

The Broken Heart by John Ford  
M/M BS, R&D, SS, SmS, Kn

Ithocles, Orgilus

*Ith.* So died! 10

*Org.* Up ! you are messengers of death; go  
from us;

Here 's woe enough to court without a prompter:  
Away: and — hark ye — till you see us next,  
No syllable that she is dead. — Away,  
Keep a smooth brow.

*Exeunt* CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

My lord, —

*Ith.* Mine only sister! 15  
Another is not left me.

*Org.* Take that chair;  
I 'll seat me here in this: between us sits  
The object of our sorrows; some few tears  
We 'll part among us: I perhaps can mix  
One lamentable story to prepare 'em. — 20  
There, there; sit there, my lord.

*Ith.* Yes, as you please. What means this treachery?

*Org.* Caught! you are caught,  
Young master; 't is thy throne of coronation,  
Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off;  
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames 25  
Of an insulting Phaëton, her brother.

*Ith.* Thou mean'st to kill me basely?

*Org.* I foreknew  
The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither  
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.  
You dreamt of kingdoms, did ye? How to  
bosom 30

The delicacies of a youngling princess;  
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,  
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,  
And so forth; whiles Penthea's groans and tortures,  
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions, 35  
Ne'er toucht upon your thought: as for my injuries,  
Alas, they were beneath your royal pity;  
But yet they liv'd, thou proud man, to con-  
found thee.

Behold thy fate; this steel! [*Draws a dagger.*]

*Ith.* Strike home! A courage  
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome:  
But prithee faint not; if the wound close up, 41  
Tent<sup>3</sup> it with double force, and search it deeply.  
Thou look'st that I should whine and beg compassion,  
As loth to leave the vainness of my glories.  
A statelier resolution arms my confidence, 45  
To cozen thee of honour; neither could I  
With equal trial of unequal fortune  
By hazard of a duel; 't were a bravery  
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.  
On to the execution, and inherit 50  
A conflict with thy horrors.

*Org.* By Apollo,  
Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital  
I will report thee to thy mistress richly.  
And take this peace along: some few short  
minutes  
Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow 55  
Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,  
Pentheas sacred eyes shall lend new courage.  
Give me thy hand: be healthful in thy parting  
From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it.  
*Kills him.*

*Ith.* Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

*Org.* Keep up thy spirit: 60  
I will be gentle even in blood; to linger  
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.  
*[Stabs him again.]*

*Ith.* Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee.  
Follow  
Safety, with best success: O, may it prosper! —  
Pentheas, by thy side thy brother bleeds; 65  
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forc'd faith.  
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet  
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish  
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar  
Of a long-look'd-for peace — now — moves — to  
heaven. *Dies.* 70  
*Org.* Farewell, fair spring of manhood! 75  
Henceforth welcome  
Best expectation of a noble suff'rance.

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow  
Shall be approv'd. — Sweet twins, shine stars  
for ever! —

In vain they build their hopes whose life is shame:  
No monument lasts but a happy name. *Exit.*