**The Duchess of Malfi (3.2)**

**FERDINAND**. The howling of a wolf

Is music to thee, screech-owl: prithee, peace.—

Whate'er thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,

For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake

Let me not know thee. I came hither prepar'd

To work thy discovery; yet am now persuaded

It would beget such violent effects

As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions

I had beheld thee: therefore use all means

I never may have knowledge of thy name;

Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,

On that condition. —And for thee, vile woman,

If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old

In thy embracements, I would have thee build

Such a room for him as our anchorites

To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun

Shine on him till he 's dead; let dogs and monkeys

Only converse with him, and such dumb things

To whom nature denies use to sound his name;

Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it;

If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue,

Lest it bewray him.

**The Duchess of Malfi (1.1)**

**DUCHESS**. Now she pays it.

The misery of us that are born great!

We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us;

And as a tyrant doubles with his words,

And fearfully equivocates, so we

Are forc'd to express our violent passions

In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path

Of simple virtue, which was never made

To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag

You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom:

I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble:

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,

To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident:

What is 't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;

'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster

Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!

I do here put off all vain ceremony,

And only do appear to you a young widow

That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,

I use but half a blush in 't.