

"Tis Pity She's a Whore by John Ford

M/F UA, QS, Kn, SS, SmS, R&D

'Tis Pity She's A Whore (IV, 3)

(Enter Soranzo, and Annabella dragged in)

SORANZO Come, strumpet, famous whore; were every drop
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins
A life, this sword - dost - see't? - should in one blow
Confound them all. Must I be the Dad
To all that gallimaufrey that's stuff'd
In thy corrupted, bastard-bearing womb?

ANNABELLA Beastly man! Why, tis thy fate.

SORANZO Whore of whores! Art thou not with child?

ANNABELLA I confess I am.

SORANZO Tell me by whom.

ANNABELLA Sir, to stay your longing stomach,
I'm content t'acquaint you with: the man,
The more than man that g ot this sprightly boy
- For 'tis a boy: therefore glory that, sir,
Your heir shall be a son -

SORANZO Damnable monster!

ANNABELLA Nay, and you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

SORANZO Yes, speak and speak thy last.

ANNABELLA Let it suffice that y ou shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.

SORANZO Tell me his name.

ANNABELLA Alas, alas, there's all!
Will you believe?

SORANZO What?

1.

ANNABELLA You shall never know.

SORANZO How?

ANNABELLA Never; if you do, let me b e curs'd.

SORANZO Not know it, strumpet? I'll rip up thy heart
And find it there.

ANNABELLA Do, do.

SORANZO And with my teeth,
Tear the prodigious lecher joint by joint.

ANNABELLA Ha, ha, ha! The man's merry!

SORANZO Dost thou laugh?
Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth,
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds! Who is't?

ANNABELLA (sings) Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore.

SORANZO Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust-be-leper'd body through the dust.
Yet tell his name.

ANNABELLA (sings) Morendo in gratia Dei, morirei senza dolore.

SORANZO Dost thou triumph? The treasure of the earth
Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage! Dost thou not tremble yet?

ANNABELLA At what? To die? No, be a gallant
hangman;
I dare thee to the worst; strike, and strike home;
I leave revenge behind and thou shalt feel't.

SORANZO Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

ANNABELLA My life? I will not buy my life so dear.