

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

12 JOHN FORD [ACT I
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul, acknowledge what thou art, 75
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night.
For seven days' space do this, then if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me:
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself 80
At home, whilst I pray for thee here.—Away,
My blessing with thee, we have need to pray.
GIOVANNI
All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god. *Exeunt*

[Act I, Scene ii]

Enter GRIMALDI and VASQUES ready to fight

VASQUES
Come sir, stand to your tackling; if you prove craven, I'll
make you run quickly.
GRIMALDI
Thou art no equal match for me.
VASQUES
Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home news, nor
cannot play the mountebank for a meal's meat, and swear 5
I got my wounds in the field. See you these grey hairs?
They'll not flinch for a bloody nose. Wilt thou to this gear?
GRIMALDI
Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation with
a cast-suit? Call thy master, he shall know that I dare—
VASQUES
Scold like a cot-quean, that's your profession. Thou poor 10
shadow of a soldier, I will make thee know my master keeps
servants thy betters in quality and performance. Com'st thou
to fight or prate?
1 *tackling* weapons
7 *gear* business (i.e. of fighting)
9 *cast-suit* dependent (wearing his master's old clothes)
10 *cot-quean* shrew, vulgar woman (*O.E.D.* 2)

84 *my fate's my god.* This is the first of Giovanni's references to being
governed by destiny. The progress of this fatalism can be traced, with
its various modulations, through the play: see I.ii, 139, I.ii, 224-5,
III.ii, 20, V.v, 11-12, V.vi, 11, 72.

SCENE II] 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE 13
GRIMALDI
Neither, with thee. I am a Roman and a gentleman; one that
have got mine honour with expense of blood. 15
VASQUES
You are a lying coward and a fool. Fight, or by these hilts
I'll kill thee—brave my lord!—you'll fight?
GRIMALDI
Provoke me not, for if thou dost—
VASQUES
Have at you! *They fight; GRIMALDI hath the worst*
Enter FLORIO, DONADO, SORANZO
FLORIO
What mean these sudden broils so near my doors? 20
Have you not other places but my house
To vent the spleen of your disordered bloods?
Must I be haunted still with such unrest
As not to eat or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie, 'tis naught. 25
DONADO
And Vasques, I may tell thee 'tis not well
To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.
Enter above ANNABELLA and PUTANA
FLORIO
What's the ground?
SORANZO
That, with your patience, signors, I'll resolve:
This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier, 30
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To Signor Florio's daughter, to whose ears
He still prefers his suit, to my disgrace,
Thinking the way to recommend himself
Is to disparage me in his report. 35
But know, Grimaldi, though, may be, thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays
A lowness in thy mind which, wert thou noble,
20 *mean* Q a.c.; *meaned* Q b.c.
37 *bewrays* reveals

28 *s.d. Enter above.* i.e. on the upper stage, in order to hear the ensuing
dialogue unobserved. They then overhear Bergetto and Poggio (103-
16), and when Giovanni enters below they descend from the upper to
the main stage during his soliloquy (139-58). Some editors un-
necessarily begin a new scene after line 138.