

'Tis Pity She's a Whore by John Ford  
M/F Kn, SmS, R&D

88 JOHN FORD [ACT V  
Hark, the nuncio is at hand; good sir, be ready to receive him.  
*Enter* CARDINAL, FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, and *Attendants*  
SORANZO  
Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,  
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest  
Your humble servant for this noble favour. 50  
CARDINAL  
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.  
SORANZO Signors, to you  
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks 55  
For this so memorable courtesy.  
Pleaseth your grace to walk near?  
CARDINAL My lord, we come  
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,  
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.  
SORANZO  
Attend his grace there!—Signors, keep your way. *Exeunt* 60

[Act V, Scene v]

*Enter* GIOVANNI and ANNABELLA *lying on a bed*

GIOVANNI  
What, changed so soon? Hath your new sprightly lord  
Found out a trick in night-games more than we  
Could know in our simplicity? Ha! Is't so?  
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous  
To your past vows and oaths?  
ANNABELLA Why should you jest 5  
At my calamity, without all sense  
Of the approaching dangers you are in?  
GIOVANNI  
What danger's half so great as thy revolt?  
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st  
49 *vouchsafe* deign (to visit)

1 s.d. They may have been 'discovered' in bed, by moving a curtain on the main stage, or, as Bawcutt suggests, the bed may have been pushed out on to the stage, as in Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, III.ii: 'A bed thrust out upon the stage; Allwit's wife in it.'

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Malice, or any treachery beside,  
Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate  
Clasped in my fist, and could command the course  
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been  
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.  
And what? You'll now be honest, that's resolved? 15  
ANNABELLA  
Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,  
And know that now there's but a dining-time  
'Tixt us and our confusion: let's not waste  
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.  
Alas, these gay attires were not put on 20  
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast  
Was not ordained to riot in expense;  
I, that have now been chambered here alone,  
Barred of my guardian, or of any else,  
Am not for nothing at an instant freed 25  
To fresh access. Be not deceived, my brother,  
This banquet is an harbinger of death  
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,  
And be prepared to welcome it.  
GIOVANNI Well, then;  
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth 30  
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.  
ANNABELLA  
So I have read too.  
GIOVANNI But 'twere somewhat strange  
To see the waters burn; could I believe  
This might be true, I could believe as well  
There might be hell or Heaven.  
ANNABELLA That's most certain. 35  
GIOVANNI  
A dream, a dream! Else in this other world  
We should know one another.  
ANNABELLA So we shall.  
GIOVANNI  
Have you heard so?  
ANNABELLA For certain.  
17 *dining* Q a.c.; *dying* Q b.c.  
30 *schoolmen* mediaeval theologians

11-12 *I hold fate* etc. Cf. Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, Part I, 369-70:  
I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,  
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about . . .

GIOVANNI But d'ee think  
That I shall see you there?—You look on me?  
May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,  
Or do as we do here? 40

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

GIOVANNI  
Look up, look here; what see you in my face? 45

ANNABELLA  
Distraction and a troubled countenance.

GIOVANNI  
Death, and a swift repining wrath—yet look,  
What see you in mine eyes?

ANNABELLA Methinks you weep.

GIOVANNI  
I do indeed; these are the funeral tears  
Shed on your grave; these furrowed up my cheeks 50  
When first I loved 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, 55  
Early and late, the tribute which my heart  
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love  
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now.  
Never till now did Nature do her best  
To show a matchless beauty to the world, 60  
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,  
The jealous Destinies required again.  
Pray, Annabella, pray; since we must part,  
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne  
Of innocence and sanctity in Heaven. 65  
Pray, pray, my sister.

ANNABELLA Then I see your drift—  
Ye blessed angels, guard me.

GIOVANNI So say I.  
Kiss me. If ever after-times should hear  
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps  
The laws of conscience and of civil use 70

42 *good* i.e. good brother51 *woo* Q a.c.; woe Q b.c.62 *required* Q a.c.; require Q b.c.

May justly blame us, yet when they but know  
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour  
Which would in other incests be abhorred.  
Give me your hand; how sweetly life doth run  
In these well-coloured veins. How constantly 75  
These palms do promise health. But I could chide  
With Nature for this cunning flattery.  
Kiss me again—forgive me.

ANNABELLA With my heart.

GIOVANNI  
Farewell.

ANNABELLA Will you be gone?

GIOVANNI Be dark, bright sun,  
And make this midday night, that thy gilt rays 80  
May not behold a deed will turn their splendour  
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx.  
One other kiss, my sister.

ANNABELLA What means this?

GIOVANNI  
To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss. *Stabs her* 85  
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand.  
Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

ANNABELLA  
O brother, by your hand?

GIOVANNI When thou art dead  
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute  
With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,  
Would make me staggard to perform this act, 90  
Which I most glory in.

ANNABELLA  
Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins; farewell.  
Brother unkind, unkind!—Mercy, great Heaven—O!—O!—  
*Dies*

GIOVANNI  
She's dead, alas, good soul. The hapless fruit  
That in her womb received its life from me 95  
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.  
I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed,  
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.  
Soranzo, thou hast missed thy aim in this;  
I have prevented now thy reaching plots, 100

93 *unkind* both 'cruel' and 'unnatural' 94 *hapless* luckless100 *prevented* forestalled 100 *reaching* cunning

And killed a love, for whose each drop of blood  
I would have pawned my heart. Fair Annabella,  
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,  
Triumphing over infamy and hate!  
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,  
And boldly act my last and greater part.

105

*Exit with the body*

## [Act V, Scene vi]

*A Banquet. Enter CARDINAL, FLORIO, DONADO, SORANZO,  
RICHARDETTO, VASQUES, and Attendants; they take their places*

VASQUES

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

SORANZO

Enough—my heart is fixed.—Pleaseth your grace  
To taste these 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.

5

CARDINAL

And we your friend.

SORANZO

But where's my brother Giovanni?

*Enter GIOVANNI with a heart upon his dagger*

GIOVANNI

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

10

CARDINAL

What means this?

FLORIO

Son Giovanni!

SORANZO

Shall I be forestalled?

15

GIOVANNI

Be not amazed; if your misgiving hearts  
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear  
Of coward passion would have seized your senses,  
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty  
Which I have acted? My sister, O my sister.

20

SCENE VI] 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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FLORIO

Ha! What of her?

GIOVANNI

The glory of my deed  
Darkened the midday sun, made noon as night.  
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare;  
I came to feast too, but I digged for food  
In a much richer mine than gold or stone  
Of any value balanced; 'tis a heart,  
A heart, my lords, in which is mine entombed:  
Look well upon't; d'ee know't?

25

VASQUES

What strange riddle's this?

30

GIOVANNI

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

FLORIO

Why, madman, art thyself?

35

GIOVANNI

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 deserved to be your son.

FLORIO

What is't thou say'st?

GIOVANNI

Nine moons have had their changes  
Since I first thoroughly viewed and truly loved  
Your daughter and my sister.

40

FLORIO

How!—Alas,  
My lords, he's a frantic madman!

GIOVANNI

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

50

CARDINAL

Incestuous villain!

FLORIO

O, his rage belies him.