

We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Rich. *(Discovers himself)* Your grace's pardon: long I liv'd disguis'd,
To see the effect of pride and lust at once
Brought both to shameful ends.

Car. What! Richardetto, whom we thought for dead?

Don. Sir, was it you?

Rich. Your friend.

Car. We shall have time
To talk at large of all; but never yet
Incest and murther have so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,
Who could not say, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE? *(Exeunt omnes)*

FINIS

Car. Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

Gio. Oh, I bleed fast!
 Death, thou art a guest long look'd-for; I embrace
 Thee and thy wounds: oh, my last minute comes!
 Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
 Freely to view my Annabella's face. *(He dies.)*

Don. Strange miracle of justice!

Car. Raise up the city; we shall be murdered all!

Vas. You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to the son which I have vowed to the father.

Car. Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate fiend
 Hath led thee on to this?

Vas. Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs; for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth from my country in my youth by Lord Soranzo's father, whom whilst he lived I serv'd faithfully; since whose death I have been to this man as I was to him. What I have done was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransom'd his.

Car. Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet unnam'd
 Of counsel in this incest?

Vas. Yes, an old woman, sometimes guardian to this murdered lady.

Car. And what's become of her?

Vas. Within this room she is whose eyes, after her confession, I caus'd to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done you may judge of; and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

Car. Peace!-First this woman, chief in these effects,
 My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en
 Out of the city, for example's sake,
 There to be burnt to ashes.

Don. 'Tis most just.

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

Don. I shall.

Vas. What for me? if death, 'tis welcome: I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

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

Vas. 'Tis well: this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. *(Exit.)*

Car. Take up these slaughtered bodies, see them buried;
 And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,
 Confiscate by the canons of the church,

Gio. Let 'em!-oh, my father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefs!
Why, this was done with courage; now survives
None of our house but I, gilt in the blood
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

Sor. Inhuman Scorn of men, hast thou a thought
T' outlive thy murders?

Gio. Yes, I tell thee, yes;
For in my fists I bear the twists of life.
Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;
Thus I exchange it royally for thine. *(They fight)*
And thus, and thus! *(Soranzo falls.)*
Now brave revenge is mine.

Vas. I cannot hold any longer.- You, sir, are you grown insolent in your butcheries?
have at you! *(they fight.)*

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meet thee.

Vas. No! will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall. Not yet? or shall fit you anon.-Vengeance!

(Enter Banditti.)

Gio. Welcome! come more of you; whate'er you be,
I dare your worst---
Oh, I can stand no longer! feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength?

Vas. Now you are welcome, sir! Away, my masters, all is done; shift for yourselves, your reward is your own;
shift for yourselves.

Band. Away, away! *(Exeunt Banditti.)*

Vas. How d'ye, my lord?-See you this? *(Pointing to Giovanni.)* How is't?

Sor. Dead; but in death well pleased that I have liv'd
To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.
Oh, Vasques, to thy bosom let me give
My last of breath; let not that lecher live-oh! *(He dies.)*

Vas. The reward of peace and rest be with him, my ever dearest lord and master!

Gio. Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vas. Mine, sir; I was your first man; have you enough?

Gio. I thank thee; thou hast done for me
But what I would have else done on myself.
Art sure thy lord is dead?

Vas. Oh, impudent slave! As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

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

Gio. Mercy! why, I have found it in this justice.

Vas. What strange riddle's this?

Gio. 'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis:-why d'ye startle?
I vow 'tis hers: this dagger's point plough'd up
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.

Flo. Why, madman, art thyself?

Gio. Yes, father; and, that times to come may know
How, as my fate, I honoured my revenge,
List, father; to your ears I will yield up
How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

Flo. What is't thou say'st?

Gio. Nine moons have had their changes
Since I first throughly view'd and truly lov'd
Your daughter and my sister,

Flo. How!--Alas, My lords, he's a frantic madman!

Gio. Father, no. For nine months' space in secret I enjoy'd
Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I liv'd
A happy monarch of her heart and her.
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;
For her too-fruitful womb too soon betray'd
The happy passage of our stol'n delights,
And made her mother to a child unborn.

Car. Incestuous villain!

Flo. Oh, his rage belies him.

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

Sor. I shall burst with fury,
Bring the strumpet forth!

Vas. I shall, sir. *(Exit Vasques)*

Gio. Do, sir.-Have you all no faith
To credit yet my triumphs? Here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the love
I bore my Annabella whilst she liv'd,
These hands have from her bosom ripp'd this heart.
(Enter Vasques.)
Is't true or no, sir?

Vas. 'Tis most strangely true.

Flo. Cursed man!-Have I liv'd to- *(Florio dies.)*

Car. Hold up, Florio.
Monster of children! see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old father's heart.-Is none of you
Dares venture on him?

I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed,
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this;
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart.--Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,
And boldly act my last and greater part! *(Exits with the body)*

ACT V, Scene 6

(A Banquet. Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vasques, and Attendants; they take their places.)

Vas. Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.

Sor. Enough-my heart is fix'd.-- Pleaseth your grace
To taste these coarse confections; though the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In custom than in cause; yet, reverend sir,
I am still made your servant by your presence.

Car. And we your friend.

Sor. But where's my brother Giovanni?

(Enter Giovanni with a heart upon his dagger.)

Gio. Here, here, Soranzo! trimm'd in reeking blood,
That triumphs over death; proud in the spoil
Of love and vengeance! Fate, or all the powers
That guide the motions of immortal souls,
Could not prevent me.

Car. What means this?

Flo. Son Giovanni!

Sor. Shall I be forestall'd?

Gio. Be not amaz'd: if your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
Which I have acted!-My sister, oh my sister!

Flo. Ha! what of her?

Gio. The glory of my deed
Dark'ned the mid-day sun, made noon as night.
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare:
I came to feast too; but I digg'd for food
In a much richer mine than gold or stone
Of any value balanc'd; 'tis a heart,
A heart, my lords, in which is mine entomb'd:
Look well upon't; d'ye know't?

Never till now did Nature do her best
To show a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous Destinies requir'd again.
Pray, Annabella, pray! Since we must part,
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
Of innocence and sanctity in Heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister!

Ann. Then I see your drift--
Ye blessed angels, guard me!

Gio. So say I.
Kiss me. If ever after-times should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour
Which would in other incests be abhorr'd.
Give me your hand; how sweetly life doth run
In these well-coloured veins! how constantly
These palms do promise health! but I could chide
With Nature for this cunning flattery.
Kiss me again-forgive me.

Ann. With my heart.

Gio. Farewell!

Ann. Will you be gone?

Gio. Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed will turn their splendour
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx!
One other kiss, my sister.

Ann. What means this?

Gio. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss. *(Stabs her)*
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand!
Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

Ann. Oh, brother, by your hand!

Gio. When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thy-even in thy death-most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act,
Which I most glory in.

Ann. Forgive him, Heaven-and me my sins!
Farewell, Brother unkind, unkind-
Mercy, great Heaven!-oh -oh! *(She dies.)*

Gio. She's dead, alas, good soul! The hapless fruit
That in her womb receiv'd its life from me
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.

I, that have now been chamb'ed here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother;
This banquet is an harbinger of death
To you and me, resolve yourself it is,
And be prepar'd to welcome it.

Gio. Well, then;
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consum'd to ashes in a minute.

Ann. So I have read too.

Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn; could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or Heaven.

Ann. That's most certain.

Gio. A dream, a dream! else in this other world
We should know one another.

Ann. So we shall.

Gio. Have you heard so?

Ann. For certain.

Gio. But d'ye think
That I shall see you there?--You look on me?
May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,
Or do as we do here?

Ann. I know not that.
But good, for the present, what d'ye mean
To free yourself from danger? some way, think
How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.

Gio. Look up, look here; what see you in my face?

Ann. Distraction and a troubled countenance.

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

Ann. Methinks you weep.

Gio. I do indeed; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave; these furrow'd up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now!

Gio. You are busy, sir. *(Exit Giovanni)*

Vas. Even as the great devil himself would have it! let him go and glut himself in his own destruction.
(Trumpet Flourish.) Hark, the nuncio is at hand; good sir, be ready to receive him.

(Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Richardetto, and Attendants.)

Sor. Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

Car. You are our friend, my lord; his Holiness
Shall understand how zealously you honour
Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute:
Our special love to you.

Sor. Signiors, to you my welcome,
And my ever best of thanks await
For this so memorable courtesy.
Pleaseth your grace to walk near?

Car. My lord, we come
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

Sor. Attend his grace there !---Signiors, keep your way.

ACT 5, Scene 5

(Discovered, Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed.)

Gio. What, chang'd so soon! hath your new sprightly lord
Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know in our simplicity? Ha! is't so?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths?

Ann. Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

Gio. What danger's half so great as thy revolt?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what? you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd?

Ann. Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,
And know that now there's but a dying time
'Twixt us and our confusion: let's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas, these gay attires were not put on
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
Was not ordain'd to riot in expense;

ACT 5, Scene 4

(Enter Soranzo, Vasques with masks, and Banditti.)

Sor. You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

Vas. I will undertake for their parts.-Be sure, my masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmerciful as if you were preying upon a rich booty on the very mountains of Liguria; for your pardons, trust to my lord; but for reward you shall trust none but your own pockets.

Band. omnes. We'll make a murder.

Sor. Here's gold, here's more; want nothing; what you do
Is noble, and an act of brave revenge. I'll make ye rich, banditti, and all free.

Omnes. Liberty! liberty!

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

Omnes. No, no, no.

Vas. In, then; your ends are profit and preferment-- away! *(Exeunt Banditti)*

Sor. The guests will all come, Vasques?

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

Sor. 'Tis well; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

Vas. Now you begin to turn Italian. This beside: when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit: give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at liberty; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.

(Enter Giovanni.)

Sor. It shall be so; and see, as we would wish,
He comes himself first. Welcome, my much-lov'd brother,
Now I perceive you honour me; y'are welcome.
But where's my father?

Gio. With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister?

Sor. Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet;
Y'are best walk to her chamber.

Gio. If you will.

Sor. I must expect my honourable friends;
Good brother, get her forth.

Vas. My lord, according to his yearly custom keeping this day a feast in honour of his birthday, by me invites you thither. Your worthy father, with the pope's reverend nuncio, and other magnificoes of Parma, have promis'd their presence: will't please you to be of the number?

Gio. Yes, tell him I dare come.

Vas. 'Dare come!'

Gio. So I said; and tell him more, I will come.

Vas. These words are strange to me.

Gio. Say I will come.

Vas. You will not miss?

Gio. Yet more! I'll come, sir. Are you answer'd?

Vas. So I'll say.-- My service to you. *(Exit Vasques.)*

Friar. You will not go, I trust.

Gio. Not go! for what?

Friar. Oh, do not go! this feast, I'll gage my life,
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin.
Be rul'd, you sha' not go.

Gio. Not go! stood Death
Threat'ning his armies of confounding plagues,
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,
I would be there: not go! yes, and resolve
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all;
For I will go.

Friar. Go where thou wilt: I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end. I must not stay
To know thy fall; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma, farewell; would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine!- -Well, young man, since no prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair. *(Exit Friar.)*

Gio. Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells;
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots!
Be all a man, my soul; let not the curse
Of old prescription rend from me the gall
Of courage, which enrols a glorious death.
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crush'd to splints; with me they all shall perish! *(Exit.)*

ACT 5, Scene 3

(Enter Giovanni.)

Gio. Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights the unexperienc'd temper of the mind:
So did it me, who, ere my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die
In such a contract; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.
She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth
Entitled her a virgin. Oh, the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine!
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds;
My world and all of happiness is here,
And I'd not change it for the best to come:
A life of pleasure is elysium.

(Enter Friar.)

Father, you enter on the jubilee
Of my retir'd delights: now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted is nought else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear;
And I could prove it too.

Friar. Thy blindness slays thee: Look there, 'tis writ to thee. *(Gives the letter.)*

Gio. From whom?

Friar. Unrip the seals and see;
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congeal'd coral.
Why d'ye change colour, son?

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

Friar. Thy conscience, youth, is sear'd,
Else thou wouldst stoop to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand, I know't;
and 'tis all written in her blood.
She writes I know not what. Death! I'll not fear
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discovered!-- Pox on dreams
Of low faint-hearted cowardice!--discovered?
The devil we are! which way is't possible?
Are we grown traitors to our own delights?
Confusion take such dotage! 'tis but forg'd;
This is your peevish chattering, weak old man!
Now, sir, what brings you?

(Enter Vasques.)

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE
by John Ford, 1633

The story concerns the incestuous love of Giovanni and his sister Annabella. When she is found to be pregnant, she agrees to marry her suitor Soranzo; the lovers' secret is finally discovered by Vasques, Soranzo's villainous servant, and they plan for revenge against both lovers. This plan is frustrated by Giovanni's murder of Annabella and then Soranzo, at the hands of whose hired killers Giovanni himself finally dies. Their father, Florio, dies of grief on hearing of the incest, Annabella's pregnancy, and Giovanni's brutal slaying of her. Ford doesn't allow the audience to pity Soranzo, however, because he is far from innocent himself: he had previously had an adulterous affair with Hippolita, and enticed her to send her husband on a long journey so they could enjoy each other more fully. Her husband apparently died in transit, and Soranzo promised her marriage, only to reject her cruelly when he had a chance to marry the younger, richer and apparently virtuous Annabella. Vasques pretends to plot with Hippolita to revenge herself by killing Soranzo and then poisons her to save his master's marriage plans. Her husband isn't dead, and returns disguised as Richedetto to help make sure Soranzo dies for his treatment of Hippolita. There is no sense in 'Tis Pity that Ford is arguing a case for the brother and sister's unnatural union, but he does exhibit an eloquent sympathy for the lovers, who are set apart from others by their unlawful relationship, their consciousness of their sin, and their sensual and at times even arrogant acceptance of it. Remember that in this period Annabella would be played by a male actor.

Five scenes of varying lengths are included, from the moment that the revenge plots are all put into action to the end of the play; they could be studied in their entirety, by different pairs/groups, or as a class.

ACT 5, Scene 2

(Enter Soranzo and Vasques.)

Vas. Am I to be believ'd now? First marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to laugh at your horns, to feast on your disgrace, riot in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste your estate upon panders and bawds!

Sor. No more, I say, no more!

Vas. A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord.

Sor. I am resolv'd; urge not another word;
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in mean time I'll cause our lady
To deck herself in all her bridal robes,
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.
Begone,-yet hear you, are the banditti ready
To wait in ambush?

Vas. Good sir, trouble not yourself about other business than your own resolution; remember that time lost cannot be recall'd.

Sor. With all the cunning words thou canst, invite
The states of Parma to my birthday's feast;
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail.
Be speedy, and return.

Vas. Let not your pity betray you till my coming back; think upon incest and cuckoldry.

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