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

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.

The Scene

PARMA.

The Actors’ Names.

Bonaventura, A Friar.
A Cardinal, Nuncio to the Pope.
Soranzo, A Nobleman.
Florio, A Citizen of Parma.
Donado, Another Citizen.
Grimaldi, A Roman Gentleman.
Giovanni, Son to Florio.
Bergetto, Nephew to Donado.
Richardetto, A supposed Physician.
Vasques, Servant to Soranzo.
Poggio, Servant to Bergetto.
Banditti,

Women.

Annabella, Daughter to Florio.
Hippolita, Wife to Richardetto
Philotis, His Niece.
Putana, Tutoress to Annabella.

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

My LORD,
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
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

JOHN FORD.

To my Friend the
Author.

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.

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?

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
Exeunt.

Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.

The life of Counsel: tell me holy man,
What Cure shall give me ease in these extremes.

    Friar    Repentance (son) and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast moved a Majesty above
With thy un-ranged (almost) Blasphemy.

    Giovanni  O do not speak of that (dear Confessor)
    Friar    Art thou (my son) that miracle of Wit,
Who once within these three Months wert esteemed
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?
How did the University applaud
Thy Government, Behavior, Learning, Speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man?
I was proud of my Tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my Books, than part with thee,
I did so: but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
O Giovanni: hast thou left the Schools
Of Knowledge, to converse with Lust and Death?
(For Death waits on thy Lust) look through the World,

And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious, than this Idol thou ador’st:
Leave her, and take thy choice, ’tis much less sin,
Though in such games as those, they lose that win.

    Giovanni  It were more ease to stop the Ocean
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.
    Friar    Then I have done, and in thy wilful flame:
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just,
Yet hear my counsel.

    Giovanni  As a voice of life.
    Friar    Hie to thy Father’s house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy Chamber, then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground:
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utter’st
In tears, (and if ’t be possible) of blood:
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of Lust
That rots thy Soul, acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night:
For seven days’ space do this, then if thou find’st
No change in thy desires, return to me:
I’ll think on remedy, pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here — away,
My blessing with thee, we have need to pray.

    Giovanni  All this I’ll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance, else I’ll swear, my Fate’s my God.  Exeunt.
Come sir, stand to your tackling, if you prove Craven,
I’ll make you run quickly.

Thou art no equal match for me.

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?

Why slave, think’st thou I’ll balance my reputation

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

Neither with thee,
I am a Roman. and a Gentleman, one that have got
Mine honor with expense of blood,
You are a lying Coward, and a fool, fight, or by these Hils
I’ll kill thee — brave my Lord, — you’ll fight.

Provoked me not, for if thou dost — They fight, Grimaldi
Have at you.

Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo.

What meaned 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.

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.

What’s the ground?

That with your patience Signiore, 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,
Holding a man, so base, no match for me.

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

Grimaldi  I’ll be revenged Soranzo.

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

Grimaldi  remember this.

Soranzo  I fear thee not Grimaldi.  Exit Grimaldi

Florio  My Lord Soranzo, this is strange to me, Why you should storm, having my word engaged: Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear? Losers may talk by law of any game.

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

Florio  Be you more silent, I would not for my wealth, my daughter’s love Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

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

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

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

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

Annabella  Pray do not talk so much.

Putana  Take the worst with the best, there’s Grimaldi the soldier a very well-timbered fellow: they say he is a Roman, Nephew to the Duke Montferrato, they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese, but faith (Charge) I do not like him, and be for nothing, but for being a soldier; one amongst twenty of your skirmishing Captains, but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright, I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams; though he might serve, if there were no more men, yet he’s not the man I would choose.

Annabella  Fie how thou prat’st.

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

Exeunt

Enter Giovanni.

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.

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

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.
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,

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?
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.

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.

Annabella You mean good sooth then?

Giovanni In good troth I do,
And so do you I hope: say, I’m in earnest:
   Annabella    I’ll swear ’t and I.
   Giovanni     And I, and by this kiss,
(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,
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.
Actus Secundus.

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

**Giovanni** Come Annabella, no more Sister now,
But Love; a name more Gracious, do not blush,
(Beauty’s sweet wonder) but be proud, to know
That yielding thou hast conquered, and inflamed
A heart whose tribute is thy brother’s life.

**Annabella** And mine is his, oh how these stolen contents
Would print a modest Crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart’s delight prevailed.

**Giovanni** I marvel why the chaster of your sex
Should think this pretty toy called Maidenhead,
So strange a loss, when being lost, ’tis nothing,
And you are still the same. **Annabella** ’Tis well for you,
Now you can talk. **Giovanni** Music as well consists
In th’ ear, as in the playing. **Annabella** Oh y’ are wanton,
Tell on ’t, y’ are best, do.

**Giovanni** Thou wilt chide me then,
Kiss me, so; thus hung Jove on Laeda’s neck,
And sucked divine Ambrosia from her lips:
I envy not the mightiest man alive,
But hold myself in being King of thee,
More great, then were I King of all the world:
But I shall lose you Sweetheart.

**Annabella** But you shall not. **Giovanni** You must be married Mistress.
**Annabella** Yes, to whom? **Giovanni** Some one must have you.
**Annabella** You must. **Giovanni** Nay some other.
**Annabella** Now prithee do not speak so, without jesting
You’ll make me weep in earnest.

**Giovanni** What you will not.
But tell me sweet, canst thou be dared to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?
**Annabella** By both our loves I dare, for didst thou know
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem
To my eyes hateful, thou wouldst trust me then.

**Giovanni** Enough, I take thy word; Sweet we must part,
Remember what thou vow’st, keep well my heart.
**Annabella** Will you begone? **Giovanni** I must.
**Annabella** When to return? **Giovanni** Soon.
**Annabella** Look you do. **Giovanni** Farewell. **Exit.**
**Annabella** Go where thou wilt, in mind I’ll keep thee here,
And where thou art, I know I shall be there
**Guardian.**

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

Florio So hard at work, that’s well; you lose no time, look,
I have brought you company, here’s one, a learned Doctor, lately
come from Padua, much 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,
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:
Enter Hipplita and Vasques.

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.

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,
Your goodly Madam Merchant shall triumph
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,
My birth was Nobler, and by much more Free.

  Soranzo  You are too violent.
  Hippolita  You are too double
In your dissimulation, seest thou this,
This habit, these black mourning weeds of Care,
’Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorced

My husband from his life and me from him,
And made me Widow in my widowhood.

  Soranzo  Will you yet hear?
  Hippolita  More of 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
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.

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 acquaintance, 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
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,

While 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?
Enter Grimaldi.

For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.

Richardetto There’s Mystery in that which time must show,
She used you kindly. Philotis Yes.

Richardetto And craved your company? Philotis Often.

Richardetto ’Tis well, it goes as I could wish,
I am the Doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you; if all fail not we shall thrive.
But who comes here? Enter Grimaldi.

I know him, ’tis Grimaldi,
A Roman and a soldier, near allied
Unto the Duke of Montferrato, one
Attending on the Nuncio of the Pope
That now resides in Parma, by which means
He hopes to get the love of Annabella,

Grimaldi Save you Sir. Richardetto And you Sir.
Grimaldi I have heard
Of your approved skill, which through the City
Is freely talked of, and would crave your aid.

Richardetto For what Sir?
Grimaldi Marry sir for this —
But I would speak in Private.

Richardetto Leave us Cousin.

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
He shall **not** scape you, I’ll provide a poison
To dip your Rapier’s point in, if he had
As many heads as *Hydra* had, he dies.

*Grimaldi*  But shall I trust thee Doctor?

---

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Donado, Bergetto and Peggio.

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

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

*Donado*  Ay, ay carry a fool’s head 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.

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

*Donado*  Get you home sir, and look you keep within doors
till I return.
Bergetto  How? that were a jest indeed; I scorn it i’ faith.
Donado  What you do not?
Bergetto  Judge me, but I do now.
Poggio  Indeed sir ’tis very unhealthy.
Donado  Well sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions,
and fopperies till I come back, you were as good 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:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Giovanni    In what?

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.

Florio    Where’s Giovanni?

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

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

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

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
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
hilt 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
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.
Exit Donado Bergetto and Poggio.

Enter Giovanni Florio.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

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.

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 suppertime, 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.
Exeunt.

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?
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.

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.

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

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.

  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.

Enter Giovanni and Putana.

  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.
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
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 delay no time.

Florio   It shall be so:
  Enter Friar and Giovanni.

Friar    Good peace be here and love.

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

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

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

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

Friar    Say on sir.

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

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

    Enter Grimaldi.

Grimaldi  Now if the Doctor keep his word, Soranzo,
Twenty to one you miss your Bride; I know
’Tis an 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.
**Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair, Annabella kneeling and whispering to him, a Table before them and wax-lights, she weeps, and wrings her hands.**

*Friar* I am glad to see this penance; for believe me, You have unripped a soul, so foul and guilty.
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up, but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
While 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 Glutons 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 incepts, cursing one another;
Then you will wish, each kiss your brother gave,
Had been a Dagger’s point; Then you shall hear
How he will cry, oh would my wicked sister
Had first been damned, when she did yield to lust.

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

  Annabella  Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

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

  Annabella  Ay me.

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

  Annabella  I am.

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

Enter Florio, Giovanni.
Exit.

Enter Giovanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.

Exeunt.

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

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

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

Bergetto We are almost at the place, I hope Sweetheart.
Grimaldi '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.
Enter Poggio with Officers, and lights and Halberds.

Poggio  Here; alas, how do you?
Richardetto  Give me a light, what's here? all blood! O sirs,
Signior Donado's Nephew now is slain,
Follow the murderer with all the haste
Up to the City, he cannot be far hence,
Follow I beseech you.
Officers.  Follow, follow, follow.  Exeunt Officers.

Dies.

Richardetto  Tear off thy linen Coz, to stop his wounds,
Be of good comfort man.
Bergetto  Is all this mine own blood? nay then goodnight with
me, Poggio. commend me to my Uncle, dost hear? bid him for
my sake make much of this wench, oh — I am going the wrong
way sure, my belly aches so — oh farewell, Poggio — oh —
oh —
Philotis  O he is dead.
Poggio  How! dead!
Richardetto  He's dead indeed,
'Tis now too late to weep, let's have him home,
And with what speed we may, find out the Murderer.
Poggio  Oh my Master, my Master, my Master.  Exeunt.

Enter Vasques and Hippolita.

Hippolita  Betrothed?
Vasques  I saw it.
Hippolita  And when's the marriage-day?
Vasques  Some two days hence.
Hippolita  Two days? Why man I would but wish two hours
To send him to his last, and lasting sleep.
And Vasques thou shalt see, I'll do it bravely.
Vasques  I do not doubt your wisdom, nor (I trust) you my secrecy,
I am infinitely yours.
Hippolita  I will be thine in spite of my disgrace,
So soon? o wicked man, I durst be sworn,
He'd laugh to see me weep.
Vasques  And that's a Villainous fault in him.
Hippolita  No, let him laugh, I'm armed in my resolves
Be thou still true.
Vasques  I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a preferment,
as I am like to climb to.
Hippolita  Even to my bosom Vasques, let My youth
Revel in these new pleasures, if we thrive,
He now hath but a pair of days to live.  Exeunt.
Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio and Officers.
Florio  'Tis bootless now to show yourself a child
Signior Donado, what is done, is done;
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for Justice.

Richardetto I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,
That had not first acquainted you what love
Passed twixt him and my Niece, but as I live,
His Fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

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

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

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

Donado Know you what manner of man he was?

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

Florio Grimaldi on my life.

Officer Ay, ay, the same.

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

Donado Knock some one at the gate,

Poggio I’ll knock sir. Poggio knocks.

Servant within. What would ’ee?

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

Enter Cardinal and Grimaldi.

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

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

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

Exit Cardinal and Grimaldi 

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

A Banquet.  

Hautboys.  

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

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

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

Hautboys.

Enter Hippolita and Ladies in white Robes with Garlands of Willows. Music and a Dance.

With lusty Cups to Annabella’s health.

Giovanni Oh Torture, were the marriage yet undone,  Aside.

Ere I’d endure this sight, to see my Love
Clipped by another, I would dare Confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

Vasques Are you not well Sir?

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

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

Soranzo Vasques?

Vasques My Lord.

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

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

Giovanni I cannot drink.

Soranzo What?

Giovanni ’Twill indeed offend me

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

Florio How now, what noise is this?

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

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

Hautboys.

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

Music and a Dance.

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

Here take Soranzo, take this hand from me,
I'll once more join, what by the holy Church
Is finished and 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!

   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
Dies. Exeunt. Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

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 —

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.

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,

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,
Exeunt.

Enter Soranzo unbraced, and Annabella dragged in.

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,

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.
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?

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 pluis 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.
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.

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.
Aside.  

Exit Annabella.

Vasques  This is well; 
Follow this temper with some passion,  
Be brief and moving, ’tis for the purpose.  

Soranzo  Be witness to my words thy soul and thoughts, 
And tell me didst not think that in my heart, 
I did too superstitiously adore thee. 

Annabella  I must confess, I know you 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.  

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
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 whiles 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; 'sfot, 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?
Enter Banditti.

Exit with Putana.

Enter Giovanni.

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 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?

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.

and success, I beseech you let’s be private.

Soranzo My Lady’s brother’s come, now he’ll know all.
Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Annabella above.

Enter Friar.

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. 

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

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

Friar What’s this I hear?

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

Enter Giovanni.

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

Enter Friar.

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

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

Friar  Thy Conscience youth is seared,
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
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.  

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,

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

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

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

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

Flourish.

Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Richardetto and Attendants.

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
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

Enter Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed.

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,
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;

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
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

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.
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.

Annabella  Forgive him Heaven — and me my sins, farewell.


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.

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.

Cardinal  And we your Friend.

Soranzo  But where’s my Brother Giovanni?

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,
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?

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.  

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.

Florio  Is 't true or no sir?
Vasques  'Tis most strangely true.

Florio  Cursed man — have I lived to —
Cardinal  Hold up Florio,

Monster of Children, see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old Father's heart; is none of you
Dares venture on him?
Giovanni  
Let ’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.

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.
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
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.

Giovanni  
Oh I bleed fast,
\[Death, thou art a guest long looked for, I embrace
Thee and thy wounds; oh my last minute comes.\]
Where’er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view My Annabella’s face.

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.

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.
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.

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.
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 *Lïgorne*.
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*.
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*.