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GIOVANNI from 'Tis Pity She's a Whore by John Ford Act 1 Sc 2

- Lost. I am lost. My fates have doomed my death.
The more I strive, I love; the more I love,
The less I hope: I see my ruin, certain.
What judgment or endeavours could apply
5 To my incurable and restless wounds
I thoroughly have examined, but in vain.
O that it were not in religion sin
To make our love a god, and worship it.
I have even wearied Heaven with prayers, dried up
10 The spring of my continual tears, even starved
My veins with daily fasts. What wit or art
Could counsel, I have practiced; but, alas!
I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales,
To fright unsteady youth; I'm still the same.
15 Or I must speak, or burst. 'Tis not, I know,
My lust, but 'tis my fate that leads me on.
Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves!
I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart
Were rated at the price of that attempt.
20 Oh me! She comes.

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