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presents

a Theatre Script of

LOVE'S SACRIFICE

By JOHN FORD

Written c. 1628-1632

Earliest Extant Edition: 1633

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIPPO CARAFFA, Duke of Pavia.

BIANCA, the Duchess.

FIORMONDA, the Duke's Sister.

RODERICO D'AVOLOS, Secretary to the Duke.

FERNANDO, favourite to the Duke.

FERENTES, a wanton Courtier.

ROSEILLI, a young Nobleman.

PAULO BAGLIONE, Abbot of Monaco, and Uncle to the Duchess.

PETRUCHIO, Counsellor of State, and uncle to Fernando.

COLONA, Daughter to Petruccio, and lady-in-waiting to the duchess Bianca.

NIBRASSA, Counsellor of State.

JULIA, Daughter to Nibrassa, and lady-in-waiting to Fiormonda.

MAURUCCIO, an old Antic.

GIACOPO, Servant to Mauruccio.

MORONA, an Old Lady and Widow.

Courtiers, Officers, Friars, Attendants, &c.

SCENE:

Pavia.

A. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

The earliest extant edition of *Love's Sacrifice* is a 1633 quarto. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of this earliest volume as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are surrounded by hard brackets []; these additions are often adopted from the suggestions of later editors. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1633 quarto divides *Love's Sacrifice* into Acts but not scenes, though the scene breaks are fairly obvious; nor does the quarto signal asides or identify settings. Settings and asides have been adopted from Havelock Ellis' *Mermaid* Series edition of 1888.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Ellis.

B. Textual Changes.

A list of optional emendations to the text can be found at the end of this play.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

Pavia: A Room in the Palace of the Duke of Pavia.

Enter Roseilli and Roderico D'Avolos.

1 **Ros.** Depart the court?

2

D'Av. Such was the duke's command.

4

Ros. You'ar secretary to the state and him,
6 Great in his counsels, wise, and, I think, honest.
Have you, in turning over old recórd's,
8 Read but one name descended of the house
Of Lesui in his loyalty remiss?

10

D'Av. Never, my lord.

12

Ros. Why, then, should I now, now when glorious peace
14 Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wiped off,
Like to a useless moth, from courtly ease? –
16 And whither must I go?

16

D'Av. You have the open world before you.

18

Ros. Why, then 'tis like I'm banished?

20

D'Av. Not so: my warrant is only to command you
22 from the court, within five hours to depart after notice
24 taken, and not to live within thirty miles of it, until it
be thought meet by his excellence to call you back.
26 Now I have warned you, my lord, at your peril be it,
if you disobey. I shall inform the duke of your
28 discontent.

28

30

[Exit D'Avolos.]

32 **Ros.** Do, politician, do! I scent the plot
Of this disgrace; 'tis Fiormonda, she,
34 That glorious widow, whose commanding check
Ruins my love: like foolish beasts, thus they
36 Find danger that prey too near the lions' den.

38 *Enter Fernando and Petruchio.*

40 **Ferna.** My noble lord, Roseilli!

42 **Ros.** Sir, the joy
I should have welcomed you with is wrapt up
44 In clouds of my disgrace; yet, honoured sir,
Howsoever frowns of great ones cast me down,
46 My service shall pay tribute in my lowness
To your uprising virtues.

48 **Ferna.** Sir, I know
50 You are so well acquainted with your own,
You need not flatter mine: trust me, my lord,
52 I'll be a suitor for you.

54 **Pet.** And I'll second
My nephew's suit with importunity.

56 **Ros.** You are, my Lord Fernando, late returned
58 From travels; pray instruct me: – since the voice
Of most supreme authority commands
60 My absence, I determine to bestow
Some time in learning languages abroad;
62 Perhaps the change of air may change in me
Remembrance of my wrongs at home: good sir,
64 Inform me; say I meant to live in Spain,
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure?

66 **Ferna.** Troth, sir, I'll freely speak as I have found.
68 In Spain you lose experience; 'tis a climate
Too hot to nourish arts; the nation proud,
70 And in their pride unsociable; the court
More pliable to glorify itself
72 Than do a stranger grace: if you intend
To traffic like a merchant, 'twere a place
74 Might better much your trade; but as for me,
I soon took surfeit on it.

76 **Ros.** What for France?

78

80 **Ferna.** France I more praise and love. You are, my lord,
Youself for horsemanship much famed; and there
You shall have many proofs to shew your skill.
82 The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit,
Kind, but extreme dissemblers; you shall have
84 A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At th' instant mocking even your very shoe-ties.
86 To give the country due, it is on earth
A paradise; and if you can neglect
88 Your own appropriaments, but praising that
In others wherein you excel yourself,
90 You shall be much belovèd there.

92 **Ros.** Yet methought
I heard you and the duchess, two nights since,
94 Discoursing of an island thereabouts,
Called – let me think – 'twas –
96

Ferna. England?
98

Ros. That: pray, sir –
100 You have been there, methought I heard you praise it.

102 **Ferna.** I'll tell you what I found there; men as neat,
As courtly as the French, but in condition
104 Quite opposite. Put case that you, my lord,
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,
106 If there – as there are many – one excelled
You in your art as much as you do others,
108 Yet will the English think their own is nothing
Compared with you, a stranger; in their habits
110 They are not more fantastic than uncertain;
In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty,
112 No nation can disparage but itself.

114 **Ros.** My lord, you have much eased me; I resolve.

116 **Ferna.** And whither are you bent?

118 **Ros.** My lord, for travel;
To speed for England.
120

Ferna. No, my lord, you must not:
122 I have yet some private conference
To impart unto you for your good; at night
124 I'll meet you at my Lord Petruchio's house:
Till then be secret.
126

128 **Ros.** Dares my cousin trust me?
130 **Pet.** Dare I, my lord! yes, 'less your fact were greater
Than a bold woman's spleen.
132 **Ros.** The duke's at hand,
And I must hence: my service to your lordships.
134
[Exit Roseilli.]
136
138 **Pet.** Now, nephew, as I told you, since the duke
Hath held the reins of state in his own hand,
Much altered from the man he was before, –
140
As if he were transformèd in his mind, –
142 To soothe him in his pleasures, amongst whom
Is fond Ferentes; one whose pride takes pride
144 In nothing more than to delight his lust;
And he – with grief I speak it – hath, I fear,
146 Too much besotted my unhappy daughter,
My poor Colona; whom, for kindred's sake,
148 As you are noble, as you honour virtue,
Persuade to love herself: a word from you
150 May win her more than my entreaties or frowns.
152 **Ferna.** Uncle, I'll do my best: meantime, pray tell me,
Whose mediation wrought the marriage
154 Betwixt the duke and duchess? who was agent?
156 **Pet.** His roving eye and her enchanting face,
The only dower nature had ordained
158 T' advance her to her bride-bed. She was daughter
Unto a gentleman of Milan – no better –
160 Preferred to serve in the Duke of Milan's court;
Where for her beauty she was greatly famed:
162 And passing late from thence to Monaco
To visit there her uncle, Paul Baglione
164 The Abbot, Fortune – queen to such blind matches –
Presents her to the duke's eye, on the way,
166 As he pursues the deer: in short, my lord,
He saw her, loved her, wooed her, won her, matched her;
168 No counsel could divert him.
170 **Ferna.** She is fair.
172 **Pet.** She is; and, to speak truth, I think right noble
In her conditions.
174

176 **Ferna.** If, when I should choose,
Beauty and virtue were the fee proposed,
I should not pass for parentage.

178

180 **Pet.** The duke
Doth come.

182 **Ferna.** Let's break-off talk. – [*Aside*] If ever, now,
Good angel of my soul, protect my truth!

184

186 *Enter the Duke, Bianca, Fiormonda, Nibrassa,
Ferentes, Julia, and D'Avolos.*

188 **Duke.** Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms;
Whiles I, rapt in my admiration, view
190 Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks. –
Fernando! O, thou half myself! no joy
192 Could make my pleasures full without thy presence:
I am a monarch of felicity,
194 Proud in a pair of jewëls, rich and beautiful, –
A perfect friend, a wife above compare.

196

198 **Ferna.** Sir, if a man so low in rank may hope,
By loyal duty and devoted zeal,
To hold a correspondency in friendship
200 With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,
My uttermost ambition is to climb
202 To those deserts may give the style of servant.

204 **Duke.** *Of partner* in my dukedom, in my heart,
As freely as the privilege of blood
206 Hath made them mine; Filippo and Fernando
Shall be without distinction. – Look, Bianca,
208 On this good man; in all respects to him
Be as to me: only the name of husband,
210 And reverent observance of our bed,
Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
212 We are all one.

214 **Bian.** I shall in best of love
Regard the bosom-partner of my lord.

216

218 **Fiorm.** [*Aside to Ferentes*] Ferentes, –

220 **Feren.** [*Aside to Fiormonda*] Madam?

222 **Fiorm.** [*Aside to Ferentes*] You are one loves courtship;
He had some change of words: 'twere no lost labour

224 To stuff your table-books; the man speaks wisely!

226 **Feren.** [*Aside to Fiormonda*]
I'm glad your highness is so pleasant.

228 **Duke.** Sister, –

230 **Fiorm.** My lord and brother?

232 **Duke.** You are too silent,
Quicken your sad remembrance: though the loss
234 Of your dead husband be of more account
Than slight neglect, yet 'tis a sin against
236 The state of princes to exceed a mean
In mourning for the dead.

238 **Fiorm.** Should form, my lord,
240 Prevail above affection? no, it cannot.
You have yourself here a right noble duchess,
242 Virtuous at least; and should your grace now pay –
Which Heaven forbid! – the debt you owe to nature,
244 I dare presume she'd not so soon forget
A prince that thus advanced her. – Madam, could you?

246 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] Bitter and shrewd.

248 **Bian.** [*To Fiornonda*]
Sister, I should too much bewray my weakness,
250 To give a resolution on a passion
I never felt nor feared.

252 **Nib.** A modest answer.

254 **Ferna.** If credit may be given to a face,
256 My lord, I'll undertake on her behalf;
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

258 **Fiorm.** [*Aside to D'Avolos*]
260 Exceeding good; the man will "undertake"!
Observe it, D'Avolos.

262 **D'Av.** [*Aside to Fiormonda*] I do, lady;
264 'Tis a smooth praise.

266 **Duke.** Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy love,
And love thee better for thy judging mine.
268 Though my gray-headed senate in the laws
Of strict opinion and severe dispute

270 | Would tie the limits of our free affects, –
 Like superstitious Jews, – to match with none
 272 | But in a tribe of princes like ourselves, –
 Gross-nurtured slaves, who force their wretched souls
 274 | To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth
 Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;
 276 | Hugging wise Nature's lame deformity,
 Begetting creatures ugly as themselves: –
 278 | But why should princes do so, that command
 The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals? –
 280 | No, my Bianca, thou art to me as dear
 As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;
 282 | Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth. –
 Set on; they shall be strangers to my heart
 284 | That envy thee thy fortunes. – Come, Fernando,
 My but divided self; what we have done
 286 | We are only debtor to Heaven for. – On!

288 | **Fiorm.** [*Aside to D'Avolos*]
 Now take thy time, or never, D'Avolos;
 290 | Prevail, and I will raise thee high in grace.

292 | **D'Av.** [*Aside to Fiormonda*] Madam, I will omit no art.
 294 | [*Exeunt all but D'Avolos, who stays Fernando.*]

296 | My honoured Lord Fernando!

298 | **Ferna.** To me, sir?

300 | **D'Av.** Let me beseech your lordship to excuse me,
 in the nobleness of your wisdom, if I exceed good
 302 | manners: I am one, my lord, who in the admiration
 of your perfect virtues do so truly honour and
 304 | reverence your deserts, that there is not a creature
 bears life shall more faithfully study to do you
 306 | service in all offices of duty and vows of due respect.

308 | **Ferna.** Good sir, you bind me to you: is this all?

310 | **D'Av.** I beseech your ear a little; good my lord, what
 I have to speak concerns your reputation and best
 312 | fortune.

314 | **Ferna.** How's that! my reputation? lay aside
 Superfluous ceremony; speak; what is't?

316 | **D'Av.** I do repute myself the blesseddest man alive,
 318 | that I shall be the first gives your lordship news of

your perpetual comfort.
320
Ferna. As how?
322
D'Av. If singular beauty, unimitable virtues, honour,
324 youth, and absolute goodness be a fortune, all those
are at once offered to your particular choice.
326
Ferna. Without delays, which way?
328
D'Av. The great and gracious Lady Fiormonda love[s]
330 you, infinitely loves you. – But, my lord, as ever you
tendered a servant to your pleasures, let me not be
332 revealed that I gave you notice on't.
334
Ferna. Sure, you are strangely out of tune, sir.
336
D'Av. Please but to speak to her; be but courtly-
ceremonious with her, use once but the language of
338 affection – if I misreport aught besides my knowledge,
let me never have place in your good opinion. O, these
340 women, my lord, are as brittle metal as your glasses,
as smooth, as slippery, – their very first substance
342 was quicksands: let 'em look never so demurely,
one fillip chokes them. My lord, she loves you; I know
344 it. – But I beseech your lordship not to discover me;
I would not for the world she should know that you
346 know it by me.
348
Ferna. I understand you, and to thank your care
Will study to requite it; and I vow
350 She never shall have notice of your news
By me or by my means. And, worthy sir,
352 Let me alike enjoin you not to speak
A word of that I understand her love;
354 And as for me, my word shall be your surety
I'll not as much as give her cause to think
356 I ever heard it.
358
D'Av. Nay, my lord, whatsoever I infer, you may
break with her in it, if you please; for, rather than
360 silence should hinder you one step to such a
fortune, I will expose myself to any rebuke for
362 your sake, my good lord.
364
Ferna. You shall not indeed, sir; I am still your
friend, and will prove so. For the present I am
366 forced to attend the duke: good hours befall ye!

368 | I must leave you.

[Exit Fernando.]

370

372 | **D'Av.** Gone already? 'sfoot, I ha' marred all! this is
374 | worse and worse; he's as cold as hemlock. If her
376 | highness knows how I have gone to work, she'll thank
378 | me scurvily: a pox of all dull brains! I took the clean
380 | contrary course. There is a mystery in this slight
382 | carelessness of his; I must sift it, and I will find it.
Ud's me, fool myself out of my wit! well, I'll choose
some fitter opportunity to inveigle him, and till then
smooth her up that he is a man overjoyed with the
report.

[Exit.]

ACT I, SCENE II.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Ferentes and Colona.

1 **Feren.** Madam, by this light I vow myself your servant,
2 only yours, inesppecially yours. Time, like a turncoat,
may order and disorder the outward fashions of our
4 bodies, but shall never enforce a change on the
constancy of my mind. Sweet Colona, fair Colona,
6 young and sprightful lady, do not let me, in the best
of my youth, languish in my earnest affections.

8
9 **Col.** Why should you seek, my lord, to purchase glory
10 By the disgrace of a silly maid?

12 **Feren.** That I confess too. I am every way so unworthy
of the first-fruits of thy embraces, so far beneath
14 the riches of thy merit, that it can be no honour to thy
fame to rank me in the number of thy servants; yet
16 prove me how true, how firm I will stand to thy
pleasures, to thy command; and, as time shall serve,
18 be ever thine. Now, prithee, dear Colona, –

20 **Col.** Well, well, my lord, I have no heart of flint;
Or if I had, you know by cunning words
22 How to outwear it: – but –

24 **Feren.** But what? do not pity thy own gentleness,
lovely Colona. Shall I speak? shall I? – say but "ay",
26 and our wishes are made up.

28 **Col.** How shall I say "ay", when my fears say "no"?

30 **Feren.** You will not fail to meet [me] two hours
hence, sweet?

32
33 **Col.** No; –
34 Yes, yes, I would have said: how my tongue trips!

36 **Feren.** I take that promise and that double "yes" as
an assurance of thy faith. In the grove; good sweet,
38 remember; in any case alone, – d'ee mark, love? –
not as much as your duchess' little dog; – you'll not
40 forget? – two hours hence – think on't, and miss
not: till then –

42
43 **Col.** O, if you should prove false, and love another!

44 **Feren.** Defy me, then! I'll be all thine, and a servant
46 only to thee, only to thee.

48 [Exit Colona.]

50 – Very passing good! three honest women in our
52 courts here of Italy are enough to discredit a whole
54 nation of that sex. He that is not a cuckold or a
56 bastard is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife,
58 or a mother that never stepped awry, are wonders,
wonders in Italy. 'Slife! I have got the feat on't, and
am every day more active in my trade: 'tis a sweet
sin, this slip of mortality, and I have tasted enough
for one passion of my senses. – Here comes more
work for me.

60

Enter Julia.

62

And how does my own Julia? Mew upon this sadness!
64 what's the matter, you are melancholy? – Whither away,
wench?

66

Jul. 'Tis well; the time has been when your smooth tongue
68 Would not have mocked my griefs; and had I been
More chary of mine honour, you had still
70 Been lowly as you were.

72 **Feren.** Lowly! why, I am sure I cannot be much more
74 lowly than I am to thee; thou bring'st me on my
bare knees, wench, twice in every four-and-twenty
hours, besides half-turns instead of bevers. What must
76 we next do, sweetheart?

78 **Jul.** Break vows on your side; I expect no other,
But every day look when some newer choice
80 May violate your honour and my trust.

82 **Feren.** Indeed, forsooth! how shay by that, la? I hope
I neglect no opportunity to your *nunquam satis*, to
84 be called in question for. Go, thou art as fretting
as an old gogram: by this hand, I love thee for't;
86 it becomes thee so prettily to be angry. Well, if thou
shouldst die, farewell all love with me forever! go;
88 I'll meet thee soon in thy lady's back-lobby, I will,
wench; look for me.

90

Jul. But shall I be resolved you will be mine?

92

94 **Feren.** All thine; I will reserve my best ability, my
heart, my honour only to thee, only to thee. – Pity of
96 my blood, away! I hear company coming on: remember,
soon I am all thine, I will live perpetually only to thee:
98 away!

[Exit Julia.]

100 S'foot! I wonder about what time of the year I was
102 begot; sure, it was when the moon was in conjunction,
and all the other planets drunk at a morris-dance:
104 I am haunted above patience; my mind is not as
infinite to do as my occasions are proffered of doing.
106 – "Chastity"! I am an eunuch if I think there be any
such thing; or if there be, 'tis amongst us men, for I
108 never found it in a woman throughly tempted yet. I
have a shrewd hard task coming on; but let it pass. –
110 Who comes now? My lord, the duke's friend! I will
strive to be inward with him.

Enter Fernando.

114 My noble Lord Fernando! –

116 **Ferna.** My Lord Ferentes, I should change some words
118 Of consequence with you; but since I am,
For this time, busied in more serious thoughts,
120 I'll pick some fitter opportunity.

122 **Feren.** I will wait your pleasure, my lord. Good-day
to your lordship.

[Exit Ferentes.]

126 **Ferna.** Traitor to friendship! – whither shall I run,
128 That, lost to reason, cannot sway the float
Of the unruly faction in my blood?
130 The duchess, Oh, the duchess! in her smiles
Are all my joys abstracted. – Death to my thoughts!
132 My other plague comes to me.

Enter Fiormonda and Julia.

136 **Fiorm.** My Lord Fernando, what, so hard at study!
You are a kind companion to yourself,
138 That love to be alone so.

140 **Ferna.** Madam, no;

142 I rather chose this leisure to admire
The glories of this little world, the court,
Where, like so many stars, on several thrones
144 Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs;
Sweet matter for my meditation.
146
Fiorm. So, so, sir! – Leave us, Julia,
148
[Exit Julia.]
150
– your own proof,
152 By travel and prompt observation,
Instruct you how to place the use of speech. –
154 But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit:
We'll pass the time a little in discourse.
156 What have you seen abroad?
158 **Ferna.** No wonders, lady,
Like these I see at home.
160
Fiorm. "At home!" as how?
162
Ferna. Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of truth,
164 Report but what is warranted by sight.
166 **Fiorm.** What sight?
168 **Ferna.** Look in your glass, and you shall see
A miracle.
170
Fiorm. What miracle?
172
Ferna. Your beauty,
174 So far above all beauties else abroad
As you are in your own superlative.
176
Fiorm. Fie, fie! your wit hath too much edge.
178
Ferna. Would that,
180 Or any thing that I could challenge mine,
Were but of value to express how much
182 I serve in love the sister of my prince!
184 **Fiorm.** 'Tis for your prince's sake, then, not for mine?
186 **Ferna.** For you in him, and much for him in you.
I must acknowledge, madam, I observe
188 In your affects a thing to me most strange,
Which makes me so much honour you the more.

190

Fiorm. Pray, tell it.

192

Ferna. Gladly, lady:

194

I see how, opposite to youth and custom,
You set before you, in the tablature

196

Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs
Of a most loyal lady, for the loss

198

Of so renowned a prince as was your lord.

200

Fiorm. Now, good my lord, no more of him.

202

Ferna. "Of him"!

204

I know it is a needless task in me

204

To set him forth in his deserved praise;
You better can record it; for you find

206

How much more he exceeded other men
In most heroic virtues of account,

208

So much more was your loss in losing him.

210

"Of him"! his praise should be a field too large,

210

Too spacious, for so mean an orator

212

As I to range in.

212

Fiorm. Sir, enough: 'tis true
He well deserved your labour. On his deathbed

214

This ring he gave me, bade me never part
With this but to the man I loved as dearly

216

As I loved him: yet since you know which way
To blaze his worth so rightly, in return

218

To your deserts, wear this for him and me.

220

[Offers him the ring.]

222

Ferna. Madam!

224

Fiorm. 'Tis yours,

226

Ferna. Methought you said he charged you

228

Not to impart it but to him you loved
As dearly as you loved him.

230

Fiorm. True, I said so,

232

Ferna. O, then, far be it my unhallowed hand

234

With any rude intrusion should annul
A testament enacted by the dead!

236

Fiorm. Why, man, that testament is disannulled

238 | And cancelled quite by us that live. Look here,
 My blood is not yet freezed; for better instance,
 240 | Be judge yourself; experience is no danger –
 Cold are my sighs; but, feel, my lips are warm.

242 |

[Kisses him.]

244 |

Ferna. What means the virtuous marquess?

246 |

Fiorm. To new-kiss
 248 | The oath to thee, which whiles he lived was his:
 Hast thou yet power to love?

250 |

Ferna. "To love!"

252 |

Fiorm. To meet
 254 | Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet?

256 | **Ferna.** Madam, 'twere dulness past the ignorance
 Of common blockheads not to understand
 258 | Whereto this favour tends; and 'tis a fortune
 So much above my fate, that I could wish
 260 | No greater happiness on earth: but know,
 Long since I vowed to live a single life.

262 |

Fiorm. What was't you said?

264 |

Ferna. I said I made a vow –

266 |

Enter Bianca, Petruchio, Colona, and D'Avolos.

268 |

[Aside] Blessèd deliverance!

270 |

Fiorm. [Aside] Prevented? mischief on this interruption!

272 |

Bian. My Lord Fernando, you encounter fitly;
 274 | I have a suit t'ee.

276 | **Ferna.** 'Tis my duty, madam,
 To be commanded.

278 |

Bian. Since my lord the duke
 280 | Is now disposed to mirth, the time serves well
 For mediation, that he would be pleased
 282 | To take the Lord Roseilli to his grace.

284 |

He is a noble gentleman; I dare
 Engage my credit, loyal to the state; –
 [To *Fiormonda*] And, sister, one that ever strove, methought,

286 | By special service and obsequious care,
 To win respect from you: it were a part
 288 | Of gracious favour, if you pleased to join
 With us in being suitors to the duke
 290 | For his return to court.

292 | **Fiorm.** "To court!" indeed,
 You have some cause to speak; he undertook,
 294 | Most champion-like, to win the prize at tilt,
 In honour of your picture; marry, did he.
 296 | There's not a groom o' the querry could have matched
 The jolly riding-man: pray, get him back;
 298 | I do not need his service, madam, I.

300 | **Bian.** Not need it, sister? why, I hope you think
 'Tis no necessity in me to move it,
 302 | More than respect of honour.

304 | **Fiorm.** Honour! puh!
 Honour is talked of more than known by some.

306 |
 308 | **Bian.** Sister, these words I understand not.

Ferna. [*Aside*] Swell not, unruly thoughts! –
 310 | [*To Bianca*] Madam, the motion you propose proceeds
 From the true touch of goodness; 'tis a plea
 312 | Wherein my tongue and knee shall jointly strive
 To beg his highness for Roseilli's cause.
 314 | Your judgment rightly speaks him; there is not
 In any court of Christendom a man
 316 | For quality or trust more absolute.

318 | **Fiorm.** [*Aside*] How! is't even so?

320 | **Pet.** I shall forever bless
 Your highness for your gracious kind esteem
 322 | Of my disheartened kinsman; and to add
 Encouragement to what you undertake,
 324 | I dare affirm 'tis no important fault
 Hath caused the duke's distaste.

326 |
 328 | **Bian.** I hope so too.

D'Av. Let your highness, and you all, my lords, take
 330 | advice how you motion his excellency on Roseilli's
 behalf; there is more danger in that man than is fit
 332 | to be publicly reported. I could wish things were
 otherwise for his own sake; but I'll assure ye, you

334 | will exceedingly alter his excellency's disposition he
 336 | now is in, if you but mention the name of Roseilli to
 his ear; I am so much acquainted in the process of
 his actions.

338 | **Bian.** If it be so, I am the sorrier, sir:
 340 | I'm loth to move my lord unto offence;
 Yet I'll adventure chiding.

342 | **Ferna.** [*Aside*] Oh, had I India's gold, I'd give it all
 344 | T' exchange one private word, one minute's breath,
 With this heart-wounding beauty!

346 | *Enter the Duke, Ferentes, and Nibrassa.*

348 | **Duke.** Prithee, no more, Ferentes; by the faith
 350 | I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh
 Beside my spleen. – Fernando, hadst thou heard
 352 | The pleasant humour of Mauruccio's dotage
 Discoursed, how in the winter of his age
 354 | He is become a lover, thou wouldst swear
 A morris-dance were but a tragedy
 356 | Compared to that: well, we will see the youth. –
 What council hold you now, sirs?

358 | **Bian.** We, my lord,
 360 | Were talking of the horsemanship in France,
 Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds
 362 | All other nations.

364 | **Duke.** How! why, have not we
 As gallant riders here?

366 | **Ferna.** None that I know.

368 | **Duke.** Pish, your affection leads you; I dare wage
 370 | A thousand ducats, not a man in France
 Outrides Roseilli.

372 | **Fiorm.** [*Aside*] I shall quit this wrong.

374 | **Bian.** I said as much, my lord.

376 | **Ferna.** I have not seen
 378 | His practice since my coming back.

380 | **Duke.** Where is he?
 How is't we see him not?

432 | May be abused by smooth officious agents! –
432 | But look well to our sister.

434 | *[Exeunt all but Petruchio and Fernando.]*

436 | **Pet.** Nephew, please you
436 | To see your friend to-night?

438 | **Ferna.** Yes, uncle, yes.

440 | *[Exit Petruchio.]*

442 | Thus bodies walk unsouled! mine eyes but follows
444 | My heart entombed in yonder goodly shrine:
444 | Life without her is but death's subtle snares,
446 | And I am but a coffin to my cares.

448 | *[Exit.]*

ACT II.SCENE I.

A Room in Mauruccio's House.

*Mauruccio looking in a glass, trimming his beard;
Giacopo brushing him.*

1 **Maur.** Beard, be confined to neatness, that no hair
2 May stover up to prick my mistress' lip,
3 More rude than bristles of a porcupine. –
4 Giacopo!

6 **Gia.** My lord?

8 **Maur.** Am I all sweet behind?

10 **Gia.** I have no poulterer's nose; but your apparel sits
11 about you most debonairly.

12 **Maur.** But, Giacopo, with what grace do my words
13 proceed out of my mouth? Have I a moving
14 countenance? is there harmony in my voice?
15 canst thou perceive, as it were, a handsomeness
16 of shape in my very breath, as it is formed into
17 syllable[s], Giacopo?

20 *Enter above Duke, Bianca, Fiormonda, Fernando,
21 Courtiers, and Attendants.*

22 **Gia.** Yes, indeed, sir, I do feel a savour as pleasant as –
23 [*Aside*] a glister-pipe – calamus, or civet.

26 **Duke.** Observe him, and be silent.

28 **Maur.** Hold thou the glass, Giacopo, and mark me
29 with what exceeding comeliness I could court the lady
30 marquess, if it come to the push.

32 **Duke.** Sister, you are his aim.

34 **Fiorm.** A subject fit
35 To be the stale of laughter!

36 **Bian.** That's your music.

38 **Maur.** Thus I reverse my pace, and thus stalkingly
39 in courtly gait, I advance one, two, and three. –
40

42 Good! I kiss my hand, make my congee, settle my
countenance, and thus begin. – Hold up the glass
44 higher, Giacopo.

46 **Gia.** Thus high, sir?

48 **Maur.** 'Tis well; now mark me:

50 Most excellent marquéss, most fair la-dý,
Let not old age or hairs that are sil-vér
Disparage my desire; for it may be
52 I am than other green youth nimble-ér.
Since I am your gra-cé's servánt so true,
54 Great lady, then, love me for my vir-túe."

56 O, Giacopo, Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a jig-maker,
Sanazzar a goose, and Ariosto a puck-fist to me! I
58 tell thee, Giacopo, I am rapt with fury; and have
been for these six nights together drunk with the
60 pure liquor of Helicon.

62 **Gia.** I think no less, sir; for you look as wild, and
talk as idly, as if you had not slept these nine years.

64 **Duke.** What think you of this language, sister?

66 **Fiorm.** Sir,
68 I think, in princes' courts, no age nor greatness
But must admit the fool; in me 'twere folly
70 To scorn what greater states than I have been.

72 **Bian.** O, but you are too general –

74 **Fiorm.** A fool!
I thank your highness: many a woman's wit
76 Have thought themselves much better was much worse.

78 **Bian.** You still mistake me.

80 **Duke.** Silence! note the rest.

82 **Maur.** God-a-mercy, brains! – Giacopo, I have it!

84 **Gia.** What, my lord?

86 **Maur.** A conceit, Giacopo, and a fine one – down on
thy knees, Giacopo, and worship my wit. Give me
88 both thy ears. Thus it is: I will have my picture
drawn most composituously, in a square table of
90 some two foot long, from the crown of the head to

the waist downward, no further.

92

Gia. Then you'll look like a dwarf, sir, being cut off by the middle.

94

Maur. Speak not thou, but wonder at the conceit that follows: in my bosom, on my left side, I will have a leaf of blood-red crimson velvet – as it were part of my doublet – open; which being opened, Giacopo, – now mark! – I will have a clear and most transparent crystal in the form of a heart. – Singular-admirable! – When I have framed this, I will, as some rare outlandish piece of workmanship, bestow it on the most fair and illustrious Lady Fiormonda.

96

98

100

102

104

106

Gia. But now, sir, for the conceit.

108

Maur. Simplicity and ignorance, prate no more! blockhead, dost not understand yet? Why, this being to her instead of a looking-glass, she shall no oftener powder her hair, surfle her cheeks, cleanse her teeth, or conform the hairs of her eyebrows, but having occasion to use this glass – which for the rareness and richness of it she will hourly do – but she shall as often gaze on my picture, remember me, and behold the excellence of her excellency's beauty in the prospective and mirror, as it were, in my heart.

110

112

114

116

118

Gia. Ay, marry, sir, this is something.

120

All above except Fiorm. Ha, ha, ha!

122

[Exit Fiormonda.]

124

Bian. My sister's gone in anger.

126

Maur. Who's that laughs? search with thine eyes, Giacopo.

128

Gia. O, my lord, my lord, you have gotten an everlasting fame! the duke's grace, and the duchess' grace, and my Lord Fernando's grace, with all the rabble of courtiers, have heard every word; look where they stand! Now you shall be made a count for your wit, and I lord for my counsel.

130

132

134

136

Duke. Beshrew the chance! we are discoverèd.

138

140 **Maur.** Pity – O, my wisdom! I must speak to them. –
 O, duke most great, and most renowned duchess!
 Excuse my apprehension, which not much is;
 142 'Tis love, my lord, that's all the hurt you see;
 Angelica herself shall plead for me.

144
Duke. We pardon you, most wise and learned lord;
 146 And, that we may all glorify your wit,
 Entreat your wisdom's company to-day
 148 To grace our talk with your grave discourse:
 What says your mighty eloquence?

150
Maur. Giacopo, help me; his grace has put me
 152 out of my own bias, and I know not what to answer
 in form.

154
Gia. Ud's me, tell him you'll come.

156
Maur. Yes, I will come, my lord the duke, I will.

158
Duke. We take your word, and wish your honour health. –
 160 Away, then! come, Bianca, we have found
 A salve for melancholy, – mirth and ease.

162
 164 *[Exit the Duke followed by all
 but Bianca and Fernando.]*

166
Bian. I'll see the jolly lover and his glass
 Take leave of one another.

168
Maur. Are they gone?

170
Gia. O, my lord, I do now smell news.

172
Maur. What news, Giacopo?

174
Gia. The duke has a smacking towards you, and
 176 you shall clap-up with his sister the widow suddenly.

178
Maur. She is mine, Giacopo, she is mine! Advance
 the glass, Giacopo, that I may practise, as I pass, to
 180 walk a portly grace like a marquesse, to which degree
 I am now a-climbing.

182
 Thus do we march to honour's haven of bliss,
 To ride in triumph through Persepolis.

184
 186 *[Exit Giacopo, going backward with the glass,
 followed by Mauruccio complimenting.]*

188 **Bian.** Now, as I live, here's laughter worthy our
presence! I will not lose him so.

190

[Going.]

192

Ferna. Madam, –

194

Bian. To me, my lord?

196

Ferna. Please but to hear

198

The story of a castaway in love;

And, O, let not the passage of a jest

200

Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed

All happiness in your diviner eyes!

202

Bian. My lord, the time –

204

Ferna. "The time!" yet hear me speak,

206

For I must speak or burst: I have a soul

So anchored down with cares in seas of woe,

208

That passion and the vows I owe to you

Have changed me to a lean anatomy:

210

Sweet princess of my life, –

212

Bian. Forbear, or I shall –

214

Ferna. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze

My hopes to more discomfort than as yet

216

My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns

The composition of a well-built mind

218

As pity: hear me out.

220

Bian. No more! I spare

To tell you what you are, and must confess

222

Do almost hate my judgment, that it once

Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,

224

It is the third time since your treacherous tongue

Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame;

226

Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,

I have not voiced your follies: if you dare

228

To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust;

'Tis all no better: – learn and love yourself.

230

[Exit Bianca.]

232

Ferna. Gone! Oh, my sorrows! how am I undone!

234

Not speak again? no, no, in her chaste breast

236 Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness: I have sued and sued,
Kneeled, wept, and begged; but tears and vows and words
238 Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.
I must resolve to check this rage of blood,
240 And will: she is all icy to my fires,
Yet even that ice inflames in me desires.

242

[*Exit.*]

ACT II, SCENE II.*A Room in Petruchio's House.**Enter Petruchio and Roseilli.*

1 **Ros.** Is't possible the duke should be so moved?
 2

Pet. 'Tis true; you have no enemy at court
 4 But her for whom you pine so much in love;
 Then master your affections: I am sorry
 6 You hug your ruin so. –
 What say you to the project I proposed?
 8

Ros. I entertain it with a greater joy
 10 Than shame can check.

Enter Fernando.

14 **Pet.** You are come as I could wish;
 My cousin is resolved.

Ferna. Without delay
 18 Prepare yourself, and meet at court anon,
 Some half-hour hence; and Cupid bless your joy!
 20

Ros. If ever man was bounden to a friend, –
 22

Ferna. No more; away!
 24

[Exeunt Petruchio and Roseilli.]

26
 Love's rage is yet unknown;
 28 In his – ay me! – too well I feel my own! –
 So, now I am alone; now let me think:
 30 She is the duchess; say she be; a creature
 Sewed-up in painted cloth might so be styled;
 32 That's but a name: she's married too; she is,
 And therefore better might distinguish love:
 34 She's young and fair; – why, madam, that's the bait
 Invites me more to hope; she's the duke's wife:
 36 Who knows not this? – she's bosomed to my friend;
 There, there, I am quite lost: will not be won;
 38 Still worse and worse: abhors to hear me speak;
 Eternal mischief! I must urge no more;
 40 For, were I not be-lepered in my soul,
 Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.
 42 What then? pish! [if] I must not speak, I'll write. –

44 Come, then, sad secretary to my complaints,
Plead thou my faith, for words are turned to sighs.
46 What says this paper?

[Takes out a letter, and reads.]

48 *Enter D'Avolos behind with two pictures.*

50 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] Now is the time. – Alone? reading a
52 letter? good; how now! striking his breast! what,
in the name of policy, should this mean? tearing
54 his hair! – passion! by all the hopes of my life,
plain passion! now I perceive it. If this be not
56 a fit of some violent affection, I am an ass in
understanding; why, 'tis plain, – plainer and
58 plainer; love in the extremest. Oh, for the party!
who, now? The greatness of his spirits is too high
60 cherished to be caught with some ordinary stuff,
and if it be my Lady Fiormonda, I am strangely
62 mistook. Well, that I have fit occasion soon to
understand. I have here two pictures newly drawn,
64 to be sent for a present to the Abbot of Monaco,
the duchess' uncle, her own and my lady's: I'll
66 observe which of these may, perhaps, bewray
him – 'a turns about. – My noble lord! –

68 **Ferna.** Y'are welcome, sir; I thank you.

70 **D'Av.** Me, my lord! for what, my lord?

72 **Ferna.** Who's there? I cry you mercy, D'Avolos,
74 I took you for another; pray, excuse me.
What is't you bear there?

76 **D'Av.** No secret, my lord, but may be imparted to
78 you: a couple of pictures, my good lord, – please
you see them?

80 **Ferna.** I care not much for pictures; but whose are they?

82 **D'Av.** The one is for my lord's sister, the other is the
84 duchess.

86 **Ferna.** Ha, D'Avolos! the duchess's?

88 **D'Av.** Yes, my lord. – [*Aside*] Sure, the word startled
him: observe that.

90

92 **Ferna.** You told me, Master Secretary, once,
You owed me love.

94 **D'Av.** Service, my honoured lord; howsoever you
please to term it.

96 **Ferna.** 'Twere rudeness to be suitor for a sight;
98 Yet trust me, sir, I'll be all secret.

100 **D'Av.** I beseech your lordship; – they are, as I am,
constant to your pleasure.

102

[Shows *Fiormonda's picture.*]

104

106 This, my lord, is the widow marquess's, as it now
newly came from the picture-drawer's, the oil yet
108 green: a sweet picture; and, in my judgment, art
hath not been a niggard in striving to equal the
life. Michael Angelo himself needed not blush
110 to own the workmanship.

112 **Ferna.** A very pretty picture; but, kind signior,
To whose use is it?

114

116 **D'Av.** For the duke's, my lord, who determines to
send it with all speed as a present to Paul Baglione,
uncle to the duchess, that he may see the riches of
118 two such lustres as shine in the court of Pavy.

120 **Ferna.** Pray, sir, the other?

122 **D'Av.** [*Shows Bianca's picture.*] This, my lord, is
for the duchess Bianca: a wondrous sweet picture,
124 if you well observe with what singularity the
artsman hath strove to set forth each limb in
126 exquisitest proportion, not missing a hair.

128 **Ferna.** A hair!

130 **D'Av.** She cannot more formally, or – if it may be
lawful to use the word more really, – behold her
132 own symmetry in her glass than in taking a sensible
view of this counterfeit. When I first saw it, I verily
134 almost was of a mind that this was her very lip.

136 **Ferna.** Lip!

138 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] How constantly he dwells upon this
portraiture! – Nay, I'll assure your lordship there is
140 no defect of cunning – [*Aside*] His eye is fixed as if

142 it were incorporated there. – Were not the party
 143 herself alive to witness that there is a creature
 144 composed of flesh and blood as naturally enriched
 145 with such harmony of admiral beauty as is here
 146 artificially counterfeited, a very curious eye might
 147 repute it as an imaginary rapture of some
 148 transported conceit, to aim at an impossibility;
 149 whose very first gaze is of force almost to persuade
 150 a substantial love in a settled heart.

150 **Ferna.** Love! heart!

152 **D'Av.** My honoured lord, –

154 **Ferna.** Oh Heavens!

156 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] I am confirmed. – What ails your
 157 lordship?

160 **Ferna.** You need not praise it, sir; itself is praise. –
 161 [*Aside*] How near had I forgot myself! – I thank you.
 162 'Tis such a picture as might well become
 163 The shrine of some faned Venus; I am dazzled
 164 With looking on't: – pray, sir, convey it hence.

166 **D'Av.** I am all your servant. – [*Aside*] Blessed,
 167 blessed discovery! – Please you to command me?

168 **Ferna.** No, gentle sir. –
 169 [*Aside*] I'm lost beyond my senses. –
 170 D'ee hear, sir? good, where dwells the picture-maker?

172 **D'Av.** By the castle's farther drawbridge, near
 173 Galiazzo's statue; his name is Alphonso Trinultio. –
 174 [*Aside*] Happy above all fate!

176 **Ferna.** You say enough; my thanks t'ee!

178 [*Exit D'Avolos.*]

180 – Were that picture
 181 But rated at my lordship, 'twere too cheap.
 182 I fear I spoke or did I know not what;
 183 All sense of providence was in mine eye.

184 [*Enter Ferentes, Mauruccio, and Giacopo.*]

186 **Feren.** [*Aside*] Youth in threescore years and ten! –
 187 Trust me, my Lord Mauruccio, you are now younger

190 in the judgment of those that compare your former
age with your latter by seven-and-twenty years
192 than you were three years ago: by all my fidelity,
tis a miracle! the ladies wonder at you.

194 **Maur.** Let them wonder; I am wise as I am courtly.

196 **Gia.** The ladies, my lord, call him the green broom
of the court, – he sweeps all before him, – and swear he
198 has a stabbing wit: it is a very glister to laughter.

200 **Maur.** Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my pleasure; I
am stiff and strong, Ferentes.

202

204 **Gia.** [*Aside*] A radish-root is a spear of steel in
comparison of I know what.

206 **Feren.** The marquess doth love you.

208 **Maur.** She doth love me.

210 **Feren.** And begins to do you infinite grace,
Mauruccio, infinite grace.

212

214 **Ferna.** I'll take this time. –
[*Comes forward*] Good hour, my lords, to both!

216 **Maur.** Right princely Fernando, the best of the
Fernandos; by the pith of generation, the man I look
218 for. His highness hath sent to find you out: he is
determined to weather his own proper individual
220 person for two days' space in my Lord Nibrassa's
forest, to hunt the deer, the buck, the roe, and eke
the barren doe.

222

224 **Ferna.** Is his highness preparing to hunt?

226 **Feren.** Yes, my lord, and resolved to lie forth for
the breviating the prolixity of some superfluous
228 transmigration of the sun's double cadence to the
western horizon, my most perspicuous good lord.

230 **Ferna.** O, sir, let me beseech you to speak in your
own mother tongue. – [*Aside*] Two days' absence,
232 well. – My Lord Mauruccio, I have a suit t'ee, –

234 **Maur.** My Lord Fernando, I have a suit to you.

236 **Ferna.** That you will accept from me a very choice
token of my love: will you grant it?

238

Maur. Will you grant mine?

240

Ferna. What is't?

242

Maur. Only to know what the suit is you please to prefer to me.

244

246

Ferna. Why, 'tis, my lord, a fool.

248

Maur. A fool?

250

Ferna. As very a fool as your lordship is – hopeful to see in any time of your life.

252

Gia. Now, good my lord, part not with the fool on any terms.

254

256

Maur. I beseech you, my lord, has the fool qualities?

258

Ferna. Very rare ones: you shall not hear him speak one wise word in a month's converse; passing temperate of diet, for, keep him from meat four-and-twenty hours, and he will fast a whole day and a night together; unless you urge him to swear, there seldom comes an oath from his mouth; and of a fool, my lord, to tell ye the plain truth, had 'a but half as much wit as you, my lord, he would be in short time three-quarters as arrant-wise as your lordship.

260

262

264

266

268

Maur. Giacopo, these are very rare elements in a creature of little understanding. Oh, that I long to see him!

270

272

Ferna. A very harmless idiot; – and, as you could wish, look where he comes.

274

276

Enter Petruchio, and Roseilli dressed like a Fool.

278

Pet. Nephew, here is the thing you sent for. – Come hither, fool; come: 'tis a good fool.

280

282

Ferna. Here, my lord, I freely give you the fool; pray use him well for my sake.

284

Maur. I take the fool most thankfully at your hands, my lord. – Hast any qualities, my pretty fool? wilt dwell with me?

286

288 **Ros.** A, a, a, a, ay.

290 **Pet.** I never beheld a more natural creature in my
life.

292

Ferna. Uncle, – the duke, I hear, prepares to hunt;
294 Let's in and wait. – Farewell, Mauruccio.

296

[*Exeunt Fernando and Petruchio.*]

298 **Maur.** Beast that I am, not to ask the fool's name! 'tis
no matter; "fool" is a sufficient title to call the greatest
300 lord in the court by, if he be no wiser than he.

302 **Gia.** O, my lord, what an arrant excellent pretty
creature 'tis! – Come, honey, honey, honey, come!

304

Feren. You are beholding to my Lord Fernando for
306 this gift.

308 **Maur.** True. Oh, that he could but speak methodically!
– Canst speak, fool?

310

Ros. Can speak; de e e e –

312

Feren. 'Tis a present for an emperor. What an
314 excellent instrument were this to purchase a suit
or a monopoly from the duke's ear!

316

Maur. I have it, I am wise and fortunate. – Giacopo,
318 I will leave all conceits, and, instead of my picture,
offer the lady marquess this mortal man of weak
320 brain.

322 **Gia.** My lord, you have most rarely bethought you;
for so shall she no oftener see the fool, but she shall
324 remember you better than by a thousand looking-
glasses.

326

Feren. She will most graciously entertain it.

328

Maur. I may tell you, Ferentes, there's not a great
330 woman amongst forty but knows how to make sport
with a fool. – Dost know how old thou art, sirrah?

332

Ros. Dud – a clap cheek for nown sake, gaffer;
334 hee e e e e.

336 **Feren.** Alas, you must ask him no questions, but clap

338 him on the cheek; I understand his language: your
fool is the tender-hearted'st creature that is.

340 *Enter Fiormonda and D'Avolos in close conversation.*

342 **Fiorm.** No more; thou hast in this discovery
Exceeded all my favours, D'Avolos.

344 Is't Mistress Madam Duchess? brave revenge!

346 **D'Av.** But had your grace seen the infinite appetite
of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye, you
348 would –

350 **Fiorm.** Or change him, or confound him: prompt dissembler!
Is here the bond of his religious vow?
352 And that, “now when the duke is rid abroad,
My gentleman will stay behind, is sick” – or so?

354 **D'Av.** "Not altogether in health;" it was the excuse
356 he made.

358 **Maur.** [*Seeing them*] Most fit opportunity! her grace
comes just i' the nick; let me study.

360 **Feren.** Lose no time, my lord.

362 **Gia.** To her, sir.

364 **Maur.** [*To Fiormonda*]
366 Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most Cynthian hue,
And, from a creature ever vowed thy servant,
368 Accept this gift, most rare, most fine, most new;
The earnest penny of a love so fervent.

370 **Fiorm.** What means the jolly youth?

372 **Maur.** Nothing, sweet princess, but only to present
374 your grace with this sweet-faced fool; please you to
accept him to make you merry: I'll assure your grace
376 he is a very wholesome fool.

378 **Fiorm.** A fool! you might as well ha' given yourself.
Whence is he?

380 **Maur.** Now, just very now, given me out of special
382 favour by the Lord Fernando, madam.

384 **Fiorm.** By him? well, I accept him; thank you for't:
And, in requital, take that toothpicker;

386 'Tis yours.

388 **Maur.** A toothpicker! I kiss your bounty: no quibble
now? – And, madam,

390 If I grow sick, to make my spirits quicker,
I will revive them with this sweet toothpicker.

392 **Fiorm.** Make use on't as you list. – Here D'Avolos,
394 Take in the fool.

396 **D'Av.** Come, sweetheart, wilt along with me?

398 **Ros.** U u umh, – u u mh, – wonnot, wonnot – u u umh.

400 **Fiorm.** Wilt go with me, chick?

402 **Ros.** Will go, te e e – go will go –

404 **Fiorm.** Come D'Avolos, observe to-night; 'tis late:
Or I will win my choice, or curse my fate.

406

[*Exeunt Fiormonda, Roseilli, and D'Avolos.*]

408

Feren. This was wisely done, now. 'Sfoot, you
410 purchase a favour from a creature, my lord, the
greatest king of the earth would be proud of.

412

Maur. Giacopo! –

414

Gia. My lord?

416

Maur. Come behind me, Giacopo: I am big with
418 conceit, and must be delivered of poetry in the
eternal commendation of this gracious toothpicker:
420 – but, first, I hold it a most healthy policy to make
a slight supper –

422

For meat's the food that must preserve our lives,
424 And now's the time when mortals whet their knives –

426 on thresholds, shoe-soles, cart-wheels, &c. – Away,
Giacopo!

428

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE III.

The Palace: Bianca's Apartment.

*Enter Colona with Lights, Bianca, Fiormonda, Julia,
Fernando, and D'Avolos; Colona places the lights
on a table, and sets down a chess-board.*

1 **Bian.** 'Tis yet but early night, too soon to sleep:
2 Sister, shall's have a mate at chess?

4 **Fiorm.** "A mate"! –
No, madam, you are grown too hard for me;
6 My Lord Fernando is a fitter match.

8 **Bian.** He's a well-practised gamester: well, I care not
How cunning soe'er he be. – To pass an hour,
10 I'll try your skill, my lord: reach here the chess-board.

12 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] Are you so apt to "try his skill", madam
duchess? Very good!

14 **Ferna.** I shall bewray too much my ignorance
16 In striving with your highness; 'tis a game
I lose at still by oversight.

18 **Bian.** Well, well,
20 I fear you not; let's to't.

22 **Fiorm.** You need not, madam.

24 **D'Av.** [*Aside to Fiormonda*] Marry, needs she not;
how gladly will she to't! 'tis a rook to a queen she
26 heaves a pawn to a knight's place; by'r lady, if all be
truly noted, to a duke's place; and that's beside the
28 play, I can tell ye.

30 [*Fernando and Bianca play.*]

32 **Fiorm.** Madam, I must entreat excuse; I feel
The temper of my body not in case
34 To judge the strife.

36 **Bian.** Lights for our sister, sirs! –
Good rest t'ee; I'll but end my game and follow.

38 **Fiorm.** [*Aside to D'Avolos*]
40 Let 'em have time enough; and, as thou canst,
Be near to hear their courtship, D'Avolos.

42

D'Av. [*Aside to Fiormonda*] Madam, I shall observe
'em with all cunning secrecy.

44

46

Bian. Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

48

Col. I shall, madam.

50

[*Exit Fiormonda, followed by Colona,
Julia, and D'Avolos.*]

52

Bian. Play.

54

Ferna. I must not lose th' advantage of the game:
Madam, your queen is lost.

56

58

Bian. My clergy help me!
My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?
Why, then, the game's lost too: but play.

60

62

Ferna. What, madam?

64

[*Fernando often looks about.*]

66

Bian. You must needs play well, you are so studious. –
Fie upon't! you study past patience: –
What d'ee dream on? here's demurring
Would weary out a statue! – Good, now, play.

70

72

Ferna. [*Kneeling*]
Forgive me; let my knees forever stick
Nailed to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so cursed
In my unbounded anguish as the rage
Of flames beyond all utterance of words
Devour me, lightened by your sacred eyes.

76

78

Bian. What means the man?

80

82

Ferna. To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdained.

84

86

Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have culled this time
From motion's swiftest measure to unclasp
The book of lust: if purity of love

88

90

Have residence in virtue's quest, lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love as chaste

As softness of desire can intimate.

92

Re-enter D'Avolos behind.

94

D'Av. [*Aside*] At it already! admirable haste!

96

Bian. Am I again betrayed? bad man! –

98

Ferna. Keep in

100

Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool

That heat of cruelty which sways the temple

102

Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge

One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,

104

Which I have not with many nights' expense

Examined; but, O, madam, still I find

106

No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,

But freedom from the torture it sustains.

108

D'Av. [*Aside*] Not kissing yet? still on your

110

knees? O, for a plump bed and clean sheets,

to comfort the aching of his shins! We shall

112

have 'em clip anon and lisp kisses; here's

ceremony with a vengeance!

114

Bian. Rise up; we charge you, rise!

116

[*He rises.*]

118

Look on our face:

120

What see you there that may persuade a hope

Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,

122

So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,

As, were none living of thy sex but thee,

124

We had much rather prostitute our blood

To some envenomed serpent than admit

126

Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak

Again, when we forbid? no, wretched thing,

128

Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope

Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,

130

We shall not only certify our lord

Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge

132

Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.

Think on't.

134

D'Av. [*Aside*] Now, now, now the game is a-foot!

136

your gray jennet with the white face is curried,

forsooth; – please your lordship leap up into the

138 saddle, forsooth. – Poor duke, how does thy head
ache now!

140 **Ferna.** Stay; go not hence in choler, blessèd woman!

142 You've schooled me; lend me hearing: though the float
Of infinite desires swell to a tide

144 Too high so soon to ebb, yet, by this hand,

146 [Kisses her hand.]

148 This glorious, gracious hand of yours, –

150 **D'Av.** [Aside] Ay, marry, the match is made;
clap hands and to't, ho!

152 **Ferna.** I swear,

154 Henceforth I never will as much in word,
In letter, or in syllable, presume

156 To make a repetition of my griefs.
Good-night t'ee! If, when I am dead, you rip

158 This coffin of my heart, there shall you read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines, –

160 Bianca's name carved out in bloody lines.
Forever, lady, now good-night!

162 **Bian.** Good-night!

164 Rest in your goodness. – Lights there! –

166 *Enter Attendants with lights.*

168 Sir, good-night!

170 [Exeunt Bianca and Fernando sundry ways,
with Attendants.]

172 **D'Av.** So, via! – To be cuckold – mercy and

174 providence – is as natural to a married man as to eat,
sleep, or wear a nightcap. Friends! – I will rather trust

176 mine arm in the throat of a lion, my purse with a
courtesan, my neck with the chance on a die, or my

178 religion in a synagogue of Jews, than my wife with
a friend. Wherein do princes exceed the poorest

180 peasant that ever was yoked to a sixpenny strumpet,
but that the horns of the one are mounted some

182 two inches higher by a choppine than the other?
O Actaeon! the goodliest-headed beast of the

184 forest amongst wild cattle is a stag; and the
goodliest beast among tame fools in a corporation

186 is a cuckold.

188

Re-enter Fiormonda.

190

Fiorm. Speak, D'Avolos, how thrives intelligence?

192

D'Av. Above the prevention of Fate, madam. I saw
him kneel, make pitiful faces, kiss hands and

194

forefingers, rise, – and by this time he is up, up,

196

madam. Doubtless the youth aims to be duke,
for he is gotten into the duke's seat an hour ago.

198

Fiorm. Is't true?

200

D'Av. Oracle, oracle! Siege was laid, parley admitted,
composition offered, and the fort entered; there's no

202

interruption. The duke will be at home to-morrow,
gentle animal! – what d'ee resolve?

204

Fiorm. To stir-up tragedies as black as brave,

206

And send the lecher panting to his grave.

208

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Fernando's Bedchamber in the Palace.

*Enter Bianca, her hair about her ears,
in her night-mantle. She draws a curtain,
and Fernando is discovered in bed, sleeping;
she sets down the candle before the bed,
and goes to the bedside.*

1 **Bian.** Resolve, and do; 'tis done. – What! are those eyes,
2 Which lately were so overdrowned in tears,
So easy to take rest? Oh happy man!
4 How sweetly sleep hath sealed up sorrows here!
But I will call him. – What, my lord, my lord,
6 My Lord Fernando!

8 **Ferna.** Who calls me?

10 **Bian.** My lord,
Sleeping or waking?

12 **Ferna.** Ha! who is't?

14 **Bian.** 'Tis I:
16 Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear
But useful to your eye?

18 **Ferna.** Madam, the duchess!

20 **Bian.** She, 'tis she; sit up,
22 Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:
The nights are short, and I have much to say.

24 **Ferna.** Is't possible 'tis you?

26 **Bian.** 'Tis possible:
28 Why do you think I come?

30 **Ferna.** Why! to crown joys,
And make me master of my best desires.

32 **Bian.** 'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up and listen.
34 With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
36 You have been only king; if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt
38 That tyranny: be record to my soul

40 The justice which I for this folly fear!
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
42 Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
44 Poor wretched woman lived that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignèdly.

46 **Ferna.** O, madam!

48 **Bian.** To witness that I speak is truth, look here!
Thus singly I adventure to thy bed,
50 And do confess my weakness: if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

52 **Ferna.** Perpetual happiness!

54 **Bian.** Now hear me out.
56 When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and, without respect
58 Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
60 Not moved by counsel or removed by greatness;
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and Heaven,
62 I vowed a vow to live a constant wife:
I have done so; nor was there in the world
64 A man created could have broke that truth
For all the glories of the earth but thou, –
66 But thou, Fernando! Do I love thee now?

68 **Ferna.** Beyond imagination.

70 **Bian.** True, I do,
Beyond imagination: if no pledge
72 Of love can instance what I speak is true
But loss of my best joys, here, here, Fernando,
74 Be satisfied and ruin me.

76 **Ferna.** What d'ee mean?

78 **Bian.** To give my body up to thy embraces,
A pleasure that I never wished to thrive in
80 Before this fatal minute. Mark me now;
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
82 By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to Heaven, to the world, to time,
84 Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself!

86 **Ferna.** How, madam, how!

88 | **Bian.** I will:
90 | Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice: what say ye?
92 | **Ferna.** Pish! do you come to try me? tell me, first,
94 | Will you but grant a kiss?
96 | **Bian.** Yes, take it; that,
98 | Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.
100 | *[Fernando kisses her.]*
102 | **Ferna.** Oh, me! – Come, come; how many women, pray,
104 | Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
106 | And did as you protest you will?
108 | **Bian.** Fernando,
110 | Jest not at my calamity. I kneel:
112 | *[Kneels.]*
114 | By these dishevelled hairs, these wretched tears,
116 | By all that's good, if what I speak my heart
118 | Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
120 | Was never man sued to me I denied, –
122 | Think me a common and most cunning whore;
124 | And let my sins be written on my grave,
126 | My name rest in reproof!
128 | *[Rises.]*
130 | Do as you list.
132 | **Ferna.** I must believe ye, – yet I hope anon,
134 | When you are parted from me, you will say
136 | I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,
Nay, laugh at my simplicity: say, will ye?
Bian. No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.
[Kisses him.]
Ferna. You have prevailed; and Heaven forbid that I
Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant.

138 **Bian.** Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.

140
142 **Ferna.** Enough: I'll master passion, and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love as it begun shall end.

144
146 **Bian.** The latter I new-vow. But day comes on;
What now we leave unfinished of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: sweet, let [u]s part.

148
150 **Ferna.** This kiss, – best life, good rest!

[Kisses her.]

152
154 **Bian.** All mine to thee!
Remember this, and think I speak thy words;
"When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
156 With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carved out in bloody lines."
158 Once more, good rest, sweet!

160 **Ferna.** Your most faithful servant!

162 [Exit Bianca – Scene closes.]

ACT III.SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Nibrassa chafing, after him Julia weeping.

1 **Nib.** Get from me, strumpet, infamous whore,
2 leprosy of my blood! make thy moan to
3 ballad-singers and rhymers; they'll jig-out thy
4 wretchedness and abominations to new tunes:
5 as for me, I renounce thee; th'art no daughter
6 of mine; I disclaim the legitimation of thy birth,
7 and curse the hour of thy nativity.

8
9 **Jul.** Pray, sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

10
11 **Nib.** With child! shame to my grave! O, whore,
12 wretched beyond utterance or reformation, what
13 wouldst say?

14
15 **Jul.** Sir, by the honour of my mother's hearse,
16 He has protested marriage, pledged his faith;
17 If vows have any force, I am his wife.

18
19 **Nib.** His faith! Why, thou fool, thou wickedly-
20 credulous fool, canst thou imagine luxury is
21 observant of religion? no, no; it is with a
22 frequent lecher as usual to forswear as to swear;
23 their piety is in making idolatry a worship; their
24 hearts and their tongues are as different as thou,
25 (thou whore!) and a virgin.

26
27 **Jul.** You are too violent; his truth will prove
28 His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

29
30 **Nib.** Shameless woman! this belief will damn thee.
31 How will thy lady marquess justly reprove me for
32 preferring to her service a monster of so lewd and
33 impudent a life! Look to't; if thy smooth devil
34 leave thee to thy infamy, I will never pity thy
35 mortal pangs, never lodge thee under my roof,
36 never own thee for my child; mercy be my witness!

37
38 *Enter Petruchio, leading Colona.*

39
40 **Pet.** Hide not thy folly by unwise excuse,

42 Thou art undone, Colona; no entreaties,
No warning, no persuasion, could put off
The habit of thy dotage on that man
44 Of much deceit, Ferentes. Would thine eyes
Had seen me in my grave, ere I had known
46 The stain of this thine honour!

48 **Col.** Good my lord,
Reclaim your incredulity: my fault
50 Proceeds from lawful composition
Of wedlock; he hath sealed his oath to mine
52 To be my husband.

54 **Nib.** Husband! hey-da! is't even so? nay, then, we
have partners in affliction: if my jolly gallant's long
56 clapper have struck on both sides, all is well. –
Petruccio, thou art not wise enough to be a paritor:
58 come hither, man, come hither; speak softly; is thy
daughter with child?

60 **Pet.** With child, Nibrassa!

62 **Nib.** Foh! do not trick me off; I overheard your
64 gabbling. Hark in thine ear: so is mine too.

66 **Pet.** Alas, my lord, by whom?

68 **Nib.** Innocent! by whom? what an idle question is
that! One cock hath trod both our hens: Ferentes,
70 Ferentes; who else? How dost take it? methinks
thou art wondrous patient: why, I am mad, stark
72 mad.

74 **Pet.** How like you this, Colona? 'tis too true:
Did not this man protest to be your husband?

76 **Col.** Ay me! to me he did.

78 **Nib.** What else, what else, Petruccio? – and,
80 madam, my quondam daughter, I hope h've
passed some huge words of matrimony to you
82 too.

84 **Jul.** Alas! to me he did.

86 **Nib.** And how many more, the great incubus of hell
knows best. – Petruccio, give me your hand; mine
88 own daughter in this arm, – and yours, Colona, in
this: – there, there, sit ye down together.

90

[*Julia and Colona sit down.*]

92

Never rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings,
 94 till you have plotted some brave revenge; think
 upon it to purpose, and you shall want no seconds
 96 to further it; be secret one to another. – Come,
 Petruccio, let 'em alone: the wenches will demur
 98 on't, and for the process we'll give 'em courage.

100

Pet. You counsel wisely; I approve your plot. –
 Think on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

102

Nib. Ay, ay, ay, leave them alone. – To work,
 104 wenches, to work!

106

[*Exeunt Nibrassa and Petruccio.*]

108

Col. We are quite ruined.

110

Jul. True, Colona,
 Betrayed to infamy, deceived, and mocked,
 112 By an unconstant villain: what shall's do?
 I am with child.

114

Col. Hey-ho! and so am I:
 116 But what shall's do now?

118

Jul. This: with cunning words
 First prove his love; he knows I am with child.

120

Col. And so he knows I am; I told him on't
 122 Last meeting in the lobby, and, in troth,
 The false deceiver laughed.

124

Jul. Now, by the stars,
 126 He did the like to me, and said 'twas well
 I was so haply sped.

128

Col. Those very words
 130 He used to me: it fretted me to th' heart:
 I'll be revenged.

132

Jul. Peace! here's a noise, methinks.
 134 Let's rise; we'll take a time to talk of this.

136

[*They rise, and walk aside.*]

138

[*Enter Ferentes and Morona, an old lady.*]

140 **Feren.** Will ye? hold. Death of my delights, have ye
 142 lost all sense of shame? Y'are best roar about the
 court that I have been your woman's-barber and
 trimmed ye, kind Morona.

144 **Mor.** Defiance to thy kindness! th'ast robbed me of
 146 my good name; didst promise to love none but me,
 me, only me; swor'st like an unconscionable villain,
 148 to marry me the twelfth day of the month two months
 since; didst make my bed thine own, mine house
 150 thine own, mine all and everything thine own. I will
 exclaim to the world on thee, and beg justice of the
 152 duke himself, villain! I will.

154 **Feren.** Yet again? nay, and if you be in that mood,
 shut up your fore-shop, I'll be your journeyman no
 156 longer. Why, wise Madam Dryfist, could your mouldy
 brain be so addle to imagine I would marry a stale
 158 widow at six-and-forty? Marry gip! are there not
 varieties enough of thirteen? come, stop your
 160 clap-dish, or I'll purchase a carting for you. – By this
 light, I have toiled more with this tough carrion
 162 hen than with ten quails scarce grown into their
 first feathers.

164 **Mor.** O, treason to all honesty or religion! – Speak,
 166 thou perjured, damnable, ungracious defiler of
 women: who shall father my child which thou
 168 hast begotten?

170 **Feren.** Why, thee, countrywoman; th'ast a larger
 purse to pay for the nursing. Nay, if you'll needs
 172 have the world know how you, reputed a grave,
 matron-like, motherly madam, kicked up your
 174 heels like a jennet whose mark is new come into
 her mouth, e'en do, do! the worst can be said of
 176 me is, that I was ill-advised to dig for gold in a
 coal-pit. Are you answered?

178 **Mor.** Answered!

180 **Jul.** Let's fall amongst 'em.

[*Julia comes forward with Colona*]

184 [To *Ferentes*] – Love, how is't, chick? ha?

186 **Col.** My dear *Ferentes*, my betrothèd lord!

188

Feren. [*Aside*] Excellent! O, for three Barbary stone-horses to top three Flanders mares! – Why, how now, wench! what means this?

192

Mor. Out upon me! here's more of his trulls.

194

Jul. [*To Ferentes*] Love, you must go with me.

196

Col. [*To Ferentes*] Good love, let's walk.

198

200

Feren. [*Aside*] I must rid my hands of 'em, or they'll ride on my shoulders. – By your leave, ladies; here's none but is of common counsel one with another; in short, there are three of ye with child, you tell me by me. All of you I cannot satisfy, nor, indeed, handsomely any of ye. You all hope I should marry you; which, for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to have neither of ye: for your looking big on the matter, keep your own counsels, I'll not bewray ye! but for marriage, – Heaven bless ye, and me from ye! This is my resolution.

210

Col. How, not me!

212

Jul. Not me!

214

Mor. Not me!

216

218

Feren. Nor you, nor you, nor you: and to give you some satisfaction, I'll yield you reasons. – You, Colona, had a pretty art in your dalliance; but your fault was, you were too suddenly won. – You, Madam Morona, could have pleased well enough some three or four-and-thirty years ago; but you are too old. – You, Julia, were young enough, but your fault is, you have a scurvy face. – Now, everyone knowing her proper defect, thank me that I ever vouchsafed you the honour of my bed once in your lives. If you want clouts, all I'll promise is to rip up an old shirt or two. So, wishing a speedy deliverance to all your burdens, I commend you to your patience.

230

[*Exit Ferentes.*]

232

Mor. Excellent!

234

236 **Jul.** Notable!

238 **Col.** Unmatchèd villain!

240 **Jul.** [*To Morona*]
Madam, though strangers, yet we understand
242 Your wrongs do equal ours; which to revenge,
Please but to join with us, and we'll redeem
244 Our loss of honour by a brave exploit.

246 **Mor.** I embrace your motion, ladies, with gladness,
and will strive by any action to rank with you in
248 any danger.

250 **Col.** Come, gentlewomen, let's together, then. –
Thrice happy maids that never trusted men!

252 [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE II.

The State-room in the Palace.

*Enter the Duke, Bianca supported by Fernando,
Fiormonda, Petruchio, Nibrassa,
Ferentes, and D'Avolos.*

1 **Duke.** Roseilli will not come, then! will not? well;
2 His pride shall ruin him. – Our letters speak
The duchess' uncle will be here to-morrow, –
4 To-morrow, D'Avolos.

6 **D'Av.** To-morrow night, my lord, but not to make
more than one day's abode here; for his Holiness
8 has commanded him to be at Rome the tenth of
this month, the conclave of cardinals not being
10 resolved to sit till his coming.

12 **Duke.** Your uncle, sweetheart, at his next return
Must be saluted "cardinal". – Ferentes,
14 Be it your charge to think on some device
To entertain the present with delight.

16 **Ferna.** My lord, in honour to the court of Pavy,
18 I'll join with you. – Ferentes, not long since
I saw in Bruxils, at my being there,
20 The Duke of Brabant welcome the Archbishop
Of Mentz with rare conceit, even on a sudden,
22 Performed by knights and ladies of his court,
In nature of an antic; which methought –
24 For that I ne'er before saw women-antics –
Was for the newness strange, and much commended.

26 **Bian.** Now, good my Lord Fernando, further this
28 In any wise; it cannot but content.

30 **Fiorm.** [*Aside*] If she entreat, 'tis ten to one the man
Is won beforehand.

32 **Duke.** Friend, thou honour'st me:
34 But can it be so speedily performed?

36 **Ferna.** I'll undertake it, if the ladies please
To exercise in person only that:
38 And we must have a fool, or such an one
As can with art well act him.

40

42 **Fiorm.** I shall fit ye;
I have a natural.

44 **Ferna.** Best of all, madam:
Then nothing wants. – You must make one, Ferentes.

46 **Feren.** With my best service and dexterity,
48 My lord.

50 **Pet.** [*Aside to Nibrassa*]
This falls out happily, Nibrassa.

52 **Nib.** [*Aside to Petruchio*] We could not wish it better:
54 Heaven is an unbribed justice.

56 **Duke.** We'll meet our uncle in a solemn grace
Of zealous presence, as becomes the church: –
58 See all the choir be ready, D'Avolos.

60 **D'Av.** I have already made your highness' pleasure
known to them.

62 **Bian.** [*To Fernando*] Your lip, my lord!

64 **Ferna.** Madam?

66 **Bian.** Perhaps your teeth have bled: wipe't with my
68 handkercher: give me, I'll do't myself. –
[*Aside to Fernando*] Speak, shall I steal a kiss?
70 believe me, my lord, I long.

72 **Ferna.** Not for the world.

74 **Fiorm.** [*Aside*] Apparent impudence!

76 **D'Av.** Beshrew my heart, but that's not so good.

78 **Duke.** Ha, what's that thou mislik[e]st, D'Avolos?

80 **D'Av.** Nothing, my lord; – but I was hammering a
conceit of my own, which cannot, I find, in so
82 short a time thrive as a day's practice.

84 **Fiorm.** [*Aside*] Well put off, secretary.

86 **Duke.** We are too sad; methinks the life of mirth
Should still be fed where we are: where's Mauruccio?

88 **Feren.** And't please your highness, he's of late grown
90 so affectionately inward with my lady marquess's
fool, that I presume he is confident there are few

92 | wise men worthy of his society, who are not as
 94 | innocently harmless as that creature. It is almost
 impossible to separate them, and 'tis a question
 which of the two is the wiser man.

96 | **Duke.** Would 'a were here! I have a kind of dulness
 98 | Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feel
 As 'twere a disposition to be sick;
 100 | My head is ever aching.

102 | **D'Av.** A shrewd ominous token; I like not that neither.

104 | **Duke.** Again! what is't you like not?

106 | **D'Av.** I beseech your highness excuse me; I am so
 busy with [t]his frivolous project, and can bring it to
 108 | no shape, that it almost confounds my capacity.

110 | **Bian.** My lord, you were best to try a set at maw.
 I and your friend, to pass away the time,
 112 | Will undertake your highness and your sister.

114 | **Duke.** The game's too tedious.

116 | **Fiorm.** 'Tis a peevish play;
 Your knave will heave the queen out, or your king;
 118 | Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

120 | *Enter Mauruccio with Roseilli disguised
 as before, and Giacopo.*

122 | **Maur.** Bless thee, most excellent duke! I here present
 124 | thee as worthy and learned a gentleman as ever I – and
 yet I have lived threescore years – conversed with.
 126 | Take it from me, I have tried him, and he is worthy
 to be privy-counsellor to the greatest Turk in
 128 | Christendom; of a most apparent and deep
 understanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the
 130 | purpose. – Come forward, sir, and appear before his
 highness in your own proper elements.

132 | **Ros.** Will – tye – to da new toate sure la now.

134 | **Gia.** A very senseless gentleman, and, please your
 136 | highness, one that has a great deal of little wit, as
 they say.

138 | **Maur.** O, sir, had you heard him, as I did, deliver
 140 | whole histories in the Tangay tongue, you would

142 swear there were not such a linguist breathed again;
and did I but perfectly understand his language, I
144 would be confident in less than two hours to
distinguish the meaning of bird, beast, or fish
naturally as I myself speak Italian, my lord. Well,
146 he has rare qualities!

148 **Duke.** Now, prithee, question him, Mauruccio.

150 **Maur.** I will, my lord. –
Tell me, rare scholar, which, in thy opinion,
152 Doth cause the strongest breath, garlic or onion?

154 **Gia.** Answer him, brother-fool; do, do; speak thy
mind, chuck, do.

156 **Ros.** Have bid seen all da fine knack, and d'ee,
158 naghtye tat-tle of da kna-ve, dad la have so.

160 **Duke.** We understand him not.

162 **Maur.** Admirable, I protest, duke; mark, O, duke,
mark! – What did I ask him, Giacopo?

164 **Gia.** What caused the strongest breath, garlic or
166 onions, I take it, sir.

168 **Maur.** Right, right, by Helicon! and his answer is,
that a knave has a stronger breath than any of 'em:
170 wisdom – or I am an ass – in the highest; a direct
figure: put it down, Giacopo.

172 **Duke.** How happy is that idiot whose ambition
174 Is but to eat and sleep, and shun the rod!
Men that have more of wit, and use it ill,
176 Are fools in proof.

178 **Bian.** True, my lord, there's many
Who think themselves most wise that are most fools.

180 **D'Av.** Bitter girds, if all were known; – but –
182

Duke. But what? speak out; plague on your muttering, grumbling!
184 I hear you, sir; what is't?

186 **D'Av.** Nothing, I protest, to your highness pertinent
to any moment.

188 **Duke.** Well, sir, remember. –
[To Fernando] Friend, you promised study. –

190 | I am not well in temper. – Come, Bianca. –
 Attend our friend, Ferentes.

192 |
 194 | *[Exeunt all but Fernando, Roseilli,
 Ferentes and Mauruccio.]*

196 | **Ferna.** Ferentes, take Mauruccio in with you;
 He must be one in action.

198 | **Feren.** Come, my lord,
 200 | I shall entreat your help.

202 | **Ferna.** I'll stay the fool,
 And follow instantly.

204 | **Maur.** Yes, pray, my lord.

206 |
 208 | *[Exeunt Ferentes and Mauruccio.]*

208 | **Ferna.** How thrive your hopes now, cousin?

210 | **Ros.** Are we safe?
 212 | Then let me cast myself beneath thy foot,
 True, virtuous lord. Know, then, sir, her proud heart
 214 | Is only fixed on you, in such extremes
 Of violence and passion, that I fear,
 216 | Or she'll enjoy you, or she'll ruin you.

218 | **Ferna.** Me, coz? by all the joys I wish to taste,
 She is as far beneath my thought as I
 220 | In soul above her malice.

222 | **Ros.** I observed
 Even now a kind of dangerous pretence
 224 | In an unjointed phrase from D'Avolos.
 I know not his intent; but this I know,
 226 | He has a working brain, is minister
 To all my lady's counsels; and, my lord,
 228 | Pray Heaven there have not anything befall'n
 Within the knowledge of his subtle art
 230 | To do you mischief!

232 | **Ferna.** Pish! should he or hell
 Affront me in the passage of my fate,
 234 | I'd crush them into atomies.

236 | **Ros.** I do admit you could: meantime, my lord,
 Be nearest to yourself; what I can learn,
 238 | You shall be soon informed of: here is all

240 | We fools can catch the wise in, – to unknot,
By privilege of coxcombs, what they plot.

242 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.*Another Room in the Palace.**Enter Duke and D'Avolos.*

1 **Duke.** Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss
 2 Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests
 And coinage of your politician's brain,
 4 Shall jig me off; I'll know't, I vow I will.
 Did not I note your dark abrupted ends
 6 Of words half-spoke? your "wells, if all were known"?
 Your short "I like not that"? your girds and "buts"?
 8 Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues
 More matter than your subtlety shall hide:
 10 Tell me, what is't? by honour's self, I'll know.

12 **D'Av.** What would you know, my lord? I confess
 I owe my life and service to you, as to my prince;
 14 the one you have, the other you may take from
 me at your pleasure. Should I devise matter to
 16 feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods without
 appearance? what would you have me say? I
 18 know nothing.

20 **Duke.** Thou liest, dissembler! on thy brow I read
 Distracted horrors figured in thy looks.
 22 On thy allegiance, D'Avolos, as e'er
 Thou hop'st to live in grace with us, unfold
 24 What by the parti-halting of thy speech
 Thy knowledge can discover. By the faith
 26 We bear to sacred justice, we protest,
 Be it or good or evil, thy reward
 28 Shall be our special thanks and love unterm'd:
 Speak, on thy duty; we, thy prince, command.

30 **D'Av.** O, my disaster! my lord, I am so charmed
 32 by those powerful repetitions of love and duty,
 that I cannot conceal what I know of your
 34 dishonour.

36 **Duke.** Dishonour! then my soul is cleft with fear;
 I half presage my misery: say on,
 38 Speak it at once, for I am great with grief.

40 **D'Av.** I trust your highness will pardon me; yet I will
 not deliver a syllable which shall be less innocent than
 42 truth itself.

- 44 **Duke.** By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee.
- 46 **D'Av.** Get from me, cowardly servility! – my service
is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass: in short,
48 my lord, and plain discovery, you are a cuckold.
- 50 **Duke.** Keep in the word, – a “cuckold!”
- 52 **D'Av.** Fernando is your rival, has stolen your
duchess' heart, murdered friendship, horns your
54 head, and laughs at your horns.
- 56 **Duke.** My heart is split!
- 58 **D'Av.** Take courage, be a prince in resolution: I
knew it would nettle you in the fire of your
60 composition, and was loth to have given the first
report of this more than ridiculous blemish to all
62 patience or moderation: but, Oh, my lord, what
would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to
64 his sovereign? Yet, good sir, take it as quietly as
you can: I must needs say, 'tis a foul fault; but
66 what man is he under the sun that is free from
the career of his destiny? Maybe she will in time
68 reclaim the errors of her youth; or 'twere a great
happiness in you, if you could not believe it;
70 that's the surest way, my lord, in my poor counsel.
- 72 **Duke.** The icy current of my frozen blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
74 As flames of burning sulphur. O, my fate!
A cuckold! had my dukedom's whole inheritance
76 Been rent, mine honours levelled in the dust,
So she, that wicked woman, might have slept
78 Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.
And he, that villain, viper to my heart,
80 That he should be the man!
That he should be the man; death above utterance!
82 Take heed you prove this true.
- 84 **D'Av.** My lord, –
- 86 **Duke.** If not,
I'll tear thee joint by joint. – P[h]ew! methinks
88 It should not be: – Bianca! why, I took her
From lower than a bondage: – hell of hells! –
90 See that you make it good.
- 92 **D'Av.** As for that, would it were as good as I would

94 make it! I can, if you will temper your distractions,
but bring you where you shall see it; no more.

96 **Duke.** See it!

98 **D'Av.** Ay, see it, if that be proof sufficient. I, for
100 my part, will slack no service that may testify my
simplicity.

102 **Duke.** Enough.

104 *Enter Fernando.*

106 What news, Fernando?

108 **Ferna.** Sir, the abbot
Is now upon arrival; all your servants
110 Attend your presence.

112 **Duke.** We will give him welcome
As shall befit our love and his respect.
114 Come, mine own best Fernando, my dear friend.

116 *[The Duke exits with Fernando.]*

118 **D'Av.** Excellent! now for a horned moon.

120 *[Sound of music within.]*

122 But I hear the preparation for the entertainment
of this great abbot. Let him come and go, that
124 matters nothing to this; whiles he rides abroad
in hope to purchase a purple hat, our duke shall
126 as earnestly heat the pericranion of his noddle
with a yellow hood at home. I hear 'em coming.

128 *Loud music.*
130 *Enter Servants with torches; after the Duke,*
followed by Fernando, Bianca, Fiormonda,
132 *Petruchio, and Nibrassa, at one door;*
enter at another door two Friars,
134 *the Abbot and Attendants at the other.*
The Duke and Abbot meet and salute;
136 *Bianca and the rest salute, and are saluted;*
they rank themselves, and pass over the stage,
138 *and go out. The Choir singing.*
D'Avolos only stays.

140 On to your vitailles; some of ye, I know, feed
142 upon wormwood.

144

[*Exit.*]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter Petruchio and Nibrassa with napkins,
as from supper.*

1 **Pet.** The duke's on rising: – are you ready? ho!

2

[*Within*] All ready.

4

Nib. Then, Petruchio, arm thyself with courage and
6 resolution; and do not shrink from being stayed on
thy own virtue.

8

Pet. I am resolved. – Fresh lights! – I hear 'em coming.

10

*Enter Attendants with lights; after, the Duke, Abbot,
12 Bianca, Flormonda, Fernando, and D'Avolos.*

14

Duke. Right reverend uncle, though our minds be scanted
In giving welcome as our hearts would wish,
16 Yet we will strive to shew how much we joy
Your presence with a courtly shew of mirth.
18 Please you to sit.

20

Abbot. Great duke, your worthy honours
To me shall still have place in my best thanks:
22 Since you in me so much respect the church,
Thus much I'll promise, – at my next return
24 His holiness shall grant you an indulgence
Both large and general.

26

Duke. Our humble duty! –
28 Seat you, my lords. – Now let the masquers enter.

30

*Enter, in an antic fashion, Ferentes, Roseilli, and
Mauruccio at several doors; they dance a little.*

32

*Suddenly enter to them Colona, Julia, and Morona
in odd shapes, and dance: the men gaze at them,
and are at a stand. The men are invited*

34

by the women to dance. They dance together

36

sundry changes; at last Ferentes is closed in, –

38

*Mauruccio and Roseilli being shook off, stand at
different ends of the stage gazing. The women join*

40

hands and dance about Ferentes with divers

40

*complimental offers of courtship; at length they
suddenly fall upon him and stab him; he falls down,*

42 | *and they run out at several doors. The music ceases.*

44 | **Feren.** Uncase me; I am slain in jest. A pox upon
your outlandish feminine antics! pull off my visor;
46 | I shall bleed to death ere I have time to feel where
I am hurt. – Duke, I am slain: off with my visor; for
48 | Heaven's sake, off with my visor!

50 | **Duke.** Slain! – Take his visor off –

52 | *[They unmask Ferentes]*

54 | *we are betrayed:*
Seize on them! two are yonder: – hold, Ferentes. –
56 | Follow the rest: apparent treachery!

58 | **Abbot.** Holy Saint Bennet, what a sight is this!

60 | *Re-enter Julia, Colona, and Morona unmasked,*
every one with a child in her arms.

62 | **Jul.** Be not amazed, great princes, but vouchsafe
64 | Your audience: we are they have done this deed.
Look here, the pledges of this false man's lust,
66 | Betrayed in our simplicities: he swore,
And pawned his truth, to marry each of us;
68 | Abused us all; unable to revenge
Our public shames but by his public fall,
70 | Which thus we have contrived: nor do we blush
To call the glory of this murder ours;
72 | We did it, and we'll justify the deed;
For when in sad complaints we claimed his vows,
74 | His answer was reproach: – Villain, is't true?

76 | **Col.** I was "too quickly won," you slave!

78 | **Mor.** I was "too old," you dog!

80 | **Jul.** I, – and I never shall forget the wrong, –
I was "not fair enough"; not fair enough
82 | For thee, thou monster! – let me cut his gall –
"Not fair enough"! O, scorn! "not fair enough"!

84 |

[Stabs him.]

86 |

Feren. O, O, Oh! –

88 |

Duke. Forbear, you monstrous women! do not add
90 | Murder to lust: your lives shall pay this forfeit.

92 | **Feren.** Pox upon all cod-piece extravagancy! I am
peppered – Oh, Oh, Oh! – Duke, forgive me! – Had
94 | I rid any tame beasts but Barbary wild colts, I had
not been thus jerked out of the saddle. My forfeit
96 | was in my blood; and my life hath answered it.
Vengeance on all wild whores, I say! – Oh, 'tis true –
98 | farewell, generation of hackneys! – Ooh!

100 | [Dies.]

102 | **Duke.** He is dead.
To prison with those monstrous strumpets!

104 | **Pet.** Stay;
106 | I'll answer for my daughter.

108 | **Nib.** And I for mine. –
O, well done, girls!

110 | **Ferna.** I for yon gentlewoman, sir.

112 | **Maur.** Good my lord, I am an innocent in the business.

114 | **Duke.** To prison with him! Bear the body hence.

116 | **Abbot.** Here's fatal sad presages, but 'tis just:
118 | He dies by murder that hath lived in lust.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Duke, Fiormonda, and D'Avolos.

- 1 **Fiorm.** Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins
 2 One drop of blood that issued from the loins
 Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit
 4 On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father,
 And canst not blush to be so far beneath
 6 The spirit of heroic ancestors?
 Canst thou engross a slavish shame, which men
 8 Far, far below the region of thy state
 Not more abhor than study to revenge?
 10 Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage
 To think I have a brother so befooled
 12 In giving patience to a harlot's lust.
- 14 **D'Av.** One, my lord, that doth so palpably, so
 apparently make her adulteries a trophy, whiles
 16 the poting-stick to her unsatiate and more than
 goatish abomination jeers at and flouts your
 18 sleepish, and more than sleepish, security.
- 20 **Fiorm.** What is she but the sallow-coloured brat
 Of some unlanded bankrupt, taught to catch
 22 The easy fancies of young prodigal bloods
 In springes of her stew-instructed art?
 24 Here's your most virtuous duchess! your rare piece!
- 26 **D'Av.** More base in the infiniteness of her sensuality
 than corruption can infect: – to clip and inveigle
 28 your friend too! O, unsufferable! – a friend! how
 of all men are you most unfortunate! – to pour out
 30 your soul into the bosom of such a creature as
 holds it religion to make your own trust a key to
 32 open the passage to your own wife's womb, to
 be drunk in the privacies of your bed! – think
 34 upon that, sir.
- 36 **Duke.** Be gentle in your tortures, e'en for pity;
 For pity's cause I beg it.
- 38 **Fiorm.** Be a prince!

40 | Th'adst better, duke, thou hadst been born a peasant.
Now boys will sing thy scandal in the streets,
42 | Tune ballads to thy infamy, get money
By making pageants of thee, and invent
44 | Some strangely-shaped man-beast, that may for horns
Resemble thee, and call it "Pavy's Duke".

46 | **Duke.** Endless immortal plague!

48 | **D'Av.** There's the mischief, sir: in the meantime you
50 | shall be sure to have a bastard – of whom you did
not so much as beget a little toe, a left ear, or half
52 | the further side of an upper lip – inherit both your
throne and name: this would kill the soul of very
54 | patience itself.

56 | **Duke.** Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek
Is scarleted in ruddy flakes of wrath;
58 | And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,
With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists
60 | That overcloud compassion in our breast.
You have roused a sleeping lion, whom no art,
62 | No fawning smoothness shall reclaim, but blood. –
And sister thou, – thou, Roderico, thou, –
64 | From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue
66 | To whet my dulness: you shall see Caraffa
Equal his birth, and matchless in revenge.

68 | **Fiorm.** Why, now I hear you speak in majesty.

70 | **D'Av.** And it becomes my lord most princely.

72 | **Duke.** Does it? – Come hither, sister. Thou art near
74 | In nature, and as near to me in love:
I love thee, yes, by yon bright firmament,
76 | I love thee dearly. But observe me well:
If any private grudge or female spleen,
78 | Malice or envy, or such woman's frailty,
Have spurred thee on to set my soul on fire
80 | Without apparent certainty, – I vow,
And vow again, by all our princely blood,
82 | Hadst thou a double soul, or were the lives
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts
84 | Of all our tribe in thine, I would unrip
That womb of bloody mischief with these nails
86 | Where such a cursèd plot as this was hatched. –

88 But, D'Avolos, for thee – no more; to work
 A yet more strong impression in my brain,
 You must produce an instance to mine eye
 90 Both present and apparent – nay, you shall – or –
 92 **Fiorm.** Or what? you will be mad? be rather wise;
 Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom
 94 The harmless youth was slaughtered: had he lived,
 He would have told you tales: Fernando feared it;
 96 And to prevent him, – under shew, forsooth,
 Of rare device, – most trimly cut him off.
 98 Have you yet eyes, duke?
 100 **Duke.** Shrewdly urged, – 'tis piercing.
 102 **Fiorm.** For looking on a sight shall split your soul,
 You shall not care: I'll undertake myself
 104 To do't some two days hence; for need, to-night,
 But that you are in court.
 106 **D'Av.** Right. Would you desire, my lord, to see
 108 them exchange kisses, sucking one another's lips,
 nay, begetting an heir to the dukedom, or practising
 110 more than the very act of adultery itself? Give but
 a little way by a feigned absence, and you shall
 112 find 'em – I blush to speak doing what: I am mad
 to think on't; you are most shamefully, most
 114 sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.
 116 **Duke.** D'ee play upon me? as I am your prince,
 There's some shall roar for this! Why, what was I,
 118 Both to be thought or made so vild a thing? –
 Stay, madam marquess, – ho, Roderico, you, sir, –
 120 Bear witness that if ever I neglect
 One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out
 122 With toil of plot or practice of conceit
 My busy skull, till I have found a death
 124 More horrid than the bull of Phalaris,
 Or all the fabling poets, dreaming whips;
 126 If ever I take rest, or force a smile
 Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance,
 128 Before I know which way to satisfy
 Fury and wrong, – nay, kneel down, –
 130
 132 [They kneel.]
 let me die
 134 More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt,

136 | Laughter, and poverty itself can make me!
 Let's rise on all sides friends: –
 138 | [*They rise.*]
 140 | now all's agreed:
 If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.
 142 | *Enter Bianca, Fernando, and Morona.*
 144 | **Bian.** My lord the duke, –
 146 | **Duke.** Bianca! ha, how is't?
 148 | How is't, Bianca? – What, Fernando! – come,
 Shall's shake hands, sirs? – 'faith, this is kindly done.
 150 | Here's three as one: welcome, dear wife, sweet friend!
 152 | **D'Av.** [*Aside to Fiormonda*] I do not like this now;
 it shows scurvily to me.
 154 | **Bian.** My lord, we have a suit; your friend and I –
 156 | **Duke.** [*Aside*]
 158 | She puts my "friend" before, most kindly still.
 160 | **Bian.** Must join –
 162 | **Duke.** What, "must"?
 164 | **Bian.** My lord! –
 166 | **Duke.** "Must join", you say –
 168 | **Bian.** That you will please to set Mauruccio
 At liberty; this gentlewoman here
 170 | Hath, by agreement made betwixt them two,
 Obtained him for her husband: good my lord,
 172 | Let me entreat; I dare engage mine honour,
 He's innocent in any wilful fault.
 174 | **Duke.** Your honour, madam! now beshrew you for't,
 176 | T'engage your honour on so slight a ground:
 Honour's a precious jewël, I can tell you;
 178 | Nay, 'tis, Bianca; – go to, D'Avolos,
 Bring us Mauruccio hither.
 180 | **D'Av.** I shall, my lord.
 182 | [*Exit D'Avolos.*]
 184 |

186 **Mor.** I humbly thank your grace,

188 **Ferna.** And, royal sir, since Julia and Colona,
 190 Chief actors in Ferentes' tragic end,
 192 Were, through their ladies' mediatiön,
 194 Freed by your gracious pardon; I, in pity,
 196 Tendered this widow's friendless misery;
 198 For whose reprieve I shall, in humblest duty,
 199 Be ever thankful.

199 *Re-enter D'Avolos with Mauruccio in poor rags,
 200 and Giacopo weeping.*

202 **Maur.** Come you, my learnèd counsel, do not roar;
 204 If I must hang, why, then, lament therefore:
 206 You may rejoice, and both, no doubt, be great
 208 To serve your prince, when I am turn[è]d worms'-
 209 meat.
 210 I fear my lands and all I have is beggèd;
 212 Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragged?

214 **D'Av.** Come on, sir; the duke stays for you.

216 **Maur.** O, how my stomach doth begin to puke,
 218 When I do hear that only word, the duke!

220 **Duke.** You, sir, look on that woman: are you pleased,
 222 If we remit your body from the jail,
 224 To take her for your wife?

226 **Maur.** On that condition, prince, with all my heart.

228 **Mor.** Yes, I warrant your grace he is content.

230 **Duke.** Why, foolish man, hast thou so soon forgot
 232 The public shame of her abus[è]d womb,
 234 Her being mother to a bastard's birth?
 236 Or canst thou but imagine she will be
 238 True to thy bed who to herself was false?

240 **Gia.** [To Mauruccio] Phew, sir, do not stand upon
 242 that; that's a matter of nothing, you know.

244 **Maur.** Nay, and shall please your good grace, and it
 246 come to that, I care not; as good men as I have lain
 248 in foul sheets, I am sure; the linen has not been
 250 much the worse for the wearing a little: I will have
 252 her with all my heart.

234 **Duke.** And shalt. – Fernando, thou shalt have the grace
To join their hands; put 'em together, friend.

236 **Bian.** Yes, do, my lord; bring you the bridegroom hither;
I'll give the bride myself.

238
240 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] Here's argument to jealousy as good
as drink to the dropsy; she will share any disgrace with
him: I could not wish it better.

242
244 **Duke.** Even so: well, do it.

246 **Ferna.** Here, Mauruccio;
Long live a happy couple!

248 [*Fernando and Bianca join their hands.*]

250 **Duke.** 'Tis enough; –
Now know our pleasure henceforth. 'Tis our will,
252 If ever thou, Mauruccio, or thy wife,
Be seen within a dozen miles at court,
254 We will recall our mercy; no entreat
Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life:
256 We'll have no servile slavery of lust
Shall breathe near us; dispatch, and get ye hence. –
258 Bianca, come with me. – [*Aside*] O, my cleft soul!

260 [*Exeunt Duke and Bianca.*]

262 **Maur.** How's that? must I come no more near the court?

264 **Gia.** O, pitiful! not near the court, sir!

266 **D'Av.** Not by a dozen miles, indeed, sir. Your only
course, I can advise you, is to pass to Naples, and set
268 up a house of carnality: there are very fair and
frequent suburbs, and you need not fear the
270 contagion of any pestilent disease, for the worst
is very proper to the place.

272
274 **Ferna.** 'Tis a strange sentence.

276 **Fiorm.** 'Tis, and sudden too,
And not without some mystery.

278 **D'Av.** Will you go, sir?

280 **Maur.** Not near the court!

282 **Mor.** What matter is it, sweetheart? fear nothing,

284 | love; you shall have new change of apparel, good
 diet, wholesome attendance; – and we will live
 like pigeons, my lord.

286 | **Maur.** Wilt thou forsake me, Giacopo?

288 | **Gia.** I forsake ye! no, not as long as I have a whole
 290 | ear on my head, come what will come.

292 | **Fiorm.** Mauruccio, you did once proffer true love
 To me, but since you are more thriftier sped,
 294 | For old affection's sake, here take this gold;
 Spend it for my sake.

296 | **Ferna.** Madam, you do nobly, –
 298 | And that's for me, Mauruccio.

300 | *[They give him money.]*

302 | **D'Av.** Will ye go, sir?

304 | **Maur.** Yes, I will go; – and I humbly thank your
 lordship and ladyship. – Pavy, sweet Pavy,
 306 | farewell! – Come, wife, – come, Giacopo: –
 Now is the time that we away must lag,
 308 | And march in pomp with baggage and with bag.
 O poor Mauruccio! what hast thou misdome,
 310 | To end thy life when life was new begun? –
 Adieu to all; for lords and ladies see
 312 | My woeful plight, and squires of low degree!

314 | **D'Av.** Away, away, sirs!

316 | *[Exeunt all but Fiormonda and Fernando.]*

318 | **Fiorm.** My Lord Fernando, –

320 | **Ferna.** Madam?

322 | **Fiorm.** Do you note
 My brother's odd distractions? – You were wont
 324 | To bosom in his counsels: I am sure
 You know the ground on [i]t.

326 | **Ferna.** Not I, in troth.

328 | **Fiorm.** Is't possible? What would you say, my lord,
 330 | If he, out of some melancholy spleen,
 Edged-on by some thank-picking parasite,
 332 | Should now prove jealous? I mistrust it shrewdly.

334 **Ferna.** What, madam! jealous?

336 **Fiorm.** Yes; for but observe,
A prince whose eye is chooser to his heart
338 Is seldom steady in the lists of love,
Unless the party he affects do match
340 His rank in equal portion or in friends:
I never yet, out of report, or else
342 By warranted description, have observed
The nature of fantastic jealousy,
344 If not in him; yet, on my conscience now,
He has no cause.

346 **Ferna.** Cause, madam! by this light,
348 I'll pledge my soul against a useless rush.

350 **Fiorm.** I never thought her less; yet, trust me, sir,
No merit can be greater than your praise:
352 Whereat I strangely wonder, how a man
Vowed, as you told me, to a single life,
354 Should so much deify the saints from whom
You have disclaimed devotion.

356 **Ferna.** Madam, 'tis true;
358 From them I have, but from their virtues never.

360 **Fiorm.** You are too wise, Fernando. To be plain,
You are in love; – nay, shrink not, man, you are;
362 Bianca is your aim: why do you blush?
She is, I know she is.

364 **Ferna.** My aim!

366 **Fiorm.** Yes, yours;
368 I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know
Thou runn'st to thy confusion, if in time
370 Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm.
Unkindest man! I have too long concealed
372 My hidden flames, when still in silent signs
I courted thee for love, without respect
374 To youth or state; and yet thou art unkind.
Fernando, leave that sorceress, if not
376 For love of me, for pity of thyself.

378 **Ferna.** [*Walks aside*].
Injurious woman, I defy thy lust.
380 'Tis not your subtle sifting [that] shall creep

382 Into the secrets of a heart unsoiled. –
382 You are my prince's sister, else your malice
Had railed itself to death; but as for me,
384 Be record all my fate, I do detest
Your fury or affection: – judge the rest.

386

[Exit Fernando.]

388

Fiorm. What, gone! well, go thy ways: I see the more
390 I humble my firm love, the more he shuns
Both it and me. So plain! then 'tis too late
392 To hope; – change, peevish passion, to contempt!
Whatever rages in my blood I feel,
394 Fool, he shall know I was not born to kneel.

396

[Exit.]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*Another Room in the Palace.**Enter D'Avolos and Julia.*

1 **D'Av.** Julia, mine own, speak softly. What, hast
 2 thou learned out any thing of this pale widgeon?
 speak soft; what does she say?

4 **Jul.** Foh, more than all; there's not an hour shall pass
 6 But I shall have intelligence, she swears.
 Whole nights – you know my mind; I hope you'll give
 8 The gown you promised me.

10 **D'Av.** Honest Julia, peace; th'art a woman worth a
 kingdom. Let me never be believed now but I think
 12 it will be my destiny to be thy husband at last: what
 though thou have a child, – or perhaps two?

14 **Jul.** Never but one, I swear.

16 **D'Av.** Well, one; is that such a matter? I like thee
 18 the better for't! it shews thou hast a good tenantable
 and fertile womb, worth twenty of your barren, dry,
 20 bloodless devourers of youth. – But come, I will
 talk with thee more privately; the duke has a
 22 journey in hand, and will not be long absent:
 see, 'a is come already – let's pass away easily.

24

[*Exeunt D'Avolos and Julia.*]

26

Enter Duke and Bianca.

28

Duke. Troubled? yes, I have cause. – O, Bianca!
 30 Here was my fate engraven in thy brow,
 This smooth, fair, polished table; in thy cheeks
 32 Nature summed up thy dower: 'twas not wealth,
 The miser's god, or royalty of blood,
 34 Advanced thee to my bed; but love, and hope
 Of virtue that might equal those sweet looks:
 36 If, then, thou shouldst betray my trust, thy faith,
 To the pollution of a base desire,
 38 Thou wert a wretched woman.

40 **Bian.** Speaks your love
 Or fear, my lord?

42

Duke. Both, both. Bianca, know,
 44 The nightly languish of my dull unrest
 Hath stamped a strong opinion; for, methought, –
 46 Mark what I say, – as I in glorious pomp
 Was sitting on my throne, whiles I had hemmed
 48 My best-beloved Bianca in mine arms,
 She reached my cap of state, and cast it down
 50 Beneath her foot, and spurned it in the dust;
 Whiles I – O, 'twas a dream too full of fate! –
 52 Was stooping down to reach it, on my head
 Fernando, like a traitor to his vows,
 54 Clapt, in disgrace, a coronet of horns. –
 But, by the honour of anointed kings,
 56 Were both of you hid in a rock of fire,
 Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,
 58 I have a sword – 'tis here – should make my way
 Through fire, through darkness, death, and all,
 60 To hew your lust-engendered flesh to shreds,
 Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince
 62 Your flesh to mites: I will, – start not, – I will.
 64 **Bian.** Mercy protect me, will ye murder me?
 66 **Duke.** Yes. – O, I cry thee mercy! – How the rage
 Of my undreamt-of wrongs made me forget
 68 All sense of sufferance! – Blame me not, Bianca;
 One such another dream would quite distract
 70 Reason and self-humanity: yet tell me,
 Was't not an ominous vision?
 72 **Bian.** 'Twas, my lord,
 74 Yet but a vision: for did such a guilt
 Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you,
 76 If you did stab me to the heart.
 78 **Duke.** The heart?
 Nay, strumpet, to the soul; and tear it off
 80 From life, to damn it in immortal death.
 82 **Bian.** Alas! what do you mean, sir?
 84 **Duke.** I am mad. –
 Forgive me, good Bianca; still methinks
 86 I dream and dream anew: now, prithee, chide me.
 Sickness and these divisions so distract
 88 My senses, that I take things possible
 As if they were; which to remove, I mean
 90 To speed me straight to Lucca, where, perhaps,

92 Absence and bathing in those healthful springs
 93 May soon recover me; meantime, dear sweet,
 94 Pity my troubled heart; griefs are extreme:
 95 Yet, sweet, when I am gone, think on my dream. –
 96 Who waits without? ho!

*Enter Petruchio, Nibrassa, Fiormonda, D'Avolos,
 Roseilli disguised as before, and Fernando.*

100 Is provision ready,
 101 To pass to Lucca?

102 **Pet.** It attends your highness,

103 **Duke.** Friend, hold; take here from me this jewël, this:

[Gives Bianca to Fernando.]

108 Be she your care till my return from Lucca,
 109 Honest Fernando. – Wife, respect my friend. –
 110 Let's go: – but hear ye, wife, think on my dream.

[Exeunt all but Roseilli and Petruchio.]

114 **Pet.** Cousin, one word with you: doth not this cloud
 115 Acquaint you with strange novelties? The duke
 116 Is lately much distempered: what he means
 117 By journeying now to Lucca, is to me
 118 A riddle; can you clear my doubt?

120 **Ros.** O, sir,
 121 My fears exceed my knowledge, yet I note
 122 No less than you infer; all is not well;
 123 Would 'twere! whosoever thrive, I shall be sure
 124 Never to rise to my unhopèd desires.
 125 But, cousin, I shall tell you more anon:
 126 Meantime, pray send my Lord Fernando to me;
 127 I covet much to speak with him.

130 **Pet.** And see,
 131 He comes himself; I'll leave you both together.

[Exit Petruchio.]

Re-enter Fernando.

136 **Ferna.** The duke is horsed for Lucca.
 [To Roseilli] How now, coz,

138 | How prosper you in love?

140 | **Ros.** As still I hoped. –
My lord, you are undone.

142 | **Ferna.** Undone! in what?

144 | **Ros.** Lost; and I fear your life is bought and sold;
146 | I'll tell you how. Late in my lady's chamber,
As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats,
148 | In comes the lady marquess, and with her
Julia and D'Avolos; where sitting down,
150 | Not doubting me, "Madam," quoth D'Avolos,
"We have discovered now the nest of shame."
152 | In short, my lord, – for you already know
As much as they reported, – there was told
154 | The circumstance of all your private love
And meeting with the duchess; when, at last,
156 | False D'Avolos concluded with an oath,
"We'll make," quoth he, "his heart-strings crack for this."

158 | **Ferna.** Speaking of me?

160 | **Ros.** Of you; "Ay," quoth the marquess,
162 | "Were not the duke a baby, he would seek
Swift vengeance; for he knew it long ago."

164 | **Ferna.** Let him know it; – yet I vow
166 | She is as loyal in her plighted faith
As is the sun in Heaven: but put case
168 | She were not, and the duke did know she were not:
This sword lift up, and guided by this arm,
170 | Shall guard her from an armèd troop of fiends,
And all the earth beside.

172 | **Ros.** You are too safe
174 | In your destruction.

176 | **Ferna.** Damn him! – he shall feel –
But peace! who comes?

178 |

Enter Colona.

180 | **Col.** My lord, the duchess craves
182 | A word with you.

184 | **Ferna.** Where is she?

186 | **Col.** In her chamber.

188 | **Ros.** Here, have a plum for ie'ee –

190 | **Col.** Come, fool, I'll give thee plums enow; come, fool.

192 | **Ferna.** Let slaves in mind be servile to their fears;
Our heart is high instarred in brighter spheres.

194

[*Exeunt Fernando and Colona.*]

196

Ros. I see him lost already.
198 | If all prevail not, we shall know too late,
No toil can shun the violence of Fate.

ACT V.SCENE I.

The Palace: the Duchess's Bedchamber.

The curtain is drawn.

*Bianca discovered in her night-attire, leaning on
a cushion at a table, holding Fernando by the hand.*

Enter above Fiormonda.

1 **Fiorm.** [*Aside*]

2 Now fly, Revenge, and wound the lower earth,
That I, insphered above, may cross the race
4 Of love despised, and triumph o'er their graves
Who scorn the low-bent thraldom of my heart!

6

Bian. Why shouldst thou not be mine? why should the laws,
8 The iron laws of ceremony, bar
Mutual embraces? what's a vow? a vow?
10 Can there be sin in unity? could I
As well dispense with conscience as renounce
12 The outside of my titles, the poor style
Of duchess, I had rather change my life
14 With any waiting-woman in the land
To purchase one night's rest with thee, Fernando,
16 Than be Caraffa's spouse a thousand years.

18 **Fiorm.** [*Aside*]

Treason to wedlock! this would make you sweat.

20

Ferna. Lady of all.....as before,
22what I am,....
To survive you, or I will see you first
24 Or widowèd or buried: if the last,
By all the comfort I can wish to taste,
26 By your fair eyes, that sepulchre that holds
Your coffin shall incoffin me alive;
28 I sign it with this seal.

30

[*Kisses her.*]

32 **Fiorm.** [*Aside*] Ignoble strumpet!

34 **Bian.** You shall not swear; take off that oath again,
Or thus I will enforce it.

36

[*Kisses him.*]

38 **Ferna.** Use that force,
 40 And make me perjurd; for whiles your lips
 Are made the book, it is a sport to swear,
 42 And glory to forswear.

44 **Fiorm.** [*Aside*] Here's fast and loose!
 Which, for a ducat, now the game's on foot?

46
 48 [*Whilst they are kissing, enter the Duke
 and D'Avolos, with their swords drawn,
 followed by Petruchio, Nibrassa, and a Guard.*]

50 **Col.** [*Within*] Help, help! madam, you are betrayed,
 52 madam; help, help!

54 **D'Av.** [*Aside to Duke*] Is there confidence in credit,
 now, sir? belief in your own eyes? do you see? do you
 56 see, sir? can you behold it without lightning?

58 **Col.** [*Within*] Help, madam, help!

60 **Ferna.** What noise is that? I heard one cry.

62 **Duke.** [*Comes forward*] Ha, did you?
 Know you who I am?

64 **Ferna.** Yes; th'art Pavy's duke,
 66 Dressed like a hangman: see, I am unarmed,
 Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt
 68 Of what I could have done hath made thee steal
 Th' advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare
 70 Thy worst, for murder sits upon thy cheeks:
 To't, man!

72 **Duke.** I am too angry in my rage
 74 To scourge thee unprovided. – Take him hence;
 Away with him!

76
 78 [*The Guard seize Fernando.*]

80 **Ferna.** Unhand me!

82 **D'Av.** You must go, sir.

84 **Ferna.** Duke, do not shame thy manhood to lay hands
 On that most innocent lady.

86 **Duke.** Yet again! –

88 Confine him to his chamber.

90 [Exeunt D'Avolos and the Guard with Fernando.]

92 Leave us all;

92 None stay, not one; shut up the doors.

94 [Exeunt Petruchio and Nibrassa.]

96 **Fiorm.** Now shew thyself my brother, brave Caraffa.

98 **Duke.** Woman, stand forth before me; – wretched whore,
What canst thou hope for?

100 **Bian.** Death; I wish no less.
102 You told me you had dreamt; and, gentle duke,
Unless you be mistook, you are now awaked.

104 **Duke.** Strumpet, I am; and in my hand hold up
106 The edge that must uncut thy twist of life:
Dost thou not shake?

108 **Bian.** For what? to see a weak,
110 Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade?
Alas, good man! put up, put up; thine eyes
112 Are likelier much to weep than arms to strike:
What would you do now, pray?

114 **Duke.** What! shameless harlot!
116 Rip up the cradle of thy cursèd womb,
In which the mixture of that traitor's lust
118 Imposthumes for a birth of bastardy.
Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserve
120 One mite of mercy, ere the boundless spleen
Of just-consuming wrath o'erswell my reason,
122 Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move
Thy heart to crave variety of youth?

124 **Bian.** I'll tell ye, if you needs would be resolved;
126 I held Fernando much the properer man.

128 **Duke.** Shameless, intolerable whore!

130 **Bian.** What ails you?
Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke
132 Could make a crooked leg, a scrambling foot,
A tolerable face, a wearish hand,
134 A bloodless lip, or such an untrimmed beard
As yours, fit for a lady's pleasure? no:

136 | I wonder you could think 'twere possible,
 When I had once but looked on your Fernando,
 138 | I ever could love you again; fie, fie!
 Now, by my life, I thought that long ago
 140 | Y' had known it, and been glad you had a friend
 Your wife did think so well of.

142 | **Duke.** O my stars!
 144 | Here's impudence above all history.
 Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue,
 146 | Durst thou, without a blush, before mine eyes
 Speak such immodest language?

148 | **Bian.** Dare! yes, 'faith,
 150 | You see I dare: I know what you would say now;
 You would fain tell me how exceeding much
 152 | I am beholding to you, that vouchsafed
 Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place,
 154 | The honour of your bed: 'tis true, you did;
 But why? 'twas but because you thought I had
 156 | A spark of beauty more than you had seen.
 To answer this, my reason is the like;
 158 | The self-same appetite which led you on
 To marry me led me to love your friend:
 160 | O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet
 Mine eyes beheld a miracle composed
 162 | Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.
 I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,
 164 | Handsome enough you are, and [- and] no more;
 But to compare yourself with him! trust me,
 166 | You are too much in fault. Shall I advise you?
 Hark in your ear; thank Heaven he was so slow
 168 | As not to wrong your sheets; for, as I live,
 The fault was his, not mine.

170 | **Fiorm.** Take this, take all.

172 | **Duke.** Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death
 174 | Are music to this. –
 Forgive me, my good genius; I had thought
 176 | I matched a woman, but I find she is
 A devil, worsen than the worst in hell. –
 178 | Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;
 I mark you to a syllable: you say
 180 | The fault was his, not yours; why, virtuous mistress,
 Can you imagine you have so much art
 182 | Which may persuade me you and your close markman

184 Did not a little traffic in my right?
 186 **Bian.** Look what I said, 'tis true; for, know it now, —
 188 I must confess I missed no means, no time,
 190 To win him to my bosom; but so much,
 192 So holily, with such religiön,
 194 He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit
 196 Was held but, in comparison, a jest;
 198 Nor did I offer urge the violence
 200 Of my affection, but as oft he urged
 202 The sacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and friend:
 204 Yet be assured, my lord, if ever language
 206 Of cunning servile flatteries, entreaties,
 208 Or what in me is, could procure his love,
 210 I would not blush to speak it.
 212
 214 **Duke.** Such another
 216 As thou art, miserable creature, would
 218 Sink the whole sex of women: yet confess,
 220 What witchcraft used the wretch to charm the [he]art
 222 Of the once spotless temple of thy mind?
 224 For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.
 226
 228 **Bian.** Phew! — and you be in these tunes, sir, I'll leave;
 230 You know the best and worst and all.
 232
 234 **Duke.** Nay, then,
 236 Thou tempt'st me to thy ruin. Come, black angel,
 238 Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up
 240 The sum in gross of all thy veinèd follies;
 242 There, amongst others, weep in tears of blood
 244 For one above the rest, adultery!
 246 Adultery, Bianca! such a guilt
 248 As, were the sluices of thine eyes let up,
 250 Tears cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tide
 252 Of trivial wantonness from youth to youth,
 254 But thy abusing of thy lawful bed,
 256 Thy husband's bed; his in whose breast thou sleep'st,
 258 His that did prize thee more than all the trash
 260 Which hoarding worldlings make an idol of.
 262 When thou shalt find the catalogue enrolled
 264 Of thy misdeeds, there shall be writ in text
 266 Thy bastarding the issues of a prince.
 268 Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,
 270 And do not hope for life; would angels sing
 272 A requiem at my hearse but to dispense
 274 With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:

230 Prepare to die!

232 **Bian.** [*Opens her bosom*] I do; and to the point
Of thy sharp sword with open breast I'll run
234 Half way thus naked; – do not shrink, Caraffa;
This daunts not me: but in the latter act
236 Of thy revenge, 'tis all the suit I ask
At my last gasp, to spare thy noble friend;
238 For life to me without him were a death.

240 **Duke.** Not this; I'll none of this; 'tis not so fit –
242 [*Casts away his sword.*]

244 Why should I kill her? she may live and change,
Or –
246 **Fiorm.** Dost thou halt? faint coward, dost thou wish
248 To blemish all thy glorious ancestors?
Is this thy courage?

250 **Duke.** Ha! say you so too? –
252 Give me thy hand, Bianca.

254 **Bian.** Here.

256 **Duke.** Farewell;
Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell!
258 [*The Duke draws his poniard and stabs her.*]

260 Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.
262 **Bian.** Tis bravely done; thou hast struck home at once:
264 Live to repent too late. Commend my love
To thy true friend, my love to him that owes it;
266 My tragedy to thee; my heart to – to – Fernando.
Oo – Oh!
268 [*Bianca dies.*]

270 **Duke.** Sister, she's dead.
272 **Fiorm.** Then, whiles thy rage is warm,
274 Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

276 **Duke.** Good:
I'll slake no time whiles I am hot in blood.
278

[Takes up his sword and exit.]

280

Fiorm. Here's royal vengeance! this becomes the state
282 Of his disgrace and my unbounded fate.

284

[Exit above.]

ACT V, SCENE II.*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Fernando, Nibrassa, and Petruchio.*1 **Pet.** *[To Fernando]*2 May we give credit to your words, my lord?
3 Speak, on your honour.4 **Ferna.** Let me die accursed,
6 If ever, through the progress of my life,
7 I did as much as reap the benefit
8 Of any favour from her save a kiss:
9 A better woman never blessed the earth.10 **Nib.** Beshrew my heart, young lord, but I believe
12 thee: alas, kind lady, 'tis a lordship to a dozen
13 points but the jealous madman will in his fury
14 offer her some violence.16 **Pet.** If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept
17 A guard about you for your own defence
18 Than to be guarded for security
19 Of his revenge; he is extremely moved.20 **Nib.** Passion of my body, my lord, if 'a come in
22 his odd fits to you, in the case you are, he might
23 cut your throat ere you could provide a weapon
24 of defence: nay, rather than it shall be so, hold,
25 take my sword in your hand; 'tis none of the
26 sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox will not fail his
27 master, come what will come. Take it: I'll
28 answer't, I; in the mean time, Petruchio and I
29 will back to the duchess' lodging.30 *[Nibrassa gives Fernando his sword.]*32 **Pet.** Well thought on; – and, in despite of all his rage,
34 Rescue the virtuous lady.36 **Nib.** Look to yourself, my lord! the duke comes.38 *Enter the Duke, his sword in one hand,
39 and a bloody dagger in the other.*40 **Duke.** Stand, and behold thy executioner,
42 Thou glorious traitor! I will keep no form

Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt:
 44 Look here, 'tis written on my poniard's point,
 The bloody evidence of thy untruth,
 46 Wherein thy conscience and the wrathful rod
 Of Heaven's scourge for lust at once give up
 48 The verdict of thy crying villainies.
 I see th'art armed: prepare, I crave no odds
 50 Greater than is the justice of my cause;
 Fight, or I'll kill thee.

52 **Ferna.** Duke, I fear thee not:
 54 But first I charge thee, as thou art a prince,
 Tell me how hast thou used thy duchess?

56 **Duke.** How!
 58 To add affliction to thy trembling ghost,
 Look on my dagger's crimson dye, and judge.

60 **Ferna.** Not dead?

62 **Duke.** Not dead! yes, by my honour's truth: why, fool,
 64 Dost think I'll hug my injuries? no, traitor!
 I'll mix your souls together in your deaths,
 66 As you did both your bodies in her life. –
 Have at thee!

68 **Ferna.** Stay; I yield my weapon up.

70 [Fernando drops his sword and kneels.]

72 Here, here's my bosom: as thou art a duke,
 74 Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca
 Be murdered, murder me.

76 **Duke.** Faint-hearted coward,
 78 Art thou so poor in spirit! Rise and fight;
 Or, by the glories of my house and name,
 80 I'll kill thee basely.

82 **Ferna.** Do but hear me first:
 Unfortunate Caraffa, thou hast butchered
 84 An innocent, a wife as free from lust
 As any terms of art can deify.

86 **Duke.** Pish, this is stale dissimulation;
 88 I'll hear no more.

90 **Ferna.** If ever I unshrined

92 The altar of her purity, or tasted
 More of her love than what without control
 Or blame a brother from a sister might,
 94 Rack me to atomies. I must confess
 I have too much abused thee; did exceed
 96 In lawless courtship; 'tis too true, I did:
 But, by the honour which I owe to goodness,
 98 For any actual folly I am free.

100 **Duke.** 'Tis false: as much in death for thee she spake.

102 **Ferna.** By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O duke!
 Couldst thou rear up another world like this,
 104 Another like to that, and more, or more,
 Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth
 106 Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss
 Of such a spotless wife. – Glorious Bianca,
 108 Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom;
 Earth was unworthy of thee!

110 **Nib. and Pet.** Now, on our lives, we both believe him.

112 **Duke.** Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my sword
 114 To justify thy words?

116 **Ferna.** I dare; look here.

118 [Fernando kisses the sword.]

120 'Tis not the fear of death doth prompt my tongue,
 For I would wish to die; and thou shalt know,
 122 Poor miserable duke, since she is dead,
 I'll hold all life a hell.

124 **Duke.** Bianca chaste!

126 **Ferna.** As virtue's self is good.

128 **Duke.** Chaste, chaste, and killed by me! to her
 130 I offer up this remnant of my –

132 [The Duke offers to stab himself,
 and is stayed by Fernando.]

134 **Ferna.** Hold!
 136 Be gentler to thyself.

138 **Pet.** [To the Duke] Alas, my lord,
 Is this a wise man's carriage?

140

Duke. Whither now

142

Shall I run from the day, where never man,

Nor eye, nor eye of Heaven, may see a dog

144

So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!

Had not the fury of some hellish rage

146

Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen

Her clearness in her confidence to die.

148

Your leave –

150

[*Kneels, holds up his hands, and,
after speaking to himself a little, rises.*]

152

'Tis done: come, friend, now for her love,

154

Her love that praised thee in the pangs of death,

I'll hold thee dear. – Lords, do not care for me,

156

I am too wise to die yet. – O, Bianca!

158

Enter D'Avolos.

160

D'Av. The Lord Abbot of Monaco, sir, is, in his
return from Rome, lodged last night late in the city,

162

very privately; and hearing the report of your

journey, only intends to visit your duchess to-morrow.

164

Duke. Slave, torture me no more! – note him, my lords;

166

If you would choose a devil in the shape

Of man, an arch-arch-devil, there stands one. –

168

We'll meet our uncle. – Order straight, Petruccio,

Our duchess may be confined; 'tis our will

170

She forthwith be interred, with all the speed

And privacy you may, i' the college-church

172

Amongst Caraffa's ancient monuments:

Some three days hence we'll keep her funeral. –

174

Damned villain! bloody villain! – O, Bianca! –

No counsel from our cruël wills can win us;

176

But ills once done, we bear our guilt within us.

178

[*Exeunt all but D'Avolos.*]

180

D'Av. God boyee! "Arch-arch-devil!" why, I am

paid. Here's bounty for good service! beshrew my

182

heart, it is a right princely reward. Now must I say

my prayers, that I have lived to so ripe an age to

184

have my head stricken off. I cannot tell; 't may be

my Lady Fiormonda will stand on my behalf to

186

the duke: that's but a single hope; a disgraced

courtier oftener finds enemies to sink him when

188 | he is falling than friends to relieve him. I must
190 | resolve to stand to the hazard of all brunts now.
192 | Come what may, I will not die like a cow[ard];
and the world shall know it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V, SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Fiormonda, and Roseilli discovered.

1 **Ros.** Wonder not, madam; here behold the man
2 Whom your disdain hath metamorphosèd.
Thus long have I been clouded in this shape,
4 Led on by love; and in that love, despair:
If not the sight of our distracted court,
6 Nor pity of my bondage, can reclaim
The greatness of your scorn, yet let me know
8 My latest doom from you.

10 **Fiorm.** Strange miracle!
Roseilli, I must honour thee: thy truth,
12 Like a transparent mirror, represents
My reason with my errors. Noble lord,
14 That better dost deserve a better fate,
Forgive me: if my heart can entertain
16 Another thought of love, it shall be thine.

18 **Ros.** Blessèd, forever blessèd be the words!
In death you have revived me.

Enter D'Avolos.

22 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] Whom have we here? Roseilli,
24 the supposed fool? 'tis he; nay, then, help me
a brazen face! – My honourable lord! –

26 **Ros.** Bear off, bloodthirsty man! come not near me.

28 **D'Av.** Madam, I trust the service –

30 **Fiorm.** Fellow, learn to new-live: the way to thrift
32 For thee in grace is a repentant shrift.

34 **Ros.** Ill has thy life been, worse will be thy end:
Men fleshed in blood know seldom to amend.

Enter Servant.

38 **Serv.** [*To Fiormonda*] His highness commends his
40 love to you, and expects your presence; he is ready to
pass to the church, only staying for my lord abbot to
42 associate him. – Withal, his pleasure is, that you,

44 D'Avolos, forbear to rank in this solemnity in the
place of secretary, else to be there as a private man. –
Pleaseth you to go?

46

[Exeunt all but D'Avolos.]

48

D'Av. As a private man! what remedy? This way
50 they must come; and here I will stand, to fall
amongst 'em in the rear,

52

*[A sad sound of soft music.
The tomb is discovered.]*

54

56

*Enter four with torches, after them two Friars;
after, the Duke in mourning manner;*

58

*after him the Abbot, Flormonda, Colona, Julia,
Roseilli, Petruchio, Nibrassa, and a Guard. –*

60

*D'Avolos following behind. Coming near the tomb,
they all kneel, making shew of ceremony.*

62

*The Duke goes to the tomb, and lays his hand on it.
The music ceases.*

64

Duke. Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let not the touch
66 Of this my impious hand profane the shrine
Of fairest purity, which hovers yet
68 About those blessèd bones enhearsed within. –
If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,
70 Bianca, thy disturbèd ghost doth range,
Behold, I offer up the sacrifice
72 Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring,
Roaring oblations of a mourning heart
74 To thee, offended spirit! I confess
I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man,
76 That butcher, who, in my enragèd spleen,
Slaughtered the life of innocence and beauty.
78 Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds
Which I digged up, and reconcile the wrongs
80 My fury wrought and my contrition mourns.
So chaste, so dear a wife, was never man
82 But I enjoyed; yet in the bloom and pride
Of all her years untimely took her life. –
84 Enough: set ope the tomb, that I may take
My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

86

*[The tomb is opened, out of which arises Fernando
in his winding-sheet, only his face discovered;
as the Duke is going in, Fernando puts him back.]*

88

90 **Ferna.** Forbear! what art thou that dost rudely press
 92 Into the confines of forsaken graves?
 Has death no privilege? Com'st thou, Caraffa,
 94 To practise yet a rape upon the dead?
 Inhuman tyrant! –
 96 What's ever thou intend[est], know this place
 Is pointed out for my inheritance;
 98 Here lies the monument of all my hopes:
 Had eager lust intrunked my conquered soul,
 100 I had not buried living joys in death.
 Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud
 102 To boast thy famous murders; let thy smooth,
 Low-fawning parasites renown thy act:
 104 Thou com'st not here.

106 **Duke.** Fernando, man of darkness,
 Never till now, before these dreadful sights,
 108 Did I abhor thy friendship: thou hast robbed
 My resolution of a glorious name.
 110 Come out, or, by the thunder of my rage,
 Thou die'st a death more fearful than the scourge
 112 Of death can whip thee with.

114 **Ferna.** Of death? – poor duke!
 Why, that's the aim I shoot at; 'tis not threats –
 116 Maugre thy power, or the spite of hell –
 Shall rent that honour: let life-hugging slaves,
 118 Whose hands imbrued in butcheries like thine,
 Shake terror to their souls, be loth to die!
 120 See, I am clothed in robes that fit the grave:
 I pity thy defiance.

122 **Duke.** Guard, lay hands,
 124 And drag him out.

126 **Ferna.** Yes, let 'em; here's my shield;
 128 *[Fernando holds up a vial of poison.]*
 130 Here's health to victory!

132 *[As the Guards go to seize him,
 he drinks-off the vial.]*
 134

Now do thy worst. –
 136 Farewell, duke! once I have outstripped thy plots;
 Not all the cunning antidotes of art
 138 Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life: –

It works, it works already, bravely! bravely!
 140 Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.
 O royal poison! trusty friend! split, split
 142 Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane! –
 Roseilli, love my memory. – Well searched out,
 144 Swift, nimble venom! torture every vein. –
 I come, Bianca – cruël torment, feast,
 146 Feast on, do – Duke, farewell. – Thus I – hot flames! –
 Conclude my love, – and seal it in my bosom!
 148 Oh!

[*Fernando dies.*]

152 **Abbot.** Most desperate end!

154 **Duke.** None stir;
 Who steps a foot steps to his utter ruin. –
 156 And art thou gone, Fernando? art thou gone?
 Thou wert a friend unmatched; rest in thy fame. –
 158 Sister, when I have finished my last days,
 Lodge me, my wife, and this unequalled friend,
 160 All in one monument. – Now to my vows.
 Never henceforth let any passionate tongue
 162 Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,
 But let each letter in that tragic sound
 164 Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear;
 Children unborn, and widows whose lean cheeks
 166 Are furrowed up by age, shall weep whole nights,
 Repeating but the story of our fates;
 168 Whiles in the period, closing up their tale,
 They must conclude how for Bianca's love
 170 Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,
 Thus on her altar sacrificed his life.

[*Stabs himself.*]

174 **Abbot.** O, hold the duke's hand!

176 **Fiorm.** Save my brother, save him!

178 **Duke.** Do, do; I was too willing to strike home
 180 To be prevented. – Fools, why, could you dream
 I would outlive my outrage? – Sprightful flood,
 182 Run out in rivers! O, that these thick streams
 Could gather head, and make a standing pool,
 184 That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood!
 So! I grow sweetly empty; all the pipes
 186 Of life unvessel life. – Now heavens, wipe out

188 The writing of my sin! – Bianca, thus
I creep to thee – to thee – to thee, Bi-an-ca.

190 [Dies.]

192 **Ros.** He's dead already, madam.

194 **D'Av.** [*Aside*] Above hope! here's labour saved; I
could bless the Destinies.

196 **Abbot.** Would I had never seen it!

198 **Fiorm.** Since 'tis thus,
200 My Lord Roseilli, in the true requital
Of your continued love, I here possess
202 You of the dukedom, and with it of me.
In presence of this holy abbot.

204 **Abbot.** Lady, then,
206 From my hand take your husband; long enjoy

208 [*Joins their hands.*]

210 Each to each other's comfort and content!

212 **All.** Long live Roseilli!

214 **Ros.** First, thank[s] to Heaven; next, lady, to your love;
Lastly, my lords, to all: and that the entrance
216 Into this principality may give
Fair hopes of being worthy of our place,
218 Our first work shall be justice. – D'Avolos,
Stand forth.

220 **D'Av.** My gracious lord! –

222 **Ros.** No, graceless villain!
224 I am no lord of thine. – Guard, take him hence,
Convey him to the prison's top; in chains
226 Hang him alive; – whosoe'er lends a bit
Of bread to feed him dies. – Speak not against it,
228 I will be deaf to mercy. – Bear him hence!

230 **D'Av.** Mercy, new duke; – here's my comfort, I make
but one in the number of the tragedy of princes.

232 [*D'Avolos is led off.*]

234 **Ros.** Madam, a second charge is to perform
236 Your brother's testament; we'll rear a tomb

238 To those unhappy lovers, which shall tell
Their fatal loves to all posterity. –
240 Thus, then, for you; henceforth I here dismiss
The mutual comforts of our marriage-bed:
Learn to new-live, my vows unmoved shall stand;
242 And since your life hath been so much uneven,
Bethink in time to make your peace with Heaven.

244 **Fiorm.** O, me! is this your love?

246 **Ros.** 'Tis your desert;
248 Which no persuasion shall remove.

250 **Abbot.** 'Tis fit;
Purge frailty with repentance.

252 **Fiorm.** I embrace it:
254 Happy too late, since lust hath made me foul,
Henceforth I'll dress my bride-bed in my soul.

256 **Ros.** Please you to walk, Lord Abbot?

258 **Abbot.** Yes, set on.
260 No age hath heard, nor chronicle can say,
That ever here befell a sadder day.

262

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS

Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, *ElizabethanDrama.org*, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Such additions may be made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

Universal Emendations:

1. modernize *shew(s)* to *show(s)* everywhere.
2. modernize *'a* to *he* everywhere.
3. modernize *murther* (and its variants) to *murder*.

Act I, Scene i.

1. line 36: emend the line to read, "*Find danger that too near the lion's prey.*"
2. line 150: emend *entreaties* to *entreats*.
3. line 160: emend *in the* to *i' the*.
4. line 263: emend *I do, Lady* to *Lady, I do*.
5. line 286: emend the line to read, "*We're debtors for to Heaven only – on!*"

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 82: modernize *shay* to *say*.
2. line 108: modernize *thoroughly* to *thoroughly*.
3. line 410: omit "*Say!*"

Act II, Scene i.

1. line 140: modernize *renowed* to *renowned*.
2. line 148: emend *talk* to *table*.

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 144: modernize *admiral* to *admirable*.
2. lines 210-211: emend so as to make line 211 a separate speech by Maurucchio:

"210 *Feren*. And begins to do you infinite grace.
211: *Maur*. Infinite grace."

Act II, Scene iii.

1. line 206: restore *send* to the quarto's *sending*.

Act III, Scene i.

1. line 54: emend *hey-da* to *hey-day*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 19: modernize *Bruxils* to *Brussels*.
2. line 68: modernize *handkercher* to *handkerchief*.

Act III, Scene iii.

1. line 24: restore *the* to the quarto's *thy*.
2. line 80: omit line 80.
3. line 141: modernize *vitailles* to *victuals*.

Act III, Scene iv.

1. line 50: restore *his* to the quarto's *this*.

Act IV, Scene i.

1. line 118: modernize *vild* to *vile*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. lines 59: emend the last few lines of the line from "*death, and all*", to "*death, and hell, and all*".
2. line 67: emend the beginning of the line from "*Of my undreamt-of wrongs*" to "*Of my own dreamed-of wrongs*".

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 202: restore *charm the heart* to the quarto's *charm the art*.
2. line 232: emend *I do* to *Ay, do*.
3. line 274: emend *trespasses* to *trespass*.
4. line 277: emend *slake* to *slack*.
5. line 282: emend *unbounded fate* to *unbounded hate*.

Act V, Scene ii.

1. line 33: omit *in*.
2. line 100: modernize *spake* to *spoke*.
3. line 190: restore *coward* to the quarto's *cow*.