

Name:  
Date:

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Ms. Lopez

**“My Last Duchess”  
by Robert Browning (1842)**

**FERRARA**

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now: **Frà** Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
5 Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said  
"Frà Pandolf" by **design**, for never **read**  
Strangers like you that pictured **countenance**,  
The depth and passion of its **earnest** glance,  
But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
10 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they **durst**,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
15 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps  
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her **mantle laps**  
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff  
20 Was **courtesy**, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
25 Sir, 'twas all one! My **favour** at her breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the West,

The **bough** of cherries some **officious** fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace--all and each  
30 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,--good; but thanked  
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd **stoop** to blame  
35 This sort of **trifling**? Even had you skill  
In speech--(which I have not)--to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
Or there **exceed** the **mark**"--and if she let  
40 Herself be **lessoned** so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, **forsooth**, and made excuse,  
--E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
45 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet  
The company **below**, then. I repeat,  
The Count your Master's known **munificence**  
50 Is **ample warrant** that no **just pretence**  
Of mine for **dowry** will be **disallowed**;  
Though his fair daughter's self, as I **avowed**  
At starting, is my **object**. Nay, we'll go  
Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, though,  
55 **Taming** a sea-horse, thought a **rarity**,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!