

Tis Pitty
Shee's a Whore

Ford

1633

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Greg 486

TIS
Pitty Shee's a Whore

Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Ser-
uants, at The Phænix in
Drury-Lane.



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

The Sceane

P A R M A.

The Actors Names.

Bonacentura,	A Fryar.
A Cardinall,	Nuntio to the Pope.
Soranzo,	A Nobleman.
Florio,	A Cittizen of Parma.
Donado,	Another Cittizen.
Grimaldi,	A Roman Gentleman.
Giovanni,	Sonne to Florio.
Bergetto,	Nephew to Donado.
Richardetto,	A suppos'd Phisitian.
Vasques,	Seruant to Soranzo.
Poggio,	Seruant to Bergetto.
Bandetti,	

Woemen.

Annabella,	Daughter to Florio.
Hippolita,	Wife to Richardetto
Philotis,	His Neece.
Putana,	Tutress to Annabella.

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

My L O R D,



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

The Epistle

uours, by a particular Ingagement. The Grauity
of the Subiect may easily excuse the leightresse of
the Title: otherwise, I had beene a severall Judge a-
gainst mine owne guilt. Princes haue vouchsaft
Grace to trifles, offred from a purity of Deuotion,
your Lordship may likewise please, to admit into
your good opinion, with these weake endeouours,
the constancy of Affection from the sincere *Lover*
of your Deserts in Honour

JOHN FORD



Tis Pitty Shee's a VVHOORE.

Enter Fryar and Giouanni.

Fryar.



I speute no more in this, for knaw (young man)
These are no Schoole-points ; nice Philosophy
May tolerate vnlikelie arguments,
But Heauen admits no jest ; wits that presum'd
On wit too much, by striuing how to proue
There was no God; with foolish grounds of
Discouer'd first the neerest way to Hell; (Art,
And fild the world with deuelish Atheisme :
Such questions youth are fond ; For better'tis,
To blesse the Sunne, then reason why it shines ;
Yet hee thou talk'st of, is aboue the Sun,
No more ; I may not heare it.

Gio. Gentle Father,

To you I haue vnclap't my burthened soule,
Empty'd the store-house of my thoughts and heart,
Made my selfe poore of secrets ; haue not left
Another word vntold , which hath not spoke
All what I euer durst, or thinke, or know;
And yet is here the comfort I shall haue,
Must I not doe, what all men else may, loue ?

Fry. Yes. you may loue faire sonne.

*Gio. Must I not praise
That beauty , which if fram'd a new, the gods
Would make a god of, if they had it there ;
And kneele to it, as I doe kneele to them ?*

B

Fry.

Tis pitty shee's a Whore.

Fry. Why foolish mad-man?

Gio. Shall a peevish sound,

A customey forme, from man to man,

Of brother and of sister, be a barre

Twixt my perpetuall happinesse and mee?

Say that we had one father, say one wombe,

(Curse to my joyes) gaue both vs life, and birth;

Are wee not therefore each to other bound

So much the more by Nature; by the the links

Of blood, of reason; Nay if you will haue't,

Euen of Religion, to be euer one,

One soule, one flesh, one loue, one heart, one *All*?

Fry. Haue done vnhappy youth, for thou art lost.

Gio. Shall then, (for that I am her brother borne)
My joyes be euer banisht from her bed?

No Father; in your eyes I see the change

Of pitty and compassion: from your *age*

As from a sacred *Oracle* distills

The life of Counsell: tell mee holy man,

What Cure shall giue me ease in these extremes.

Fry. Repentance (sonne) and sorrow for this sinne:
For thou haft mou'd a Maiestie aboue
With thy vn-raunged (almost) Blasphemy.

Gio. O doe not speake of that (deare Confessor)

Fry. Art thou (my sonne) that miracle of Wit,
Who once within these three Moneths wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?

How did the Vniuersity applaud

Thy Gouernment, Behaviour, Learning, Speech,
Sweetnesse, and all that could make vp a man?

I was proud of my Tutellage, and chose

Rather to leaue my Bookes, then part with thee,

I did so: but the fruites of all my hopes

Are lost in thee, as thou art in thy selfe.

O Giovanni: hast thou left the Schooles

Of Knowledge, to conuerse with Lust and Death?

(For Death waites on thy Lust) looke through the world,

And

Tis pitty shee's a Whore.

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

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

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

Gio. As a voyce of life.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.

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

Gri. Thou art no equall match for mee.

Vas. Indeed I never went to the warres to bring home newes,
nor cannot play the Moun: ibanke for a meales meate, and sweare
I got my wounds in the field : see you these gray haire, they'le
not flinch for a bloody nose, wilt thou to this geere ?

Gri. Why slauie, think'ft thou I'le ballance my reputation

Tis pitty fhee's a Whore..

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

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

Gri. Neither with thee,

I am a Romane, and a Gentleman, one that haue got
Mine honour with expence of blood.

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

Gri. Prouoke me not, for if thou dost —

Vas. Haue at you.

They fight, Grimal, hath the

Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo. worst.

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

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

Enter above Annabella and Putana.

Flo. What's the ground ?

Sor. That with your patience Signiors, I le resolute :
This Gentleman, whom fams reports a souldier,
(For else I know not) riuals mee in loue
To Signior Florio's Daughter ; to whose cares
He still preferrs his suite to my disgrace,
Thinking the way to recommend himselfe,
Is to disparage me in his report :
But know Grimaldi, though (may be) thou art
My equall in thy blood, yet this bewrayes
A lownesse in thy minde ; which wer't thou Noble
Thou would'ft as much disdaine, as I doe thee
For this vnworthiness ; and on this ground
I will'd my Seruant to correct this tongne,

Molding

Tis pitty shee's a Wheore,

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

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

Gri. Ile be reueng'd Soranzo.

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

Gri. remember this.

Sor. I feare thee not Grimaldi.

Ex. Gri:

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

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

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

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

Anna. Pray doe not talke so much.

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoo're.

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

Anns. Fye how thou prat'st.

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

Anns. Sure the woman tooke her mornings Draught to seone.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marke

'Tis pitty she's a Whooore.

Marke my pace *Poggio*.

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

Exeunt

Anna. This Ideot haunts me too.

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

Enter Giouanni.

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

Put. Where?

Anna. Looke below.

Put. Oh, 'tis your brother sweet----

Anna. Ha!

Put. 'Tis your brother.

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

Exit.

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

To

Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

Enter Anna and Putana.

Anna. Brother.

Gio. If such a thing
As Courage dwell in men, (yee heauenly powers)
Now double all that vertue in my tongue.

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

Gio. Yes; how d'ee Sister?

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

Put. Blesse vs why are you so sad Sir.

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

Anna. With-drawe *Putana*.

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

Exit Putana;

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

Anna. How's this?

Gio. Faith I meane no harme.

Anna. Harme?

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

Anna. I trust hee be not frantick.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoores,

I am very well brother.

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

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

Gio. I thinke you loue me Sister.

Anna. Yes you know, I doe.

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

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

Gio. That's as it proues: they Poets faigne (I read)
That *Inno* for her forehead did exceede
All other goddeses: but I durst sweare,
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did t heirs.

Anna. Troth this is pretty.

Gio. Such a paire of starres

As are thine eyes, would (like *Promethean fire.*)
(If gently glaunst) giue life to sealesle stones.

Anna. Fie vpon ee.

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

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

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

Anna. O you are a trime youth.

Gio. Here. Offers his Dagger to her

Anna. What to doe.

Gio. And here's my breast, strick home.
Rip vp my bosome, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speake.

Why stand'ee? Anna. Are you earnest?

Gio. Yes most earnest.

You cannot loue? Anna. Whom?

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoores.

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

Anna. Forbid it my iust feares,
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Gio. True *Annabella*; 'tis no time to este,
I haue too long supprest the hidden flames
That almost haue consum'd me; I haue spent
Many a silent night in sighes and groanes,
Ran ouer all my thoughts, despis'd my Fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my loue,
Done all that smooth'd-cheeke Vertue could aduise,
But found all bootelesse; 'tis my destiny,
That you must eyther loue, or I must dye.

Anna. Comes this in sadness from you?

Gio. Let some mischiefe
Befall me soone, if I dissemble ought.

Anna. You are my brother *Giovanni*.

Gio. You,
My Sister *Annabella*; I know this:
And could afford you instance why to loue
So much the more for this; to which intent
Wise Nature first in your Creation ment
To make you mine: else't had beene sinne and foule,
To share one beauty to a double soule.
Neerenesse in birth or blood, doth but perswade
A neerer neerenesse in affection.
I haue askt Counsell of the holy Church,
Who tells mee I may loue you, and 'tis iust,
That since I may, I should; and will, yes will:
Must I now liue, or dye?

Anna. Liue, thou hast wonne
The field, and never fought; what thou hast vrg'd,
My captiue heart had long agoe resola'd.
I blush to tell thee, (but I'll tell thee now)
For euery sigh that thou hast spent for me,

"Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

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

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

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

Anna. You meane good sooth then?

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

Anna. I'le swear't and I.

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

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

Enter Florio and Donado.

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

Tis pitty shée's a Whoores

Here's all that I can say.

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

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

Exit.

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

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Pog. How now Bergetto, whether away so fast?

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

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

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

Pog. So the Barber swore forsooth.

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

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

Pog. Answeres for your selfe Maister.

Ber.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whore.

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

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

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

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

Ber. What did I say *Poggio*?

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

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

Do. This is intolerable.

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

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

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

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

Ber. I should be sorry for that Vnkle.

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

Ber. I marry, that will be excellent.

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

Ber. Poggio, 'twill doe Poggio. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Giovanni and Annabella, as from their Chamber.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anna. You must. Gio. Nay some other.

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

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

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

Gio.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

Anna. Will you begon? Gio. I must.

Anna. When to returne? Gio. Soone.

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

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

Enter Putana.

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

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

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

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

Put. Nor I indeed, for the speech of the people; else twere
Florio within--Daughter Annabella.

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

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

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

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

Anna. Y'are very welcome Sir.

Richard. I thank ye Mistresie.

Loud Fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
As well for Vertue as perfection:
For which I haue beeene bold to bring with mee
A Kin-fwoeman of mine, a maide, for song,
And musicke, one perhaps will give content,

Please

Tis pitty shee's a Wheere.

Please you to know her,

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

Phi. Thanke you Lady.

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

Rich. Sir, what I am shee shall command.

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

Rich. I'le waite vpon you fir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Soranzo in his study reading a Book.

Lones measurc is extreame, the comfort, paine :
The life unrest, and the reward disdaine
What's here? lookt o're againe, 'tis so, so writes
This smooth licentious Poet in his rymes.
But *Sanazar* thou lyest, for had thy bosome
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,
Thou wouldest haue kist the rod that made the smart.
To worke then happy Muse, and contradict
What *Sanazer* hath in his enuy writ.

Lones measure is the meane, sweet his annoyes,
His pleasures life, and his reward all joyes.
Had *Annabella* li'd when *Sanazar*
Did in his briefe *Euconium* celebrate
Venice that Queene of Citties, he had left
That Verse which gaind him such a sume of Gold,
And for one onely looke from *Annabell*,
Had writ of her, and her diuiner cheekes,
O how my thoughts are — — —

Vasques within-- Pray forbear, in rules of Civility, let me give
noice on't : I shall be tax't of my neglect of duty and seruice.

Soran.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore,

Soran. What rude intrusion interrupts my peace,
Can I be nowhere priuate?

Vas. within. Troth you wrong your modesty.

Soran. What's the matter *Vasques*, who i'st?

Enter Hippolita and Vasques.

Hip. 'Tis I:

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

Soran. Nay deare *Hippolita*.

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

Soran. You are too violent.

Hip. You are too double
In your dissimulation, see'st thou this,
This habit, these blacke mourning weedes of Care,
'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast diuoc't

'Tis pity shee's a Whoore.

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

Soran. Will you yet heare?

Hip. More of thy periuries?

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

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

Hip. And thou of grace.

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

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

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

Soran. Who could helpe this?

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

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

"Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

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

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

Vas. This part has beeene scuruily playd.

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

*She offers to
goe away.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoores.

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

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

Vas. O you are a noble Gentlewoman.

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

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

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

Hip. What then?

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

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

Vas. Come you are merry, This is ſuſh a hap'ineſſe that I can Neither thinke or beleuee.

Hip. Promife thy ſecrefies, and 'tis conſirm'd.

Vas. Then here I call our good *Geny* toe-witneſſes, whatfoeuer your deſignes are, or againſt whomſoeuer, I will not onely be a ſpeciall aſtor thereiп, but neuer diſcloſe it till it be eſſected.

Hip. I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine: Come then, let's more conſerre of this anon. On this delicious bane my thoughts ſhall banquett, Reuenge ſhall ſweeten what my grieſes haue taſted. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

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

Whiles

'Tis pity she's a Whoore.

Whiles others act my shame, and I am silent.

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

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

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

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

Phi. Yes for certaine.

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

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

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

Richard. And craud your company ? *Phi.* Often.

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

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

Gri. I haue heard

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

Richard. For what Sir?

Gri. Marry sir for this—

But I would speake in Priuate.

Richard. Leauue vs Cozen.

Exit Pbs.

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

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

Gri. Not mee?

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

Gri. What of that?

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

Gri. Whose that?

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

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

Richard. Is hee your Enemy?

Gri. The man I hate,
Worse then Confusion;
I'le kill him streight.

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

Gri. But shal I trust thee Doctor?

Richard.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

Enter Donado, Bergetto and Poggio.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do. Begin.

Poggio reads.

Pogg. **M**ost dainty and honey-sweete Mistresse, I could call
my **Unkle** being the elder man, I leauie it to him , as more fit for
his age, and the colour of his beard ; I am wise enoughe to tell you
I can board where I see occasion, or if you like my Vnkles wit bet-
ter then mine , you shall marry mee ; if you like mine better then
his , I will marry you in spight of your teeth ; So commanding my
best parts to you, I rest. Yours vpwards and downewards,
or you may chose, *Bergetto.*

Ber. Ah ha, he'res stiffe Vnkle.

Do. Her'e stiffe indeed to shame vs all,
Pray whose aduice did you take in this learned Letter ?

Pogg. None vpon my word, but mine owne.

Ber.

'Tis pity shee's a Whore.

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

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

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

Do. What you doe not ?

Ber. Judge me, but I doe now.

Pog. Indeede sir 'tis very vnhealthy.

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

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

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

Ber. Dost take me for a Child Poggio,

Come honest Poggio.

Exeunt.

Enter Fryar and Giouanni.

Fry. Peace, thou hast told a tale, whose euery word
Threatens eternall slaughter to the soule :

I'me sorry I haue heard it ; would mine eares

Had beeone minute deafe, before the houre

That thou cam'st to mee : *O young man cast-away,*

By the relligious number of mine order,

I day and night haue wak't my aged eyes,

Above thy strength, to weepe on thy behalfe :

But Heauen is angry, and be thou resolu'd,

Thou art a man remark't to tast a mischiefe,

Looke for't ; though it come late, it will come sure.

Gio. Father, in this you are vncharitable ;

What I haue done, I'le proue both fit and good.

It is a principall (which you haue taught

When I was yet your Scholler) that the Fame

And Composition of the *Minde* doth follow

The Frame and Composition of Body :

So where the *Bodies* furniture is *Beauty*,

The *Mindes* must needs be *Virtue* : which allowed,

Virtue it selfe is *Reason* but refin'd,

And *Lore* the Quintesence of that, this proues

My

Tis pitty shee's a Whoo're,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoores.

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

Gio. In what?

Fry. Why leue her yet,
The Throne of Mercy is aboue your trespasses,
Yet time is left you both---

Gio. To embrase each other,
Else let all time be strucke quite out of numbers:
Shee is like mee, and I like her resolu'd.

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

Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.

Flo. Where's *Giovanni*?

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

Flo. That's a blessed man,
A man madevp of holinesse, I hope
He'e teach him how to gaine another world.

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

Flo. Receiue it *Annabella*.

Anna. Alas good man.

Do. What's that she said?

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

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoo're,

be lost labour, take my word for't.

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

Anna. *Guardian* !

Pu. Did you call ?

Anna. Keepe this letter,

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

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

Anna. I shall sir,

Sheredes.

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

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

As I could wish.

Anna. Sir I am bound to rest your Cozens debter,

The Iewell I'le returne, for if he lone,

I'le count that loue a Iewell.

Do. Marke you that ?

Nay keepe them both sweete Maide.

Anna. You must excuse mee,

Indeed I will not keepe it.

Flo. Where's the Ring,

That which your Mother in her will bequeath'd,

And charg'd you on her blessing not to giue't

To any but your Husband ? send backe that.

Anna. I haue it not,

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

Anna. My brother in the morning tooke it frō me,

Said he would weare't to Day.

Flo. Well, what doe you say

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

To match with him ? speake.

Do. There's the poynt indeed.

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

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

Anna. Sir with your leauue

Please you to giue me freedome.

Flo. Yes you haue.

Anna. *Signior Donado*, if your Nephew meane

Tis pity she's a Whoo're.

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

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

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

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Do. Oh Coxcombe, what doth he make here?

Ber. Where's my Vnkle sirs.

Do. What's the newes now?

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

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

Ber. Sirrah Sweet-heart, I'll tell thee a good jest, and riddle
what'tis.

Anna. You say you'd tell mee.

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

Do. Was euer the like asse seene?

Anna. And what did you all this while?

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

Pog. Yes and kist him too,

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

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

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

Do. Was ever such a foole borne?

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

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

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

Ber. Twas shee, Twas shee.

Do. How doe you know that simplicity?

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

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

Do. Is shee indeed?

Flo. Indeed

Shee is, if I haue any Judgement.

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

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

Pog. I'le warrant you sir.

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

Ber. I marry will I Mistres, farewell Mistres, I'le comé againe to morrow--- farewell Mistres. *Exit Do. Ber. & Peg.*

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

'Tis pitty shée's a Whooore.

Gio. 'Tw as no match for her.

Flo. 'Tw as not indeed I ment it nothing lesse,
Soranzo is the man I onely like;
Looke on him *Annabella*, come, 'tis supper-time,
And it growes late. *Exit Florio.*

Gin. Whose 'ewell's that?

Anna. Some Sweet-hearts.

Gio. So I thinke.

Anna. A lusty youth, *Signior Donado* gaue it me
To weare against my Marriage.

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

Anna. What, you are jealous?

Gio. That you shall know anon, at better leasure:
We'come swete night, the Euening crownes the Day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Ber. D O'es my Vnkle think to make mee a Baby still? no,
Poggio, he shall know, I haue a skonce now.

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

Ber. Sfoot, I will haue the wench, if he were tenne Vnkles,
in despight of his nose *Poggio*. (ground,

Pog. Hold him to the Grynd-stone, and giue not a jot of
Shee hath in a manner promised you already.

Pog. True *Poggio*, and her Vnkle the Doctor
Swore I shold marry her.

Pog. He swore I remember.

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

Pog. Very well, and kist you, that my choppes watred at the
sight on't; there's no way but to clap vp a marriage in hugger
mugger.

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

'Tis pity shee's a Whooore.

methinkes, and my courage begins to rise.

Pog. Should you be afraid of your Vnkle?

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

Pog. Lose no time then.

Ber. I will beget a race of Wise men and Constables, that shall cart whoores at their owne charges, and break the Dukes peace ere I haue done my selfe. —— come away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Florio, Giouanni, Soranzo, Annabella,
Putana and Vasques.*

Flo. My Lord Soranzo, though I must confessse,
The proffers that are made me, haue beene great
In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope
Of your still rising honours, haue preuailed
Aboue all other Ioyntures; here shhee is,
She knowes my minde, si eake for your selfe to her,
And heare you daughter, see you vsfe him nobly,
For any priuat e speech, I'le giue you time:
Come sonne and you, the rest let them alone,
Agree as they may.

Soran. I thanke you sir.

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

Soran. Vasques? *Vas.* My Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

Anna. 'Tis not poynt of faith.

Enter Giouanni aboue.

Soran. Haue you not will to loue?

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

Anna. That's as the Fates inferre.

Gio. Of those P'me regient now.

Soran. What meane you sweete?

Anna. To lise and dye a Maide.

Soran.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoores.

Soran. Ch that's vnyfit.

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

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

Anna. That you were dead.

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

So-an. See you these true loues teares?

Anna. No. Gio. Now shee winkes.

Soran. They plead to you for grace.

Anna. Yet nothing speake.

Soran. Oh grant my suite.

Anna. What is't Soran! To let mee live.

Anna. Take it—

So-an. Still yours.—

Anna. That is not mine to giue.

Gio. One such another word would kil his hopes.

Soran. Mistres, to leauie those fruitlesse strifes of wit,
I know I haue lou'd you long, and lou'd you truely;
Not hope of what you haue, but what you are
Haue drawne me on; then let mee not in vain
Still feele the rigour of your chaste disdaine.
I'me sicke, and sicke to th'heart.

Anna. Helpe, Aquavite.

Soran. What meane you?

Anna. Why I thought you had beeene sicke.

Soran. Doe you mocke my loue?

Gio. There sir shee was too nimble.

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

Anna. You are no looking-glass, or if you were, I'd dresse
my language by you.

Gio. I'me confirm'd —

Anna. To put you out of doubt, my Lord, mee-thinks your
Common sence should make you understand, that if I lou'd you,
or desir'd your loue, some way I should haue giuen you better
tast: but since you are a Noble man, and one I wouldnot wish
should spend his youth in hopes, let mee advise you here, to for-
beare your suite, and thinke I wish you well, I tell you this.

Soran.

*Tis pitty shee's a Whore,

Soran. Is't you speake this?

Anna. Yes, I my selfe; yet know
Thus farre I giue you comfort, if mine eyes
Could haue pickt out a man (amongst all those
That sue'd to mee) to make a husband of,
You shoulde haue beene that man; let this suffice,
Be noble in your secresie and wise.

Gio. Why now I see shee loues me.

Anna. One word more:

As euer Vertue liu'd within your mind,
As euer noble courses were your guide,
As euer you would haue me know you lou'd me,
Let not my Father know hereof by you:
If I hereafter finde that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.

Soran. I take that promise.

Anna. Oh, oh my head.

Gio. What's the matter, not well?

Anna. Oh I begin to sicken.

Gio. Heauen forbid.

Exit from above.

Soran. Helpe, helpe, within there ho.

Gio. Looke to your daughter Signier Florio.

Enter Florio, Giouanni, Putana.

Flo. Hold her vp, shee sounes.

Gio. Sister how d'ee?

Anna. Sicke, brother, are you there?

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

Pnt. Alas poore Child.

Exeunt, manet Soranzo.

Enter Vasques.

Vaf. My Lord.

Soran. Oh Vasques, now I doubly am vndone,
Both in my present and my future hopes:
Shee plainly told me, that shee could not loue,
And thereupon soone sickned, and I feare
Her life's in danger.

Vaf.

'Tis pity shee's a Whore.

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

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

Enter Giouanni and Putana.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gio. But in what case is shee?

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

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

Put. I will sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter

'Tis pitty shee a Whoores.

Enter Florio and Richa detto

Flo. And how d'ee finde her sir?

Richard. Indifferent well,

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

Flo. Did you giue her ought?

Richard. An easie surfeit water, nothing else,
You needenot doubt her health; I rather thinke
Her sicknesse is a fulnesse of her blood,
You vnderstand mee?

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

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

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

Richard. A noble and a vertuous Gentleman.

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

Richard. You haue plotted wisely.

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

Richard. Soranzo's wife, he will delay no time.

Flo. It shall be so.

Enter Fryar and Gioanni.

Fry. Good peace be here and loue.

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

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

'Tis pity shee's a Whoores.

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

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

Fry. Say on sir.

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Grimaldi.

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

Enter Richardetto.

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

Gri. How I

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

Gri. Haue you the poysen?

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

Gri. I'le speede him.

Richard. Doe; away, for 'tis not safe

To

It is pleny shee's a Whoore.

You should be seene much here — euer my loue.

Grs. And mine to you.

Exit Gris.

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

Enter Philotis.

Pbi. Vnkle.

Richard. My louely Neece, you haue bethought ee.

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

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

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Phi. Vnkle, hee comes.

Richard. Welcome my worthy Couze.

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

Phi. There's hope of this yet.

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

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

Phi. You shall enough Sweet-heart.

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

Pog. You shall haue Phisick for't sir.

Richard. Time runs apace.

Ber. Time's a blockhead.

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

Exeunt.

"Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

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

Anna. Wretched creature.

Fry. I, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd aliue; there is a place
(Ist daughter) in a blacke and hollow Vault,
Where day is neuer seene; there shinges no Sunne,
But flaming horrour of confuming Fires;
A lightlesse Saphire, choakt with smoaky foggs
Of an infected darknesse; in this place
Dwell many thousand, thousand sundry sorts
Of neuer dying deaths; there damned soules
Roare without pitty, there are Gluttons fedd
With Toades and Addars; there is burning Oyle
Powr'd downe the Drunkards throte, the Vslurer
Is forc't to supp whole draughts of molten Gold;
There is the Murtherer for-euer stab'd,
Yet can he neuer dye; there lies the wanton
On Racks of burning steele, whiles in his soule
Hee feeleth the torment of his raging lust,

Anna. Mercy, oh mercy.

Fry. There stands these wretched things,
Who haue dreamt out whole yeeres in lawlesse sheets
And secret incests, cuising one another;
Then you will wish, each kisse your brother gauie,
Had beene a Daggers poynt; then you shall heare
How hee will cry, oh would my wicked sister
Had first beene damn'd, when shee did yeeld to lust.

'Tis pity she's a Whore.

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

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

Fry. There is, despaire not; Heauen is mercitull,
And offers grace eu'en now; 'tis thus agreed,
First, for your Honour's safety that you marry
The Lord *Soranzo*, next, to leave your soule,
Leue off this life, and henceforth liue to him.

Anna. Ay mee.

Fry. Sigh not, I know the baytes of sinne
Are hard to leave, oh 'tis a death to doe't.
Remember what must come, are you content?

Anna. I am.

Fry. I like it well, wee'l take the time,
Who's neere vs there?

Enter Florio, Giouanni, and Vasques.

Flo. Did you call Father?

Fry. Is Lord *Soranzo* come?

Flo. HEE stayes belowe.

Fry. Haue you acquainted him at full?

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

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

Gio. My Sister weeping, ha? I feare this Fryars falsehood,
I will call him. *Exit.*

Flo. Daughter, are you resolu'd?

Anna. Father, I am.

Enter Giouanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.

Flo. My Lord *Soranzo*, here
Giueme your hand, for that I giue you this.

Soran. Lady, say you so too?

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

Fry. Timely resolu'd:
My blessing rest on both, more to be done,
You may forme it on the Morning-sun. *Exit.*

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoores.

Enter Grimaldi with his Rapier drawn, and a Darke-lanthonne.

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

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

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

*Gri. I heare them neere, and heard one say Sweet-heart;
'Tis hee; now guide my hand some angry Justice
Home to his boosome, now haue at you sir.* *Strikes Ber. & Exit.*

*Ber. Oh helpe, helpe, here's a stich fallen in my gutts,
Oh for a Flesh-taylor quickly — Poggio.*

Phi. What ayles my loue?

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

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

*Richard. Oh Heauen forbid it; raise vp the next neighbours
Instantly Poggio, and bring lights,* *Exit Poggio.
How is't Bergetto? slaine?*

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

*Ber. O my belly seeths like a Porridge-pot, some cold water
I shall boyle ouer else; my whole body is in a sweat, that you
may wring my shirt; feele here — why Poggio.*

Enter Poggio with Officers, and lights and Halberts.

Pog. Here; alas, how doe you?

*Richard. Giue me a light, what's here? all blood! O Sirs,
Signior Donado's Nephew now is slaine,
Follow the furtherer with all the haste
Vp to the Citty, hee cannot be farre hence,
Follow I beseech you.*

Officers. Follow, follow, follow.

Exeunt Officers.

Richard.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

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

Dyes.

Phi. O hee is dead.

Pog. How I dead!

Richard. Hee's dead indeed,

'Tis now to late to weepe, let's haue him home,

And with what speed we may, finde out the Murtherer.

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

Enter Vasques and Hippolita.

Hip. Betroath'd?

Vas. I saw it.

Hip. And when's the marriage-day?

Vas. Some two dayes hence.

Hip. Two dayes? Why man I would but wish two houres
To send him to his last, and lasting sleepe.

And Vasques thou shalt see, I'le doe it brauely.

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

Hip. I wil be thine in spight of my disgrace,
So soone? o wicked man, I durst be sworne,
Hee'l laugh to see mee weepe.

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

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

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

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

Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio and Officers.

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

'Tis pity shee's a Whoores.

Signior Donado, what is done, is done;
Spend not the time in teares, but seeke for Justice.

Rich. I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,
That had not first acquainted you what loue
Past twixt him and my Neece, but as I live,
His Fortune grieues me as it were mine owne.

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

Flo. I beleue that too;
But stay my Maisters, are you sure you saw
The Murtherer passe here?

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

Do. Know you what manner of man hee was?

Offic. Yes sure I know the man, they say a is a souldier, hee
that lou'd your daughter Sir an't please y'ee, 'twas hee for cer-
taine.

Flo. Grimaldi on my life.

Offic. I, I, the same.

Richard. The Cardinall is Noble, he no doubt
Will give true Justice.

Do. Knocke some one at the gate,

Peg. I'le knocke sir.

Poggio knocks.

Servant within. What would'ee?

Flo. Wee require speech with the Lord Cardinall
About some present businesse, pray informe
His Grace, that we are here.

Enter Cardinall and Grimaldi.

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

Are

'Tis pitty shee a Whoore.

Are you the Maisters of this Common-wealthe,
And know no more discretion? oh your newes
Is here before you, you haue lost a Nephew
Donado, last night by *Grimaldi* slaine:
Is that your busynesse? well sir, we haue knowledge of't,
Le that suffice.

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

Car. Rise vp *Grimaldi*,
You Cittizens of *Parma*, if you seeke
For Justice; Know as *Nuntio* from the Pope,
For this offence I here receiuie *Grimaldi*,
Into his holiness protection.
Hee is no Common man, but nobly borne;
Of Princes blood, though you Sir *Florio*,
Thought him to meane a husband for your dau ghter
If more you seeke for, you must goe to *Rome*,
For hee shall thither; learne more wit for shame.
Bury your dead---away *Grimaldi*---leue 'em. *Ex. Car. & Gri.*

Do. Is this a Church-mans voyce? dwels *Justice* here?

Flo. *Justice* is fledd to Heauen and comes no neerer

Soranzo, was't for him? O Impudence!

Had he the face to speake it, and not blush?
Come, come *Donado*, there's no helpe in this,
When Cardinals thinke murder's not amisse,
Great men may doe there wills, we must obey,
But Heauen will judge them for't another day.

Exeunt.

Aetus

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

Athus Quartus.

A Banquet.

Hoboyes.

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

Fry. These holy rights perform'd, 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 mortall eyes
To be beheld; long prosper in this day
You happy Couple, to each others ioy:

Sorano. Father, your prayer is heard, the hand of goodness
Hath beene a sheld for me against my death;
And more to blesse me, hath enricht my life
With this most precious Iewell; such a prize
As Earth hath not another like to this.
Cheere vp my Loue, and Gentlemen, my Friends,
Reioyce with mee in mirth, this day wee'll crowne
With lusty Cups to *Annabella*'s health.

Gio. Oh Torture, were the marriage yet vndone, *Aside.*
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my Loue
Clift by another, I would dare Confusion,
And stand the horrour of ten thousand deaths.

Vas. Are you not well Sir?

Gio. Prethee fe'low wayte,
I neede not thy officious diligence.

Flo. Signior Donado, come you must forger
Your late mishaps, and drowne your cares in wine.

So an. Vasques?

Vas. My Lord.

Sorano. Reach me that weighty bowle,
Here brother Giouanni, here's to you,

Your

'Tis pitty shée's a Whoore,

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

Gio. I cannot drinke.

Soran. What?

Gio. 'Twill indeede offend me

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

Flo. How now, what noyse is this?

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

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

Hoboyes.

Enter Hippolita and Ladies in white Roakes with
Garlands of Wikomes.

Musick and a Daunce. *Dance.*

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

Hip. Yes, you shall know,
What thinkē you now?

Omnes Hippolita?

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

Tis pitty shee's a Whore.

Here take *Soranzo*, take this hand from me,
I'le once more ioyne, what by the holy Church
Is finish't and allow'd; haue I done well?

Soran. You haue too much ingag'd vs.

Hip. One thing more

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

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

Soran. Hippolita, I th anke you, and will pledge (*She drinks*):
This happy Vnion as another life,
Wine there.

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

Hip. How!

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

Hip. Villaine.

Omnies. What's the matter?

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

Hip. Monster,

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

Omnies. Wonderfull Justice!

Richard.

*Tispitty Nee's a Whore.

Richard. Heauen thou art righteous.

Hip. O 'tis true,

I feele my minute comming, had that flauie
Kept promise, (o my torment) thot this houre
Had it dyed *Soranzo*--- heate aboue hell fire---
Yet ere I passe away--- *Cruell, ciuell flames*---
Take here my curse amonst you; may thy bed
Of mariage be a racking vnto thy heart,
Burne blood and boyle in Vengeance--- o my heart,
My Flame's intolerable---- maist thou liue
To father Bastards, may her wombe bring forth
Monsters, and dye together in your finaes
Hated, scorn'd and vnpittied--- oh---oh--- *Dyes.*

Flo. Was e're so vild a Creature?

Richard. Here's the end
Of lust and pride. *Anna.* It is a fearefull sight.

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

Do. Bearre hence the body.

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

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

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

Thicken

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

Thick en and run to head ; shee (as 'tis sayd)
Sleightens his loue, and he abandons hers
Much talke I heare, since things goe thus (my Neece)
In tender loue and pitty of your youth,
My counsell is , that you should free your yeeres
From hazard of these woes ; by flying hence
To faire Cremona, there to vow your soule
In holinesse a holy Votaresse,
Leauie me to see the end of these extreames
All humane worldy courses are vneuer,
No life is blessed but the way to Heauen.

Phi. Vnkle, shall I resolute to be a Nun ?

Richard. I gentle Neece, and in your hourely prayers
Remember me your poore vnhappy Vnkle ;
Hie to Cremona now, as Fortune leades,
Your home, your cloyster, your best Friends, your beades,
Your chaste as t single life shall crowne your Birth,
Who dyes a Virgine, liue a Saint on earth.

Phi. Then farewell world, and worldly thoughts adeiu,
Welcome chaste vowed, my selfe I yeold to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Soranzo unbrac'd, and Annabella dragg'd in.

Soran. Come strumpet, famous whoore, were every drop
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veynes
A life, this Sword, (dost fee't) should in one blowe
Confound them all, Harlot, rare, notable Harlot,
That with thy brazen face maintaynst thy sinne
Was there no man in Parma to be bawd
To your loose cunning whoredome else but I ?
Must your hot yotch and plurisie of lust,
The heyday of your luxury be fedd
Vp to a surfeite, and could none but I
Be pickt out to be cloake to your close tricks,
Your belly-sports ? Now I must be the Dad
To all that gallymaufrey that's stuft
In thy Corrupted bastard-bearing wombe,

Say,

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.'

Shey, must I?

Anna. Beastly man, why 'tis thy fate :
I sued not to thee, for, but that I thought
Your Ouer-louing Lordship would haue runne
Madd on denyall, had yee lent me time,
I would haue told thee in what case I was,
But you woud needes be doing.

Soran. Whore of whores !

Dar'st thou tel mee this ?

Anna. O yes, why not ?

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

Soran. Excellent Queane !

Why art thou not with Child ?

Anna. What needs all thi,

When 'tis superfluous ? I confess I am.

Soran. Tell mee by whome.

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

Soran. Damnable Monster.

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

Soran. Yes speake, and speake thy last.

Anna. A match, a match;

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

Soran. What was hee cal'd ?

'Tis pity she's a Whore.

Anna. Wee are not come to that,
Let it suffice, that you shall haue the gloriy,
To Father what so Brane a Father got.
In briefe, had not this chance, falle out as 't doth,
I never had beene troubled with a thought
That you had beeene a Creature; but for marriage,
I scarce dreame yet of that.

Soran. Tell me his name.

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

Soran. What?

Anna. You shall never know. *Soran.* How!

Anna. Never,
If you doe, let mee be curst.

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

Anna. Doe, doe,

Soran. And with my teeth,
Teare the prodigious leacher joyn't by ioynt.

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

Soran. Do'st thou laugh?
Come Where, tell mee your louer, or by Truth
I'le hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't

Anna. Che morte plus dolce che morire per amore.

Soran. Thus will I pull thy hayre, and thus I'le drag
Thy last be-leapred body through the dust.
Yet tell his name.

Anna. Morendo in gratia Lei morirere senza dolore.

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

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

Soran.

"Tis pitty shee a Whoores.

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

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

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

Soran. I will not flacke my Vengeance.

Enter Vasques.

Vas. What d'ee meane Sir?

Soran. Forbearre *Vasques*, such a damned *Whore*
Deserves no pitty.

Vas. Now the gods forefend!

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

Soran. Shee shall not liue.

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

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

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

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Annab.

'Tis pitty shee's a Wheore,

Anna. Sir on my knees—

Soran. Rise vp, you shall not kneele,
Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew
Of alteration, I lebe with you streight;
My reason tells mee now, that *'Tis as common*
To e're infrailty as to bee a woeman.

Goe to your chamber.

Exit Anna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Putana.

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

Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

D^r thhee vse theeso too, sometimes *Vasques*?

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

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

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

Put. Doe you think so?

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

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

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

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

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

Put. Do'st think so *Vasques*?

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

Put. 'Twaz a deare friend indeed; but-----

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

Put. Thou wilt stand betweene mee and harme?

Vas. V^ds pitty, what else; you shalbe rewarded too; trust me.

Put. Twaz eu'en no worse then her owne bi other.

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

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

Vas. A braue Gentleman indeed; why therein I commend her

"Ti-pitty shee's a Whoore.

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

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

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

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

Vas. Where are you ? there within sirs ?

Enter Bandetti.

Put. How now, what are these ?

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

Put. Vasques, Vasques.

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

Exit with Putana.

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

Enter Giouanni.

Giuanni ! as I would wiſh ; my beleeve is ſtrengthened,

'Tis as firme as Winter and Summer.

Gio. Where's my Sister ?

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

Gio. Tooke too much of the flesh I beleue.

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

Gio. Where's ſhee ?

Vas. In her chamber; please you visit her; ſhe is alone, your liberality hath doubly made me your ſervant, and euer ſhal euer--- *Exit Gio.*
Sir, I am made a man, I haue, plyed my Cue with cunning *Enter So-*
and ranzo.

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Actus Quintus.

Enter Annabella above.

Anna. Pleasures farewell, and all yee thriflesse minutes,
Wherein *False ioyes* haue spun a weary life,

To these my Fortunes now I take my leauue.

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

Ouer the world, to finiſh vp the race

Of my laſt fate; here stay thy restleſſe courſe,

And beare to Ages that are yet vnborne,

A wretched woefull woemans *Tragedy*,

My Conscience now stands vp againſt my luſt

With diſpoſitions charectred in guilt,

And tells mee I am lost: Now I confeſſe,

Beauty that cloathes the outſide of the face,

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

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

Vn-mated, I conuerſe with Ayre and walls,

And deſcant on my vild vnhappinesſe.

O *Giovanni*, that haſt had the spoyle

Enter Fryar.

Of

'Tis pitty she's a Whore.

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

Fry. What's this I heare?

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

Fry. Here's Musicke to the soule.

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

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

Anna. Ha, what are you ?

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

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

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

To blush at what hath past: bidd him be wise,
And not beleue the Friendship of my Lord,
I feare much more then I can speake: *Good father,*
The place is dangerous, and spyes are busie,
I must breake off — you're doe't?

Fry. Be sure I will;
And fly with speede — my blessing euer rest
With thee my daughter, live to dye more blessed.

Exit Fry.

Anna. Thanks to the heauens, who haue prolong'd my breath
To this good vse: Now I can welcome Death.

Exit.

Enter Soranzo and Vasques.

Vas. Am I to be beleu'd now?
First, marry a strumpet that cast her selfe away vpon you but to
laugh at your hornes? to feast on your disgrace, riott in your vex-
ations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste your estate vpon
Panders and Bawds?

Soran. No more, I say no more.

Vas. A Cuckold is a goodly tame beast my Lord.

Soran. I am resolu'd; vrge not another word,
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in meane time I'le cause our Lady
To decke her selfe in all her bridall Robes,
Kisse her, and fold her gently in my armes,
Begone; yet heare you, are the *Bandetti* ready
To waite in Ambus?

Vas. Good Sir, trouble not your selfe about other busines, then
your owne resolution; remember that time lost cannot be recal'd.

Soran. With all the cumming words thou canst, invite
The States of *Parma* to my Birth-dayes feast,
Haste to my *Brother* *riuall* and his Father,
Entreat them gently, bidd them not to fayle,
Bee speedy and returne.

Vas. Let not your pitty betray you, till my co mming backe,
Thinke vpon *Incest* and *Cuckoldary*.

Soran. Reuenge is all the Ambition I aspire,
To that I'le clime or fall; my blood's on fire.

Exeunt.
Enter

Tis pitty shee's a Whoores.

Enter Giouanni.

Gio. *Busie opinion* is an idle Foole,
That as a Schoole-rod keepes a child in awe,
Frights the vñexperienc't temper of the mind :
So did it mee ; who ere *My precious Sister*
Was married, thought all tast of loue would dye
In such a Contract ; but I finde no change
Of pleasure in this formall law of sports.
Shee is still one to mee, and every kisse
As sweet, and as delicious as the first
I reap't ; when yet the priuiledge of youth
Intitled her *a Virgine*. O the g'ory
Of two vnitied hearts like hers and mine !
Let *Poaring booke-men* dreame of o'her worlds,
My world, and all of happinesse is here,
And I'de not change it for the best to come,
A life of pleasure is Elyzeum.

Enter Fryar

Father, you enter on the *Inbile*
Of my retyr'd delights ; Now I can tell you,
The hell you oft haue prompted, is nought else
But flauish and fond superstitious feare ;
And I could proue it too—

Fry. Thy blindaesse slayes thee,
Looke there, 'tis writh to thee.

Gives the
Letter.

Gio. From whom ?

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

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

Fry. Thy Conscience youth is fear'd,
Else thou wouldest stoope to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand,

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

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

Enter Vasques.

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

Gio. Yes, tell them I dare come.

Vas. Dafe come?

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

Vas. These words are strange to mee.

Gio. Say I will come.

Vas. You will not misse?

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

Vas. So I'le say —— my seruice to you.

Fry. You will not goe I trust.

Gio. Not goe? for what?

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

Is but a plot to trayne you to your ruine,

Be rul'd, you sha' not goe.

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

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

To

'Tis pity slee's a where,

To a bad fearefull end ; I must not stay
To know thy fall, backe to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this comming blowe.
Parma farewell, would I had never knowne thee,
Or ought of thine ; well *Youngman*, sence no prayer.
Can make thee safte, I leau thee to despayre.

Exit Fry.

Defpaire or tortures of a thousand hells
All's one to mee ; I haue set vp my rest.
Now, now, worke serious thoughts on banefull plots,
Be all a man my soule ; let not the Curse
Of old prescription rent from mee the gall
Of Courage, which intolls a glorious death.
If I must totter like a well-growne Oake,
Some vnder shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crusht to splitts : with me they all shall perish.

Exit.

Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Bandetti.

Soran. You will not fayle, or flarinke in the attempt ?

Vas. I will vndertake for their parts ; be sure my Maisters to
be bloody enough, and as vnmercifull, as if you were praying
vpon a rich booty on the very Mountaines of Liguria ; for your
pardons trust to my Lord ; but for reward you shall trust none
but your owne pockets.

Ban. omnes. Wee'le make a murther.

Soran. Here's gold, here's more ; want nothing, what you do
is noble, and an act of braue reuenge.

I'le make yee rich *Bandetti* and all Free.

Omnes. Liberty, liberty.

Vas. Hold, take euery man a Vizard ; when yee are withdrawne, keepe as much silence as you can possibly ; you know the watch-word, till which be spoken, mone not, but when you heare that, rush in like a stormy-flood ; I neede not instruct yee in your owne profession.

Omnes. No, no, no.

Vas. In then, your ends are profit and preferment---away.

Exit Bandetti.

Soran. The guests will all come Vasques ?

Vas. Yes sir,

*Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gio. If you will.

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

Gio. You are busie Sir.

Exit Giouanni.

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

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

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

Car. You are our Friend my Lord, his holinesse

Shall

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

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

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

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

Enter Giouanni and Annabella lying on a bed.

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

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

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

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

Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

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

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

Anna. So I haue read too.

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

Anna. That's most certaine.

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

Anna. So wee shall.

Gio. Haue you heard so?

Anna. For certaine.

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

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

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

Anna. Distraction and a troubled Countenance.

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

Anna. Methinkes you weepe.

Gio. I doe indeede; these are the funerall teares

'Tis pity she's a Whore.

Shed on your graue, these furrowed vp my cheekeſ
When firſt I lou'd and knew not how to woe.
Faire Annabellæ, ſhould I here repeate
The Story of my life, wee might loſe time.
Be record all the ſpirits of the Ayre,
And all things else that are; that Day and Night,
Earely and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabellæ's ſacred loue,
Hath beene theſe teares, which are her mourners now:
Neuer till now did Nature doe her beſt,
To ſhew a matchleſſe beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it ſcarſe was ſeenē,
The jealous Destinies require againe.
Pray Annabellæ, pray; ſince wee muſt part,
Goe thou white in thy ſoule, to fill a Throne
Of Innocence and Sanctity in Heauen.
Pray, pray my Sister.

Anna. Then I ſee your drift,
Yee bleſſed Angels, guard mee.

Gio. So ſay I,
Kiffe mee; if euer after times ſhould heare
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The Lawes of Conſcience and of Ciſill vſe
May iuſtly blame vs, yet when they but know
Our loues, That loue will wipe away that rigour,
Which would in other Inſects bee abhorrd.
Giue mee your hand; how sweetely Life doth runne
In theſe well coloured veines! how conſtantly
Theſe Palmes doe promife health! but I could chide
With Nature for this Cunning flattery,
Kiffe mee againe—— forgiue mee.

Anna. With my heart.

Gio. Farwell.

Anna. Will you begone?

Gio. Be darke bright Sunne,
And make this mid-dey night, that thy guilt rayes
May not behold a deed, will turne their ſplendour

'Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

More sooty, then the Poets faigne their Stix.

One other kisse my Sister.

Ansa. What meanes this?

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

stabs her.

Ansa. Oh brother by your hand?

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

Ansa. Forgiue him Heauen---and me my sinnes, farewell.
Brother vnkind, vnkind---mercy great Heauen---oh--oh. *Dyes.*

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

I must not dally, this sad Marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her aliue and dead.

Soranzo thou hast mist thy ayme in this,
I haue preuented now thy reaching plots,
And kil'd a Loue, for whose each drop of blood
I would haue pawn'd my heart; *Fayre Annabella,*
How ouer-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Tryumphing ouer infamy and hate!
Shrinke not Couragious hand, stand vp my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part. *Exit with the Body.*

A Banquet.

Enter Cardinall, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vafques and attendants; They take their places.

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

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

Car.

Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

Car. And wee your Friend.

Soran. But where's my Brother Giovannni?

Ester Giovannni with a heart upon his Dagger.

Gio. Here, here Soranzo ; trim'd in reeking blood,
That tryumphs ouer death ; proud in the spoyle
Of Love and Vengeance, Fate or all the Powers
That guide the motions of Immortall Soules
Could not preuent mee.

Car. What meanes this ?

Flo. Sonne Giovannni ?

Soran. Shall I be forestall'd ?

Gio. Be not amaz'd : If your misgiuing hearts
Shrinke at an idle sight ; what bloodlesse Feare
Of Coward passion would haue ceaz'd your fenses,
Had you beheld the *Rape of Life and Beauty*
Which I haue acted ? my sister, oh my sister.

Flo. Ha ! What of her ?

Gio. The Glory of my Deed

Darkned the mid-day Sunne, made Noone as Night.
You came to feast *My Lords* with dainty fare,
I came to feast too, but I dig'd for food
In a much richer Myne then Gold or Stone
Of any value ballanc't ; 'tis a Heart,
A Heart my Lords, in which is mine intomb'd,
Looke well vpon't ; d'ee know't ?

Vas. What strange ridle's this ?

Gio. 'Tis *Annabella's Heart*, 'tis ; why d'ee startle?
I vow 'tis hers, this Daggers poynt plow'd vp
Her fruitlefull womb, and left to mee the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.

Flo. Why mad-man, art thy selfe ?

Gio. Yes Father, and that times to come may know,
How as my Fate I honoured my reuenge :
Lift Father, to your eares I will yeeld vp
How much I haue deseru'd to bee your Sonne.

Flo. What is't thou say'st ?

'Tis pitty shee's a Whooore.

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

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

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

Car. Incestuous Villaine.

Flo. Oh his rage belyes him.

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

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

Vaf. I shall Sir.

Exit Vaf.

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

Enter Vaf.

Vaf. 'Tis most strangely true.

Flo. Cursed man—haue I liu'd to ————— *Dyes.*

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

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

[*Soranzo*]

*Tis pitty free'st Whore,

Soran. Inhamane scorne of men, hast thou a thought
To out liue thy murthers?

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

Vas. I cannot hold any longer; you sir, are you growne insolent in your butcheries? haue at you.

Fight.

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meeete thee.
Vas. No, will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall,
Not yet; I shall fitt you anon—

Vengeance.

Enter Bandetti.

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

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

Ban. Away, away.

Exeunt Bandetti.

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

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

O Vasques, to thy bosome let mee giue
My last of breath, let not that Lecher liue---oh

Dyes.

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

Gio. Whose hand gaue mee this wound?

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

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

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

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

Gio. Mercy? why I haue found it in this Inffice.

Car. Striue yet to cry to Heaven.

*Tis pitty shee's a Whoore.

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

Dyes.

Do. Strange Miracle of Iustice !

Car. Rayse vp the Citty, wee shall be murderedall.

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

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

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

Car. Say Fellow, know'ft thou any yet unnam'd Of Counsell in this Incest ?

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

Car. And what's become of her ?

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

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

Do. 'Tis most iust.

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

Do. I shall.

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

Car.

'Tis pity shee's a Whoores.

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

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

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

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

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

Do. Sir was it you — — —

Richar. Your friend.

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

F I N I S.

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

The Application of Success
The Ecclesiastical Commission of General Parliament
Upon Preliminaries of Settlements in the Province: A Common
Form of Settlements as set forth in the First Part: A
Christian Ministry upon the Spiritual Office, under which
Christianity and Religion, Civil Government, and other Subjects
are to be considered.

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