

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

John Ford

ANNABELLA: Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes
Wherein false joys have spun a weary life!
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn
A wretched, woeful woman's tragedy !
My conscience now stands up against my lust,
With depositions character'd in guilt,
And tells me I am lost: now I confess;
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,
Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.
Here like a turtle, (*mew'd up in a cage,*)
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil
Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame;
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars
That luckless reign'd at my nativity!
O would the scourge, due to my black offence,
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel
The torment of an uncontroled flame!
That man, that blessed friar,
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,
I trod the path to death, and shew'd me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust;
And so did I.
Forgive me, my good Genius, and this once
Be helpful to my ends; let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper, double lined with tears and blood;
Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have died in.