LOVE'S SACRIFICE
by John Ford

Dramatists Personæ.

Philippo Caraffa, Duke of Pavia.
Bianca, the Duchess.
Fiormonda, the Duke's Sister.
Roderico D'Avolos, Secretary to the Duke.

Fernando, Favourite of the Duke.
Ferentes, a wanton Courtier.
Roseilli, a young Nobleman.
Paulo Baglione, Abbot of Monaco, and Uncle of the duchess.

Petruchio, Counsellor of State, and uncle to Fernando.

Colona, Daughter of Petruchio, and lady-in-waiting to the duchess Bianca.

Nibrassa, Counsellor of State.
Julia, Daughter of Nibrassa, and lady-in-waiting to Fiormonda.

Mauruccio, an old Buffoon.
Giacopo, Servant to Mauruccio.

Morona, a Widow.

Courtiers, Officers, Friars, Attendants, &c.

Scene:
Pavia.

Introduction to the Play

John Ford's sprawling epic Love's Sacrifice features not a love triangle, but a love pentagon. But don't worry, our annotations will help keep things clear regarding who loves (and who hates) who. Two things in particular are worthy of the reader's notice: (1) the large number of asides, indicating a good deal of dissembling in the play; and (2) the duke's slow but relentless mental deterioration: Ford's handling of the duke's descent into madness is more subtle than what is normally seen in plays of the period.

Notes on the Text

The text of Love's Sacrifice is taken from John Ford, edited by Havelock Ellis, as part of The Mermaid Series, cited at #3 below.

Footnotes

References in the annotations to "Dyce" refer to the notes supplied by editor A. Dyce to Perkin Warbeck in his 1869 collection of Ford's work, cited at #12 below.

Footnotes in the text correspond as follows:
1. Oxford English Dictionary (OED) online.
ACT I.

SCENE I.
A Room in the Palace.

Enter Roseilli and Roderico D’Avalos.

Entering Characters: Roseilli is a young nobleman. D’Avalos is secretary to the Duke of Pavia.

Ros. Depart the court?

D’Av. Such was the duke’s command.

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

= Roseilli’s family name; confused, Roseilli asks if any
member of his family has ever been disloyal to the court.

D’Av. Never, my lord.

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

= exchange.
= suggesting a parasite.¹

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

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

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

[Exit.]

Ros. Do, politician, do! I scent the plot
Of this disgrace; ’tis Fiomorda, she,
That glorious widow, whose commanding check
Ruins my love: like foolish beasts, thus they

Find danger that prey too near the lions' den.

Enter Fernando and Petruchio.

Ferna. My noble lord, Roseilli!

Ros. Sir, the joy
I should have welcomed you with is wrapt up
In clouds of my disgrace; yet, honoured sir,
Howsoe’er frowns of great ones cast me down,
My service shall pay tribute in my lowness

22ff: D’Avalos usually speaks in prose; this suggests a
defect in his character, which will become apparent.

= ie. the duke

= schemer.²
= ie. the duke's sister.
= rebuff ¹; Roseilli has been wooing the recently widowed
Fiomorda, who is the sister of the duke; and assumes
that she, in rejecting his advances, has convinced the
duke to exile him.

36: Dyce believes this line is corrupt (its meter is clearly
off), and suggests it could read, "Find danger that too
near the lions prey", creating a rhyming couplet.¹²

Entering Characters: Petruchio is a Counselor of State, or
advisor, to the duke; he is also the uncle of Fernando, who is
the duke's favorite companion.

42-51: Roseilli and Fernando exchange lengthy formal
courtesies before entering the substance of their
conversation.
To your uprising virtues.

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

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

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

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

**Ros.** What for France?

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

**Ros.** Yet methought 62-63: change in me. wrongs = "help me to forget the wrongs done to me"

= in truth.
68-69: In Spain...arts: the extreme heat of the Spanish climate makes it difficult for one to maintain knowledge (experience) or develop scholarship (arts), and as a result knowledge is lost. Fernando's disparagement of Spain reflects the unpopularity of that country in England in the 1630's.3

= the sense seems to be "likely".
= "do a foreigner (stranger) honor".
= excess, ie. "I soon had more than enough"; but surfeit also suggests "to become ill from excessive consumption".1

= about

= the first of several references to Roseilli's superior horsemanship. The French themselves were noted for their superior riding skills, e.g. *Hamlet:* "...the French, / And they can well on horseback."12
= ie. opportunities to prove.
= exceedingly refined, with manners fit for court.1
= deceivers or hypocrites1; Elizabethan authors rarely overlooked an opportunity to disparage the French.
= bowing deeply with intended irony.

= ignore.
= ie. Roseilli's own particular skills; this is the only citation of appropriaments in the OED, suggesting no other author has ever used it!
I heard you and the duchess, two night since. 
Discoursing of an island thereabouts, 
Called – let me think – 'twas – 

_Ferna._ England?

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

_Ferna._ I'll tell you what I found there; men as neat, 
As courtly as the French, but in *condition* 
Quite opposite. *Put case* that you, my lord, 

Could be more *rare* on horseback than you are, 
*If there* – as there are many – *one* excelled 
You in your art as much as you do others, 
Yet will the English think their own is nothing 

_King._ Compared with you, a _stranger_; in their _habits_ 
They are not more _fantastic_ than _uncertain_; 

In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty, 
No nation can disparage but itself. 

_Ros._ My lord, you have much eased me; I resolve. 

_Ferna._ And _whither_ are you bent? 

_Ros._ My lord, for _travel_; 
To _speed_ or England. 

_Ferna._ No, my lord, you must not: 
I have yet some private _conference_
_T' impart unto you for your good; at night_ 
I'll meet you at my Lord Petruchio's house: 
Till then be _secret_. 

_Ros._ Dares my _cousin_ trust me? 

_Pet._ Dare I, my lord! yes, 'less your _fact_ were greater 
Than a bold woman's _spleen_. 

_Ros._ The duke's _at hand_, 
And I must _hence_: my service to your _lordships_.

[Exit.] 

_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, −

As if he were transformèd in his mind,
To soothe him in his pleasures, amongst whom
Is fond Ferentes; one whose pride takes pride
In nothing more than to delight his lust;
And he − with grief I speak it − hath, I fear,
Too much besotted my unhappy daughter,
My poor Colona; whom, for kindred's sake,

As you are noble, as you honour virtue,
Persuade to love herself: a word from you

May win her more than my entreaties or frowns.

Ferna. Uncle, I'll do my best: meantime, pray tell me,
Whose mediation wrought the marriage
Betwixt the duke and duchess, − who was agent.

Pet. His roving eye and her enchanting face,
The only dower nature had ordained
T' advance her to her bride-bed. She was daughter Unto a gentleman of Milan − no better − Preferred to serve i' the Duke of Milan's court;
Where for her beauty she was greatly famed:
And passing late from thence to Monaco

To visit there her uncle, Paul Baglione
The Abbot, Fortune − queen to such blind matches −
Presents her to the duke's eye, on the way,
As he pursues the deer: in short, my lord,
He saw her, loved her, wooed her, won her, matched her;
No counsel could divert him.

Ferna. She is fair.

Pet. She is; and, to speak truth, I think right noble
In her conditions.

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

Pet. The duke
Doth come.

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

Enter the Duke, Bianca, Fiormonda, Nibrassa, Ferentes, Julia, and D’Avolos.

Duke. Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms; Whiles I, wrapt in my admiration, view Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks. —

Fernando! O, thou half myself! no joy Could make my pleasure full without thy presence: I am a monarch of felicity, Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful, — A perfect friend, a wife above compare.

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

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

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

Fiorm. [Aside to Ferentes] Ferentes, —

Feren. [Aside to Fiormonda] Madam?

Fiorm. [Aside to Ferentes] You are one loves courtship:

He hath some change of words, 'twere no lost labour To stuff your table-books; the man speaks wisely!

182-3: If ever...my truth = Fernando has some need to build up his courage for the upcoming encounter.

Entering Characters: Bianca is the new wife of the duke, and thus the new duchess; Fiormonda is the duke's sister, and recently widowed. Nibrassa is another Counselor of State, or advisor, and Julia his daughter; Julia serves as a lady-in-waiting for Fiormonda, a position of honour. D’Avolos, the secretary to the duke, we have met; Ferentes is the slime-ball described at line 143 above who seems to have wormed his way into the duke's friendship.

190: note that the long dash is commonly used to indicate a change in the speaker's addressee. = Elizabethan expression describing a best or most trusted friend. = happiness or good fortune.¹

= the name used for Pavia throughout the play

202: "to a level where I deserve the name or title (style) of your servant"²

204: the duke, praising Fernando, corrects Fernando by replacing the last two words of his sentence. 205-6: As freely...mine = the duke would share (at least in spirit) his dukedom with Fernando in much the same way his birth made Pavia his own.

= in introducing Bianca to his best friend Fernando, the duke further confirms he only just got married.

= proper behavior of one at court, but also the paying of acts of courtesy.¹ = ie. Fernando "is a ready talker".³ = "write this down in your note-book".⁴ Fiormonda is ironically suggesting that Ferentes could take lessons
Feren. [Aside to Fiormonda]
I'm glad your highness is so pleasant.

Duke. Sister, −

Fiorm. My lord and brother?

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

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


Bian. Sister, I should too much bewray my weakness, To give a resolution on a passion I never felt nor feared.

Nib. A modest answer.

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

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

D'Av. [Aside to Fiormonda] Lady, I do; Tis a smooth praise.

Duke. Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy love, And love thee better for thy judging mine. Though my gray-headed senate in the laws Of strict opinion and severe dispute Would tie the limits of our free affects, − Like superstitious Jews, − to match with none But in a tribe of princes like ourselves, from Fernando in flattering courtly speech; she is really characterizing Fernando as a "mere man of words".12 = droll: "I can appreciate your dry humor."

= give life to4; the duke encourages Fiormonda to get over her mourning.

= moderate level of emotion; a common refrain in the drama of the period was to criticize those who could not temper their emotions.

242-3: should...nature = euphemism for "were you to suddenly die"

244-5: "I bet the duchess would not so quickly forget the husband to whom she owes so much for promoting her."

= malicious; D'Avolos recognizes the cattiness behind Fiormonda's speech.

249: Sister = Bianca addresses Fiormonda, who is now her sister-in-law. bewray = reveal, betray. = speak decisively about.13 = emotion: Bianca specifically means ingratitude.4

= affirm, be surety for; Fernando flatteringly assures the others that Bianca should be believed.

= Fiormonda continues to be critical of Fernando's gift for flattering speech, this time to D'Avolos.

= flattering, a "good show"2

= "find proof of your love"

268-270: the duke complains that his advisors wanted to restrict his choice of bride - presumably, they would have liked for him to marry a woman of status equal to his.

= affection, desires.

271-7: Ford engages in some particularly unpleasant, but unfortunately typical, stereotyping of Jews.
Gross-nurtured slaves, who force their wretched souls
to crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth
Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;

Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,
Begetting creatures ugly as themselves: —
But why should princes do so, that command
The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals? —
No, my Bianca, thou'rt to me as dear
As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;
Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth.
Set on: they shall be strangers to my heart
That envy thee thy fortunes. — Come, Fernando,
My but divided self; what we have done
We are only debtor to Heaven for. — On!

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

D'Av. [Aside to Fiormonda] Madam, I will omit no art.
[Exeunt all but D'Avolos, who recalls Fernando.]

My honoured Lord Fernando!

Ferna. To me, sir?

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

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

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

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

D'Av. I do repute myself the blessedest man alive,
that I shall be the first gives your lordship news of
your perpetual comfort.

Ferna. As how?

D'Av. If singular beauty, unimitable virtues, honour,
youth, and absolute goodness be a fortune, all those
are at once offered to your particular choice.

= bow down. 274-5: for trash...form = Jews, he says,
would marry even the ugliest person if it gained for them
more wealth; trash is a disdainful word for money or
possessions.

= dowery 2

= "Let us proceed." 2
= show malice towards. 2

290: if D'Avolos can successfully carry out the task
Fiormonda has assigned to him, she will make sure he rises
in favor at the court. Though D'Avolos is the duke's
secretary, he regards Fiormonda as his patroness, and
discreetly works to serve her interests.

= skill or cunning

300ff: prose is easily discernible from verse: in verse, each
new line is capitalized; prose is written in paragraphs,
without capitalization at the beginning of each line.

= merits.
= i.e. who bears. = strive.

314-5: lay aside...ceremony = "skip the unnecessary
formalities!"

323-5: D'Avolos is describing Fiormonda.
Ferna. Without delays, which way?

D'Av. The great and gracious Lady Fiormonda loves you, infinitely loves you. — But, my lord, as ever you tendered a servant to your pleasures, let me not be revealed that I gave you notice on't.

Ferna. Sure, you are strangely out of tune, sir.

D'Av. Please but to speak to her; be but courtly-ceremonious with her, use once but the language of affection, if I misreport aught besides my knowledge, let me never have place in your good opinion. O, these women, my lord, are as brittle metal as your glasses, as smooth, as slippery, — their very first substance was quicksands: let 'em look never so demurely, one fillip chokes them. My lord, she loves you; I know it. — But I beseech your lordship not to discover me; I would not for the world she should know that you know it by me.

Ferna. I understand you, and to thank your care Will study to requite it; and I vow She never shall have notice of your news By me or by my means. And, worthy sir, Let me alike enjoin you not to speak A word of that I understand her love; And as for me, my word shall be your surety I'll not as much as give her cause to think I ever heard it.

D'Av. Nay, my lord, whatsoever I infer, you may break with her in it, if you please; for, rather than silence should hinder you one step to such a fortune, I will expose myself to any rebuke for your sake, my good lord.

Ferna. You shall not indeed, sir; I am still your friend, and will prove so. For the present I am forced to attend the duke: good hours befall ye! I must leave you.

[Exit.]

D'Av. Gone already? 'sfoot, I ha' marred all! this is worse and worse; he's as cold as hemlock. If her
highness knows how I have gone to work she'll thank me scurvily: a pox of all dull brains! I took the clean contrary course. There is a mystery in this slight 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.

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

Col. Why should you seek, my lord, to purchase glory
By the disgrace of a silly maid.

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

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


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

Feren. You will not fail to meet me two hours hence, sweet?

Col. No; Yes, yes, I would have said: how my tongue trips!

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

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

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

[Exit Colona.]

− Very passing good! three honest women in our courts here of Italy are enough to discredit a whole nation of that sex. He that is not a cuckold or a bastard is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife, 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.

Enter Julia.

And how does my own Julia? Mew upon this sadness!

1 = ie. temperament, but also refers to her being born into nobility.
2 = a husband whose wife is cheating on him
3 = God's life. = knack for it.
4 = busy.
what's the matter you are melancholy? — Whither away, wench?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Exit Julia.*

[Sfoot! I wonder about what time of the year I was begot; sure, it was when the moon was in conjunction, and all the other planets drunk at a morris-dance: I am haunted above patience; my mind is not as infinite to do as my occasions are proffered of doing.]

= the Elizabethans used the term *melancholy* to describe what we call depression.

= a term of endearment for a lover.

75: *besides* = in addition to.

*half-turns* = military metaphor for sex.

*bevers* = midday snacks. 1

Ferentes is commenting on Julia's sexual insatiability.

= in truth.  = "what do you mean by that". 12 = truly.  

= colloquial for lady's genitals; from the Latin, meaning never enough.

= rubbing, chafing.

85: *gromam* = a garment made of gromam, a coarse fabric. 1

*by this hand* = it was common for Elizabethan characters to take vows on body parts.

= assured

= God's foot; 101-3: typical Elizabethan astrological imagery; it was believed by some that the arrangement of the heavenly bodies at one's birth affected one's fate in life.

= properly speaking, two heavenly bodies were required to be located within the same sign of the zodiac to be described as in conjunction.

= traditional English dance, performed on May Day, etc., usually accompanied by one dressed as a foolish character, often in a hobby horse (a figure of a horse worn about the waist).

104-5: my mind...doing = something like "I have more opportunities (occasions) for seduction offered (proffered) to me than my brain is capable of dealing with or comprehending."
Chastity! I am an eunuch if I think there be any such thing; or if there be, 'tis amongst us men, for I never found it in a woman thoroughly tempted yet. I have a shrewd hard task coming on; but let it pass. – Who comes now? My lord, the duke's friend! I will strive to be inward with him.

Enter Fernando.

My noble Lord Fernando! –

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

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

[Exit.]

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

Enter Fiormonda and Julia.

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

Ferna. Madam, no; I rather chose this leisure to admire The glories of this little world, the court, Where, like so many stars, on several thrones Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs; Sweet matter for my meditación.

Fiorm. So, so, sir! – Leave us, Julia

[Exit Julia.]

– your own proof, By travel and prompt observation, Instructs you how to place the use of speech. – But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit: We'll pass the time a little in discourse. What have you seen abroad?

Ferna. No wonders, lady,
Like these I see at home.

Fiorm. At home! as how?

Ferna. Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of truth, Report but what is warranted by sight.

Fiorm. What sight?

Ferna. Look in your mirror, and you shall see A miracle.

Fiorm. What miracle?

Ferna. Your beauty, So far above all beauties else abroad As you are in your own superlative.

Fiorm. Fie, fie! your wit hath too much edge.

Ferna. Would that, Or any thing that I could challenge mine, Were but of value to express how much I serve in love the sister of my prince!

Fiorm. Tis for your prince's sake, then, not for mine?

Ferna. For you in him, and much for him in you. I must acknowledge, madam, I observe In your affects a thing to me most strange, Which makes me so much honour you the more.

Fiorm. Pray, tell it.

Ferna. Gladly, lady: I see how opposite to youth and custom You set before you, in the tablature Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs Of a most loyal lady for the loss Of so renowned a prince as was your lord.

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

Ferna. Of him! I know it is a needless task in me To set him forth in his deservèd praise; You better can record it; for you find How much more he exceeded other men.
In most heroic virtues of account,
So much more was your loss in losing him.
Of him! his praise should be a field too large,
Too spacious, for so mean an orator
As I to range in.

208-211: "I am not a powerful enough speaker to praise your husband to the extent he deserves."
= roam about in, referring to the field.

213-9: Fiormonda cleverly turns the direction of the discussion; since Fernando is not responding to her as she hoped he would, she decides to take the initiative.

= describe or celebrate

Sir, enough: 'tis true
He well deserved your labour. On his deathbed
This ring he gave me, bade me never part
With this but to the man I loved as dearly
As I loved him: yet since you know which way
To blaze his worth so rightly, in return
To your deserts wear this for him and me.

[Offers him the ring.]

Madam!
‘Tis yours,
Methought you said he charged you
Not to impart it but to him you loved
As dearly as you loved him.
True, I said so,
O, then, far be it my unhallowed hand
With any rude intrusion should annul
A testament enacted by the dead!
Why, man, that testament is disannulled
And cancelled quite by us that live. Look here,
My blood is not yet freezed; for better instance,
Be judge yourself; experience is no danger –
Cold are my sighs; but, feel, my lips are warm.

[Kisses him.]

What means the virtuous marquess?
To new-kiss
The oath to thee, which whiles he lived was his:
Hast thou yet power to love?

To love!
To meet
Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet?

Madam, 'twere dulness past the ignorance
Of common blockheads not to understand
Whereeto this favour tends; and 'tis a fortune
So much above my fate, that I could wish
No greater happiness on earth: but know
Long since I vowed to live a single life.
Fiorm. What was't you said?

Ferna. I said I made a vow −

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

[Aside] Blessèd deliverance!

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

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

Ferna. 'Tis my duty, madam, To be commanded.

Bian. Since my lord the duke Is now disposed to mirth, the time serves well For mediation, that he would be pleased To take the Lord Roseilli to his grace. He is a noble gentleman; I dare Engage my credit, loyal to the state; − And, sister, one that ever strove, methought, By special service and obsequious care, To win respect from you: it were a part Of gracious favour, if you pleased to join With us in being suitors to the duke For his return to court.

Fiorm. To court! indeed, You have some cause to speak; he undertook, Most champion-like, to win the prize at tilt.

In honour of your picture; marry, did he. There's not a groom o' the query could have matched The jolly riding-man: pray, get him back; I do not need his service, madam, I.

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

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

Bian. Sister, these words I understand not.

Ferna. [Aside] Swell not, unruly thoughts! − Madam, the motion you propose proceeds From the true touch of goodness; 'tis a plea Wherein my tongue and knee shall jointly strive

269: "I am saved!"

= "I am thwarted?" = "curses on", similar to "damn this interruption!"

= "well met!"

= "request to make to you"; note that Ford was fond of sprinkling ye's in with his you's in his plays.

= commenting again on the change in the duke's disposition.

= ie. addressing Fiormonda, her sister-in-law

= Fiormonda puns on court, referring to Roseilli's attempts to woo, or court, her, which she is not interested in.

= in a jousting (or similar) competition; Fiormonda's true unpleasant character begins to display itself in this speech. Her revelation here that Roseilli fought in a competition on Bianca's behalf, rather than on hers, suggests the possibility that jealousy of Bianca caused Fiormonda to snippily reject him.

= a strong oath, derived from the Virgin Mary.

= equerry, ie. the royal stables.¹

= gallant¹; she is being sarcastic.

300-2: "Well, I don't need him either, but this is the right thing to do."

308: Fernando's love for Bianca is so intense that he must warn himself to be careful how he speaks to her.
To beg his highness for Roseilli's cause.
Your judgment rightly speaks him; there is not
In any court of Christendom a man
For quality or trust more absolute.

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

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

Bian. I hope so too.

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

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

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

Enter the Duke, Ferentes, and Nibrassa.

Duke. Prithee, no more, Ferentes; by the faith
I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh
Beside my spleen. — Fernando, hadst thou heard

The pleasant humour of Mauruccio's dotage
Discoursed, how in the winter of his age
He is become a lover, thou wouldst swear
A morris-dance were but a tragedy
Compared to that: well, we will see the youth. —

What council hold you now, sirs?

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

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

**Ferna.** None that I know.

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

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

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

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

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

**Pet.** [Aside] What's this? what's this?

**Ferna.** I hear he was commanded from the court.

**D'Av.** [Aside] O, confusion on this villainous occasion!

**Duke.** True; but we meant a day or two at most
Should be his furthest term. Not yet returned?

**D'Av.** My lord?

**Duke.** You know our mind:
How comes it thus to pass we miss Roseilli?

**D'Av.** My lord, in a sudden discontent I hear he
departed towards Benevento, determining, as I
am given to understand, to pass to Seville, minding
to visit his cousin, Don Pedro de Toledo, in the
Spanish court.

**Duke.** The Spanish court! now by the blessèd bones
Of good Saint Francis, let there posts be sent
To call him back, or I will post thy head
Beneath my foot: ha, you! you know my mind;
Look that you get him back: the Spanish court!
And without our commission! –

**Pet.** [Aside] Here's fine juggling!

**Bian.** Good sir, be not so moved.
Duke. Fie, fie, Bianca, 'Tis such a gross indignity; I'd rather Have lost seven years' revenue: − the Spanish court! − How now, what ails our sister?

Fiorm. On the sudden I fall a-bleeding; 'tis an ominous sign, Pray Heaven it turn to good! − Your highness' leave.

Duke. Look to her. − Come, Fernando, − come, Bianca, − Let's strive to overpass this choleric heat. − [To D'Avolos] Sirrah, see that you trifle not. − How we Who sway the manage by authority May be abused by smooth officious agents! −

But look well to our sister. [Exeunt all but Petruchio and Fernando.]

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

Ferna. Yes, uncle, yes.

[Exit Petruchio.]

Thus bodies walk unsouled! mine eyes but follow My heart entombed in yonder goodly shrine:

Life without her is but death's subtle snares, And I am but a coffin to my cares.

END OF ACT I.
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
May stover up to prick my mistress' lip,
More rude than bristles of a porcupine. − Giacopo!

2 Gia. My lord?

Maur. Am I all sweet behind?

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

Maur. But, Giacopo, with what grace do my words proceed out of my mouth? Have I a moving countenance? is there harmony in my voice? canst thou perceive, as it were, a handsomeness of shape in my very breath, as it is formed into syllables, Giacopo?

Enter above Duke, Bianca, Fiormonda, Fernando, Courtiers, and Attendants.

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

24 Duke. Observe him, and be silent.

Maur. Hold thou the glass, Giacopo, and mark me

with what exceeding comeliness I could court the lady marquess, if it come to the push.

Duke. Sister, you are his aim.

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

Entering Characters: Mauruccio is the play's stock comic character, a self-loving, older courtier, who does not realize how others perceive and mock him; Giacopo is Mauruccio's servant. glass = mirror

1ff: Mauruccio, as a comic figure, generally speaks in prose; however, he will frequently, as here, lapse into self-conscious attempts at verse, which are always absurd. = bristle up.¹

= ie. agreeable, pleasing¹ (referring his clothing)

= poultry seller; Giacopo makes an easy pun on sweet behind.

¹ Note that Giacopo's aside is spoken for the audience's amusement; he is likely referring back to Mauruccio's behind.

¹⁴: glister-pipe = a tube for administering enemas.²
calamus = an eastern aromatic plant.¹
civet = a musky perfume derived from the civet cat.²

Note that Giacopo's aside is spoken for the audience's amusement; he is likely referring back to Mauruccio's behind.

²⁸f: Mauruccio indicates that he is interested in the newly-widowed Fiormonda.
²⁸ff: note also that Mauruccio appropriately addresses his servant as "thee", while Giacopo uses the formal and respectful "you" in addressing his master.

= ie. if push comes to shove

¹ = object of ridicule¹
Bian. That's your music.

Maur. Thus I reverse my pace, and thus stalking in courtly gait, I advance one, two, and three. − Good! I kiss my hand, make my congee, settle my countenance, and thus begin. − Hold up the glass higher, Giacopo.

Gia. Thus high, sir?

Maur. 'Tis well; now mark me.

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

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

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

Duke. What think you of this language, sister?

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

Bian. O, but you are too generál −

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

Bian. You still mistake me.

37: a snide remark from Bianca.

39-40: Mauruccio is practicing his courtly walk.

= formal bow.
= comportment.¹

= pay attention to

49-54: Mauruccio practices some very awkward verse with which he will address Fiormonda; the lines are in iambic pentameter (stress on every second syllable), but note the clunkiness of many of the line-endings: the dashes in the last words indicate Mauruccio is artlessly forcing the final syllables to be stressed.

56: Petrarch = 14th century Italian poet and humanist. Dante = poet and author of The Divine Comedy. jig-maker = composer of jigs.

57: Sanazzar = Jacopo Sannazaro (1458-1530), Italian poet. Ariosto = Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533), Italian poet. puck-fist = empty boaster, derived from the term for the puffball fungus.²

= Mount Helicon, located in Boeotia in central Greece, was the traditional home of the nine Muses, the goddesses who acted as the protectors of the arts. The rivers that flowed down from the mountain were thought to have the attribute of inspiration. All the major ancient epics poems - the Iliad, Odyssey, and Aeneid - all begin with an invocation by the authors to the Muse of Poetry to help them tell their stories. Mauruccio's reference to Helicon thus suggests his work on his poetry (Murray, p. 157).³

74: Fiormonda completes Bianca's sentence.

= who have

78: by interrupting Bianca, Fiormonda has misunderstood Bianca's intended meaning.
Duke. 
Silence! note the rest.

Maur. 
God-a'mercy, brains! Giacopo, I have it.

Gia. 
What, my lord?

Maur. 
A conceit, Giacopo, and a fine one—down on thy knees, Giacopo, and worship my wit. Give me both thy ears. Thus it is; I will have my picture drawn most composituously, in a square table of some two foot long, from the crown of the head to the waist downward, no further.

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

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.

Gia. 
But now, sir, for the conceit.

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.

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

All above except Fiorm. 
Ha, ha, ha![Exit Fiormonda.]

Bian. 
My sister's gone in anger.

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

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.
Duke. Beshrew the chance! we are discoverèd.

Maur. Pity − O, my wisdom! I must speak to them. −
O, duke most great, and most renownèd duchess!
Excuse my apprehensión, which not much is;
'Tis love, my lord, that's all the hurt you see;
Angelica herself doth plead for me.

= "curse our (bad) luck!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maur. Are they gone?

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

Maur. What news, Giacopo?

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

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

Thus do we march to honour's haven of bliss,

145ff: the duke's tone, which Mauruccio naturally does not
recognize, is gently mocking.

151-3: Mauruccio is at a loss for words, no doubt surprised
by the appearance of the duke in his private chambers!
151-2: put me...bias = "confused or disconcerted me".¹
The term bias was used in the game of bowls (which was
something like bocce) to describe the tendency of the ball to
curve as it rolled, due to an asymmetrical weight contained
within.

171: ie. "I think I know what's going on."

¹ = "my God"

¹ = inclination (to show favour).
¹ = settle (a match).
To ride in triumph through Persepolis.

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

Bian. Now, as I live, here's laughter
Worthy our presence! I'll not lose him so.

[Going.]

Ferna. Madam, −

Bian. To me, my lord?

Ferna. Please but to hear
The story of a castaway in love;
And, O, let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes!

Ferna. The time! yet hear me speak
For I must speak or burst: I have a soul
So anchored down with cares in seas of woe,
That passion and the vows I owe to you
Have changed me to a lean anatomy:
Sweet princess of my life, −

Bian. Forbear, or I shall −

Ferna. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort than as yet
My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind
As pity: hear me out.

Bian. No more! I spare
To tell you what you are, and must confess
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue
Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame;
Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,
I have not voiced your follies: if you dare
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust;
Tis all no better: − learn and love yourself.

[Exit.]

Ferna. Gone! O, my sorrows! how am I undone!
Not speak again? no, no, in her chaste breast
Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness: I have sued and sued,
Knelt, wept, and begged; but tears and vows and words
Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.
I must resolve to check this rage of blood,
And will: she is all icy to my fires,
Yet even that ice inflames in me desires.

[Exit.]

ACT II, SCENE II.
A Room in Petruchio’s House.

Enter Petruchio and Roseilli.

Ros. Is’t possible the duke should be so moved?

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

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

Pet. You're come as I could wish;
My cousin is resolved.

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

Ros. If ever man was bounden to a friend, —

Ferna. No more; away!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Roseilli.]

Love's rage is yet unknown;
In his — ay me! — too well I feel my own! —
So, now I am alone; now let me think.
She is the duchess; say she be; a creature
Sewed-up in painted cloth might so be styled;
That's but a name: she's married too; she is,
And therefore better might distinguish love;
She's young and fair; why, madam, that's the bait
Invites me more to hope: she's the duke's wife;
Who knows not this? — she's bosomed to my friend;

There, there, I am quite lost: will not be won;
Still worse and worse: abhors to hear me speak;

27-45: Fernando engages in a soliloquy.

30: She is...she be = "Let's say Bianca is a duchess; so what?"
= ie. covered in a disguise (of a duchess). = called.
= "discern true love when she sees it"

36-38: She's bosomed...speak = having completed his list of reasons for optimism, Fernando now itemizes why his attempts to woo Bianca are doomed to failure.

bosomed = intimate.
my friend = ie. the duke, to whom she is married.
Eternal mischief! I must urge no more; for, were I not be-lepered in my soul, here were enough to quench the flames of hell. What then? pish! if I must not speak, I'll write. Come, then, sad secretary to my plaints.

Plead thou my faith, for words are turned to sighs. What says this paper?

[Takes out a letter, and reads.]

Enter D’Avolos behind with two pictures.

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

**Ferna.** You're welcome, sir; I thank you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**D’Av.** Yes, my lord. − [Aside] Sure, the word startled him: observe that.
You told me, Master Secretary, once, You owed me love.

Service, my honoured lord; howsoever you please to term it.

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

I beseech your lordship; – they are, as I am, constant to your pleasure.

[Shows Fiormonda's picture.]

This, my lord, is the widow marquess's, as it now newly came from the picture-drawer's, the oil yet 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 to own the workmanship.

A very pretty picture; but, kind signior, To whose use is it?

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 two such lustres as shine in the court of Pavy.

Pray, sir, the other?

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

A hair!

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

Lip!

[Aside] How constantly he dwells upon this
portraiture! − Nay, I'll assure your lordship there is no defect of cunning − [Aside] His eye is fixed as if it were incorporated there. − Were not the party herself alive to witness that there is a creature composed of flesh and blood as naturally enriched with such harmony of admirable beauty as is here artificially counterfeited, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary rapture of some transported conceit, to aim at an impossibility; whose very first gaze is of force almost to persuade a substantial love in a settled heart.

**Ferna.** Love! heart!

**D'Av.** My honoured lord, −

**Ferna.** O Heavens!

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

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

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

**Ferna.** No, gentle sir. − [Aside] I'm lost beyond my senses. − D'ye hear, sir? good, where dwells the picture-maker?

**D'Av.** By the castle's farther drawbridge, near Galiazzo's statue; his name is Alphonso Trinultio. −

[Aside] Happy above all fate!

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

[Exit D'Avolos.]

But rated at my lordship, 'twere too cheap.
I fear I spoke or did I know not what;
All sense of providence was in mine eye.

**Enter Ferentes, Mauruccio, and Giacopo.**

**Feren.** [Aside] Youth in threescore years and ten! − Trust me, my Lord Mauruccio, you are now younger in the judgment of those that compare your former age with your latter by seven-and-twenty years than you were three years ago: by all my fidelity, 'tis a miracle! the ladies wonder at you.

---

1. = skill.
2. = united, in one body with.
3. = attentive
4. = swept-away conceptualization
5. D'Avolos' suspicions are confirmed: he can now inform Fiormonda that Fernando loves the duchess.
6. = enshrined.
7. "please get it out of here!"
8. Galiazzo probably refers to Gian Galeazzo Visconti (1351-1402), the great Milanese leader whose father built Visconti Castle in Pavia. The identity of Alphonso Trinultio is unclear; of course, Ford could have made him up.
9. = valued as high as.
10. 182: Fernando recognizes he may have revealed his feelings to D'Avolos.
11. 187f: Ferentes is making fun of the elderly Mauruccio, who is acting like a much younger man - that is, foolishly.
12. = Ferentes swears by his loyalty - which for him is an oath without value.
Maur. Let them wonder; I am wise as I am courtly.

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

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

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

Feren. The marquess doth love you.

Maur. She doth love me.

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

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

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

Ferna. Is his highness preparing to hunt?

Maur. Yes, my lord, and resolved to lie forth for the brevitating the prolixity of some superfluous transmigration of the sun's double cadence to the western horizon, my most perspicuous good lord.

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

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

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

Maur. Will you grant mine?

Ferna. What is't?

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

Ferna. Why, 'tis, my lord, a fool.
Maur. A fool!

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

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

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

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 he but half as much wit as you, my lord, he would be in short time three-quarters as arrant wise as your lordship.

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

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

Enter Petruchio, and Roseilli dressed like a Fool.

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

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

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

Ros. A, a, a, a, ay.

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

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

[Exeunt Fernando and Petruchio.]

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

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

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

Maur. True. O, that he could but speak methodically!
– Canst speak, fool?

Ros. Can speak; de e e e –

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

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

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

Feren. She will most graciously entertain it.

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

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

Feren. Alas, you must ask him no questions, but clap him on the cheek; I understand his language: your fool is the tender-heartedest creature that is.

Enter Fiormonda and D’Avolos in close conversation.

Fiorm. No more; thou hast in this discovery Exceeded all my favours, D’Avolos. Is’t Mistress Madam Duchess? brave revenge!

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

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

D’Av. "Not altogether in health;" it was the excuse he made.

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

Feren. Lose no time, my lord.

Gia. To her, sir.

Maur. Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most Cynthia hue,

And from a creature ever vowed thy servant
Accept this gift, most rare, most fine, most new;
The earnest penny of a love so fervent.

Fiorm. What means the jolly youth?

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

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

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

Fiorm. By him? well, I accept him; thank you for’t: And, in requital, take that toothpicker; ’Tis yours.

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

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

Fiorm. Make use on’t as you list. – Here D’Avolos, Take in the fool.

D’Av. Come, sweetheart, wilt along with me?

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

Fiorm. Wilt go with me, chick?

Ros. Will go, te e e – go will go –

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

= Fernando, we remember, had told her he had taken a vow of celibacy.
353-4: it appears Fernando has (off-stage) excused himself from accompanying the duke on his hunting trip by claiming his valet was ill.

= right time; but nick was also used during this period as slang for a woman’s genitals.\(^1\) study = undertake to do something.\(^1\)

366-9: more absurd verse from Mauruccio; note the a-b-a-b rhyming scheme. Cynthia hue = pale as the moon; Cynthia was the poetic name of the moon, personified as a goddess.

= ie. small sample or token
= referring to Mauruccio, teasing

= from where

= toothpick; the most recent citation in the OED with the word toothpicker in it was in 1707.

388-9: no quibble now?= Mauruccio may be humorously wondering if the toothpick is meant to suggest something unflattering about his "manhood".
= more alive.

= desire

= child (term of endearment)\(^1\)
= either. = ie. Fernando.
Feren. This was wisely done, now. 'Sfoot, you purchase a favour from a creature, my lord, the greatest king of the earth would be proud of.

Maur. Giacopo! –

Gia. My lord?

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

For meat's the food that must preserve our lives,
And now's the time when mortals whet their knives – on thresholds, shoe-soles, cart-wheels, &c. – Away, Giacopo!

[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.

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

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

Bian. He's a well-practised gamester: well, I care not

How cunning soe'er he be. – To pass an hour
I'll try your skill, my lord: reach here the chess-board.

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

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

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

Fiorm. You need not, madam.

D'Av. [Aside to Fiormonda] Marry, needs she not;
how gladly will she to't! 'tis a rook to a queen she
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
play, I can tell ye.

[Fernando and Bianca play.]

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

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

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

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

Bian. Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

Col. I shall, madam.

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

Bian. Play.

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

Bian. My clergy help me!

My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?
Why, then, the game’s lost too: but play.

Ferna. What, madam?

[Fernando often looks about.]

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

Ferna. Forgive me; let my knees for ever stick

[Kneels.]

Nailed to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so cursed
In my unbounded anguish as the rage

= ie. "I'll wager", suggesting a high-probability bet.
D’Avolos’ double-meaning in this speech is obvious.
= raises.²
27-28: that's beside the play = ie. "and I am not even
talking about the game of chess they are playing."

= good (enough) condition¹

36: "get Fiormonda a candle!"

= Petruchio's daughter Colona, we remember, is a lady-in-
waiting of Bianca's.

= bishops (chess). Having first explained the meaning of
clergy, the 19th century editor Alexander Dyce writes here in
his edition of the play, with his usual entertaining sarcasm,
"those who understand the game do not need these
modicums of information, and upon all others they are
thrown away."

62: Fernando is distracted.

66: there is probably a long pause after this line, as Fernando
continues to appear detached from the game.

= pausing, delaying.¹
= be so good as to.²

= before
Of flames beyond all utterance of words
Devour me, lightened by your sacred eyes.

*Bian.* What means the man?

*Ferna.* To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage the bleeding heart.

That sighs the tender of a suit disdained.
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
Have residence in virtue's breast, 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.

_Re-enter D'Avolos behind._

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

*Bian.* Am I again betrayed? bad man! –

*Ferna.* Keep in
Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool
That heat of cruelty which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Examined; but, O, madam, still I find
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

*D’Av.* [Aside] Not kissing yet? still on your knees? O, for a plump bed and clean sheets,
to comfort the aching of his shins! We shall have ‘em clip anon and lisp kisses; here’s ceremony with a vengeance!

*Bian.* Rise up; we charge you, rise!

[He rises.]

Look on our face:

What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,
So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,
As, were none living of thy sex but thee,
We had much rather prostitute our blood
To some envenomed serpent than admit
Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge
Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.
Think on't.

D’Av. [Aside] Now, now, now the game is a-foot!
your gray jennet with the white face is curried.
forsooth; – please your lordship leap up into the saddle, forsooth. – Poor duke, how does thy head ache now!

Ferna. Stay; go not hence in choler, blessed woman!
You've schooled me; lend me hearing: though the float
Of infinite desires swell to a tide
Too high so soon to ebb, yet, by this hand,

[Kisses her hand.]

This glorious, gracious hand of yours, –

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

Ferna. I swear,
Henceforth I never will as much in word,
In letter, or in syllable, presume
To make a repetition of my griefs.

Good-night t’ye! If, when I am dead, you rip
This coffin of my heart, there shall you read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Bianca's name carved out in bloody lines.
For ever, lady, now good-night!

Bian. Good-night!
Rest in your goodness. – Lights there! –

Enter Attendants with lights.

Sir, good-night!

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

D’Av. So, via! – To be cuckold – mercy and providence – is as natural to a married man as to eat, sleep, or wear a nightcap. Friends! – I will rather trust mine arm in the throat of a lion, my purse with a

= the "royal we", ie. I

= inform.²
= she continues the metaphor of leprous.

= cf. Henry IV, Part I, i, iii: "Before the game is afoot…"
= small Spanish horse.² = rubbed down or combed, applied normally to a horse.¹
140-1: how does...head ache = ie. from growing the traditional horns ascribed to a cuckold.

= the rise of the tide; note the extended and intense "rising tide" metaphor of lines 144-6.

= clasp hands.⁵

The OED, incorrectly I think, suggests clap hands here refers to a kind of Elizabethan-era high-five.¹ Henry V, while wooing Katherine in Shakespeare's Henry V, says to her, "Give me your answer, I’ faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain." It seems unlikely he wants to slap hands with her.

161-2: a rhyming couplet is sometimes used to end a character’s appearance in a scene.

= a surprisingly affectionate line, certainly spoken out of Fernando's hearing; Bianca may have warmer feelings toward Fernando than she is letting on.

= separate

175ff: having only seen, but not heard, the scene between Fernando and Bianca, D'Avolos assumes they are actually involved in a torrid affair.

= friends was frequently used to mean "lovers".
courtesan, my neck with the chance on a die, or my
religion in a synagogue of Jews, than my wife with
a friend. Wherein do princes exceed the poorest
peasant that ever was yoked to a sixpenny strumpet
but that the horns of the one are mounted some
two inches higher by a chopping than the other?

O Actaeon! the goodliest-headed beast of the
forest amongst wild cattle is a stag; and the
goodliest beast among tame fools in a corporation
is a cuckold.

Re-enter Fiomonda.

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

D'Av. Above the prevention of fate, madam. I saw
him kneel, make pitiful faces, kiss hands and
forefingers, rise, − and by this time he is up, up,
madam. Doubtless the youth aims to be duke,
for he is gotten into the duke's seat an hour ago.

Fiorm. Is't true?

D'Av. Oracle, oracle! Siege was laid, parley admitted,
composition offered, and the fort entered; there's no
interruption. The duke will be at home to-morrow,
gentle animal! − what d'ye resolve?

Fiorm. To stir-up tragedies as black as brave,
And send the lecher panting to his grave.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.
A Bedchamber in the Palace.

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

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

Ferna. Who calls me?

Bian. My lord,
Sleeping or waking?

Ferna. Ha! who is't?

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

Ferna. Madam, the duchess!

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

Ferna. Is't possible 'tis you?

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

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

Bian. 'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up and listen.
With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king; if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt
That tyranny: be record to my soul
The justice which I for this folly fear!

Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Ferna. O, madam!

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

Ferna. Perpetual happiness!

Bian. Now hear me out.
When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and without respect
Of dower took me to his bed and bosom;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not moved by counsel or removed by greatness;

Which to requite, betwixt my soul and Heaven
I vowed a vow to live a constant wife:
I have done so; nor was there in the world
A man created could have broke that truth
For all the glories of the earth but thou,
But thou, Fernando! Do I love thee now?

_Ferna._ Beyond imagination.

_Bian._ True, I do,  
_Beyond imagination:_ if no pledge

Of love can instance what I speak is true  
But loss of my best joys, here, here, Fernando,  
Be satisfied and ruin me.

_Ferna._ What d'ye mean?

_Bian._ To give my body up to thy embraces,  
A pleasure that I never wished to thrive in  
Before this fatal minute. Mark me now;  
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,  
By my best comforts, here I vow again,  
To thee, to _Heaven_, to the world, to time,

Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,  
I'll kill myself!

_Ferna._ How, madam, how!

_Bian._ I will:  
Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice: what say ye?

_Ferna._ Pish! do you come to try me? tell me, first,  
Will you but grant a kiss?

_Bian._ Yes, take it; that,  
Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.

[Fernando kisses her.]

_Ferna._ O, me!– Come, come; how many women, pray,  
Were ever heard or read of, granted love,  
And did as you protest you will?

_Bian._ Fernando,  
Jest not at my calamity. I kneel:

[Kneels.]

By these dishevelled hairs, these wretched tears,  
By all that's good, if what I speak my heart  
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,  
Was never man sued to me I denied, –  
Think me a common and most cunning whore;  
And let my sins be written on my grave,  
My name rest in reproof!

[Rises.]

Do as you list.  

= when Fernando said "Beyond imagination", he meant, "Wow, this is unbelievable!"; when Bianca said it, she was answering her own question: "yes, this is how much I love you, beyond imagination."

= illustrate

87: Bianca's sudden change in tone confuses Fernando.

= "pay close attention to"

= _Heaven_ is usually pronounced as a one-syllable word for purposes of fitting the meter, but in this case it is di-syllabic.

= an expression of impatience. = test.

100-2: Fernando is tossing out for consideration the idea that Bianca's threat to kill herself is nothing more than the typical protestations of dissembling women.

109: typical Elizabethan swearing on body-parts

= wish, desire
**Ferna.** I must believe ye, − yet I hope anon, When you are parted from me, you will say 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.  

**Bian.** Nay, be thine:  

Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write This love within the tables of my heart.  

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

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

**Ferna.** This kiss, − best life, good rest!  

[Kisses her.]  

**Bian.** All mine to thee!  

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

**Ferna.** Your most faithful servant!  

[Exit Bianca − Scene closes.]  

END OF ACT II.
ACT III.

SCENE I.
An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Nibrassa chafing, followed by Julia weeping.

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

Jul. Pray, sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

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

Jul. Sir, by the honour of my mother's hearse.

He has protested marriage, pledged his faith;
If vows have any force, I am his wife.

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

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

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

Enter Petruchio, leading Colona.
Pet. Hide not thy folly by unwise excuse,

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

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

Nib. Husband! hey-day! is't even so? nay, then, we
have partners in affliction: if my jolly gallant's long

clapper have struck on both sides, all is well. −
Petruchio, thou art not wise enough to be a paritor:
come hither, man, come hither; speak softly; is thy
daughter with child?

Pet. With child, Nibrassa!

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

Pet. Alas, my lord, by whom?

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

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

Col. Ay me! to me he did.

Nib. What else, what else, Petruchio? − and,
madam, my quondam daughter, I hope h'ave
passed some huge words of matrimony to you
too.

Jul. Alas! to me he did.

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

[Julia and Colona sit down.]

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

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

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

[Exeunt Nibrassa and Petruchio.]

Col. We are quite ruined.


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

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

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

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

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

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

[They rise, and walk aside.]

Enter Ferentes and Morona.

Feren. Will ye hold? death of my delights, have ye lost all sense of shame? You're best roar about the court that I have been your woman's-barber and trimmed ye, kind Morona.

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

**Feren.** Yet again? nay, an if you be in that mood, shut up your fore-shop, I'll be your journeyman no longer. Why, wise Madam Dryfist, could your mouldy brain be so addle to imagine I would marry a stale widow at six-and-forty? Marry gip! are there not varieties enough of thirteen? come, stop your clap-dish, or I'll purchase a carting for you. — By this light, I have toiled more with this tough carri

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

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

**Mor.** Answered!

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

[Comes forward with Colona]

— Love, how is't, chick? ha?

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

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

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

Jul. Love, you must go with me.

Col. Good love, let's walk.

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.

Col. How, not me!

Jul. Not me!

Mor. Not me!

Feren. Nor you, nor you, nor you: and to give you some satisfaction, I'll yield ye 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.

[Exit.]

Mor. Excellent!

Jul. Notable!

Col. Unmatchèd villain!

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE II.
The State-room in the Palace.

Enter the Duke, Bianca supported by Fernando, Fiorimonda, Petruchio, Nibrassa, Ferentes, and D’Avolos.

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

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

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

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

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

Fior. [Aside] If she entreat, 'tis ten to one the man Is won beforehand.
Duke. Friend, thou honour'st me: But can it be so speedily performed?

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

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

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

Feren. With my best service and dexterity, My lord.

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

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

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

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

Bian. Your lip, my lord!

Ferna. Madam?

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

Ferna. Not for the world.

Fiorm. [Aside] Apparent impudence!

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

Duke. Ha, what's that thou mislikest, D'Avolos?

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


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

Feren. An't please your highness, he's of late grown so affectionately inward with my lady marquess's fool, that I presume he is confident there are few wise men worthy of his society, who are not as

= idiot³

= is lacking. = play a part in the show.

51-54: a bit of foreshadowing: that Ferentes will play a part helps their daughters with their plans of revenge.

54: Heaven is always just (it cannot be bribed).

= ie. his wife's uncle, the abbot.

= specifically religious zeal.

= alternative term for handkerchief, both words entering the language in the early 16th century.

= curse; D'Avolos' speech is not quite an aside, as the duke hears him - it is more like he is muttering to himself.

80-81: hammering a conceit = trying to work out an idea.

= serious

= if it.

= close, intimate.¹
innocently harmless as that creature. It is almost impossible to separate them, and 'tis a question which of the two is the wisest man.

Duke. Would he were here! I have a kind of dulness = sluggishness, which hangs on me since my hunting, that I feel As 'twere a disposition to be sick; my head is ever aching.

D'Av. A shrewd ominous token; I like no t that neither.

D'Av. I beseech your highness excuse me; I am so busy with this frivolous project, and can bring it to no shape that it almost confounds my capacity.

Bian. My lord, you were best to try a set at maw.

Bian. And your friend, to pass away the time.

Duke. The game's too tedious.

Fiorm. 'Tis a peevish play; your knave will heave the queen out or your king; besides, it's all on fortune.

Enter Mauruccio disguised as before, and Giacopo.

Maur. Bless thee, most excellent duke! I here present thee as worthy and learned a gentleman as ever I − and yet I have lived threescore years − conversed with.

Take it from me, I have tried him, and he is worthy to be privy-counsellor to the greatest Turk in Christendom; of a most apparent and deep understanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose. − Come forward, sir, and appear before his highness, one that has a great deal of little wit, as naturally as myself speak Italian, my lord. Well, will undertake your highness and your sister.

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he has rare qualities!

_Duke._ Now, prithee, question him, Mauruccio.

_Maur._ I will, my lord. –

Tell me, rare scholar, which, in thy opinion,

_Duke._ We understand him not.

_Maur._ Admirable, I protest, duke; mark, O, duke, mark! – What did I ask him, Giacopo?

_Gia._ What caused the strongest breath, garlic or onions, I take it, sir.

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

_Duke._ How happy is that idiot whose ambition

Is but to eat and sleep, and shun the rod!

Men that have more of wit, and use it ill,

Are fools in proof.

_Bian._ True, my lord, there's many

Who think themselves most wise that are most fools.

_D'Av._ Bitter girds, if all were known; — but —

_Duke._ But what? speak out; plague on your muttering, grumbling!

I hear you, sir; what is't?

_D'Av._ Nothing, I protest, to your highness pertinent to any moment.

_Duke._ Well, sir, remember. — Friend, you promised study. —

I am not well in temper. — Come, Bianca. —

Attend our friend, Ferentes.

[Exeunt all but Fernando, Roseilli, Ferentes and Mauruccio.]

_Ferna._ Ferentes, take Mauruccio in with you;

He must be one in action.

_Feren._ Come, my lord,

I shall entreat your help.

_Ferna._ I'll stay the fool,
And follow instantly.

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

[Exeunt Ferentes and Mauruccio.]

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

**Ros.** Are we safe?

Then let me cast myself beneath thy foot,

True, virtuous lord. Know, then, sir, her proud heart

Is only fixed on you, in such extremes

Of violence and passion, that I fear,

Or she'll enjoy you, or she'll ruin you.

**Ferna.** Me, coz? by all the joys I wish to taste,

She is as far beneath my thought as I

In soul above her malice.

I observed

Even now a kind of dangerous pretence

In an unjointed phrase from D'Avolos.

I know not his intent; but this I know,

He has a working brain, is minister

To all my lady's counsels; and, my lord,

Pray Heaven there have not anything befall'n

Within the knowledge of his subtle art

To do you mischief!

**Ferna.** Pish! should he or hell

Affront me in the passage of my fate,

I'd crush them into atoms.

**Ros.** I do admit you could: meantime, my lord,

Be nearest to yourself; what I can learn,

You shall be soon informed of: here is all

We fools can catch the wise in, − to unknot,

By privilege of coxcombs, what they plot.

**ACT III, SCENE III.**

Another Room in the Palace.

**Enter Duke and D'Avolos.**

**Duke.** Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss

Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests
And coinage of your politician's brain,
Shall jig me off; I'll know't, I vow I will.

Did not I note your dark abrupted ends
Of words half-spoke? your "wells, if all were known"?
Your short "I like not that"? your girds and "butts"?

211ff: Roseilli, we remember, has been given as a gift to
Fiormonda, who, believing Roseilli to be a retarded
person, does not hesitate to speak her plans in front of
him; an Elizabethan character's disguise was always
impenetrable to the other characters.

= either. = destroy.

= term of address for any kinsman

= design.³

= incoherent, referring to D'Avolos' mutterings that Roseilli
overheard.

225-230: Roseilli has not been able to discern exactly what
D'Avolos and Fiormonda are plotting, but he senses
Fernando is in danger.

= secrets.

= atoms

= proverbial: "be most concerned for you own well-being."

= those whom jesters and fools serve often speak
carelessly in front of them, allowing them to learn what is
going on - and in Roseilli's case, to frustrate their plans.

coxcombs = fool's caps.³
Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues
More matter than your subtlety shall hide:
Tell me, what is't? by honour's self I'll know.

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

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

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

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

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

Duke. By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee.

D'Av. Get from me, cowardly servility! – my service
is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass: in short,
my lord, and plain discovery, you are a cuckold.

Duke. Keep in the word, – a “cuckold!”

D'Av. Fernando is your rival, has stolen your
duchess' heart, murdered friendship, horns your
head, and laughs at your horns.

Duke. My heart is split!

D'Av. Take courage, be a prince in resolution: I
knew it would nettle you in the fire of your
composition, and was loth to have given the first
report of this more than ridiculous blemish to all
patience or moderation: but, O, my lord, what
would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to
his sovereign? Yet, good sir, take it as quietly as

1-10: the duke's worrying here begins to approach paranoia, and perhaps signals the beginning of his mental decline.

15-17: Should I…appearance = "Do you want me to make something up to feed your suspicions, or suggest goings-on without evidence?"

= expressed

= my favor.

= hesitation.

= reveal.

= unbounded¹

= split in two, divided¹: used with half in the next line.

= predict.²

= with this apostrophe, D'Avolos tries to pump up his courage to tell the duke what he knows; of course, he could be dissembling his anxiety, and may be actually very eager to cause trouble for the duke.

= mental condition¹

= prove
you can: I must needs say 'tis a foul fault; but
what man is he under the sun that is free from
the career of his destiny? May be she will in time
reclaim the errors of her youth; or 'twere a great
happiness in you, if you could not believe it;
that's the surest way, my lord, in my poor counsel.

Duke. The icy current of my frozen blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
As flames of burning sulphur. O, my fate!
A cuckold! had my dukedom's whole inheritance
Been rent, mine honours levelled in the dust,
So she, that wicked woman, might have slept
Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.
And he, that villain, viper to my heart,
That he should be the man! death above utterance!
Take heed you prove this true.

D’Av. My lord, —

Duke. If not,
I'll tear thee joint by joint. — Phew! methinks
It should not be: — Bianca! why, I took her
From lower than a bondage: — hell of hells! —
See that you make it good.

D’Av. As for that, 'would it were as good as I would make it! I can, if you will temper your distractions, but bring you where you shall see it; no more.

Duke. See it!

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


Enter Fernando.

What news, Fernando?

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

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

[Exit with Fernando.]

D’Av. Excellent! now for a horned moon.

[Music within.]
But I hear the preparation for the entertainment of this great abbot. Let him come and go, that matters nothing to this; whiles he rides abroad in hope to purchase a purple hat, our duke shall

as earnestly heat the pericranion of his noddle with a yellow hood at home. I hear ’em coming.

Loud music.
Enter Servants with torches; then the Duke,
followed by Fernando, Bianca, Fiormonda, Petruchio, and Nibrassa, at one side; two Friars, the Abbot and Attendants at the other. The Duke and Abbot meet and salute; Bianca and the rest salute, and are saluted; they rank themselves, and pass over the stage; the Choir singing.

On to your victuals; some of ye, I know, feed upon wormwood.

[Exit.]

ACT III, SCENE IV.
Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Petruchio and Nibrassa with napkins, as from supper.

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

[Within] All ready.

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


Enter Attendants with lights, before the Duke, Abbot, Bianca, Flormonda, Fernando, and D’Avolos.

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

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

= a swipe at the Catholic practice of simony - the sale of religious offices. The purple hat refers to the red hats worn by cardinals.
= brain (humorous usage).¹ = head.¹
= yellow was the color signifying jealousy.

= a plant used in medicine, known for its bitter taste; hence, anything that is bitter.

3: Colona, perhaps with Julia and Morona, call out from off-stage.

= supported by; Nibrassa tries to build up Petruchio's courage to face what is about to happen.

= deficient¹; ie. the duke is being appropriately modest, claiming an inability to provide the abbot with as magnificent a ceremonial welcome as his heart desires.

= comic performance.

= another slight on the Catholic church, referring to its
Both large and general.

Duke. Our humble duty! –

Seat you, my lords. – Now let the masquers enter.

Enter, in an antic fashion, Ferentes, Roseilli, and Mauruccio at several doors; they dance a short time. Suddenly enter to them Colona, Julia, and Morona in odd shapes, and dance: the men gaze at them, and are invited by the women to dance. They dance together sundry changes; at last Ferentes is closed in, – Mauruccio and Roseilli being shook off, stand at different ends of the stage gazing. The women join hands and dance round Ferentes with divers complimential offers of courtship; at length they suddenly fall upon him and stab him; he falls, and they run out at several doors. The music ceases.

Feren. Uncase me; I am slain in jest. A pox upon your outlandish feminine antics! pull off my visor;

I shall bleed to death ere I have time to feel where I am hurt. – Duke, I am slain: off with my visor; for Heaven's sake, off with my visor!

Duke. Slain! – Take his visor off –

[They unmask Ferentes]

we are betrayed:

Seize on them! two are yonder: hold Ferentes:

Follow the rest: apparent treachery!

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

Re-enter Julia, Colona, and Morona unmasked, each with a child in her arms.

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

Col. I was "too quickly won," you slave!
Mor. I was "too old," you dog!

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

[Stabs him.]

Feren. O, O, O! −

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

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

[Dies.]

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

Pet. Stay;
I'll answer for my daughter.

Nib. And I for mine. −
O, well done, girls!

Ferna. I for yon gentlewoman, sir.

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

Duke. To prison with him! Bear the body hence.

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

[Exeunt.]

= perhaps meaning to cut out his liver, which produced
a secretion called gall, which was believed to be the
source of bitterness.¹

= the well-known fashion appendage to the male frontal-
area; Ferentes may be cursing his own abnormal or
immoral sexual behavior.
= punished.⁷
93-97: Ferentes returns to his horse metaphors for the
women.
= lust.
= pun on "horse", which would sound the same.
= simple riding horses.¹
88-99: a common, but not universally observed, convention
of Elizabethan drama granted even the most evil characters a
chance to repent their sinful ways before they die, as
Ferentes - to some degree - did here in his last speech.

= assume responsibility for; the girls will be kept in private
house-arrest rather than be forced to endure prison.

110: Fernando will take responsibility for Morona.

= ie. Mauruccio; for some unknown reason, the duke has
Mauruccio arrested; it may be a manifestation of his
peevishness since he learned Bianca was cheating on him.

End of Act III: the bitter comments provided at the end of
Act III by the prudish editor Alexander Dyce are worth
quoting here: "Few third acts can be found so uniformly
reprehensible and disgusting as this: the only thing to praise
in it is the promptitude with which the author has freed
himself, in part, from the loathsome encumbrance of such a
worthless rabble."¹²
END OF ACT III.
**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.**

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke, Fiormonda, and D’Avolos.*

**Fiorm.** Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins
One drop of blood that issued from the loins
Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit
On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father,
And canst not blush to be so far beneath
The spirit of heroic ancestors?
Canst thou engross a slavish shame, which men
Far, far below the region of thy state

Not more abhor than study to revenge?
Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage
To think I have a brother so befooled
In giving patience to a harlot's lust.

**D’Av.** One, my lord, that doth so palpably, so

make her adulteries a trophy, whiles
the poting-stick to her unsatiate and more than

your friend too! O, unsufferable! – a friend! how
of all men are you most unfortunate! – to pour out
your soul into the bosom of such a creature as
holds it religion to make your own trust a key to
open the passage to your own wife's womb, to
be drunk in the privacies of your bed! – think
upon that, sir.

**Duke.** Be gentle in your tortures, e'en for pity;
For pity's cause I beg it.

**Fiorm.** Be a prince!
Th'adst better, duke, thou hadst, been born a peasant.

1ff: Fiormonda berates the duke for not being man enough
to punish those who have disgraced him. Note that she
addresses him with the scornful "thou".

7-9: "is it possible for you tolerate this disgrace, which
even men of lower status (region) would take pains
to revenge with a passion that matches their level of
loathing of the shame?" engross = possess.3

= "and you call yourself an Italian!"
= made a fool of.1

14ff: perhaps feeling he is protected by Fiormonda's
presence, D'Avolos recklessly taunts the duke.

16: poting-stick = "a slender rod of bone or steel, for setting
the plaits of rum, cuffs, &c. after starching" (Dyce,
p.74)12; clearly suggestive.
unsatiate = insatiable.

= sleepy, ie. inattentive. = complacency or over-confidence.1
= sickly yellow.1
= having no lands.
= spirited or lustful youths.2
= snares.2 = brothel.

26-27: More base...infect = the sense is something like
"Bianca's lust is so great that it cannot be tainted
(infected) any worse by any further depravity".  
corruption = depravity or dissolution,1
clip = embrace or grasp,1
inveigle = seduce,1

= ie. Fernando.

= person, despicable person, or one who owes his or her
position to a patron1, ie. Fernando.

= note that D'Avolos, even as he is mocking the duke,
still uses the formal "you" in addressing him, because
for him to use "thee" would be too explicitly insulting.

36-37: the duke's response is timid and weak.

= "it would have been better for you"
Now boys will sing thy scandal in the streets,
Tune ballads to thy infamy, get money
By making pageants of thee, and invent
Some strangely-shaped man-beast, that may for horns
Resemble thee, and call it Pavy's Duke.

**Duke.** Endless immortal plague!

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

**Duke.** Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek is scarleted in ruddy flakes of wrath;
And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,
With swiftest terror, all those dusty mists
That overcloud compassion in our breast. You've roused a sleeping lion, whom no art,
No fawning smoothness shall reclaim, but blood.
And sister thou, thou, Roderico, thou,
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue
To whet my dulness: you shall see Caraffa

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

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

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

**Fiorm.** Or what? you will be mad? be rather wise;
Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom

= plays or shows

= with sir, D'Avolos hangs on to a thread of formality, even as he twists the knife deeper.

= ashen, deadly pale'

= flattery. = call back.

= this is the first time in the play that D'Avolos is addressed by his first name.

= excessive dose of poison.

= "render more painfully acute to me my inactivity (dulness's) in this matter"; the duke warns D'Avolos to cease his taunting.

= ie. behave the way a duke should.

= Fiormonda reverts to "you", indicating a more respectful tone.

= sky or heavens

= example; the duke wants to see proof of Bianca's cheating.
The harmless youth was slaughtered: had he lived,
He would have told you tales: Fernando feared it;
And to prevent him, — under show, forsooth,
Of rare device, — most trimly cut him off.

Have you yet eyes, duke?


Fiorm. For looking on a sight shall split your soul,
You shall not care: I'll undertake myself
To do't some two days hence; for need, to-night,
But that you are in court.

D'Av. Right. Would you desire, my lord, to see
them exchange kisses, sucking one another's lips, nay, begetting an heir to the dukedom, or practising
more than the very act of adultery itself? Give but
a little way by a feigned absence, and you shall
find 'em — I blush to speak doing what: I am mad
to think on't; you are most shamefully, most
sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.

Duke. D'ye play upon me? as I am your prince,
There's some shall roar for this! Why, what was I,
Both to be thought or made so vile a thing? —
Stay, madam marquess, — ho, Roderico, you, sir, —
Bear witness that if ever I neglect
One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out
With toil of plot or practice of conceit
My busy skull, till I have found a death
More horrid than the bull of Phalaris,

Or all the fabling poets' dreaming whips;
If ever I take rest, or force a smile
Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance,
Before I know which way to satisfy
Fury and wrong, — nay, kneel down, —

[They kneel.]

let me die
More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt,
Laughter, and poverty itself can make me!
Let's rise on all sides friends:
now all's agreed:
If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.

Enter Bianca, Fernando, and Morona.

Bian. My lord the duke, —

Duke. Bianca! ha, how is't?

How is't, Bianca? — What, Fernando! — come,
Shall's shake hands, sirs? — 'faith, this is kindly done. Here's three as one: welcome, dear wife, sweet friend!

D'Av. [Aside to Fiormonda] I do not like this now; it shows scurvily to me.

Bian. My lord, we have a suit; your friend and I —

Duke. [Aside]

She puts my friend before, most kindly still.

Bian. Must join —

Duke. What, "must"?

Bian. My lord! —

Duke. Must join, you say —

Bian. That you will please to set Mauruccio
At liberty; this gentlewoman here
Hath, by agreement made betwixt them two,
Obtained him for her husband: good my lord,
Let me entreat; I dare engage mine honour
He's innocent in any wilful fault.

Duke. Your honour, madam! now beshrew you for't,
T' engage your honour on so slight a ground:
Honour's a precious jewêl, I can tell you;
Nay, 'tis, Bianca; go to! — D'Avolos,
Bring us Mauruccio hither.

D'Av. I shall, my lord.

[Exit.]

Mor. I humbly thank your grace,

Ferna. And, royal sir, since Julia and Colona,
Chief actors in Ferentes' tragic end,
Were, through their ladies' mediatiôn,
Freed by your gracious pardon; I, in pity,

141: medical bleeding of patients was believed to be more efficacious if performed when the moon was in certain phases.¹

= Fernando, we remember, took responsibility for Morona's person until her punishment for participating in Ferentes' murder is worked out.

152-3: D'Avolos is concerned that the duke, who just so mightily swore vengeance, is treating Bianca and Fernando so kindly.

= petition

158: "I notice that Bianca said 'your friend and I', instead of 'me and your friend'."

= ie. Morona

= curse

= Julia and Colona were granted a pardon for the murder by the duke, thanks to the intercession of the women they
Tendered this widow's friendless misery;
For whose reprieve I shall, in humblest duty,
Be ever thankful.

Re-enter D’Avolos with Mauruccio in rags,
and Giacopo weeping.

Maur. Come you, my learnèd counsel, do not roar:
If I must hang, why, then, lament therefore:
You may rejoice, and both, no doubt, be great
To serve your prince, when I am turnèd worms'-meat.
I fear my lands and all I have is begged;

Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragged?

D’Av. Come on, sir; the duke stays for you.

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

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

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

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

Duke. Why, foolish man, hast thou so soon forgot
The public shame of her abused womb,
Her being mother to a bastard's birth?
Or canst thou but imagine she will be
True to thy bed who to herself was false?

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

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

Duke. And shalt. − Fernando, thou shalt have the grace
serve, Fiormonda and Bianca respectively.

= weep

= Mauruccio fears his property has been taken possession of
by a formally appointed ward (a process known as begging)
due to his status as a condemned man.³ Set up by Henry
VIII, the Court of Wards was a special administrative office
to which a person could apply to take wardship of an orphan
or a mental incompetent, and thus control the ward's
property; though the guardian was supposed to do nothing
with the property to harm the ward's interests, abuse of the
responsibility was likely common enough to be referred to
regularly in the literature of the period. Successive Tudor
governments took advantage of the law to sell wardships,
or give them as gifts to favorites. The Court was finally
abolished by Charles II in 1660.¹

= is waiting

206-7: one of the great rhyming couplets in all of literature.

puke = puke was originally used as a hawking term,
referring to the passing of food from the gullet to the
stomach (first recorded use in 1586); by 1607, puke had
gained its present meaning.¹

= jail

223-4: Giacopo urges his master Mauruccio to overlook
Morona's episode with Ferentes, and her resulting
pregnancy, as minor matters.

= if. = if.
To join their hands; put 'em together, friend.

_Bian._ Yes, do, my lord; bring you the bridegroom hither; I'll give the bride myself.

_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.

---

_Duke._ Even so: well, do it.

_Ferna._ Here, Mauruccio; Long live a happy couple!

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

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

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

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

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

_Ferna._ 'Tis a strange sentence.

_Fiorm._ 'Tis, and sudden too, And not without some mystery.

_D’Av._ Will you go, sir?

**Maur.** Not near the court!

**Mor.** What matter is it, sweetheart? fear nothing, love; you shall have new change of apparel, good diet, wholesome attendance; — and we will live like pigeons, my lord.
Maur. Wilt thou forsake me, Giacopo?

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

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

Ferna. Madam, you do nobly, − And that's for me, Mauruccio.

[They give him money.]

D'Av. Will ye go, sir?

Maur. Yes, I will go; − and I humbly thank your lordship and ladyship. − Pavy, sweet Pavy, farewell! − Come, wife, − come, Giacopo: Now is the time that we away must lag, And march in pomp with baggage and with bag.

O poor Mauruccio! what hast thou misdone, To end thy life when life was new begun? Adieu to all; for lords and ladies see My woeful plight and squires of low degree!

D'Av. Away, away, sirs!

[Exeunt all but Fiormonda and Fernando.]

Fiorm. My Lord Fernando, −

Ferna. Madam?

Fiorm. Do you note My brother's odd distractions? − You were wont To bosom in his counsels: I am sure You know the ground of it.

Ferna. Not I, in troth.

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

Ferna. What, madam! jealous?

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

_Ferna._ Cause, madam! by this light,
I'll pledge my soul against a useless rush.

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

_Ferna._ Madam, 'tis true;
From them I have, but from their virtues never.

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

_Ferna._ My aim!

_Fiorm._ Yes, yours;
I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know
Thou runn'st to thy confusion, if in time
Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm.

Unkindest man! I have too long concealed
My hidden flames, when still in silent signs
I courted thee for love, without respect
To youth or state; and yet thou art unkind.

Fernando, leave that sorceress, if not
For love of me, for pity of thyself.

_Ferna._ [Walks aside].
Injurious woman, I defy thy lust.
Tis not your subtle sifting that shall creep
Into the secrets of a heart unsoiled.

You are my prince's sister, else your malice
Had railed itself to death: but as for me,
Be record all my fate, I do detest

= loves.

341-4: _I never yet...in him_ = "if the duke is not suspicious now, then I don't know what suspicion is."
= fanciful, imagined.

345: Fiormonda dissembles.

= the marsh plant, often used to cover the floor in a home.

359ff: Fiormonda's indirect approach is not getting to Fernando, so she has no choice but to be blunt.

369: _thou_ = Fiormonda, in switching to "thou", signals her attempt at a more intimate conversation; she will try one more time to win Fernando over.
= Circe was an enchantress who in Book X of the _Odyssey_ turned Odysseus' men into swine after feeding them food laced with magic potions. She changed them back to men only when Odysseus agreed to remain with her for a year.

= consideration.

374: _youth or state_ = Fiormonda refers to the differences in their ages and ranks.
= unkind = ie. he is unkind to her, because he fails to respond to her advances.
= ie. alluding to Bianca again as Circe.

378-385: Fernando's speech is not heard by Fiormonda.

= scrutinizing or searching.¹
= referring to his own innocent heart.
= would have ranted
Your fury or affection: – judge the rest.

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

ACT IV, SCENE II.
Another Room in the Palace.

Enter D’Avolos and Julia.

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

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

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

Jul. Never but one, I swear.

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

[Exeunt.]

Enter Duke and Bianca.

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

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

**Duke.**
Both, both. Bianca, know,
The nightly languish of my dull unrest
Hath stamped a strong opinion; for, methought, −
Mark what I say, − as I in glorious pomp
Was sitting on my throne, whiles I had hemmed
My best-beloved Bianca in mine arms,
She reached my cap of state, and cast it down

Beneath her foot, and spurned it in the dust;
Whiles I − O, 'twas a dream too full of fate! −
Was stooping down to reach it, on my head
Fernando, like a traitor to his vows,
Clapt, in disgrace, a coronet of horns.
But, by the honour of anointed kings,
Were both of you hid in a rock of fire,
Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,
I have a sword − 'tis here − should make my way
Through fire, through darkness, death, and hell, and all,
To hew your lust-engendered flesh to shreds,
Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince

Your flesh to mites: I will, − start not, − I will.

**Bian.**
Mercy protect me, will ye murder me?

**Duke.**
Yes. − O, I cry thee mercy! − How the rage
Of my own dreamed-of wrongs made me forget
All sense of sufferance! − Blame me not, Bianca;
One such another dream would quite distract
Reason and self-humanity: yet tell me,
Was't not an ominous vision?

**Bian.**
Twas, my lord,
Yet but a vision: for did such a guilt
Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you,
If you did stab me to the heart.

**Duke.**
The heart!
Nay, strumpet, to the soul; and tear it off
From life, to damn it in immortal death.

**Bian.**
Alas! what do you mean, sir?

**Duke.**
I am mad. −
Forgive me, good Bianca; still methinks I dream and dream anew: now, prithee, chide me. Sickness and these divisions so distract My senses, that I take things possible As if they were; which to remove, I mean To speed me straight to Lucca, where, perhaps, Absence and bathing in those healthful springs May soon recover me; meantime, dear sweet, Pity my troubled heart; griefs are extreme: Yet, sweet, when I am gone, think on my dream. − Who waits without, ho!

Enter Petrucho, Nibrassa, Fiormonda, D’Avolos, Roseilli disguised as before, and Fernando.

Is provision ready, To pass to Lucca?

Pet. It attends your highness,

Duke. Friend, hold; take here from me this jewèl, this:

[Gives Bianca to Fernando.]

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

[Exeunt all but Roseilli and Petruchio.]

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

Ros. O, sir, My fears exceed my knowledge, yet I note No less than you infer; all is not well; Would 'twere! whosoe'er thrive, I shall be sure Never to rise to my unhoped desires.

But, cousin, I shall tell you more anon: Meantime, pray send my Lord Fernando to me; I covet much to speak with him.

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

[Exit.]

Re-enter Fernando.

Ferna. The duke is horsed for Lucca. How now, coz, How prosper you in love?
Ros. As still I hoped. My lord, you are undone. = expected.¹

Ferna. Undone! in what?

Ros. Lost; and I fear your life is bought and sold; I'll tell you how. Late in my lady's chamber As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats, In comes the lady marquess, and with her Julia and D'Avolos; where sitting down, Not doubting me, "Madam," quoth D'Avolos, "We have discovered now the nest of shame." In short, my lord, — for you already know As much as they reported, — there was told The circumstance of all your private love And meeting with the duchess; when, at last, False D'Avolos concluded with an oath, "We'll make," quoth he, "his heart-strings crack for this." = the anatomical seat of intense love¹

Ferna. Speaking of me?

Ros. Of you; "Ay," quoth the marquess, "Were not the duke a baby, he would seek Swift vengeance; for he knew it long ago." = a reference to the duke's timidness.¹

Ferna. Let him know it; yet I vow She is as loyal in her plighted faith As is the sun in Heaven: but put case She were not, and the duke did know she were not; This sword lifted up, and guided by this arm, Shall guard her from an armed troop of fiends And all the earth beside. = ie. faithful to her wedding vows. = suppose.

Ros. You are too safe In your destruction. = you are over-confident (too safe) in your feeling safe from destruction

Ferna. Damn him! — he shall feel — But peace! who comes?

Enter Colona.

Col. My lord, the duchess craves A word with you.

Ferna. Where is she?

Col. In her chamber.

Ros. Here, have a plum for ie'ee — Col. Come, fool, I'll give thee plums now; come, fool.

Ferna. Let slaves in mind be servile to their fears; Our heart is high instarred in brighter spheres. = plural form of enough¹

192-3 and 198-9: note the pair of rhyming couplets that end Act IV. = made into a star. = an allusion to the Ptolemaic view of the universe, in which the stars and heavens are encased in concentric spheres, each revolving around the earth.
[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.

200

END OF ACT IV.

197: Roseilli recognizes that Fernando is doomed, since he refuses to take steps to protect himself. = avoid or evade.¹
ACT V.

SCENE I.
The Palace. The Duchess's Bedchamber.

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

Fiorm. [Aside]
Now fly, Revenge, and wound the lower earth,
That I, insphered above, may cross the race

Of love despised, and triumph o'er their graves
Who scorn the low-bent thraldom of my heart!

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

Fiorm. [Aside]
Treason to wedlock! this would make you sweat.

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

[Bites her.

Fiorm. [Aside] Ignoble strumpet!

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

[Kisses him.

Ferna. Use that force,
And make me perjuréd; for whiles your lips Are made the book, it is a sport to swear,

= once again, a character is able to enter the private room of another to secretly observe what is happening.

= Fiormonda addresses personified Revenge.
3: insphered = a second allusion to what were believed to be the revolving, concentric spheres of the universe containing all the heavenly bodies.
cross = thwart.
5: low-bent = suggesting a humbling or subservient position.
thraldom = captivity.
7ff: Bianca and Fernando have no idea Fiormonda is spying on them.
= the inviolable vows of marriage (ceremony = a religious rite held sacred).
= "if I could".
= highest.

21-22: the ellipses (…) represent missing fragments, known as lacuna, of an author's work.
23-28: Fernando vows to have himself buried alive with Bianca, should she predecease him.
= cancel or recall; Bianca is responding playfully.
40: perjuréd = describes one who breaks a vow.
40-42: for whiles….forswear = "it is fun (sport) to take vows and then break them on the Bible (book) that is
And glory to forswear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Ferna.** Yes; thou'rt Pavy's duke, Dressed like a hangman: see, I am unarmed, Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt

Of what I could have done hath made thee steal Th' advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare Thy worst, for murder sits upon thy cheeks: To't, man!

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

[The Guard seize Fernando.]

**Ferna.** Unhand me!

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

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

**Duke.** Yet again! – Confine him to his chamber.

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

**Leaves us all;**
None stay, not one; shut up the doors.
Form. Now show thyself my brother, brave Caraffa.

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

Bian. Death; I wish no less. You told me you had dreamt; and, gentle duke, Unless you be mistook, you're now awaked.

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

Bian. For what? to see a weak, Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade? Alas, good man! put up, put up; thine eyes Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move Thy heart to crave variety of youth.

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

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

Duke. Shameless, intolerable whore!

Bian. What ails you? Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke Could make a crooked leg, a scambling foot, A tolerable face, a wearish hand, A bloodless lip, or such an untrimmed beard As yours, fit for a lady's pleasure? no: I wonder you could think 'twere possible, When I had once but looked on your Fernando, I ever could love you again; fie, fie! Now, by my life, I thought that long ago Y' had known it, and been glad you had a friend Your wife did think so well of.

Duke. O my stars! Here's impudence above all history. Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue, Dar'st thou, without a blush, before mine eyes Speak such immodest language?
Bian.  Dare! yes, 'faith, 
You see I dare: I know what you would say now; 
You would fain tell me how exceeding much 
I am beholding to you, that vouchsafed 
Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place, 
The honour of your bed: 'tis true, you did; 
But why? 'twas but because you thought I had 
A spark of beauty more than you had seen. 
To answer this, my reason is the like; 
The self-same appetite which led you on 
To marry me led me to love your friend: 
O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet 
Mine eyes beheld a miracle composed 
Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice. 
I must confess, my lord, that for a prince 
Handsome enough you are, and — and no more; 
But to compare yourself with him! trust me, 
You are too much in fault. Shall I advise you? 
Hark in your ear; thank Heaven he was so slow 
As not to wrong your sheets; for, as I live, 
The fault was his, not mine. 

Fiorm. Take this, take all. 

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

Bian. Look, what I said, 'tis true; for, know it now, — 
I must confess I missed no means, no time, 
To win him to my bosom; but so much, 
So holily, with such religion, 
He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit 
Was held but, in comparison, a jest; 
Nor did I offer urge the violence 
Of my affection, but as oft he urged 
The sacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and friend: 
Yet be assured, my lord, if ever language 
Of cunning servile flatteries, entreaties, 
Or what in me is, could procure his love, 
I would not blush to speak it. 

Duke. Such another 
As thou art, miserable creature, would 
Sink the whole sex of women: yet confess 

164: Bianca implicitly takes back what she said about the duke's deformed physical appearance. 
= "listen (hark) closely;"
= Fiormonda is not passing moral blame on Fernando; it is quite the opposite: "the only reason I have not slept with Fernando yet is that he was being too deliberate."
= "we have come this far"
= artifice, ability to deceive. 
= secret. = ie. marksman, meaning victim or target. 
= ie. his exclusive right, as husband, to enjoy Bianca. 

186: Bianca twists the facts to protect Fernando. 
= Fernando rejected her advances, out of respect for his friendship with the duke. 
= extremity. 

194-7: "be assured I tried every tactic and entreaty I could think of to seduce Fernando." Bianca is exaggerating a bit here, both to protect Fernando and hurt the duke.
What witchcraft used the wretch to charm the heart
Of the once spotless temple of thy mind?
For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.

Bian. Phew! − an you be in these tunes, sir, I'll leave;
You know the best and worst and all.

Duke. Nay, then,
Thou tempt'st me to thy ruin. Come, black angel,
Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up
The sum in gross of all thy veined follies;
There, amongst others, weep in tears of blood
For one above the rest, adultery!
Adultery, Bianca! such a guilt
As, were the sluices of thine eyes let up,
Tears cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tide
Of trivial wantonness from youth to youth,
But thy abusing of thy lawful bed,
Thy husband's bed; his in whose breast thou sleep'st,
His that did prize thee more than all the trash
Which hoarding worldlings make an idol of.

When thou shalt find the catalogue enrolled
Of thy misdeeds, there shall be writ in text
Thy bastardling the issues of a prince.

Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,
And do not hope for life; would angels sing
A requiem at my hearse but to dispense
With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:
Prepare to die!

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

Duke. Not this; I'll none of this; 'tis not so fit −
Why should I kill her? she may live and change,
Or −

[Throws down his sword.]

Fiorm. Dost thou halt? faint coward, dost thou wish
To blemish all thy glorious ancestors?
Is this thy courage?

Duke. Ha! say you so too? −

= a common Elizabethan motif, suggesting the aggressor in love used supernatural means to seduce the victim.
= yet another comparison of Bianca to a temple.
= expressing disgust.¹ = if. = say no more.³

210-1: black angel, fair devil = an interesting pair of oxymorons.
= full number of. = in the blood¹, ie. innate.
= ie. the one folly
= gates of a dam¹, which could be raised to release water.

² = contemptuous term for money.¹
= those people who are devoted to the pleasures of the world.¹
223-4: catalogue…misdeeds = an allusion to the "books" of Revelation 20:12, which record all the good and bad works of those about to be judged.
= ie. text-hand: fine, large handwriting appropriate for books.¹
225: the duke vocalizes the greatest fear of a ruler, that his heirs won't actually be his own flesh and blood.
issues = off-spring.
= if angels were to.
228-9: but to…on thee = "in exchange for my promise not to take revenge on thee".

¹ = last.
= request.
= ie. Fernando.

= vacillate¹; Fiormonda is frustrated by the duke's continued inability to act.
Give me thy hand, Bianca.

**Bian.** Here.

**Duke.** Farewell; Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell!

[Draws his dagger and stabs her.]

Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.

**Bian.** Tis bravely done; thou hast struck home at once: Live to repent too late. Commend my love To thy true friend, my love to him that owes it; My tragedy to thee; my heart to − to − Fernando. O − O!

[Dies.]

**Duke.** Sister, she's dead.

**Fiorm.** Then, whiles thy rage is warm Pursue the causer of her trespass.

**Duke.** Good: I'll slack no time whiles I am hot in blood.

[Takes up his sword and exit.]

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

[Exit above.]

ACT V, SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Fernando, Nibrassa, and Petruchio.

**Pet.** May we give credit to your words, my lord? Speak, on your honour.

**Ferna.** Let me die accursed, If ever, through the progress of my life, I did as much as reap the benefit Of any favour from her save a kiss: A better woman never blessed the earth.

**Nib.** Beshrew my heart, young lord, but I believe thee: alas, kind lady, 'tis a lordship to a dozen points but the jealous madman will in his fury offer her some violence.

**Pet.** If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept A guard about you for your own defence Than to be guarded for security

1: "can we believe you?" Petruchio addresses Fernando.

11-12: *tis a lordship...points* = "it's a safe bet", as in "I'll bet 10 to 1."

= tagged laces used to tie clothes together.

15-18 *twere fit...revenge*: a bit unclear speech, but perhaps something like, "you would be better off being prepared to defend yourself than to rely on your confidence (or overconfidence, both definitions of security) in your safety."
Of his revenge; he is extremely **moved**.

*Nib.* Passion of my body, my lord, if he come in his odd fits to you, in the case you are, he might cut your throat ere you could provide a weapon of defence: nay, rather than it shall be so, hold, take my sword in your hand; 'tis none of the sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox **will** not fail his master, come what will come. Take it; I'll answert, I: in the mean time Petrucho and I will back to the duchess' lodging.

[Gives Fernando his sword.]

*Pet.* Well thought on; − and, despite of all his rage, Rescue the virtuous lady.

*Nib.* Look to yourself, my lord! the duke comes.

Enter the Duke, a sword in one hand, and a bloody dagger in the other.

*Duke.* Stand, and behold thy executioner, Thou glorious traitor! I will keep no form Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt: Look here, 'tis written on my *poniard's* point, The bloody evidence of thy untruth, Wherein thy conscience and the wrathful rod Of Heavèn's scourge for lust at once give up The verdict of thy crying villainies. I see thou'rt armed: prepare, I crave no odds Greater than is the justice of my cause; Fight, or I'll kill thee.

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

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

*Ferna.* Not dead?

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

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

[He drops his sword.]

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

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

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

**Duke.** Pish, this is _stale_ dissimulation;  
I'll hear no more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Kisses the sword.]

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

**Duke.** Bianca chaste!

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

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

[Offers to stab himself, and is _stayed_ by Fernando.]
**Ferna.**

Hold!

Be gentler to thyself.

**Pet.**

Alas, my lord,

Is this a wise man's carriage?

**Duke.**

Whither now

Shall I run from the day, where never man,

Nor eye, nor eye of Heaven may see a dog

So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!

Had not the fury of some hellish rage

Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen

Her clearness in her confidence to die.

Your leave —

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

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

Her love that praised thee in the pangs of death,

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

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

**Enter D'Avolos.**

**D'Av.** The Lord Abbot of Monaco, sir, is, in his return from Rome, lodged last night late in the city, very privately; and hearing the report of your journey, only intends to visit your duchess to-morrow.

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

If you would choose a devil in the shape

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

We'll meet our uncle. — Order straight, Petruchio,

Our duchess may be coffined; 'tis our will

She forthwith be interred, with all the speed

And privacy you may, i' the college-church

Amongst Caraffa's ancient monuments:

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

Damned villain! bloody villain! — O, Bianca! —

No counsel from our cruél wills can win us;

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

[Exeunt all but D'Avolos.]

**D'Av.** Good b'wi'ye! "Arch-arch-devil!" why, I am paid. Here's bounty for good service! beshrew my heart, it is a right princely reward. Now must I say my prayers, that I have lived to so ripe an age to have my head stricken off. I cannot tell; 't may be my Lady Fiormonda will stand on my behalf to the duke: that's but a single hope; a disgraced courtier oftener finds enemies to sink him when he is falling than friends to relieve him. I must

= manner of behavior or conduct

= to where

= in comparing himself to an animal, the duke reveals how basely he views himself.

= innocence

148-9: the duke makes a private vow.

160-1: hearing...journey = the abbot was in receipt of the official story that the duke had gone to visit the spas at Lucca.

= ie. D'Avolos

= ie. collegiate church: a self-governing church managed by a college of non-monastic priests.

= the phrase captures an altered form of the common parting wish God be with ye, in which God was at some point replaced with good, eventually mutating into the modern good-bye.

= ie. rewarded (sarcastic). = a gift or generosity.

= "I don't know what to think"

= feeble
resolve to stand to the hazard of all brunts now.
Come what may, I will not die like a coward;
and the world shall know it.

[Exit.]  

ACT V, SCENE III.
Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Fiomonda, and Roseilli discovering himself.

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

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

Ros. Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!
In death you have revived me.

Enter D’Avolos.

D’Av. [Aside] Whom have we here? Roseilli,

the supposed fool? ’tis he; nay, then, help me
a brazen face! – My honourable lord! –

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

D’Av. Madam, I trust the service –

Fiom. Fellow, learn to new-live: the way to thrift

For thee in grace is a repentant shrift.

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

Enter Servant.

Serv. His highness commends his love to you, and
expects your presence; he is ready to pass to the church, only staying for my lord abbot to associate him. – Withal, his pleasure is, that you, 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?

[Exeunt all but D’Avolos.]

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

[A solemn strain of soft music. The Scene opens, and discovers the Church, with a tomb in the background.]

Enter Attendants with torches, after them two Friars; then the Duke in mourning manner; after him the Abbot, Flormonda, Colona, Julia, Roselli, Petruchio, Nibrassa, and a Guard. – D’Avolos follows. When the procession approaches the tomb they all kneel. The Duke goes to the tomb, and lays his hand on it. The music ceases.

Duke. Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let not the touch of this my impious hand profane the shrine of fairest purity, which hovers yet about those blessèd bones enhearsed within. If in the bosom of this sacred tomb, Bianca, thy disturbèd ghost doth range, Behold, I offer up the sacrifice of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring,

Pouring oblations of a mourning heart To thee, offended spirit! I confess I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man, That butcher, who, in my enragèd spleen, Slaughtered the life of innocence and beauty. Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds Which I digged up, and reconcile the wrongs My fury wrought and my contrition mourns. So chaste, so dear a wife was never man But I enjoyed; yet in the bloom and pride Of all her years untimely took her life. – Enough: set ope the tomb, that I may take My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

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

Ferna. Forbear! what art thou that dost rudely press Into the confines of forsaken graves?
Has death no privilege? Com'st thou, Caraffa,  
To practise yet a rape upon the dead?  
Inhuman tyrant!  
What's ever thou intendest, know this place  
Is pointed out for my inheritance;  
Here lies the monument of all my hopes:  
Had eager lust intrunked my conquered soul,  

I had not buried living joys in death.  
Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud  
To boast thy famous murders; let thy smooth,  
Low-fawning parasites renown thy act:  
Thou com'st not here.  

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

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

Duke.  
Guard, lay hands,  
And drag him out.  

Ferna.  
Yes, let 'em; here's my shield;  
Here's health to victory!  

[As the Guard go to seize him,  
he drinks-off a phial of poison.]  

Now do thy worst. –  
Farewell, duke! once I have outstripped thy plots;  
Not all the cunning antidotes of art  
Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life:  
It works, it works already, bravely! bravely!  
Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.  
O royal poison! trusty friend! split, split  
Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane!  
Roseilli, love my memory. – Well searched out,  
Swift, nimble venom! torture every vein. –

99-100: Had eager...death = "if lust had not taken control of my soul, than I would not have lost my joys in life (ie. Bianca) to death".  
intrunked = another great word, and likely Ford original; the OED defines it as "enclosed in a trunk", but that is not particularly helpful.

= flattering.  
= ie. sycophants of the court. = make famous. ; Fernando's sarcasm is extreme.

117: rend that honour = "tear away that honour I seek".  
life-hugging slaves = those persons who love their lives above all else.

120: Fernando already has his winding-sheet about him.  

= protection, referring to something small he suddenly holds up in his hand.  
= a toast.  
= ie. vial  
= for once. = run ahead of.  
= knowledge or skill, ie. medicine.  
= guarantee, ie. grant. = ie. twelve more.  
= excellently.  
= poison, or causer of death generally.
I come, Bianca—cruèl torment, feast,
Feast on, do—Duke, farewell.−Thus I—hot flames!−
Conclude my love,−and seal it in my bosom!
O!

[Dies.]

Abbot. Most desperate end!

Duke. None stir;
Who steps a foot steps to his utter ruin.−
And art thou gone, Fernando? art thou gone?
Thou wert a friend unmatched; rest in thy fame.−
Sister, when I have finished my last days,
Lodge me, my wife, and this unequalled friend,
All in one monument.−Now to my vows.

Never henceforth let any passionate tongue
Mention Bianca’s and Caraffa’s name,
But let each letter in that tragic sound
Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear;
Children unborn, and widows whose lean cheeks
Are furrowed up by age, shall weep whole nights,
Repeating but the story of our fates;
While in the period, closing up their tale,
They must conclude how for Bianca’s love
Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,
Thus on her altar sacrificed his life.

[Stabs himself.]

Abbot. O, hold the duke’s hand!

Fiorm. Save my brother, save him!

Duke. Do, do; I was too willing to strike home
To be prevented.−Fools, why, could you dream
I would outlive my outrage?−Sprightful flood,

Run out in rivers! O, that these thick streams
Could gather head, and make a standing pool,
That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood!
So! I grow sweetly empty; all the pipes
Of life unvessel life.−Now heavens, wipe out
The writing of my sin!−Bianca, thus
I creep to thee—to thee—to thee, Bi—an—ca.

[Dies.]

Ros. He’s dead already, madam.

D’Av. [Aside] Above hope! here’s labour saved; I
could bless the destinies.

Abbot. ’Woul’d I had never seen it!
Fiorm. Since 'tis thus,
My Lord Roseilli, in the true requital
Of your continued love, I here possess
You of the dukedom, and with it of me.
In presence of this holy abbot.

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

[Joins their hands.]

Each to each other's comfort and content!

All. Long live Roseilli!

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

D’Av. My gracious lord! –

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

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

[He is led off.]

Ros. Madam, a second charge is to perform
Your brother's testament; we'll rear a tomb
To those unhappy lovers, which shall tell
Their fatal loves to all posterity. –
Thus, then, for you; henceforth I here dismiss
The mutual comforts of our marriage-bed:
Learn to new-live, my vows unmoved shall stand;
And since your life hath been so much uneven,
Bethink in time to make your peace with Heaven.

Fiorm. O, me! is this your love?

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

Abbot. 'Tis fit;
Purge frailty with repentance.

Fiorm. I embrace it:

' = ie. "at least I can take comfort in the fact that"

239-40: while this rhyming couplet does not rhyme in modern English, the pronunciations of the stressed syllables of uneven and Heaven would have been more similar in the 17th century, perhaps sounding halfway between the ai of bait and the e of bet.

= "what you deserve"

250: Fiormonda, genuinely (if rather suddenly) repentant, accepts Roseilli’s judgment.
Happy too late, since lust hath made me foul,
Henceforth I'll dress my bride-bed in my soul.

Ros. Please you to walk, lord abbot?

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

[Exeunt.]

FINIS

Ford's Invented Words

Like Shakespeare, John Ford used his artistic license to invent words when necessary, either by adding prefixes or suffixes to known words, using known words in new ways, or creating new compound words. Love's Sacrifice contains the following words which the OED cites Ford as either the first or only user:

- appropriament
- bastard ing (meaning begetting a bastard)
- be-lepered
- bosom (meaning to engage in social contact)
- bosom-partner
- brevitating (as a noun)
- champion-like
- composituously
- dry-fist
- easy-spirited
- fanned
- fore-shop
- grogram (meaning a garment made of grogram)
- intrunked
- jig (meaning to fool)
- jig off
- just-consuming
- low-fawning
- lust-engendered
- man-beast
- nunquam satis (as a euphemism for a lady's genitals)
- parti- or party-halting
- scamble (as a description of a way of walking) and
- scambling (as an adjective)
- shape (as used in phrases such bring to shape, take shape, and put into shape)
- stew-instructed
- stover (as a verb)
- strangely-shaped
- surfle (meaning to paint with cosmetics)
- thank-picking
- unvessel
- veined (meaning innate)

Finally, if Act V, ii, line 78, some editions have nome instead of house; nome, meaning "social class", would be
another word cited by the OED as having been first used in the English language by Ford,