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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

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

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

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

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

img: 2-a

sig: A1v

ln 0001

The Scene

ln 0002

*PARMA*.

ln 0001

The Actors' Names.

ln 0002

*Bonaventura*,

A Friar.

ln 0003

*A Cardinal*,

Nuncio to the Pope.

ln 0004

*Soranzo*,

A Nobleman.

ln 0005

*Florio*,

A Citizen of *Parma*.

ln 0006

*Donado*,

Another Citizen.

ln 0007

*Grimaldi*,

A Roman Gentleman.

ln 0008

*Giovanni*,

Son to *Florio*.

ln 0009

*Bergetto*,

Nephew to *Donado*.

ln 0010

*Richardetto*,

A supposed Physician.

ln 0011

*Vasques*,

Servant to *Soranzo*.

ln 0012

*Poggio*,

Servant to *Bergetto*.

ln 0013

*Banditti*,

ln 0014

Women.

ln 0015

*Annabella*,

Daughter to *Florio*.

ln 0016

*Hippolita*,

Wife to *Richardetto*

ln 0017

*Philotis*,

His Niece.

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

*Putana*,

Tutoress to *Annabella*.

ln 0001

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

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

My LORD,

In 0005  
In 0006  
In 0007  
In 0008  
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In 0011  
In 0012  
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In 0015  
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In 0019  
In 0020  
In 0021

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

img: 3-a  
sig: A2v

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

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

img: 3-b  
sig: [A3r]

JOHN FORD.

In 0001  
In 0002

To my Friend the  
Author.

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

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

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

THOMAS ELLICE.

'Tis Pity She's a  
WHORE.

*Enter Friar and Giovanni.*

*Friar.*

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

*Giovanni* Gentle Father,

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

*Friar* Yes. you may love fair son.

*Giovanni* Must I not praise

That beauty, which if framed anew, the gods  
Would make a god of, if they had it there;  
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?

img: 5-a  
sig: B1v

*Friar* Why foolish madman?

*Giovanni* Shall a peevish sound,

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

*Friar* Have done unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

*Giovanni* Shall then, (for that I am her brother born)

My joys be ever banished from her bed?  
No Father; in your eyes I see the change.  
Of pity and compassion: from your age  
As from a sacred *Oracle*. distills

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wln 0066

img: 5-b  
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The life of Counsel: tell me holy man,  
What Cure shall give me ease in these extremes.  
*Friar* Repentance (son) and sorrow for this sin:  
For thou hast moved a Majesty above  
With thy un-ranged (almost) Blasphemy.  
*Giovanni* O do not speak of that (dear Confessor)  
*Friar* Art thou (my son) that miracle of Wit,  
Who once within these three Months wert esteemed  
A wonder of thine age, throughout *Bononia*?  
How did the University applaud  
Thy Government, Behavior, Learning, Speech,  
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man?  
I was proud of my Tutelage, and chose  
Rather to leave my Books, than part with thee,  
I did so: but the fruits of all my hopes  
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.  
O *Giovanni*: hast thou left the Schools  
Of Knowledge, to converse with Lust and Death?  
(For Death waits on thy Lust) look through the World,

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wln 0090  
wln 0091  
wln 0092

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 0093

*Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.*

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

img: 6-a  
sig: B2v

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

*Grimaldi* Thou art no equal match for me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Vasques* Have at you. *hath the*

*Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo.* *worst*

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

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

*Enter above Annabella and Putana.*

*Florio* What's the ground?

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

img: 6-b  
sig: B3r

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wln 0174

img: 7-a  
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Holding a man, so base, no match for me.

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

*Grimaldi* I'll be revenged *Soranzo*.

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

*Grimaldi* remember this.

*Soranzo* I fear thee not *Grimaldi*.

*Exit Grimaldi*

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

Why you should storm, having my word engaged:

Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear?

Losers may talk by law of any game.

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

*Florio* Be you more silent,

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

Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

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

*Exeunt.*

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

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

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

*Annabella* Pray do not talk so much.

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

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

*Annabella* Fie how thou prat'st.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mark my pace *Poggio*.

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

*Exeunt*

*Annabella* This Idiot haunts me too.

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

*Enter Giovanni.*

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

*Putana* Where?

*Annabella* Look below.

*Putana* Oh, 'tis your brother sweet —

*Annabella* Ha!

*Putana* 'Tis your brother.



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wln 0282

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

*Exit.*

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

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

*Enter Annabella and Putana.*

*Annabella* Brother.

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

*Annabella* Why Brother, will you not speak to me?

*Giovanni* Yes; how d'ee Sister?

*Annabella* Howsoever I am, methinks you are not well.

*Putana* Bless us why are you so sad Sir.

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

*Annabella* Withdraw *Putana*.

*Putana* I will,

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

*Exit Putana:*

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

*Annabella* How's this?

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wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286

img: 8-b  
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*Giovanni* Faith I mean no harm.  
*Annabella* Harm?  
*Giovanni* No good faith; how is 't with 'ee?  
*Annabella* I trust he be not frantic—

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wln 0320  
wln 0321  
wln 0322  
wln 0323

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

img: 9-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0324  
wln 0325  
wln 0326  
wln 0327

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

wln 0328  
wln 0329  
wln 0330  
wln 0331  
wln 0332  
wln 0333  
wln 0334  
wln 0335  
wln 0336  
wln 0337  
wln 0338  
wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341  
wln 0342  
wln 0343  
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wln 0358  
wln 0359  
wln 0360

img: 9-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375

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

*Annabella* Comes this in sadness from you?

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

*Annabella* You are my brother *Giovanni*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*She kneels.*

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

*He kneels.*

*Annabella* You mean good sooth then?

*Giovanni* In good troth I do,

wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389  
wln 0390  
wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393  
wln 0394  
wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397

img: 10-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
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wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423

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

*Annabella* I'll swear 't and I.

*Giovanni* And I, and by this kiss,

*Kisses her.*

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

I would not change this minute for *Elysium*,

What must we now do?

*Annabella* What you will. *Giovanni* Come then,

After so many tears as we have wept,

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio and Donado.*

*Florio* *Signior Donado*, you have said enough,

I understand you, but would have you know,

I will not force my Daughter 'gainst her will.

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

And he is so devoted to his Book,

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

Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely

Upon my Girl; as for worldly Fortune,

I am I thank my Stars, blest with enough:

My Care is how to match her to her liking,

I would not have her marry Wealth, but Love,

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

Here's all that I can say.

*Donado* Sir you say well,

Like a true father, and for my part, I

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

Will promise to assure my Nephew presently,

Three thousand *Florins* yearly during life,

And after I am dead, my whole estate.

*Florio* 'Tis a fair proffer sir, meantime your Nephew

Shall have free passage to commence his suit;

If he can thrive, he shall have my consent,

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

*Exit.*

*Donado* Well,

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

But he is such another Dunce, I fear

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

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

If he will learn of me; and in good time

He comes himself.

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

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

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

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

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

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

img: 10-b  
sig: C3r

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

*Poggio* So the Barber swore for sooth.

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

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

*Poggio* Answer for yourself Master.

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

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

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

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

*Bergetto* What did I say *Poggio*?

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

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

*Donado* This is intolerable.

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

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

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

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

*Bergetto* I should be sorry for that Uncle.

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

*Bergetto* Ay marry, that will be excellent.

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

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471

wln 0472

Actus Secundus.

wln 0473

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

wln 0474

*Giovanni* Come *Annabella*, no more Sister now,

wln 0475

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

wln 0476

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

wln 0477

That yielding thou hast conquered, and inflamed

wln 0478

A heart whose tribute is thy brother's life.

wln 0479

*Annabella* And mine is his, oh how these stolen contents

wln 0480

Would print a modest Crimson on my cheeks,

wln 0481

Had any but my heart's delight prevailed.

wln 0482

*Giovanni* I marvel why the chaster of your sex

wln 0483

Should think this pretty toy called *Maidenhead*,

wln 0484

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

wln 0485

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

wln 0486

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

wln 0487

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

wln 0488

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

wln 0489

*Giovanni* Thou wilt chide me then,

wln 0490

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

wln 0491

And sucked divine *Ambrosia* from her lips:

wln 0492

I envy not the mightiest man alive,

wln 0493

But hold myself in being King of thee,

wln 0494

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

wln 0495

But I shall lose you *Sweetheart*.

wln 0496

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

wln 0497

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

wln 0498

*Annabella* You must. *Giovanni* Nay some other.

wln 0499

*Annabella* Now prithee do not speak so, without jesting

wln 0500

You'll make me weep in earnest.

wln 0501

*Giovanni* What you will not.

wln 0502

But tell me sweet, canst thou be dared to swear

wln 0503

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

wln 0504

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

wln 0505

My *Giovanni*, how all suitors seem

wln 0506

To my eyes hateful, thou wouldst trust me then.

wln 0507

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

wln 0508

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

wln 0509

*Annabella* Will you begone? *Giovanni* I must.

wln 0510

*Annabella* When to return? *Giovanni* Soon.

wln 0511

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

wln 0512

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

wln 0513

And where thou art, I know I shall be there

wln 0514

*Guardian.*

wln 0515

*Enter Putana.*

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

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

wln 0529  
wln 0530

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

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

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

img: 12-a  
sig: C4v

wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551  
wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554  
wln 0555  
wln 0556  
wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
wln 0561

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

wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564  
wln 0565  
wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574  
wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
wln 0578  
wln 0579  
wln 0580

img: 12-b  
sig: D1r

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

wln 0581  
wln 0582  
wln 0583  
wln 0584  
wln 0585  
wln 0586  
wln 0587  
wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591  
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wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
wln 0602  
wln 0603  
wln 0604  
wln 0605  
wln 0606  
wln 0607  
wln 0608  
wln 0609

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



wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
wln 0615  
wln 0616  
wln 0617

img: 13-a  
sig: D1v

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

wln 0618  
wln 0619  
wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
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wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652  
wln 0653  
wln 0654

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

img: 13-b  
sig: D2r

wln 0655  
wln 0656  
wln 0657  
wln 0658  
wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662  
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wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691

img: 14-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702

I cannot mask my penitence, think thou  
How much thou hast digressed from honest shame,  
In bringing of a gentleman to death  
Who was thy husband, such a one as he,  
So noble in his quality, condition,  
Learning, behavior, entertainment, love,  
As *Parma* could not show a braver man.

*Vasques* You do not well, this was not your promise.

*Soranzo* I care not, let her know her monstrous life,  
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,  
I'll be a Curse; woman, come here no more,  
Learn to repent and die; for by my honor  
I hate thee and thy lust; you have been too foul.

*Vasques* This part has been scurvily played.

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

*She offers to  
go away.*

*Vasques* Mistress, Mistress Madam *Hippolita*,  
Pray a word or two. *Hippolita* With me Sir?

*Vasques* With you if you please. *Hippolita* What is 't?

*Vasques* I know you are infinitely moved now, and you think  
you have cause, some I confess you have, but sure not so much  
as you imagine. *Hippolita* Indeed.

*Vasques* O you were miserably bitter, which you followed  
even to the last syllable: Faith you were somewhat too shrewd,  
by my life you could not have taken my Lord in a worse time,  
since I first knew him: tomorrow you shall find him a new  
man. *Hippolita* Well, I shall wait his leisure.

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

*Hippolita* I have it and it shall be so; thanks opportunity  
— persuade me to what —

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

*Hippolita* He will never love me: *Vasques*, thou hast been a too trusty  
servant to such a master, and I believe thy reward in the end will fall

out like mine. *Vasques* So perhaps too.

*Hippolita* Resolve thyself it will; had I one so true, so truly honest,  
so secret to my Counsels, as thou hast been to him and  
his, I should think it a **slight** acquittance, not only to make  
him Master of all I have, but even of myself.

*Vasques* O you are a noble Gentlewoman.

*Hippolita* Wu't thou feed always upon hopes? well, I know  
thou art wise, and seest the reward of an old servant dally what  
it is *Vasques* Beggary and neglect.

*Hippolita* True, but *Vasques*, wert thou mine, and wouldst be  
private to me and my designs; I here protest myself, and all

wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
wln 0711  
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wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727  
wln 0728

img: 14-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
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wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747  
wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750

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

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

*Hippolita* What then?

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

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

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

*Hippolita* Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirmed.

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

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

*Enter Richardetto and Philotis.*

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

Whiles others act my shame, and I am silent.

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

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

*Philotis* Alas, I fear You mean some strange revenge.

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

*Philotis* Yes for certain.

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

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

img: 15-a  
sig: D3v

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

wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
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wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798

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

wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802

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

img: 15-b  
sig: D4r

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

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

*Enter Donado, Bergetto and Poggio.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Donado* Begin.

*Poggio reads*

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

*Bergetto* Ah ha, here's stuff Uncle.

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

*Poggio* None upon my word, but mine own.

img: 16-a  
sig: D4v

wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842

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

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

wln 0843  
wln 0844  
wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850  
wln 0851  
wln 0852  
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wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875

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

img: 16-b  
sig: E1r

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

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

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

img: 17-a  
sig: E1v

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

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

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

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

wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925  
wln 0926

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

*Giovanni* In what?

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 0927  
wln 0928  
wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934  
wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937

*Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.*

*Florio* Where's *Giovanni*?

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

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

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

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

img: 17-b  
sig: E2r

wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957  
wln 0958  
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wln 0981  
wln 0982  
wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985

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

*Florio* Receive it *Annabella*.

*Annabella* Alas good man.

*Donado* What's that she said?

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

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

be lost labor, take my word for 't.

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

*Annabella* *Guardian!*

*Putana* Did you call?

*Annabella* Keep this letter,

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

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

*Annabella* I shall sir,

*She reads,*

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

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

As I could wish.

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

*Donado* Mark you that?

Nay keep them both sweet Maid.

*Annabella* You must excuse me,

Indeed I will not keep it.

*Florio* Where's the Ring,

That which your Mother in her will bequeathed,

And charged you on her blessing not to give 't

To any but your Husband? send back that.

*Annabella* I have it not,

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

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

*Florio* Well, what do you say

To young *Bergetto*'s love? are you content

To match with him? speak.

*Donado* There's the point indeed.

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

*Florio* What say, why d'ee not speak?

*Annabella* Sir with your leave

Please you to give me freedom.

*Florio* Yes you have.

*Annabella* *Signior Donado*, if your Nephew mean



img: 18-a  
sig: E2v

wln 0986  
wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
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wln 1017  
wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022

To raise his better Fortunes in his match,  
The hope of me will hinder such a hope;  
Sir if you love him, as I know you do;  
Find one more worthy of his choice than me,  
In short, I'm sure, I sha' not be his wife.  
*Donado* Why here's plain dealing, I commend thee for 't,  
And all the worst I wish thee, is heaven bless thee,  
Your Father yet and I will still be friends,  
Shall we not *Signior Florio*?  
*Florio* Yes, why not?  
Look here your Cousin comes.  
*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*  
*Donado* Oh Coxcomb, what doth he make here?  
*Bergetto* Where's my Uncle sirs.  
*Donado* What's the news now?  
*Bergetto* Save you Uncle save you, you must not think I come  
for nothing Masters, and how and how is 't? what you have  
read my letter, ah, there I — tickled you i' faith.  
*Poggio* But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.  
*Bergetto* Sirrah *Sweetheart*, I'll tell thee a good jest, and riddle  
what 'tis.  
*Annabella* You say you'd tell me.  
*Bergetto* As I was walking just now in the Street, I met a  
swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me, and because  
he did thrust me, I very valiantly called him *Rogue*, he  
hereupon bade me draw, I told him I had more wit than so, but  
when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the  
hilts of his Rapier, that my head sung whilst my fear capered  
in the kennel.  
*Donado* Was ever the like ass seen?  
*Annabella* And what did you all this while?  
*Bergetto* Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood run about  
mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my  
heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard; (they say he  
is a new-come Doctor) called me into this house, and gave me a  
plaster, look you here 'tis; and sir there was a young wench  
washed my face and hands most excellently, i' faith I shall love

img: 18-b  
sig: E3r

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

her as long as I live for 't, did she not *Poggio*?  
*Poggio* Yes and kissed him too.  
*Bergetto* Why la now, you think I tell a lie Uncle I warrant.  
*Donado* Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head, had  
beaten some wit into it; For I fear thou never wilt have any.  
*Bergetto* Oh Uncle, but there was a wench, would have done a  
man's heart good to have looked on her, by this light she had a  
face methinks worth twenty of you Mistress *Annabella*.

wln 1031  
wln 1032  
wln 1033  
wln 1034  
wln 1035  
wln 1036  
wln 1037  
wln 1038  
wln 1039  
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wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059

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

img: 19-a  
sig: E3v

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

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

wln 1074

Actus Tertius.

wln 1075

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio.*

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

img: 19-b  
sig: E4r

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

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

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

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

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

wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126

img: 20-a  
sig: E4v

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

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

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

img: 20-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166

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

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

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

*Giovanni* Why now I see she loves me.

*Annabella* One word more:

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

*Soranzo* I take that promise.

*Annabella* Oh, oh my head.

*Soranzo* What's the matter, not well?

*Annabella* Oh I begin to sicken.

*Giovanni* Heaven forbid.

*Exit from above.*

*Soranzo* Help, help, within there ho.

*Giovanni* Look to your daughter *Signior Florio*.

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

*Enter Florio, Giovanni, Putana.*

*Florio* Hold her up, she swoons.

*Giovanni* Sister how d'ee?

*Annabella* Sick, brother, are you there?

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

*Putana* Alas poor Child.

*Exeunt, manet Soranzo.*

*Enter Vasques.*

*Vasques* My Lord.

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

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

img: 21-a  
sig: F1v

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 1207

*Enter Giovanni and Putana.*

wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211

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

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

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

wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235

*Giovanni* She is not dead, ha, is she?  
*Putana* Dead? no, she is quick, 'tis worse, she is with child,  
You know what you have done; Heaven forgive 'ee,  
'Tis too late to repent, now Heaven help us.  
*Giovanni* With child? how dost thou know 't?  
*Putana* How do I know 't? am I at these years ignorant, what  
the meaning's of Quames, and Waterpangs be? of changing of  
Colors, Queasiness of stomachs, Pukings, and another thing  
that I could name; do not (for her and your Credit's sake) spend  
the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so; she is quick  
upon my word, if you let a Physician see her water y' are  
undone.  
*Giovanni* But in what case is she?  
*Putana* Prettily amended, 'twas but a fit which I soon espied,  
and she must look for often henceforward.  
*Giovanni* Commend me to her, bid her take no care,  
Let not the Doctor visit her I charge you,  
Make some excuse, till I return; *oh me*,  
I have a world of business in my head,  
Do not discomfort her; how do this news perplex me!  
If my Father come to her, tell him she's recovered well,  
Say 'twas but some ill diet; d'ee hear *Woman*,  
Look you to 't.  
*Putana* I will sir.

*Exeunt.*

img: 21-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252  
wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259

*Enter Florio and **Richardetto***  
*Florio* And how d'ee find her sir?  
*Richardetto* Indifferent well,  
I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick,  
But that she told me, she had lately eaten  
Melons, and as she thought, those disagreed  
With her young stomach.  
*Florio* Did you give her aught?  
*Richardetto* An easy surfeit water, nothing else,  
You need not doubt her health; I rather think  
Her sickness is a fullness of her blood,  
You understand me?  
*Florio* I do; you counsel well,  
And once within these few days, will so order 't  
She shall be married, ere she know the time.  
*Richardetto* Yet let not haste (sir) make unworthy choice,  
That were dishonor.  
*Florio* Master Doctor no,  
I will not do so neither, in plain words  
My Lord *Soranzo* is the man I mean.  
*Richardetto* A noble and a virtuous Gentleman.  
*Florio* As any is in *Parma*; not far hence,  
Dwells Father *Bonaventure*, a grave Friar,  
Once Tutor to my Son; now at his Cell

wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
wln 1272

img: 22-a  
sig: F2v

I'll have 'em married.  
*Richardetto* You have plotted wisely.  
*Florio* I'll send one straight  
To speak with him tonight.  
*Richardetto* *Soranzo's* wise, he will delay no time.  
*Florio* It shall be so:  
*Enter Friar and Giovanni.*  
*Friar* Good peace be here and love.  
*Florio* Welcome religious Friar, you are one,  
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.  
*Giovanni* Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best,  
To draw this holy man from forth his Cell,  
To visit my sick sister, that with words

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

Of ghostly comfort in this time of need,  
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.  
*Florio* 'Twas well done *Giovanni*, thou herein  
Hast showed a Christian's care, a Brother's love  
Come Father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,  
And one thing would entreat you.  
*Friar* Say on sir.  
*Florio* I have a Father's dear impression,  
And wish before I fall into my grave,  
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit;  
A word from you *Grave man*, will win her more,  
Than all our best persuasions.  
*Friar* Gentle Sir,  
All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Grimaldi.*  
*Grimaldi* Now if the Doctor keep his word, *Soranzo*,  
Twenty to one you miss your Bride; I know  
'Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes  
A Soldier's valor; but in terms of love,  
Where Merit cannot sway, Policy must.  
I am resolved, if this Physician  
Play not on both hands, then *Soranzo* falls.  
*Enter Richardetto.*  
*Richardetto* You are come as I could wish, this very night *Soranzo*,  
'tis ordained must be affied to *Annabella*; and for aught  
I know, married. *Grimaldi* How!  
*Richardetto* Yet your patience,  
The place, 'tis **Friar** *Bonaventure's* Cell.  
Now I would wish you to bestow this night,  
In watching thereabouts, 'tis but a night,  
If you miss now, tomorrow I'll know all.  
*Grimaldi* Have you the poison?  
*Richardetto* Here 'tis in this Box,  
Doubt nothing, this will do 't; in any case  
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

wln 1308

*Grimaldi* I'll speed him.

wln 1309

*Richardetto* Do; away, for 'tis not safe

img: 22-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1310

You should be seen much here — ever my love.

wln 1311

*Grimaldi* And mine to you. *Exit Grimaldi*

wln 1312

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

wln 1313

And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,

wln 1314

May chance to mourn the lusty Bridegroom's ruin.

wln 1315

But to my other business; Niece *Philotis*.

wln 1316

*Enter Philotis.*

wln 1317

*Philotis* Uncle.

wln 1318

*Richardetto* My lovely Niece, you have bethought 'ee.

wln 1319

*Philotis* Yes, and as you counselled,

wln 1320

Fashioned my heart to love him, but he swears

wln 1321

He will tonight be married; for he fears

wln 1322

His Uncle else, if he should know the drift,

wln 1323

Will hinder all, and call his Coz to shrift.

wln 1324

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

wln 1325

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

wln 1326

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

wln 1327

*Enter Bergetto and Poggio*

wln 1328

*Philotis* Uncle, he comes.

wln 1329

*Richardetto* Welcome my worthy Coz.

wln 1330

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

wln 1331

*Philotis* There's hope of this yet.

wln 1332

*Richardetto* You shall have time enough, withdraw a little,

wln 1333

We must confer at large.

wln 1334

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

wln 1335

*Philotis* You shall enough *Sweetheart*.

wln 1336

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

wln 1337

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

wln 1338

I have a monstrous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever

wln 1339

the matter be.

wln 1340

*Poggio* You shall have Physic for 't sir.

wln 1341

*Richardetto* Time runs apace.

wln 1342

*Bergetto* Time's a blockhead.

wln 1343

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

wln 1344

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

img: 23-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1345

*Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair, Annabella kneeling*

wln 1346

*and whispering to him, a Table before them and wax-lights,*

wln 1347

*she weeps, and wrings her hands.*

wln 1348

*Friar* I am glad to see this penance; for believe me,

wln 1349

You have unripped a soul, so foul and guilty.



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

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

*Annabella* Wretched creature.

*Friar* Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched.

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

*Annabella* Mercy, oh mercy.

*Friar* There stands these wretched things.

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

img: 23-b  
sig: F4r

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

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

*Annabella* Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

*Friar* There is, despair not; Heaven is merciful,  
And offers grace even now; 'tis thus agreed,  
First, for your Honor's safety that you marry  
The Lord *Soranzo*, next, to save your soul,  
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

*Annabella* Ay me.

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

*Annabella* I am.

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

wln 1395

*Enter Florio, Giovanni.*

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

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

wln 1406

*Enter Giovanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.*

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

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

img: 24-a  
sig: F4v

wln 1414  
wln 1415

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

wln 1416  
wln 1417  
wln 1418

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

wln 1419  
wln 1420

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

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

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

wln 1438

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

wln 1439

*Poggio* Here; alas, how do you?

wln 1440

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

wln 1441

*Signior Donado's* Nephew now is slain,

wln 1442

Follow the murderer with all the haste

wln 1443

Up to the City, he cannot be far hence,

wln 1444

Follow I beseech you.

wln 1445

*Officers.* Follow, follow, follow.

*Exeunt Officers.*

img: 24-b

sig: G1r

wln 1446

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

wln 1447

wln 1448

*Bergetto* Is all this mine own blood? nay then goodnight with

wln 1449

me, *Poggio*. commend me to my Uncle, dost hear? bid him for

wln 1450

my sake make much of this wench, oh — I am going the wrong

wln 1451

way sure, my belly aches so — oh farewell, *Poggio* — oh —

wln 1452

oh —

*Dies.*

wln 1453

*Philotis* O he is dead.

wln 1454

*Poggio* How! dead!

wln 1455

*Richardetto* He's dead indeed,

wln 1456

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

wln 1457

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

wln 1458

*Poggio* Oh my Master, my Master, my Master.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1459

*Enter Vasques and Hippolita.*

wln 1460

*Hippolita* Betrothed?

wln 1461

*Vasques* I saw it.

wln 1462

*Hippolita* And when's the marriage-day?

wln 1463

*Vasques* Some two days hence.

wln 1464

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

wln 1465

To send him to his last, and lasting sleep.

wln 1466

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

wln 1467

*Vasques* I do not doubt your wisdom, nor (I trust) you my secrecy,

wln 1468

I am infinitely yours.

wln 1469

*Hippolita* I will be thine in spite of my disgrace,

wln 1470

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

wln 1471

He'd laugh to see me weep.

wln 1472

*Vasques* And that's a Villainous fault in him.

wln 1473

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

wln 1474

Be thou still true.

wln 1475

*Vasques* I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a preferment,

wln 1476

as I am like to climb to.

wln 1477

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

wln 1478

Revel in these new pleasures, if we thrive,

wln 1479

He now hath but a pair of days to live.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1480

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

wln 1481

*Florio* 'Tis bootless now to show yourself a child

img: 25-a

sig: G1v

wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
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wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
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 tears, but seek for Justice.  
*Richardetto* I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,  
That had not first acquainted you what love  
Passed twixt him and my Niece, but as I live,  
His Fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

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

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

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

*Donado* Know you what manner of man he was?

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

*Florio* *Grimaldi* on my life.

*Officer* Ay, ay, the same.

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

*Donado* Knock some one at the gate,

*Poggio* I'll knock sir.

*Poggio knocks.*

*Servant* *within.* What would 'ee?

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

wln 1511

*Enter Cardinal and Grimaldi.*

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

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

img: 25-b  
sig: G2r

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

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

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

wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536  
wln 1537  
wln 1538  
wln 1539  
wln 1540  
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wln 1544  
wln 1545  
wln 1546  
wln 1546  
wln 1547  
wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554

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

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

*Exit Cardinal  
and Grimaldi*

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

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

*Exeunt.*

img: 26-a  
sig: G2v

wln 1555

Actus Quartus.

wln 1556

*A Banquet.*

*Hautboys.*

wln 1557

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

wln 1558

wln 1559

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

wln 1560

wln 1561

wln 1562

wln 1563

wln 1564

wln 1565

*Soranzo* Father, your prayer is heard, the hand of goodness  
Hath been a shield for me against my death;  
And more to bless me, hath enriched my life  
With this most precious Jewel; such a prize  
As Earth hath not another like to this.

wln 1566

wln 1567

wln 1568

wln 1569

wln 1570

wln 1571

Cheer up my Love, and Gentlemen, my Friends,  
Rejoice with me in mirth, this day we'll crown

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

img: 26-b  
sig: G3r

With lusty Cups to *Annabella's* health.  
*Giovanni* Oh Torture, were the marriage yet undone, *Aside.*  
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my Love  
Clipped by another, I would dare Confusion,  
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.  
*Vasques* Are you not well Sir?  
*Giovanni* Prithee fellow wait,  
I need not thy officious diligence.  
*Florio* *Signior Donado*, come you must forget  
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.  
*Soranzo* *Vasques*?  
*Vasques* My Lord.  
*Soranzo* Reach me that weighty bowl,  
Here brother *Giovanni*, here's to you,

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

Your turn comes next, though now a Bachelor,  
Here's to your sister's happiness and mine.  
*Giovanni* I cannot drink.  
*Soranzo* What?  
*Giovanni* 'Twill indeed offend me  
*Annabella* Pray, do not urge him if he be not willing.  
*Florio* How now, what noise is this?  
*Vasques* O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certain young Maidens  
of *Parma* in honor to Madam *Annabella's* marriage, have sent  
their loves to her in a Masque, for which they humbly crave  
your patience and silence.  
*Soranzo* We are much bound to them, so much the more as  
it comes unexpected; guide them in. *Hautboys.*  
*Enter Hippolita and Ladies in white Robes with  
Garlands of Willows.*

wln 1602

*Music and a Dance.* *Dance.*

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

*Soranzo* Thanks lovely Virgins, now might we but know  
To whom we have been beholding for this love,  
We shall acknowledge it.  
*Hippolita* Yes, you shall know,  
What think you now?  
*Omnes Hippolita?*  
*Hippolita* 'Tis she,  
Be not amazed; nor blush young lovely Bride,  
I come not to defraud you of your man,  
'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk  
What *Parma* long hath rumored of us both,  
Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it  
Will (like a bubble) break itself at last.  
But now to you *Sweet Creature*, lend's your hand,  
Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim

wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621

img: 27-a  
sig: G3v

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

wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624  
wln 1625  
wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630  
wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
wln 1635  
wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
wln 1644  
wln 1645  
wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650  
wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657  
wln 1658

Here take *Soranzo*, take this hand from me,  
I'll once more join, what by the holy Church  
Is finished and allowed; have I done well?  
*Soranzo* You have too much engaged us.  
*Hippolita* One thing more  
That you may know my single charity,  
Freely I here remit all interest  
I ere could claim; and give you back your vows,  
And to confirm 't, reach me a Cup of wine  
My Lord *Soranzo*, in this draught I drink,  
Long rest 'ee —look to it *Vasques*.  
*Vasques* Fear nothing — *He gives her a poisoned Cup,*  
*Soranzo Hippolita*, I thank you, and will pledge *She drinks.*  
This happy Union as another life,  
Wine there.  
*Vasques* You shall have none, neither shall you pledge her.  
*Hippolita* How!  
*Vasques* Know now Mistress she devil, your own mischievous treachery  
Hath killed you, I must not marry you.  
*Hippolita* Villain.  
*Omnes*. What's the matter?  
*Vasques* Foolish woman, thou art now like a Firebrand, that  
hath kindled others and burnt thyself; *Troppo sperar inganna*,  
thy vain hope hath deceived thee, thou art but dead, if thou  
hast any grace, pray.  
*Hippolita* Monster.  
*Vasques* Die in charity for shame,  
This thing of malice, this woman had privately corrupted me  
with promise of malice, under this politic reconciliation to  
to poison my Lord, whiles she might laugh at his Confusion  
on his marriage-day; I promised her fair, but I knew what my  
reward should have been, and would willingly have spared her  
life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition,  
and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin,  
there she is, she hath yet — and end thy days in  
peace vile woman, as for life there's no hope, think not on 't.  
*Omnes*. Wonderful Justice!

img: 27-b  
sig: G4r

wln 1659  
wln 1660  
wln 1661  
wln 1662

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

wln 1663  
wln 1664  
wln 1665  
wln 1666  
wln 1667  
wln 1668  
wln 1669  
wln 1670  
wln 1671  
wln 1672  
wln 1673  
wln 1674  
wln 1675  
wln 1676  
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wln 1686  
wln 1687  
wln 1688  
wln 1689  
wln 1690  
wln 1691  
wln 1692  
wln 1693  
wln 1694  
wln 1695

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

*Dies.*

*Florio* Was e'er so vile a Creature?

*Richardetto* Here's the end

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

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

*Donado* Bear hence the body.

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Richardetto and Philotis.*

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

img: 28-a  
sig: G4v

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

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

*Philotis* Uncle, shall I resolve to be a Nun?

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



wln 1711  
wln 1712  
wln 1713  
wln 1714  
wln 1715

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

wln 1716

*Enter Soranzo unbraced, and Annabella dragged in.*

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

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

img: 28-b  
sig: H1r

wln 1731  
wln 1732  
wln 1733  
wln 1734  
wln 1735  
wln 1736  
wln 1737  
wln 1738  
wln 1739  
wln 1740  
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wln 1751  
wln 1752  
wln 1753  
wln 1754  
wln 1755  
wln 1756

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

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

img: 29-a  
sig: H1v

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

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

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

img: 29-b

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

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

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

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

*Soranzo* I will not slack my Vengeance.

*Enter Vasques.*

*Vasques* What d'ee mean Sir?

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

*Vasques* Now the gods forefend!

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

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

*Soranzo* She shall not live.

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

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

Why let him take it.

*Soranzo* *Vasques*, hear'st thou this?

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

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

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

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

img: 30-b  
sig: H3r

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

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

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

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

img: 31-a  
sig: H3v

wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
wln 1923  
wln 1924  
wln 1925  
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wln 1939  
wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945

I tell you shall be wonders.

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

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

*Enter Putana.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Putana* Do you think so?

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

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

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

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

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

*Putana* Dost think so *Vasques*?

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

*Putana* 'Twas a dear friend indeed; but —

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

*Putana* Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

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

img: 31-b  
sig: H4r

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

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

img: 32-a  
sig: H4v

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

wln 1989  
wln 1990

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 2002

Actus Quintus.

wln 2003

*Enter Annabella above.*

wln 2004

*Annabella* Pleasure's farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes,

wln 2005

Wherein *False joys* have spun a weary life,

wln 2006

To these my Fortunes now I take my leave.

wln 2007

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

wln 2008

Over the world, to finish up the race

wln 2009

Of my last fate; here stay thy restless course,

wln 2010

And bear to Ages that are yet unborn,

wln 2011

A wretched woeful woman's *Tragedy*,

wln 2012

My Conscience now stands up against my lust

wln 2013

With dispositions charactered in guilt,

*Enter Friar.*

wln 2014

And tells me I am lost: *Now* I confess,

wln 2015

*Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,*

wln 2016

*Is cursed if it be not clothed with grace:*

wln 2017

Here like a Turtle (mewed up in a Cage)

wln 2018

Unmated, I converse with Air and walls,

wln 2019

And descant on my vile unhappiness.

wln 2020

O *Giovanni*, that hast had the spoil

img: 32-b  
sig: 11r

wln 2021

Of thine own virtues and my modest fame,

wln 2022

Would thou hadst been less subject to those Stars

wln 2023

That luckless reigned at my Nativity:

wln 2024

O would the scourge due to my black offense

wln 2025

Might pass from thee, that *I alone* might feel

wln 2026

The torment of an uncontrolled flame.

wln 2027

*Friar* What's this I hear?

wln 2028

*Annabella* That man, that *Blessed Friar*,

wln 2029

Who joined in Ceremonial knot my hand

wln 2030

To him whose wife I now am; told me oft,

wln 2031

I trod the path to death, and showed me how.

wln 2032

*But they who sleep in Lethargies of Lust*

wln 2033

*Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust,*

wln 2034

And so did I.

wln 2035  
wln 2036  
wln 2037  
wln 2038  
wln 2039  
wln 2040  
wln 2041  
wln 2042  
wln 2043  
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wln 2051  
wln 2052  
wln 2053  
wln 2054  
wln 2055  
wln 2056  
wln 2057

img: 33-a  
sig: 11v

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

wln 2068

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

*Friar* Here's Music to the soul.  
*Annabella* Forgive me my *Good Genius*, and this once  
Be helpful to my ends; Let some good man  
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit  
This paper double lined with tears and blood:  
Which being granted; here I sadly vow  
Repentance, and a leaving of that life  
I long have died in.  
*Friar* Lady, Heaven hath heard you,  
And hath by providence ordained, that I  
should be his Minister for your behoof.  
*Annabella* Ha, what are you?  
*Friar* Your brother's friend the Friar;  
Glad in my soul that I have lived to hear  
This free confession twixt your peace and you,  
What would you or to whom? fear not to speak.  
*Annabella* Is Heaven so bountiful? then I have found  
More favor than I hoped; here *Holy man* — *Throws a letter,*  
Commend me to my Brother give him that,  
That Letter; bid him read it and repent,  
Tell him that I (imprisoned in my chamber,  
Barred of all company, even of *My Guardian*,  
Who gives me cause of much suspect) have time

To blush at what hath passed: bid him be wise,  
And not believe the Friendship of my Lord,  
I fear much more than I can speak: *Good father*,  
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy,  
I must break off — you'll do 't?  
*Friar* Be sure I will;  
And fly with speed — my blessing ever rest  
With thee my daughter, live to die more blessed. *Exit Friar*  
*Annabella* Thanks to the heavens, who have prolonged my breath  
To this good use: Now I can welcome Death. *Exit.*

*Enter Soranzo and Vasques.*

*Vasques* Am I to be believed now?  
First, marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to  
laugh at your horns? to feast on your disgrace, riot in your vexations,  
cuckold you in your bridebed, waste your estate upon  
Panders and Bawds?  
*Soranzo* No more, I say no more.  
*Vasques* *A Cuckold is a goodly tame beast my Lord.*  
*Soranzo* I am resolved; urge not another word,  
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute  
As thunder; in mean time I'll cause our Lady  
To deck herself in all her bridal Robes,  
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.



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

img: 33-b  
sig: 12r

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

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

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

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

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

*Exeunt.*

wln 2094

*Enter Giovanni.*

wln 2095

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

*Enter Friar.*

wln 2111

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

wln 2116

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

*Gives the  
Letter.*

wln 2118

*Giovanni* From whom?

wln 2119

*Friar* Unrip the seals and see:

wln 2120

The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon  
Be frozen harder than congealed Coral.

wln 2121

Why d'ee change color son?

wln 2122

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

wln 2124

Where had you this?

wln 2125

*Friar* Thy Conscience youth is seared,

wln 2126

wln 2127

wln 2128

wln 2129

img: 34-a  
sig: I2v

wln 2130

wln 2131

wln 2132

wln 2133

wln 2134

wln 2135

wln 2136

wln 2137

wln 2138

wln 2139

wln 2140

wln 2141

wln 2142

wln 2143

wln 2144

wln 2145

wln 2146

wln 2147

wln 2148

wln 2149

wln 2150

wln 2151

wln 2152

wln 2153

wln 2154

wln 2155

wln 2156

wln 2157

wln 2158

wln 2159

wln 2160

wln 2161

wln 2162

wln 2163

wln 2164

wln 2165

wln 2166

img: 34-b  
sig: I3r

wln 2167

wln 2168

wln 2169

wln 2170

wln 2171

wln 2172

Else thou wouldst stoop to warning.

*Giovanni* 'Tis her hand,

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

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

An armed thunderbolt aimed at my heart.

She writes we are discovered, pox on dreams

Of low faint-hearted Cowardice; discovered?

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

Are we grown Traitors to our own delights?

Confusion take such dotage, 'tis but forged,

This is your peevish chattering weak old man,

Now sir, what news bring you?

*Enter Vasques.*

*Vasques* My Lord, according to his yearly custom keeping this

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

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

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

please you to be of the number?

*Giovanni* Yes, tell them I dare come.

*Vasques* Dare come?

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

*Vasques* These words are strange to me.

*Giovanni* Say I will come.

*Vasques* You will not miss?

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

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

*Friar* You will not go I trust.

*Giovanni* Not go? for what?

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

Is but a plot to train you to your ruin,

Be ruled, you sha' not go.

*Giovanni* Not go? stood Death

Threat'ning his armies of confounding plagues,

With hosts of dangers hot as blazing Stars,

I would be there; not go? yes and resolve

To strike as deep in slaughter as they all.

For I will go.

*Friar* Go where thou wilt, I see

The wildness of thy Fate draws to an end,

To a bad fearful end; I must not stay

To know thy fall, back to *Bononia* I

With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.

*Parma* farewell, would I had never known thee,

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

Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair.

*Exit Friar*

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

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

*Exit.*

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

*Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Banditti.*

*Soranzo* You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

*Vasques* I will undertake for their parts; be sure my Masters to  
be bloody enough, and as unmerciful, as if you were praying  
upon a rich booty on the very Mountains of *Liguria*; for your  
pardons trust to my Lord; but for reward you shall trust none  
but your own pockets.

*Banditti omnes.* We'll make a murder.

*Soranzo* Here's gold, here's more; want nothing, what you do  
is noble, and an act of brave revenge.  
I'll make ye rich *Banditti* and all Free.

*Omnes.* Liberty, liberty.

*Vasques* Hold, take every man a Vizard; when ye are withdrawn,  
keep as much silence as you can possibly: you know  
the watchword, till which be spoken move not, but when you  
hear *that*, rush in like a stormy-flood; I need not instruct ye  
in your own profession.

*Omnes.* No, no, no.

*Vasques* In then, your ends are profit and preferment — away. *Exit*

*Soranzo* The guests will all come *Vasques*? *Banditti.*

*Vasques* Yes sir,

img: 35-a  
sig: I3v

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

and now let me a little edge your resolution;  
you see nothing is unready to this *Great work*, but a great mind  
in you: Call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of  
Honor, *Hippolita's* blood; and arm your courage in your own  
wrongs, so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance  
which you may truly call *Your own*.

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

*Vasques* Now you begin to turn Italian, this beside, when my  
young *Incest-monger* comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit:  
give him time enough, let him have your Chamber and bed at liberty;  
let my *Hot Hare* have law ere he be hunted to his death,  
that if it be possible, he may post to Hell in the very Act of his  
damnation.

*Enter*  
*Giovanni.*

*Soranzo* It shall be so; and see as we would wish,  
He comes himself first; welcome my *Much-loved brother*,  
Now I perceive you honor me; y' are welcome,

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

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

wln 2233

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

wln 2234  
wln 2235  
wln 2236  
wln 2237

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

img: 35-b  
sig: 14r

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

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

wln 2249

*Enter Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed.*

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

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

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

img: 36-a  
sig: I4v

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

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

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

img: 36-b  
sig: K1r

wln 2310  
wln 2311  
wln 2312  
wln 2313  
wln 2314  
wln 2315  
wln 2316  
wln 2317  
wln 2318  
wln 2319  
wln 2320  
wln 2321  
wln 2322  
wln 2323  
wln 2324  
wln 2325  
wln 2326  
wln 2327  
wln 2328  
wln 2329  
wln 2330  
wln 2331  
wln 2332  
wln 2333  
wln 2334  
wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341  
wln 2342  
wln 2343  
wln 2344  
wln 2345  
wln 2346

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

img: 37-a  
sig: K1v

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 37-b  
sig: K2r

wln 2383  
wln 2384

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

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

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

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

img: 38-a  
sig: K2v

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

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

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



wln 2451  
wln 2452  
wln 2453  
wln 2454  
wln 2455

img: 38-b  
sig: K3r

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

wln 2456  
wln 2457  
wln 2458  
wln 2459  
wln 2460  
wln 2461  
wln 2462  
wln 2463  
wln 2464  
wln 2465  
wln 2466  
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wln 2485  
wln 2486  
wln 2487  
wln 2488  
wln 2489  
wln 2490  
wln 2491  
wln 2492

*Soranzo* Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought  
T' outlive thy murders?  
*Giovanni* Yes, I tell thee yes;  
For in my fists I bear the twists of life,  
*Soranzo*, see this heart which was thy wife's,  
Thus I exchange it royally for thine,  
And thus and thus, now brave revenge is mine.  
*Vasques* I cannot hold any longer; you sir, are you grown insolent  
in your butcheries? have at you. *Fight.*  
*Giovanni* Come, I am armed to meet thee.  
*Vasques* No, will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall,  
Not yet; I shall fit you anon — *Vengeance.*  
*Enter Banditti.*  
*Giovanni* Welcome, come more of you whate'er you be,  
I dare your worst —  
Oh I can stand no longer, Feeble arms  
Have you so soon lost strength.  
*Vasques* Now, you are welcome Sir,  
Away my Masters, all is done,  
Shift for yourselves, your reward is your own,  
Shift for yourselves.  
*Banditti* Away, away. *Exeunt Banditti.*  
*Vasques* How d'ee my Lord, see you this? how is 't?  
*Soranzo* Dead; but in death well pleased, that I have lived  
To see my wrongs revenged on that *Black Devil*.  
O *Vasques*, to thy bosom let me give  
My last of breath, let not that Lecher live — oh *Dies.*  
*Vasques* The Reward of peace and rest be with him,  
My ever dearest Lord and Master.  
*Giovanni* Whose hand gave me this wound?  
*Vasques* Mine Sir, I was your first man, have you enough?  
*Giovanni* I thank thee, thou hast done for me but what I would  
have else done on myself, art sure thy Lord is dead?  
*Vasques* Oh Impudent slave, as sure as I am sure to see thee die,  
*Cardinal* Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.  
*Giovanni* *Mercy?* why I have found it in this *Justice*.  
*Cardinal* Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

img: 39-a  
sig: K3v

wln 2493  
wln 2494  
wln 2495

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

wln 2496  
wln 2497  
wln 2498  
wln 2499  
wln 2500  
wln 2501  
wln 2502  
wln 2503  
wln 2504  
wln 2505  
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wln 2526  
wln 2527  
wln 2528  
wln 2529

Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,  
Freely to view *My Annabella's face*. *Dies.*  
*Donado* Strange Miracle of Justice!  
*Cardinal* Raise up the City, we shall be murdered all.  
*Vasques* You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task being  
ended, I have paid the Duty to the Son, which I have vowed  
to the Father.  
*Cardinal* Speak wretched Villain, what incarnate Fiend  
Hath led thee on to this?  
*Vasques* Honesty, and pity of my Master's wrongs; for know  
*My Lord*. I am by birth a *Spaniard*, brought forth my Country  
in my youth by Lord *Soranzo's* Father; whom whilst he lived,  
I served faithfully; since whose death I have been to this  
man, as I was to him; what I have done was duty, and I repent  
nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransomed his.  
*Cardinal* Say Fellow, know'st thou any yet unnamed  
Of Counsel in this Incest?  
*Vasques* Yes, an old woman, sometimes *Guardian* to this murdered  
Lady.  
*Cardinal* And what's become of her?  
*Vasques* Within this Room she is, whose eyes after her confession  
I caused to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what  
from *Giovanni's* own mouth you have heard: now *My Lord*,  
what I have done, you may Judge of, and let your own wisdom  
be a judge in your own reason.  
*Cardinal* Peace; First this woman chief in these effects,  
My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en  
Out of the City, for example's sake,  
There to be burned to ashes.  
*Donado* 'Tis most just.  
*Cardinal* Be it your charge *Donado*, see it done.  
*Donado* I shall.  
*Vasques* What for me? if death, 'tis welcome, I have been honest  
to the Son, as I was to the Father.

img: 39-b  
sig: K4r

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

*Cardinal* Fellow, for thee; since what thou didst, was done  
Not for thyself, being no Italian,  
We banish thee for ever, to depart  
Within three days, in this we do dispense  
With grounds of reason not of thine offense.  
*Vasques* 'Tis well; this Conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a  
*Spaniard* outwent an *Italian in revenge*. *Exit Vasques*  
*Cardinal* Take up these slaughtered bodies, see them buried,  
And all the Gold and Jewels, or whatsoever,  
Confiscate by the Canons of the Church,  
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.  
*Richardetto* Your Grace's pardon, thus long I lived disguised  
To see the effect of *Pride and Lust* at once  
Brought both to shameful ends.

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

*Cardinal* What *Richardetto* whom we **thought** for dead?  
*Donado* Sir was it you —  
*Richardetto* Your friend.  
*Cardinal* We shall have time  
To talk at large of all, but never yet  
*Incest* and *Murder* have so strangely met.  
*Of one* so young, so rich in Nature's store,  
Who could not say, 'Tis pity she's a Whore? *Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*

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

The general Commendation deserved 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 secure confidence assures that he cannot ignorantly err in the Application of Sense.

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## 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*.