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VITTORIA – The White Devil by John Webster Act 4 Sc 2

What have I gained by thee but infamy?
Thou hast stained the spotless honour of my house,
And frightened thence noble society:
Like those which, sick o' th' palsy, and retain
5 Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunned
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house?
Is this your palace? Did not the judge style it
A house of penitent whores? Who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
10 To this incontinent college? Is't not you?
Is't not your high preferment? Go, go brag
How many ladies you have undone, like me.
Fare you well sir; let me hear no more of you.
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
15 But I have cut it off: and now I'll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full executor
To all my sins - O that I could toss myself
20 Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more - I'll burst first.

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