.* Some two dayes hence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio and Officers.*

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
wln 1503  
wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510

*Signior Donado*, what is done, is done;  
Spend not the time in teares, but seeke for Iustice.  
*Richard.* I must confesse, somewhat I was in fault,  
That had not first acquainted you what loue  
Past twixt him and my Neece, but as I liue,  
His Fortune grieues me as it were mine owne.  
*Do.* **Ala[\*]** poore Creature, he ment no man harme,  
That I am sure of.  
*Flo.* I beleeeue that too;  
But stay my Maisters, are you sure you saw  
The Murtherer passe here?  
*Offic.* And it please you sir, wee are sure wee saw a Ruffian  
with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my Lord  
Cardinals Graces gate, that wee are sure of; but for feare of his  
Grace (blesse vs) we durst goe no further.  
*Do.* Know you what manner of man hee was?  
*Offic.* Yes sure I know the man, they say a is a souldier, hee  
that lou'd your daughter Sir an't please y'ee, 'twas hee for cer-  
taine.  
*Flo.* *Grimaldi* on my life.  
*Offic.* I, I, the same.  
*Richard.* The Cardinall is Noble, he no doubt  
Will giue true Iustice.  
*Do.* Knocke some one at the gate,  
*Pog.* I'le knocke sir. *Poggio knocks.*  
*Seruant within.* What would'ee?  
*Flo.* Wee require speech with the Lord Cardinall  
About some present businesse, pray informe  
His Grace, that we are here.

wln 1511

*Enter Cardinall and Grimaldi.*

wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517

*Car.* Why how now friends? what sawcy mates are  
That know nor duty nor Ciuillity? (you  
Are we a person fit to be your hoast?  
Or is our house become your common Inne  
To beate our dores at pleasure? what such haste  
Is yours as that it cannot waite fit times?

Are

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

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

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

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

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

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

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1555

Actus Quartus.

wln 1556

*A Banquet.*

*Hoboyes.*

wln 1557

*Enter the Fryar, Giouanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Do-*

wln 1558

*nado, Florio, Richardetto, Putana and Vasques.*

wln 1559

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

wln 1560

To spend the remnant of the day in Feast;

wln 1561

Such fit repasts are pleasing to the Saints

wln 1562

Who are your guests, though not with mortall eyes

wln 1563

To be beheld; long prosper in this day

wln 1564

You happy Couple, to each others ioy:

wln 1565

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

wln 1566

Hath beene a sheild for me against my death;

wln 1567

And more to blesse me, hath enricht my life

wln 1568

With this most precious Iewell; such a prize

wln 1569

As Earth hath not another like to this.

wln 1570

Cheere vp my Loue, and Gentlemen, my Friends,

wln 1571

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

wln 1572

With lusty Cups to *Annabella's* health.

wln 1573

*Gio.* Oh Torture, were the marriage yet vndone,

*Aside.*

wln 1574

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

wln 1575

Clipt by another, I would dare Confusion,

wln 1576

And stand the horrour of ten thousand deaths.

wln 1577

*Vas.* Are you not well Sir?

wln 1578

*Gio.* Prethee fellow wayte,

wln 1579

I neede not thy officious diligence.

wln 1580

*Flo.* Signior *Donado*, come you must forget

wln 1581

Your late mishaps, and drowne your cares in wine.

wln 1582

*Sof\*Jan.* *Vasques?*

wln 1583

*Vas.* My Lord.

wln 1584

*Soran.* Reach me that weighty bowle,

wln 1585

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

Your

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593  
wln 1594  
wln 1595  
wln 1596  
wln 1597  
wln 1598  
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wln 1600  
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wln 1613  
wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
wln 1617  
wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621

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

*Gio.* I cannot drinke.

*Soran.* What?

*Gio.* 'Twill indeede offend me

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

*Flo.* How now, what noyse is this?

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

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

*Hoboyes.*

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

*Musicke and a Daunce.*

*Dance.*

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

*Hip.* Yes, you shall know,  
What thinke you now?

*Omnes Hippolita?*

*Hip.* 'Tis shee,  
Bee not amaz'd; nor blush young louely Bride,  
I come not to defraud you of your man,  
'Tis now no time to reckon vp the talke  
What *Parma* long hath rumour'd of vs both,  
Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it  
Will (like a bubble) breake it selfe at last.  
But now to you *Sweet Creature*, lend's your hand,  
Perhaps it hath beene said, that I would claime  
Some interest in *Soranzo*, now your Lord,  
What I haue right to doe, his soule knowes best:  
But in my duty to your Noble worth,  
Sweete *Annabella*, and my care of you,

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624  
wln 1625  
wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630  
wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
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wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
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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'le once more ioyned, what by the holy Church  
Is finish't and allow'd; haue I done well?

*Soran.* You haue too much ingag'd vs.

*Hip.* One thing more

That you may know my single charity,  
Freely I here remit all interest  
I ere could clayme; and guie you backe your vowes,  
And to confirm't, reach me a Cup of wine  
My Lord *Soranzo*, in this draught I drinke,  
Long rest 'ee —looke to it *Vasques*.

*Vas.* Feare nothing — *He giues her a poysond Cup,*

*Soran.* *Hippolita*, I thanke you, and will pledge *(She drinks.*

This happy Vnion as another life,  
Wine there.

*Vas.* You shall haue none, neither shall you pledge her.

*Hip.* How!

*Vas.* Know now Mistresse shee deuill, your owne mischieuous  
Hath kild you, I must not marry you. *(treachery*

*Hip.* Villaine.

*Omnes.* What's the matter?

*Vas.* Foolish woeman, thou art now like a Fire-brand, that  
hath kindled others and burnt thy selfe; *Troppo sperar niganna*,  
thy vaine hope hath deceiued thee, thou art but dead, if thou  
hast any grace, pray.

*Hip.* Monster.

*Vas.* Dye in charity for shame,  
This thing of malice, this woman had priuately corrupted mee  
with promise of malice, vnder this politique reconciliation to  
to poyson my Lord, whiles shee might laugh at his Confusion  
on his marriage-day; I promis'd her faire, but I knew what my  
reward should haue beene, and would willingly haue spar'd her  
life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her dispositi-  
on, and now haue fitted her a iust payment in her owne coyne,  
there shee is, shee hath yet — and end thy dayes in  
peace vild woman, as for life there's no hope, thinke not on't.

*Omnes.* Wonderfull Iustice!

*Richard.*

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1659  
wln 1660  
wln 1661  
wln 1662  
wln 1663  
wln 1664  
wln 1665  
wln 1666  
wln 1667  
wln 1668  
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wln 1686  
wln 1687  
wln 1688  
wln 1689  
wln 1690  
wln 1691  
wln 1692  
wln 1693  
wln 1694  
wln 1695

*Richard.* Heauen thou art righteous.

*Hip.* O 'tis true,

I feele my minute comming, had that slaue  
Kept promise, (o my torment) thou this houre  
Had'st dyed *Soranzo* — heate aboue hell fire —  
Yet ere I passe away — Cruell, cruell flames —  
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed  
Of marriage be a racke vnto thy heart,  
Burne blood and boyle in Vengeance — o my heart,  
My Flame's intolerable — maist thou liue  
To father Bastards, may her wombe bring forth  
Monsters, and dye together in your sinnes  
Hated, scorn'd and vnpittied — oh — oh —

*Dyes.*

*Flo.* Was e're so vild a Creature?

*Richard.* Here's the end

Of lust and pride. *Anna.* It is a fearefull sight.

*Soran.* *Vasques*, I know thee now a trusty seruant,  
And neuer will forget thee — come *My Loue*,  
Wee'le home, and thanke the Heauens for this escape,  
Father and Friends, wee must breake vp this mirth,  
It is too sad a Feast.

*Do.* Beare hence the body.

*Fry.* Here's an ominous change,  
Marke this my *Giouani*, and take heed,  
I feare the euent; that marriage seldome's good,  
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Richardetto and Philotis.*

*Richard.* My wretched wife more wretched in her shame  
Then in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soone  
The forfeit of her modesty and life.  
And I am sure (my Neece) though vengeance houer,  
Keeping aloofe yet from *Soranzo's* fall,  
Yet hee will fall, and sinke with his owne weight.  
I need not (now my heart perswades me so)  
To further his confusion; there is one  
Aboue begins to worke, for as I heare,  
Debate's already twixt his wife and him,

Thicken

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

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

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

Say,



wln 1731  
wln 1732  
wln 1733  
wln 1734  
wln 1735  
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wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
wln 1766  
wln 1767

They, must I?

*Anna.* Beastly man, why 'tis thy fate:

I sued not to thee, for, but that I thought  
Your *Ouer-louing Lordship* would haue runne  
Madd on denyall, had yee lent me time,  
I would haue told 'ee in what case I was,  
But you wou'd needes be doing.

*Soran.* Whore of whores!

Dar'st thou tel' mee this?

*Anna.* O yes, why not?

You were deceiu'd in mee; 'twas not for loue  
I chose you, but for honour; yet know this,  
Wou'd you be patient yet, and hide your shame,  
I'de see whether I could loue you.

*Soran.* Excellent Queane!

Why art thou not with Child?

*Anna.* What needs all this,

When 'tis superfluous? I confesse I am.

*Soran.* Tell mee by whome.

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

Yet somewhat sir to stay your longing stomacke  
I'me content t'acquaint you with; *The man,*  
The more then *Man* that got this sprightly Boy,  
(For 'tis a Boy that for glory sir,  
Your heyre shalbe a Sonne,)

*Soran.* Damnable Monster.

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

*Soran.* Yes speake, and speake thy last.

*Anna.* A match, a match;

This *Noble Creature* was in euery part  
So angell-like, so glorious, that a woeman,  
Who had not beene but human as was I,  
Would haue kneel'd to him, and haue beg'd for loue.  
You, why you are not worthy once to name  
His name without true worship, or indeede,  
Vnlesse you kneel'd, to heare another name him.

*Soran.* What was hee cal'd?

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

*Anna.* Wee are not come to that,  
Let it suffice, that you shall haue the glory,  
To *Father* what so *Braue a Father* got.  
In briefe, had not this chance, falne out as't doth,  
I neuer had beene troubled with a thought  
That you had beene *a Creature*; but for marriage,  
I scarce dreame yet of that.

*Soran.* Tell me his name.

*Anna.* Alas, alas, there's all  
Will you beleue?

*Soran.* What?

*Anna.* You shall neuer know. *Soran.* How!

*Anna.* Neuer,

If you doe, let mee be curst.

*Soran.* Not know it, Strumpet, I'le ripp vp thy heart,  
And finde it there.

*Anna.* Doe, doe.

*Soran.* And with my teeth,  
Teare the prodigious leacher joynt by ioynt.

*Anna.* Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry.

*Soran.* Do'st thou laugh?

Come *Whore*, tell mee your loue, or by Truth  
I'le hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't

*Anna.* *Che morte plus dolce che morire per amore.* *sings.*

*Soran.* Thus will I pull thy hayre, and thus I'le drag  
Thy lust be-leaped body through the dust.

Yet tell his name.

*Anna.* *Morendo in gratia **Lei** morirere senza dolore.* *sings*

*Soran.* Dost thou Triumph? the Treasure of the Earth  
Shall not redeeme thee, were there kneeling Kings,  
Did begge thy life, or Angells did come downe  
To plead in teares, yet should not all preuayle  
Against my rage; do'st thou not tremble yet?

*Anna.* At what? to dye; No, be a *Gallant hang-man*  
I dare thee to the worst, strike, and strike home,  
I leaue reuenge behind, and thou shalt feel't.

*Soran.*

'Tis pitty shee'[\*] a Whoore.

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

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

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

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

*Soran.* I will not slacke my Vengeance.

*Enter Vasques.*

*Vas.* What d'ee meane Sir?

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

*Vas.* Now the gods forefend!

And wud you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too?  
O 'twere most vn-manlike; shee is your wife, what faults hath  
beene done by her before she married you, were not against you;  
alas *Poore Lady*, what hath shee committed, which any Lady  
in *Italy* in the like case would not? Sir, you must be ruled by  
your reason, and not by your fury, that were vnhumane and  
beastly.

*Soran.* Shee shall not liue.

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

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

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

*Vas.* Yes, and commend her for it; in this shee shews the no-  
blennesse of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes  
her rarely — Sir, in any case smother your reuenge; leaue  
the senting out your wrongs to mee, bee rul'd as you respect  
your honour, or you marr all — Sir, if euer my seruice were of  
any Credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you  
are married now; what a triumph might the report of this giue  
to other neglected Sutors, 'tis as manlike to beare extremities,  
as godlike to forgiue.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 1841  
wln 1842  
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wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877

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

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

*Aside.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Anna.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,*

wln 1878  
wln 1879  
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wln 1909  
wln 1910  
wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914

*Anna.* Sir on my knees —

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

*Exit Anna.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Soran.* Delay in vengeance giues a heauyer blow.

*Exit.*

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

*Enter Putana.*

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

wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
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wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946  
wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951

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

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

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

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

*Put.* Doe you thinke so?

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

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

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

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

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

*Put.* Do'st thinke so *Vasques*?

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

*Put.* 'Twas a deare friend indeed; but —

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

*Put.* Thou wilt stand betweene mee and harme?

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

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

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

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

*Vas.* A braue Gentleman indeed, why therein I Commend

her

*'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.*

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  
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wln 1984  
wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988

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

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

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

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

*Vas.* Where are you? there within sirs?

*Enter Bandetti.*

*Put.* How now, what are these?

*Vas.* You shall know presently,  
Come sirs, take mee *This old Damnable hagge*,  
Gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly.

*Put.* *Vasques, Vasques.*

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

Her owne brother? O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the Deuill trayn'd our age, her Brother, well; there's yet but a beginning, I must to my Lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance; now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tayle, but soft, —

what thing comes next? *Enter Giouanni.*

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

*Gio.* Where's my Sister?

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

*Gio.* Tooke too much of the flesh I beleeeue.

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

*Gio.* Where's shee?

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

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 1989  
wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993  
wln 1994  
wln 1995  
wln 1996  
wln 1997  
wln 1998  
wln 1999  
wln 2000  
wln 2001

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

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

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

*Soran.* Gently, as thou hast counsail'd; O my soule  
Runs circular in sorrow for reuenge,  
But *Vasques*, thou shalt know —

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

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

*Exit.*

wln 2002

Actus Quintus.

wln 2003

*Enter Annabella aboue.*

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

*Anna.* Pleasures farwell, and all yee thriftlesse minutes,

Wherein *False ioyes* haue spun a weary life,

To these my Fortunes now I take my leaue.

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

Ouer the world, to finish vp the race

Of my last fate; here stay thy restlesse course,

And beare to Ages that are yet vnborne,

A wretched woefull woemans *Tragedy*,

My Conscience now stands vp against my lust

With dispositions charectred in guilt,

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

*Beauty that cloathes the out-side of the face,*

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

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

Vn-mated, I conuerse with Ayre and walls,

And descant on my vild vnhappinesse.

O *Giouanni*, that hast had the spoyle

*Enter Fryar.*

Of



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 2021  
wln 2022  
wln 2023  
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wln 2056  
wln 2057

Of thine owne vertues and my modest fame,  
Would thou hadst beene lesse subiect to those Stars  
That luckelesse raig'n'd at my Natiuity:  
O would the scourge due to my blacke offence  
Might passe from thee, that *I alone* might feele  
The torment of an vncontrouled flame.

*Fry.* What's this I heare?

*Anna.* That man, that *Blessed Fryar*,  
Who ioynd in Ceremoniall knot my hand  
To him whose wife I now am; told mee oft,  
I trod the path to death, and shewed mee how.  
*But they who sleepe in Lethargies of Lust*  
*Hugge their confusion, making Heauen vniust,*  
And so did I.

*Fry.* Here's Musicke to the soule.

*Anna.* Forgiue mee my *Good Genius*, and this once  
Be helpfull to my ends; Let some good man  
Passe this way, to whose trust I may commit  
This paper double lin'd with teares and blood:  
Which being granted; here I sadly vow  
Repentance, and a leauing of that life  
I long haue dyed in.

*Fry.* Lady, Heauen hath heard you,  
And hath by prouidence ordain'd, that I  
should be his Minister for your behoofe.

*Anna.* Ha, what are you?

*Fry.* Your brothers friend the Fryar;  
Glad in my soule that I haue liu'd to heare  
This free confession twixt your peace and you,  
What would you or to whom? feare not to speake.

*Anna.* Is Heauen so bountifull? then I haue found  
More fauour then I hop'd; here *Holy man* — *Throwes a letter,*  
Commend mee to my Brother giue him that,  
That Letter; bid him read it and repent,  
Tell him that I (imprison'd in my chamber,  
Bard of all company, euen of *My Guardian*,  
Who giues me cause of much suspect) haue time

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

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

wln 2068

*Enter Soranzo and Vasques.*

wln 2069  
wln 2070  
wln 2071  
wln 2072  
wln 2073  
wln 2074  
wln 2075  
wln 2076  
wln 2077  
wln 2078  
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wln 2086  
wln 2087  
wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090  
wln 2091  
wln 2092  
wln 2093

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

*Enter*

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2094

*Enter Giouanni.*

wln 2095

*Gio.* *Busie opinion* is an idle Foole,

wln 2096

That as a Schoole-rod keeps a child in awe,

wln 2097

Frights the vnexperienc't temper of the mind:

wln 2098

So did it mee; who ere *My precious Sister*

wln 2099

Was married, thought all tast of loue would dye

wln 2100

In such a Contract; but I finde no change

wln 2101

Of pleasure in this formall law of sports.

wln 2102

Shee is still one to mee, and euery kisse

wln 2103

As sweet, and as delicious as the first

wln 2104

I reap't; when yet the priuiledge of youth

wln 2105

Intitled her *a Virgine*. O the glory

wln 2106

Of two vnited hearts like hers and mine!

wln 2107

Let *Poaring booke-men* dreame of other worlds,

wln 2108

My world, and all of happinesse is here,

wln 2109

And I'de not change it for the best to come,

wln 2110

*A life of pleasure is Elyzeum.*

*Enter Fryar.*

wln 2111

Father, you enter on the *Iubile*

wln 2112

Of my retyr'd delights; Now I can tell you,

wln 2113

The hell you oft haue prompted, is nought else

wln 2114

But slauish and fond superstitious feare;

wln 2115

And I could proue it too —

wln 2116

*Fry.* Thy blindnesse slayes thee,

wln 2117

Looke there, 'tis writt to thee.

*Giues the*

wln 2118

*Gio.* From whom?

*Letter.*

wln 2119

*Fry.* Vnrip the seales and see:

wln 2120

The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon

wln 2121

Be frozen harder then congeal'd Corral.

wln 2122

Why d'ee change colour sonne?

wln 2123

*Gio.* Fore Heauen you make

wln 2124

Some petty Deuill factor 'twixt my loue

wln 2125

And your relligion-masked sorceries.

wln 2126

Where had you this?

wln 2127

*Fry.* Thy Conscience youth is sear'd,

wln 2128

Else thou wouldst stoope to warning.

wln 2129

*Gio.* 'Tis her hand,

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 2130  
wln 2131  
wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
wln 2135  
wln 2136  
wln 2137  
wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140  
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wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
wln 2166

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

*Enter Vasques.*

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

*Gio.* Yes, tell them I dare come.

*Vas.* Dare come?

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

*Vas.* These words are strange to mee.

*Gio.* Say I will come.

*Vas.* You will not misse?

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

*VJ\*/Js.* So I'le say — my seruice to you.

*Exit Vas.*

*Fry.* You will not goe I trust.

*Gio.* Not goe? for what?

*Fry.* O doe not goe, this feast (I'le gage my life)  
Is but a plot to trayne you to your ruine,  
Be rul'd, you sha'not goe.

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

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

To

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore,

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

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

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 2203

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

wln 2204

wln 2205

wln 2206

wln 2207

wln 2208

wln 2209

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

wln 2210

wln 2211

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

wln 2212

wln 2213

wln 2214

wln 2215

*Enter Gio-  
uanni.*

wln 2216

wln 2217

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

wln 2218

wln 2219

wln 2220

wln 2221

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

wln 2222

wln 2223

wln 2224

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

wln 2225

wln 2226

*Gio.* If you will.

wln 2227

*Soran.* I must expect my honourable Friends,  
Good brother get her forth.

wln 2228

wln 2229

*Gio.* You are busie Sir. *Exit Giouanni.*

wln 2230

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

wln 2231

wln 2232

wln 2233

*Florish.* *Enter Cardinall, Florio, Donado, Richardetto and Attendants.*

wln 2234

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

wln 2235

wln 2236

*Car.* You are our Friend my Lord, his holinesse

wln 2237

Shall

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

wln 2238  
wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
  
wln 2249  
  
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  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266  
wln 2267  
wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272

Shall vnderstand, how zealously you honour  
*Saint Peters Vicar* in his substitute  
Our speciall loue to you.

*Soran.* Signiors to you  
My welcome, and my euer best of thanks  
For this so memorable courtesie,  
Pleaseth your Grace to walke neere?

*Car.* My Lord, wee come  
To celebrate your Feast with Ciuill mirth,  
As ancient custome teacheth: wee will goe.

*Soran.* Attend his grace there, Signiors keepe your way. *Exeūt*

*Enter Giouanni and Annabella lying on a bed.*

*Gio.* What chang'd so soone? hath your new sprightly Lord  
Found out a tricke in night-games more then wee  
Could know in our simplicity? ha! is't so?  
Or does the fitt come on you, to proue treacherous  
To your past vowes and oathes?

*Anna.* Why should you jeast  
At my Calamity, without all sence  
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

*Gio.* What danger's halfe so great as thy reuolt?  
Thou art a faithlesse sister, else thou know'st,  
Malice, or any treachery beside  
Would stoope to my bent-browes; why I hold Fate  
Clasp't in my fist, and could Command the Course  
Of times eternall motion; hadst thou beene,  
One thought more stedly then an ebbing Sea.  
And what? you'le now be honest, that's resolu'd?

*Anna.* Brother, deare brother, know what I haue beene;  
And know that now there's but a dying time  
Twixt vs and our Confusion: let's not waste  
These precious houres in vayne and vselesse speech.  
Alas, these gay attyres were not put on  
But to some end; this suddaine solemne Feast  
Was not ordayn'd to riott in expence;

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

I that haue now beene chambred here alone,  
Bard of my Guardian, or of any else,  
Am not for nothing at an instant free'd  
To fresh accesse; be not deceiu'd *My Brother*,  
This Banquet is an harbinger of Death  
To you and mee, resolute your selfe it is,  
And be prepar'd to welcome it.

*Gio.* Well then,  
The *Schoole-men* teach that all this Globe of earth  
Shalbe consum'd to ashes in a minute.

*Anna.* So I haue read too.

*Gio.* But 'twere somewhat strange  
To see the Waters burne, could I beleue  
This might be true, I could beleue as well  
There might be hell or Heauen.

*Anna.* That's most certaine.

*Gio.* A dreame, a dreame; else in this other world  
Wee should know one another.

*Anna.* So wee shall.

*Gio.* Haue you heard so?

*Anna.* For certaine.

*Gio.* But d'ee thinke,  
That I shall see you there,  
You looke on mee,  
May wee kisse one another,  
Prate or laugh,  
Or doe as wee doe here?

*Anna.* I know not that,  
But good for the present, what d'ee meane  
To free your selfe from danger? some way, thinke  
How to escape; I'me sure the guests are come.

*Gio.* Looke vp, looke here; what see you in my face?

*Anna.* Distraction and a troubled Countenance.

*Gio.* Death and a swift repining wrath — yet looke,  
What see you in mine eyes?

*Anna.* Methinkes you weepe.

*Gio.* I doe indeede; these are the funerall teares



*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2347  
wln 2348  
wln 2349  
wln 2350  
wln 2351  
wln 2352  
wln 2353  
wln 2354  
wln 2355  
wln 2356  
wln 2357  
wln 2358  
wln 2359  
wln 2360  
wln 2361  
wln 2362  
wln 2363  
wln 2364  
wln 2365  
wln 2366  
wln 2367  
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wln 2369  
wln 2370  
wln 2371  
wln 2372  
wln 2373  
wln 2374  
wln 2375  
wln 2376  
  
wln 2377  
wln 2378  
wln 2379  
wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382

More sooty, then the *Poets* faine their *Stix*.  
One other kisse my Sister.

*Anna.* What meanes this?

*Gio.* To saue thy fame and kill thee in a kisse. *stabs her.*  
Thus dye, and dye by mee, and by my hand,  
*Reuenge is mine; Honour doth loue Command.*

*Anna.* Oh brother by your hand?

*Gio.* When thou art dead  
I'le giue my reasons for't; for to dispute  
With thy (euen in thy death) most louely beauty,  
Would make mee stagger to performe *this act*  
Which I most glory in.

*Anna.* Forgiue him Heauen — and me my sinnes, farwell.  
Brother vnkind, vnkind — mercy great Heauen — oh — oh. *Dyes.*

*Gio.* Shee's dead, alas good soule; *The haplesse Fruite*  
That in her wombe receiu'd its life from mee,  
Hath had from mee a *Cradle and a Graue.*

I must not dally, this sad Marriage-bed  
In all her best, bore her aliue and dead.  
*Soranzo* thou hast mist thy ayme in this,  
I haue preuented now thy reaching plots,  
And kil'd a Loue, for whose each drop of blood  
I would haue pawn'd my heart; *Fayre Annabella,*  
How ouer-glorious art thou in thy wounds,  
Tryumphing ouer infamy and hate!  
Shrinke not Couragious hand, stand vp my heart,  
And boldly act my last, and greater part.

*Exit with the Body.*  
*A Banquet.*

*Enter* Cardinall, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vas-  
ques and attendants; *They take their places.*

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

*Soran.* Enough — my heart is fix't, pleaseth *Your Grace*  
To taste these Course Confections; though the vse  
Of such set enterteyments more consists  
In Custome, then in Cause; yet *Reuerend Sir,*  
I am still made your seruant by your presence.

*Car*

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2383

*Car.* And wee your Friend.

wln 2384

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

wln 2385

*Enter Giouanni with at heart vpon his Dagger.*

wln 2386

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

wln 2387

That tryumphs ouer death; proud in the spoyle

wln 2388

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

wln 2389

That guide the motions of Immortall Soules

wln 2390

Could not preuent mee.

wln 2391

*Car.* What meanes this?

wln 2392

*Flo.* Sonne *Giouanni*?

wln 2393

*Soran.* Shall I be forestall'd?

wln 2394

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

wln 2395

Shrinke at an idle sight; what bloodlesse Feare

wln 2396

Of Coward passion would haue ceaz'd your sences,

wln 2397

Had you beheld the *Rape of Life and Beauty*

wln 2398

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

wln 2399

*Flo.* Ha! What of her?

wln 2400

*Gio.* The Glory of my Deed

wln 2401

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

wln 2402

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

wln 2403

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

wln 2404

In a much richer Myne then Gold or Stone

wln 2405

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

wln 2406

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

wln 2407

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

wln 2408

*Vas.* What strange ridle's this?

wln 2409

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

wln 2410

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

wln 2411

Her fruitfull wombe, and left to mee the fame

wln 2412

Of a most glorious executioner.

wln 2413

*Flo.* Why mad-man, art thy selfe?

wln 2414

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

wln 2415

How as my Fate I honoured my reuenge:

wln 2416

List Father, to your eares I will yeeld vp

wln 2417

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

wln 2418

*Flo.* What is't thou say'st?

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

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

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

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

*Car.* Incestuous Villaine.

*Flo.* Oh his rage belyes him.

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

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

*Vas.* I shall Sir.

*Exit Vas.*

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

*Enter Vas.*

*Vas.* 'Tis most strangely true.

*Flo.* Cursed man — haue I liu'd to —

*Dyes.*

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

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

*Soran.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Bandetti.*

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

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

*Ban.* Away, away. *Exeunt Bandetti.*

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

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

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

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

*Gio.* Whose hand gaue mee this wound?

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

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

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

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

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

*Car.* Striue yet to cry to Heauen.

'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.

wln 2493  
wln 2494  
wln 2495  
wln 2496  
wln 2497  
wln 2498  
wln 2499  
wln 2500  
wln 2501  
wln 2502  
wln 2503  
wln 2504  
wln 2505  
wln 2506  
wln 2507  
wln 2508  
wln 2509  
wln 2510  
wln 2511  
wln 2512  
wln 2513  
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wln 2518  
wln 2519  
wln 2520  
wln 2521  
wln 2522  
wln 2523  
wln 2524  
wln 2525  
wln 2526  
wln 2527  
wln 2528  
wln 2529

*Gio.* Oh I bleed fast,  
*Death*, thou art a guest long look't for, I embrace  
Thee and thy wounds; oh my last minute comes.  
Where e're I goe, let mee enjoy this grace,  
Freely to view *My Annabella's face*.

*Dyes.*

*Do.* Strange Miracle of Iustice!

*Car.* Rayse vp the Citty, wee shall be murdered all.

*Vas.* You neede not feare, you shall not; this strange taske being ended, I haue paid the Duty to the Sonne, which I haue vowed to the Father.

*Car.* Speake wretched Villaine, what incarnate Feind Hath led thee on to this?

*Vas.* Honesty, and pittie of my Maisters wrongs; for know *My Lord*. I am by birth a *Spaniard*, brought forth my Count in my youth by Lord *Soranzo's* Father; whom whil'st he liued, I seru'd faithfully; since whose death I haue beene to this man, as I was to him; what I haue done was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the losse of my life had not ransom'd his.

*Car.* Say Fellow, know'st thou any yet vnnam'd Of Counsell in this Incest?

*Vas.* Yes, an old woeman, sometimes *Guardian* to this murdered Lady.

*Car.* And what's become of her?

*Vas.* Within this Roome shee is, whose eyes after her confession I caus'd to be put out, but kept aliue, to confirme what from *Giouanni's* owne mouth you haue heard: now *My Lord*, what I haue done, you may Iudge of, and let your owne wisdom bee a Iudge in your owne reason.

*Car.* Peace; First this woeman chiefe in these effects, My sentence is, that forthwith shee be tane Out of the City, for examples sake, There to be burnt to ashes.

*Do.* 'Tis most iust.

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

*Do.* I shall.

*Vas.* What for mee? if death, 'tis welcome, I haue beene honest to the Sonne, as I was to the Father.

*Car.*

*'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore.*

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  
wln 2544  
wln 2545  
wln 2546  
wln 2547  
wln 2548  
wln 2549  
wln 2550  
wln 2551  
  
wln 2552

*Car.* Fellow, for thee; since what thou did'st, was done  
Not for thy selfe, being no Italian,  
Wee banish thee for euer, to depart  
Within three dayes, in this wee doe dispense  
With grounds of reason not of thine offence.

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

*Car.* Take vp these slaughtered bodies, see them buried,  
And all the Gold and Iewells, or whatsoever,  
Confiscate by the Canons of the Church,  
Wee ceaze vpon to the Popes proper vse.

*Richar.* Your Graces pardon, thus long I liu'd disguis'd  
To see the effect of *Pride and Lust* at once  
Brought both to shamefull ends.

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

*Do.* Sir was it you —

*Richar.* Your friend.

*Car.* Wee shall haue time  
To talke at large of all, but neuer yet  
*Incest* and *Murther* haue so strangely met.  
*Of one* so young, so rich in Natures store,  
Who could not say, *'Tis pittie shee's a Whoore?*

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*

ln 0001  
ln 0002  
ln 0003  
ln 0004  
ln 0005  
ln 0006

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

## 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*.