

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be  
asham'd.

*Enter Duke, Pronost, Isabella.*

*Esc.* I will goe darkely to worke with her.  
*Luc.* That's the way: for women are light at mid-  
night.

*Esc.* Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,  
Denies all that you haue said.

*Luc.* My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,  
Here, with the *Pronost*.

*Esc.* In very good time: speake not you to him, till  
we call vpon you.

*Luc.* Mum.

*Esc.* Come Sir, did you set these women on to slan-  
der Lord *Angelo*? they haue confes'd you did.

*Duk.* 'Tis false.

*Esc.* How? Know you where you are?

*Duk.* Respect to your great place; and let the diuell  
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

*Esc.* The *Duke*'s in vs: and we will heare you speake,  
Looke you speake iustly.

*Duk.* Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,  
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;

Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?  
Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke*'s vniust,

Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,  
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

*Luc.* This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

*Esc.* Why thou vnecrend, and vnhalloved Fryer:  
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,

To accuse this worthy man? but in soule mouth,  
And in the witness of his proper eare,

To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,  
To th' *Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice?

Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you  
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose:  
What? vniust?

*Duk.* Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare  
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he  
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,

Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State  
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,

Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble,  
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes  
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,

As much in mocke, as marke.

*Esc.* Slaunder to th' State:  
Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*?  
Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

*Luc.* 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-  
pate, doe you know me?

*Duk.* I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,  
I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

*Luc.* Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you  
said of the *Duke*?

*Duk.* Most notably Sir.

*Luc.* Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-mon-  
ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him  
to be?

*Duk.* You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you  
make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

*Luc.* Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee  
by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duk.* I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

*Ang.* Harke how the villaine would close now, after  
his treasonable abuses.

*Esc.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away  
with him to prison: Where is the *Pronost*? away with  
him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak  
no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the o-  
ther confederate companion.

*Duk.* Stay Sir, stay a while.

*Ang.* What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you  
bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you?  
show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your  
sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't  
not off?

*Duk.* Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duke*.

First *Pronost*, let me bayle these gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,  
Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

*Luc.* This may proue worse then hanging.

*Duk.* What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe,  
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:

Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence,  
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st  
Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* Oh, my dread Lord,  
I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,  
To thinke I can be vndiscernable,

When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,  
Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince,  
No longer Session hold vpon my shame,

But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duk.* Come hither *Mariana*,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was my Lord.

*Duk.* Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.  
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,  
Returne him here againe: goe with him *Pronost*. Exit.

*Esc.* My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,  
Then at the strangenesse of it.

*Duk.* Come hither *Isabella*,

Your *Fryer* is now your Prince: As I was then  
Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse,  
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,  
Atturnd at your seruice.

*Isab.* Oh giue me pardon  
That I, your vassalle, haue imploid, and pain'd  
Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

*Duk.* You are pardon'd *Isabell*:  
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs,  
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:  
And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,  
Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,  
Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,  
It was the swift celestie of his death,  
Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,  
That life is better life past fearing death,  
Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

*Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, Pronost.*

*Isab.* I doe my Lord.

*Duk.* For this new-married man, approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well defended honor: you must pardon  
For *Mariana*'s sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,  
Being criminall, in double violation  
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,  
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,  
The very mercy of the Law cries out  
Most audible, euen from his proper tongue,  
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:

Haste still paises haste, and leasure, answers leasure;  
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:  
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;  
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.  
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke  
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste,  
Away with him.

*Mar.* Oh my most gracious Lord,  
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

*Duk.* It is your husband mock't you with a husband,  
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,  
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,  
Although by confutation they are ours;  
We doe en-state, and widow you with all,  
To buy you a better husband.

*Mar.* Oh my deere Lord,  
I craue no other, nor no better man.

*Duk.* Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.  
*Mar.* Gentle my Liege.

*Duk.* You doe but loose your labour.  
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

*Mar.* Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part,  
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,  
I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

*Duk.* Against all fence you doe importune her,  
Should shee kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,  
Her Brothers ghost, his pained bed would breake,  
And take her hence in horror.

*Mar.* *Isabell*:  
Sweet *Isabell*, doe yet but kneele by me,  
Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.  
They say best men are moulded out of faults,  
And for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad: So may my husband.

Oh *Isabell*: will you not lend a knee?  
*Duk.* He dies for *Claudio*'s death,  
*Isab.* Most bounteous Sir,

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,  
A due sinceritie governed his deedes,  
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,  
Let him not die: my Brother had but lustice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died.

For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects  
Intents, but meere thoughts.

*Mar.* Meere my Lord.

*Duk.* Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:  
I haue bethought me of another fault.

*Pronost*, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an vnusuall howre?

*Pro.* It was commanded so.

*Duk.* Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

*Pro.* No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.  
*Duk.* For which I doe discharge you of your office,  
Giue vp your keyes.

*Pro.* Pardon me, noble Lord,  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,  
Yet did repent me after more aduice,  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison  
That should by priuate order else haue dide,  
I haue referu'd aliue.

*Duk.* What's he?

*Pro.* His name is *Barnardine*.

*Duk.* I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:  
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

*Esc.* I am forry, one so learned, and so wise  
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue stil appear'd,  
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud  
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

*Ang.* I am forrie, that such sorrow I procure,  
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart;  
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,  
'Tis my deseruing, and I doe entreat it.

*Enter Barnardine and Pronost, Claudio, Julietta.*

*Duk.* Which is that *Barnardine*?

*Pro.* This my Lord.

*Duk.* There was a *Friar* told me of this man.  
Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborne soule  
That apprehends no further then this world,  
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,  
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,  
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide  
For better times to come: *Friar* aduise him,  
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

*Pro.* This is another prisoner that I sau'd,  
Who should haue di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,  
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

*Duk.* If he be like your brother, for his sake  
Is he pardon'd, and for your louellie sake  
Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:  
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's safe,  
Mechinke I see a quickning in his eye:  
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.  
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours  
I finde an apt remission in my selfe:  
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,  
You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,  
One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:  
Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you  
That you extoll me thus?

*Luc.* Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the  
trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had ra-  
ther it would please you, I might be whipt.

*Duk.* Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.  
Proclaime it *Pronost* round about the Citie;  
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow  
(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one  
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,  
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,  
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

*Luc.* I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to  
a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now, I made you a  
*Duke*, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making  
me a Cuckold.