[First proof, F1 transcription of--]

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.
E*Scalus*.
Esc. My Lord. (fold,
Duk. Of Government, the properties to un-
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know,that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency,as your worth is able,
And let them worke : The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions,* and the Termes
For Common Justice,y'are as pregnant in
As Art,and practise,hath inriched any
That we remember : There is our Commission,
From which,we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo :*
What figure of us thinke you,he will beare.
For you must know, we have with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror,drest him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
of our owne powre ; What thinke you of it ?
Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergoe such ample grace,and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.
Duk. Looke where he comes.
Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold : Thy selfe,and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper,as to waste
Thy selfe upon thy vertues ; they on thee :
Heaven doth with us, as we,with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves :For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not : Spirits are not finely [tonch'd]
But to fine issues : nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse,she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks,and use; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise ;
Hold therefore *Angelo:*
In our remove,be thou at full,our selfe :
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue,and heart : Old *Escalus*
Though first in question,is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.
Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test,made of my mettle,
Before so noble,and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.
Duk. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd,and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours :
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needfull value : We shall write to you
As time,and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well :
To th'hopefull execution doe I leave you,
Of your Comissions.
Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duk. My haste may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe
With any scruple : your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce,or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good : Give me your hand,
Ile privily away : I love the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it doe well, I do not rellish well
Their lowd applause,and Aves vehement ;
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.
Esc. Lead forth , and bring you backe in happi-
nesse. *Exit.*
Duk. I thanke you,fare you well.
Esc. I shall desire you,Sir,to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place :
A powre I have,but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.
Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
Esc. Ile wait upon your honor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke,* with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary,*why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1.Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries.*

2.Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2.Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1.Gent. Why?'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions : they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of us all, that in the thanks-giving before meate,do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2.Gent. I never heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleeve thee : for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was said.

2.Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1.Gent. What? In meter?

Luc. In any proportion. or in any language.

1.Gent. I thinke,or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace,is Grace,despight of all controversie : as for example; Thou thy selfe are a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1.Gent. Well : there went but a paire of sheeres betweene us.

Luc. I grant : as there may betweene the Lists, and the Velvet. Thou art the List.

1.Gent. And thou the Velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee : I had as liefe be a Lyst of and English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd,for a French Velvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st : and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine owne confession,learne to begin *[beg in]* thy health; but,whilst I live forget to drinke after thee.

*1.Gen.*I thinke I have done my selfe wrong,have I not?

2.Gent. Yes,that thou hast;whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*

*Luc.*Behold,behold,where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe, As come to

2.Gent. To what,I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2.Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

I.Gent. I,and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1.Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me;but thou art full or error,I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy : but so sound, as things that are hollow ; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1.Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well,well :there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison,was worth five thousand of you all.

2.Gent. Who's that I pray'thee ?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio,* Signior *Claudio.*

1.Gent. Claudio to prison ? 'tis not so,
Bawd. Nay,but I know'tis so : I saw him arrested : saw him carried away : and which is more , within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.
Luc. But,after all this fooling,I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?
Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with childe.
Luc. Beleeve me this may be : he promis'd to meet me two howres since, and he was ever precise in promise keeping.
2.Gent. Besides you know, it drawes somthing neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.
1.Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamatio[n].
Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*
Bawd. Thus,what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne.*
Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.
Baw. Well : what has he done?
Clo. A Woman.
Baw. But what's his offence?
Clo. Groping for Trowts,in a peculiar River.
Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?
Clo. No : but there's a woman with maid by him . you have not heard of the proclamation,have you?
Baw. What proclamation,man?
Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee pluck'd downe.
Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?
Clow. They shall stand for seed : they had gon down to,but that a wise Burger put in for them.
Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?
Clow. To the ground, Mistris.
Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth : what shall become of me?
Clow. Come : feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients : though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade : Ile bee your Tapster still ; courage, there will bee pitty takenon you ; you that have worne your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.
Bawd. What's to doe here, *Thomas* Tapster? let's withdraw?
Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio,* led by the Provost to prison: and there's Madam *Juliet.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Provost, Claudio,Juliet,Officers,Lucio,& 2.Gent.
Cla: Fellow,why do'st thou show me thus to th'world? Beare me to prison,where I am committed.
Pro. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.
Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make us pay downe,for our offence,by waight
The words of heaven :on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis just. (straint.
Luc. Why how now Claudio : whence comes this re-
Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio)* Liberty
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So every Scope by the immoderate use
Turnes to restraint : Our Natures doe pursue
Like

Like Rats that rauyn *[ravin?]* downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty evill, and when we drinke, we die.
Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an arrest , I would send for certaine of my Creditors : and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprisonment : what's thy offence, *Claudio?*
Cla. What(but to speake of) would offend again.
Luc. What, is't murder?
Cla. No.
Luc. Lecherie?
Cla. Call it so.
Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.
Cla. One word,good friend:
Lucio, a word with you.
Luc. A hundred :
If they'll doe you any good : Is *Lechery* so look'd after?
Cla. Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietas* bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Save that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ on *Juliet.*
Luc. With childe,perhaps?
Cla. Unhappely,even so.
And the new Deputie,now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command ; less it strait feel the spur :
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up
I stagger in : But this new Governor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which have (like un-scowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long,that ninteene Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them beene worne ; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name.
Luc. I warrant it is : And thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milke-maid,if she be in love, may sigh it off : Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.
Cla. I have done so, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde service :
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputie : bid:her selfe assay him,
I have great hope in that : for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as move men : beside,she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade,
Luc. I pray she may; [aswell] for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under greevous imposition : as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-tacke: Ile to her.
Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio.*

Luc. Within two houres.
Cla. Come Officer,away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duk. No : holy Father,throw away that thought,
Beleeve not that the dribling dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat bosome : why,I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave,and wrinkled,then the aimes,and ends
of burning youth.
Fri. May your Grace speake of it?
Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed
And held in idle price,to haunt assemblies
Where youth,and cost,witlesse bravery keepes.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travaild to *Poland,*
(For so I have strewd it in the common eare)
And so it is receiv'd : Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me,why I do this.
Fri. Gladly, my Lord.
Duk. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
Which for this foureteene yeares,we have let slip,
Even like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
For terror,not to use : in time the rod
More mock'd,then fear'd : so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And libertie,plucks Justice by the nose :
The Baby beates the Nurse,and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tyde-up Justice,when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo.*
Duk. I doe feare : too dreadfull :
Sith'twas my fault,to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe : For,we bid this be done
When evill deedes have their permissive passe,
And not the punishment : therefore indeede (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name,strike home,
And yet,my nature never in the fight
To do in slander : And to behold his sway
I will, as'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince,and People : Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit,and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Frier :* Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure,shall I render you ;
Onely,this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envie : scarce confesses
That his blood flowes : or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone : hence shall we see
If power change purpose : What our Seemers be. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you *Nuns* no farther priviledges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isa. Yes truely ; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterhood ,the Votarists of Saint *Clare.*
Lucio within.
Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Isa: Who is that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voice : gentle *Isabella*
Turne you the key,and know his businesse of him;
You may ; I may not : you are yet unsworne :
When you have vowd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioresse ;*
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face,you must not speake.
He cals againe. I pray you answere him.
Isa. Peace and prosperitie : who is't that cals?
Luc. Haile Virgin,if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse : can you so steed me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella,*
A Novice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her unhappie brother *Claudio?*
Isa. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for now I must make you know
I am that *Isabela,* and his Sister.
Luc. Gentle & faire : your Brother kindly greets you ;
Not to be weary with you ; he's in prison.
Ifa. Woe me ; for what :
Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Judge,
He should receive his punishment,in thankes :
He hath got his friend with childe.
Ifa. Sir,make me not your storie.
Luc. 'Tis true;I would not,though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to jest
Tongue,far from heart : play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity.
As with a Saint.
Isa. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleeve it : s[f]ewnes,and truth ; this thus,
Your brother, and his lover have embrac'd ;
As those that feed,grow full:as blossoming Time
That from the seednes,the bare f[s]allow brings
To teeming foison : even so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth,and husbandry.
Isa. Some one with childe by him?my cosen *Juliet?*
Luc. Is she your cosen?
Isa. Adoptedly,as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine,though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Isa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action : but we doe learne
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: upon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)
Governes Lord *Angelo* ; A man,whose blood
Is very snow-broth : one, who never feeles
The wanton stings,and motions of the sence ;
But doth rebate,and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde : Studie,and fast
He (to give feare to use,and libertie,
Which have,for long,run-by the hideous law,
As Myce,by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sence, your bothers life
Fals into forfeit : he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unlesse you have the grace,by your faire praier
To soften *Angelo* : And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you,and your poore brother.
Isa. Doth he so,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare,the provost hath a warrant
For's execution.
Isa. Alas : what poore
Abilitie's in me,to doe him good.
Luc. Assay the powre you have.
Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes us loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when maidens sue
Men give like gods : but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isa. Ile see what I can doe.
Luc. But speedily,
Isa. I will about it strait;
No longer staying,but to give the Mother
Notice of my affaire : I humbly thanke you :
Commend me to my brother : soone at night
Ile send him certaine word of my successe.
Luc. I take my leave of you.
Isa. Good sir,adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scoena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus,and servants,Justice.
Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape,till custome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Esc. I,but yet
Let us be keene,and rather cut a little
Then fall,and bruise to death : alas,this gentleman
Whom I would save,had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeve to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could have attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And puld the Law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus)*

Another

Another thing to fall : I not deny
The Jury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the sworne-twelve have a thiefe,or two
Guiltier then him they try;what's open made to Justice,
That Justice ceizes ; What knowes the Lawes
That theeves do passe on theeves? 'tis very pregnant,
The Jewell that we finde,we stoope,and take't
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread upon,and never thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him,do so offend,
Let mine owne judgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir,he must dye.

Enter Provost.

Esc. Be it as your wisedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost ?*

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor,let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Esc. Well : heaven forgive him ; and forgive us all :
Some rise by sinne,and some by vertue fall :
Some run from brakes of Ice,and answere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come,bring them away : if these be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but use their abuses in common houses I know no law : bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name ? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow* ; I doe leane upon Justice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors?Well:What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of, and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well : here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow?*

Clo. He cannot Sir : he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir :a Tapster Sir : parcell Baud : one that serves a bad woman : whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suborbs : and now shee professes a hot-house ; which,I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heaven, and your honour.

Esc. How ? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir : whom I thanke heaven is an honest woman.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also,as well as she, that this house,if it be not a Bauds house,it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who,if she had bin a woman Cardinally given,might have bin accus'd in forni-

cation,adultery,and all uncleanlinesse there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir,by Mistris *Over-dons* meanes: but as she spit in his face, so she defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor,this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here,thou honorable man, prove it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe : and longing (saving your honors reverence) for stewd prewyns ; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish(a dish of some three pence;your honours have seene such dishes)they are not China-dishes,but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too : go too: no matter for the dish sir.

Clo. No indeede sir not of a pin ; you are therein in the right: but to the point : As I say, this Mistris *Elbow,* being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied,and longing (as I said) for prewyns: and having but two in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest(as I said) & (as I say) paying for them very honestly : for,as you know Master *Froth,*I could not give you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well : you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns.

Fro. I,so I did indeede.

Clo. Why,very well : I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one,and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of,unlesse they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Esc. Come : you are a tedious foole : to the purpose : what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir,your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir,nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leave : And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here sir, a man of four-score pound a yeare ; whose father died at *Hallowmas :* Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master *Froth?*

Fro. [Allhallond]-Eve.

Clo. Why very well : I hope here be truthes : he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire,Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to sit,have you not?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open roome,and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then : I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*
When nights are longest there : Ile take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;
Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

Esc. I thinke no lesse : good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on : What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech youSir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor,aske me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you sir,looke in this Gentlemans face: good Master *Froth* looke upon his honor;'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face ?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposd upon a booke,his face is the worst thing about him : good then : if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next,this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir,his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet,thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet : the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man,woman,or childe.

Clo. Sir,she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here ; *Justice* or *Iniquitie?* Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe : O thou varlet : O thou wicked *Hanniball;* I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer : prove this, thou wicked *Hanniball,* or Ile have mine action of battry on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it : what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst let him continue in his courses , till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it : Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet,thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna,* Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and't please you sir.

Esc. So : what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Over-don.*

Esc. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hether to me,Master *Froth*; Master *Froth,* I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters ; they will draw you Master *Froth,*and you will hang them: get you gon,and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship : for mine owne part , I never come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well : no more of it Master *Froth* : farewell : Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster : what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Esc. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Esc Troth,and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the

great ; *Pompey,* you are partly a bawd, *Pompey* ; howsoever you colour it in being a tapster,are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Esc. How would you live *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey ?* is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it,sir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey ;* nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna.*

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

Esc. No *Pompey.*

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves;you need not to feare the bawds.

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together ; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads : if this law hold in *Vienna* ten year, Ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay : if you live to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey* ; and in requittall of your prophesie,harke you : I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe : if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey,*I shall have you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey,* fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.Whip me? no,no, let Carman whip his Jade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow* : come hither Master Constable : how long have you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeere, and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office,you had continued in it some time : you say seaven years together.

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you : they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters : as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them ; I do it for some peece of money,and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house : fare you well : what's a clocke, thinke you?

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*
but there's no remedie:

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Esc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe. that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe :
But yet, poore *Claudio;* there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scoena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.
Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause : he will come straight,
I'le tell him of you.
Pro. 'Pray you doe ; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent ; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?
Enter Angelo.
Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost?*
Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow ?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea ? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou aske againe ?
Pro. Lest I might be too rash :
Under your good correction, I have seene
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doome,
Ang. Goe to ; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
Pro. I crave your Honours pardon :
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Juliet ?*
Shee's very neere her howre.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place ; and that with speed.
Ser. Here is th sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accesse to you.
Aug. Hath he a Sister?
Pro. I my good Lord,a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,
If not alreadie.
Ang. Well : let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatresse be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not lavish meanes,
There shall be order for't.
Enter Lucio and Isabella.
Pro. 'Save your Honour. (will ?
Ang. Stay a little while : y'are welcome: what's your
Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour ,
'Please but your Honor heare me.
Aug. Well: what's your suite.
Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Justice :
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well : the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die ,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault ,
And not my brother.
Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.
*Ang.*Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemnd ere it be done :
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor:
Isab. Oh just,but severe Law :
I had a brother then; heaven keepe your honour.
Luc. Give't not ore so : to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gowne,
You are too cold : if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him,I say.
Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedie.
Isab. Yes : I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven,nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not doe't.
Isab. But can you if you would ?
Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.
Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?
Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.
Luc: You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why no : I that doe speak a word
May call it againe : well, beleeve this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne ; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does : If he had bin as you,and you as he,
You would have slipt like him,but he like you
Would not have beene so sterne.
Ang. Pray you be gone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potencie,
And you were *Isabell :* should it then be thus ?
No : I would tell what'twere to be a Judge,
And what a prisoner.
Luc. I, touch him : there's the vaine.
Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law ,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas :
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have tooke,
Found out the remedie : how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgement,should
But judge you, as you are ? Oh, thinke on that ,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like a man new made.
Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
It should be thus with him : he must die tomorrow.
Isab. To morrow ? oh,that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him :
Hee's not prepar'd for death ; even for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of season :shall we serve heaven
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse-selves?good,good my Lord,bethink you ;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence ?
There's many have committed it.
Luc. I, well said.
Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to doe that evill
If the first, that did th'Edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed . Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future evils
Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiv'd,
And so in progresse to be hatc'hd, and borne,
Are now to have no successive degrees ,
But here they live to end.
Isab. Yet shew some pittie.
Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Justice;
For then I pittie those I doe not know ,
Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule

And

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your Brother dies to morrow ; be content.
Isab. So you must be y*[e]* first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers : Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength : but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himselfe do's, *Jove* would never be quiet ,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder : Merciful heaven ,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulpherous bolt
Splits the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then,the soft Mertill : But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.
Luc. Oh,to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming : I perceive't.
Pro. Pray heaven she win him.
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may jest with Saints : tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.
Luc. Art avis'd o'that ? more on't.
Ang. Why doe you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top ; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault : if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse,such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
that my Sence breeds with it ; fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my Lord,turne backe.
Ang, I will bethinke me : come again to morrow.
*Isa.*Hark,how Ile bribe you:good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How ? bribe me ?
Is. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you .
Luc. You had mar'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them : but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise :prayers from preserved soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well : come to me tomorrow.
Luc. Goe to : 'tis well ; away.
Isab. Heaven keepe your honour safe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation ,
Where prayers crosse.
Isab. At what hower to marrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship ?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Isab. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. From thee : even from thy vertue.
What's this ? what's this ? is this her fault, or mine ?
The Tempter,or the Tempted, who sins most ? ha?
Not she : nor doth she tempt : but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne .
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season : Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there ? oh fie, fie, fie :
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly,for those things
That make her good ? oh,let her brother live :
Theeves for their robbery have authority,
When Judges steale themselves : what, doe I love her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dreame on ?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saint[s] dost bait thy hooke : most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sinne, in loving vertue : never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite : Ever till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Provost.
Duke. Haile to you,*Provost,* so I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Provost : whats your will, good Frier ?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order ,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison : doe me the common right
To let me see them : and to make me know
The nature of their crimes,that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that,if more were needful
Enter Juliet.
Looke here comes one :a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report : She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd : a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.
Duk. When must he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I have provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?
Jul. I doe ; and beare the shame most patiently.
Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscie[n]ce
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. Ile gladly learne.
Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes,as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.
Jul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your sin of heavier kinde then his.
Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)
Du. 'Tis

Duk. ‘Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selves,not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven,as we love it,
But as we stand in feare.
Jul. I doe repent me,as it is an evill,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest :
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*
Jul. Must die to morrow ? oh injurious Love
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.
Pro. ‘Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scene Quarta.

Enter Angelo.
An. When I would pray, & think,I thinke,and pray
To severall subjects : heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evill
Of my conception : the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious : yea, my Gravitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine : oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules
To thy false seeming ? Blood, thou art blood ,
Let’s write good Angell on the Devills horne
‘Tis not the Devills Crest : how now? who’s there ?
Enter Servant.
Ser. One *Isabell*,a Sister, desires accesse to you.
Ang. Teach her the way : oh, heavens
Why doe’s my bloud thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnesse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the aire
By which hee should revive ,and even so
The generall subject to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their un-taught love
Must needs appear offence :how now faire Maid.
Enter Isabella.
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. (me,
An. That you might know it, wold much better please
Then to demand what’tis : your Brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so : heaven keepe your Honor.
Ang. Yet may he live a while : and it may be
As long as you, or I : yet he must die.
Isab. Under your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you : that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie,these filthy vices:It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetness, that do coyne heavens Image
In stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so : then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather,that the most just Law
Now tooke your brothers life,and to redeeme him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleannesse
As she that he hath staind?
Isab. Sir,beleeve this.
I had rather give my body, then my soule.
Ang. I talke not of your soule : our compel'd sins
Stand more for number,then for accompt.
Isab. How say you ?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that : for I can speake
Against the thing I say : Answere to this,
I(now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
To save this Brothers life?
Isab. Please you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no sinne at all,but charitie.
Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne,and charitie.
Isab. That I do beg his life,if it be sinne
Heaven let me beare it : you granting of my suit,
If that be sin,Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.
Ang. Nay,but heare me,
Your sence pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty ; and that's not good.
Isab. Let *[me]* be ignorant,and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdome wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe : As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty [c]ould displaied : But marke me,
To be received plaine, Ile speake more grosse :
Your Brother is to dye.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so,as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that,nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you,his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose creadit with the Judge,or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law : and that there were
No earthly meane to save him,but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed,or else to let him suffer :
What would you doe?
Isab. As much for my poore Brother,as my selfe ;
That is : were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips,I'ld weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death,as to a bed,
Thatlonging have bin sicke for,ere I'ld yeeld
My body up to shame.

Ang. That

Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isa. And ‘twer the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have slander’d so?
Isa. Ignomie in ransome,and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawfull mercie
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.
Ang. You seem’d of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prov’d the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We speake not what we meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearely love.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedari*[d]*e but onely he
Owe, and fucceed thy weaknesse.
Aug. Nay, women are fraile too.
Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes :
Women? Helpe heaven ; men their creation marre
In profiting by them : Nay, call us ten times fraile,
For we are soft,as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I thinke it well :
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman ; if you be more, you’r none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin’d Liverie.
Isa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.
Aug. Plainlie conceive I love you.
Isa. My brother did love *Juliet,*
And you tell me that he shall die for’t.
Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you give me love.
Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in’t,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.
Ang. Beleeve me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.
Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleev’d,
And most pernitious purpose :Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo,* looke for’t.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. who will beleeve the *Isabell* ?
My unsoild name, th’austeerenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i’th State,
Will so you accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I have begun,
And now I give my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for : Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding up thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance : Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can ; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeve me ? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes, I'le to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them up,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope,
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother die ;
''More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo?*

Cla. The miserable have no other medicine
But onely hope : I'have hope to live,and am prepar'd to
die.

Duke. Be absolute for death : either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life :
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict : Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accomodations that thou bearst,
Are nurst by basenesse : Thou't by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme : thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft provoakst, yet grosselie fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone : If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearst thy heavie riches but a journie,
And death unloads thee ; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner.Thou hast nor youth,nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palsied-Eld : and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant : what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare
that makes these oddes, all even.

Cla. I humblie thank you,
To sue to live, I finde I seeke to die,
And seeking death,finde life : Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa" Peace heere;Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there ? Come in, the wish deserves a Welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio.*

Pro. And verie welcom : Looke Signior,here's your sister.

Duke. Provost,a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

*Duke.*Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,
As all comforts are : most good, most good ideed,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger ;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Clau. Is there no remedie ?

Isa. None,but such remedie,as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twaine:

Clau. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a divellish mercie in the Judge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. I just, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastiditie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Clau. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leave you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio,* and I quake,
Least thou a feavorous life shouldst entertaine,
And six or seven winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die ?
The sence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we treade upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why give you me this shame ?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tendernesse ? If I must die,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Isa. There spake my brother : there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes,thou must die :
thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,
Whose setled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a divell :
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo?*
Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liverie of hell,
The damnest bodie to invest, and cover
In prenzie gardes ; dost thou thinke *Claudio,*
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'st be freed?
Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.
Isa. Yes,he would giv't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.
Clau. Thou shalt not do't.
Isa. O,were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliverance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Isabell.*
Isa. Be readie *Claudio,* for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,
When he would force it ? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isa. Which is the least ?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurablie fin'de? Oh *Isabell.*
Isa. What saies my brother ?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Isa. And shamed life,a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die , and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod ; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world : or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, perjury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.
Isa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live.
What sinne you do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Isa. Oh you beast,
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice ?
Is't not a kind of Incest, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame ? What should I thinke,
Heaven shield my Mother plaid my Father faire :
For such a warped slip of wildernesse
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die,perish : Might but my bending downe
Repreeve thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
Cla. Nay heare me *Isabell.*
Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie

Mercy to thee would prove it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella.*

Duk. Vouchsafe a word,yong sister,but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires : but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son,I have over-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her ; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo,* and I know this to be true, therfore prepare your selfe to death : do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible . to morrow you must die, goe to your knees,and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell : *Provost ,* a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father ?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone:leave me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire , hath made you good : the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes ; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it ever faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you , Fortune hath convaid to my understnding ; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling,I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the Law,then my sonne should be unlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo :* if ever he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse : yet,as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation : he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my advisings, to the love I have in doing good ; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeve that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person , and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever returne to have hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes never fearefull : Have you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* have married : was affianced to her oath,and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, having in that

perished vessell, the dowry of his sister : but marke how heavily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever most kinde and naturall : with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry : with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo.*

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort : swallowed his vowes whole,pretending in her, discoveries of dishonor : in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake : and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live ? But how out of this can shee availe?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saves your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the contuance of her first affection : his unjust unkindnesse (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly : Goe you to *Angelo,* answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point : onely referre your selfe to this advangage ; first, that your stay with him may not be long : that the time may have all shadow,and silence in it:and the place answere to convenience : this being granted in course , and now followes all : wee shall advise this wronged maid to [steed] up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter , it may compell him to her recompence ; and heere , by this is your brother saved , your honor untainted, the poore *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt : if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding up: haste you speedily to *Angelo,* if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction : I will presently to S. *Lukes ,* there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana ;* at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort:fare you well good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duk. Oh heavens, what stuffe is heere.

Clow. Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law : a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme ; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir : 'blesse you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father ; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law ; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir : for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The evill that thou causest to be done,
That is thy meanes to live. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From such a filthie vice : say to thy selfe,
From their abhominable and beastly touches
I drinke,I eate away my selfe,and live :
Canst thou beleeve thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend,go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir :
But yet Sir I would prove.

Duke. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officer:
Correction, and Instruction must both worke
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning : the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master : if he be a Whore-monger,and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all,as some would seeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your wast, a Cord sir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey?* What, at the wheels of *Cesar*? Art thou led in triumph ? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd ? What reply? Ha ? What saist thou to this Tune, Matter,and Method ? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine ? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way ? Is it sad, and few words ? Or how ? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus,and thus : still worse ?

Luc. How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Procures she still ? Ha ?

Clo. Troth sir, shee hath eaten up all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good : It is the right of it : it must be so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an unshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison *Pompey?*

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse *Pompey :* farewell : goe say I sent thee thether : for debt *Pompey*? Or how ?

Elb. For being a baud; for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him : If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why this his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too : Baud borne. Farwerfll good *Pompey* : Commend me to the prison *Pompey,* you will turne good husband now *Pompey,* You will keepe the house.

*Clo.*I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed will I not *Pompey,* it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more : Adieu trustie *Pompey.*
Blesse you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey* ? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey,*nor now : what newes abroad *Frier?* What newes ?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come,

Luc. Goe to kennell *Pompey)* goe: What newes *Frier* of the Duke ?

Duke. I know none : can you tell me of any ?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia* : other some, he is in *Rome :* but where is he thinke you ?

Duke. I know not where : but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall tricke of him to steale from the State, and usurpe the beggerie hee was never borne to : Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence : he puts transgression too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him : Something too crabbed that way,*Frier.*

Duk. It is too general a vice, and severitie must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth,the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation : is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes . But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Urine is congeal'd ice, that I know to be true : and he is a motion generative,that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant sir ,and speake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man ? Would the Duke that is absent have done this ? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paide for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercie.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes,your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish ; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong,surely.

Luc. Sir,I vvas an inward of his : a shie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleeve I know the cause of his vvithdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause ?

Luc. No, pardon : 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes : but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be vvise.

Duke. Wise? Why no question but he was.

*Luc.*A very superficiall,ignorant, unweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Envie in you, Folly, or mistaking : The very streame of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must uppon a warranted neede, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the envious, a Schollar, a Statesman, and a Soldier : therefore you speake unskilfully : or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc. Sir,I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleeve that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him : if it bee honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintaine it ; I am bound to call uppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio,*wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to unhurtfull an opposite:but indeed I can doe you little harme : You'll for-sweare this again?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first : Thou art deceiv'd in mee Friar. But no more of this : Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die tomorrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? for filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish : I would the Duke we talke of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd Agent will un-people the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkelie answered, he would never bring them to light : would he were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing.Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me : The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke : say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape : Back-wounding calumnie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tong ?
But who comes heere ?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man : good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and treble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde ? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistress *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage : his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Jacob :* I have kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License : Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison :Goe too, no more words. Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow : Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good'even, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

*Duke.*Not of this Countrie,though my chance is now
To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noveltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarse truth enough alive to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowhips accurst: Much upon this riddle runs the wisedome of the world : This newes is old enough, yet it is every daies newes. I pray you Sir,of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that above all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather rejoycing to see another merry , then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him rejoice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to his events, with a praier they may prove prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Justice : yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Esc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poore Gentleman,to the extremest shore of my modestie,but my brother-Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Justice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Answere the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well : wherein if he chance to faile
he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heaven wyll beare,
Should be as holy, as seveare :
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to stand, and vertue go :
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking :
Twice trebble shame on *Angelo,*
To vveede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things ?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood,false exacting,
And performe an old contracting. *Exit*

Actus

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes : the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne ;
But my kisses bring againe,bring againe,
Seales of love,but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song,and haste the quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort,whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie,Sir,and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleeve me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good ; and good provoake to harme.
I pray you tell me,hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day ; much upon this time have I promis'd here to meete.
Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after : I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeve you : the time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance [alittle], may be I will call upon you anone for some advantage to your selfe.
Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*
Duk. Very well met,and well come :
What is the newes from this good Deputie?
Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose western side is with a Vineyard back't ;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key :
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy midle of the night,to call upon him.
Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I have t'ane a due,and wary note upon't,
With whispering,and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept,he did show me
The way twice ore.
Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed,concerning her obse*[rvan]*ce?
Isab. No : none but onely a repaire ith'darke,
And that I have possest him,my most stay
Can be but briefe : for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along
That staies upon me ; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.
Duk. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this : what hoa,within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.
Isab. I doe desire the like.
Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do,and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare :
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaprous night approaches.
Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*
Duke. Oh Place,and greatnes : millions of false eies
Are stucke upon thee : volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?
Enter Mariana and Isabella.
Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize upon her father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isa. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.
Mar. Feare me not.
Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us goe.
Our Corne's to reape,for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda

Enter Provost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha ; can you cut off a mans head?
Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir,I can :
But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.
Pro. Come sir,leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine* : heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyves : if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping; for your have beene a notorious bawd.
Clo. Sir, I have beene an unlawfull bawd,time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman : I would bee glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.
Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson :* where's *Abhorson* there?
Enter Abhorson.
Abh. Doe you call sir?
Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution : if you thinke it meet,compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you,if not, use him for the present , and dismisse him , hee cannot plead his estimation with you : he hath beene a Bawd.
Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie upon him,he will discredit our mysterie.
Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equalle : a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*
Clo. Pray sir, by your good favor : for surely sir , a good favor you have,but that you have a hanging look : Do you call sir,your occupation a Mysterie ?

Abh. I Sir, a Misterie.
Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Misterie;and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation, a Misterie:but what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.
Abh. Sir, it is a Misterie.
Clo. Proofe.
Abh. Everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.
Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough : So everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed ?
Clo. Sir, I will serve him : For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgivenesse.
Pro. You sirrah, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.
Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade :follow.
Clo. I do desire to learne sir : and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*
Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio :*
Th'one has my pitie ; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine ?*
Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleepe,as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Travellers bones,
He will not wake.
Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well,go,prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort : by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeve
For the most gentle *Claudio.* Welcome Father

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Invellop you,good Provost:who call'd heere of late?
Pro. None since the Curphew rung.
Duke. Not *Isabell*?
Pro. No.
Duke. They will then er't be long.
Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio ?*
Duke. There's some in hope.
Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.
Duke. Not so, not so : his life is paralel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice :
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre
To qualifie in others : were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Provost, sildome when
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men :
How now? what noise ? That spirit's possest with hast,
That wounds th'unsisting Posterne with these strokes.
Pro. There he must stay until the Officer
Arise to let him in : he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?

But he must die to morrow?
Pro. None Sir, none.
Duke. As neere the dawning Provost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.
Pro. Happely
You something know : yet I beleeve there comes
No countermand : no such example have we:
Besides, upon the verie siege of Justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publicke eare
Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.
Pro. And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.
Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge ;
That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.
Pro. I shall obey him.
Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in :
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie ; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults love, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?
Pro. I told you :
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely :
For he hath not us'd it before.
Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke,and in the afternoone Bernardine : For my better satisfaction , let me have Claudios head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliver. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at your perill.

What say you to this Sir?
Duke. What is that *Barnardine,* who is to be executed in th'afternoone?
Pro. A Bohemian borne : But here nurst up & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.
Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his libertie or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.
Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeves for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord *Angelo,* came not to an undoubtfull proofe.
Duke. It is now apparant ?
Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.
Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison ?
How seemes he to be touch'd ?
Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse,and fearelesse of what's past,present, or to come : insensible of mortality,and desperately mortall.
Duke. He wants advice.
Pro. He wil heare none:he hath[|] evermore had the liberty of the prison:give him leave to escape hence, hee would not.Drunke many times a day,if not many daies entirely drunke. We have verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seaming warrant for it, it hath not moved im at all.

Duke.

Duke. More of him anon : There is written in your brow Provost, honestty and constancie ; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me : but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard : *Claudio,* whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law,then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but foure daies respit : for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it ?Having the houre limited, and an expresse command, under penaltie, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo* ? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my instructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo.*

Pro. *Angelo* hath seene them both,
And will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it ; Shave the head and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'de before his death : you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie ?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty ; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further than I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke : you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke ; you shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure : where you shal finde within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not , for hee this very day receives letters of strange tenor,perchance of the Dukes death,perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ.Looke, th'unfolding Starre calles up the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie vvhen they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you : Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession : one would thinke it vvere Mistris

Over-dons owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong Mr *Rash,* hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seventeene pounds, of which hee made five Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr. *Caper,* at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have vve heere yong *Dizie,* and yong Mr *Deepe-vow,* and Mr. *Copperspurre,*and Mr. *Starve-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lustie *Pudding,* and Mr *Forthlight* the Tilter and brave Mr *Shootie* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots,and I thinke fortie more,all great doers in our Trade,and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abho. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine,* you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. *Barnardine.*

Abho. What hoa *Barnardine.*

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats : who makes that noyse there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir,the Hangman :
You must be so good Sir to rise,and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue,away, I am sleepie.

Abh. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo: Pray Master *Barnardine,* awake till your are ex – ecuted,and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir,he is comming : I heare his Straw russle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe upon the blocke,sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson* ?
What's the newes vvith you ?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers : for looke you,the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh,the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father : do we jest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir,induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, Comfort you,and pray with you.

Bar. Friar,not I : I have bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the journie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you:

*Bar.*Not a word : if you have anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward : for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live,or die : oh gravell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.
Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner ?
Duke. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.
Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feavor,
One *Ragozine,* a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* yeares : his beard,and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
Ans satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine,* more like to *Claudio?*
Duke. Oh,'tis an accident that heaven provides :
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo :* See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently :
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio,*
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alive ?
Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio,*
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.
Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*
Duke. Quicke,dispatch,and send the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo,*
(The Provost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shall witnesse to him I am neere at home :
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publikely : him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie : and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weal-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with *Angelo.*
Enter Provost.
Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.
Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.
Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit*
Isabell within.
Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.
Duke. The tongue of *Isabell.* She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither :
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.
Enter Isabella.
Isa. Hoa, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
daughter.
Isa. The better given me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?
Duke. He hath releasd him, *Isabell,*from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo.*
Isa. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.
Isa. Oh,I wil to him, and plucke out his eyes.
Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.
Isa. Unhappie *Claudio,* wretched *Isabell,*

Injurious world, most damned *Angelo.*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
Forbere it therefore, give your cause to heaven,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By every sillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow : nay drie your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance : Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo,*
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
There to give up their powre: If you can pace your wis-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal have your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general Honor.
Isa. I am directed by you.
Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne :
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke ; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter :
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart ; trust not my holie Order
If I pervert your course : whose heere?
Enter Lucio.
Luc. Good 'even ;
Frier, where's the Provost ?
Duke. Not within Sir.
Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella,* I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient ; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran : I dare not for my head fill my belly.. One fruitful Meale would set me too't : but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home,he had lived.
Duke. Sir, the Duke is marveilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.
Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do : he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.
Duke. Well : you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.
Luc. Nay tarrie. Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.
Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir if they be true : if not true, none were enough.
Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.
Duke. Did you such a thing?
Luk. Yes marrie did I ; but I was faine to forsweare it, They would else have married me to the rotten Medler.
Duke. Sir your company is fairer than honest, rest you well.
Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el have very litle of it:nay Friar,I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.
Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.
Ang.

An. In most uneven and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wisedome bee not tainted : and why meet him at the gates and [re-liver] [ou rauthorities] there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any crave redresse of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

Esc. He showes his reason for that:to have a dispatch of Complaints , and to deliver us from devices heere-after, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well ; I beseech you let it bee proclaimed be-times i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house : give notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

Esc. I shall sir : fareyou well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deede unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it ? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me ? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By so receiving a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame : would yet he had lived.
Alack,when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right,we would,and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you ever to our speciall drift ,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister : Goe call at *Flavia's* house,
And tell him where I stay : give the like notice
To *Valencius, Rowland,* and to *Crassus ,*
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate :
But send me *Flavius* First.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius,* thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke : There's other of our friends
Will greet us heere anon : my gentle *Varrius.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speake so indirectly I am loath ,
I would say the truth,but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am advis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the adverse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you:
Twice have the Trumpets sounded.
The generous,and gravest Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very neere upon
The *Duke* is entring :
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Duke,Varrius, Lords, Angelo,Esculus ,Lucio,
Citizens at severall doares.

Du. My very worthy Cosen,fairely met.
Our old,and faithfull friend we are glad to see you.

Ang.Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both :
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Justice, that our soule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud,& I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with characters ofbrasse
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion : Give we your hand
And let the Subject see,to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Favours that keepe within : Come *Escalus,*
You must walke by us, on our other hand :
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Justice,O royall *Duke*,vaile your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me,in my true complaint,
And given me Justice,Justice,Justice,Justice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what,by whom ? be briefe :
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice,
Reveale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy *Duke,*
You bid me seeke redemption of the divell,
Heare me your selfe : for that which I must speake
Must either punish me,not being beleev'd,
Or wring redresse from you :
Heare me : oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord,her wits I feare me are not firme :
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly,and strange.

Isab. Most

Isab. Most strange : but yet most truely will I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite,a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange ?
Duke. Nay it is ten times strange ?
Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo,*
Then this is all as true, as it is strange ;
Nay, it is ten times true,for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Duke. Away with her : poore soule
She speakes this in th'infirmity of sence.
Isa. Oh Prince,I conjure thee, as thou beleev'st.
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse : make not impossible
That which but seems unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one,the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie,as grave,as just,as absolute :
As *Angelo,* even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings,caracts,titles,formes,
Be an arch-villaine : Beleeve it, royall Prince
If he be lesse,he's nothing,but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.
Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad,as I beleeve no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing,on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.
Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.
Duk. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason :
What would you say ?
Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio,*
Condemnd upon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo,*
I,(in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother ; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.
Luc. That's I,and't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio,* and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo,*
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Isab. That's he indeede.
Duk. You were not bid to speake.
Luc. No,my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duk. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it : and when you have
A businesse for your selfe : pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duk. The warrant's for your selfe : take hede to't.
Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time : proceed,
Isab. I went
to this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended againe : the matter : proceed.
Isab. In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by ;
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother ; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him : But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak'st,
Duk. By heaven (fond wretch) [yu] knowst not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull practise : first his Integritie
Stands without blemish : next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe : if he had so offended
He would have waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off : some one hath set you on :
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.
Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evill,which is heere wrapt up
In countenance : heaven shield your Grance from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeleeved goe.
Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her : Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere us? This needs must be a practice;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither ?
Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick.*
Duk. A ghostly father, belike :
Who knowes that *Lodowicke?*
Luc. My Lord,I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man : had he been Lay my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute : Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yesternight my Lord,she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison : a sawcy Fryar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Peter. Blessed be your royall Grace :
I have stood by my Lord,and I have heard
Your royall eare abus'd : first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did beleeve no lesse.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that she speakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy.
Not scurvy,nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman :
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, most villanously,beleeve it.
Peter. Well : he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of a strange Feavor : upon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended ‘gainst Lord *Angelo,* came I hether
To speake as from his mouth,what he doth know
Is true, and false : And what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full cleare
Whensoever he’s convented : First for this woman,
To justifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgrly and personally accus’d,
Her shall you heare disproved to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.
Duk. Good Frier, Let’s heare it :
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heaven,the vanity of wretched fooles.
Give us some seates, Come cosen *Angelo,*
In this I’ll be impartiall :be you Judge
Of your owne Cause : Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.
Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Untill my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married ?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duke. Are you a Maid ?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duk. A Widow then ?
Mar. Neither, my Lord.
Duk. Why you are nothing then : neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?
Luc. My Lord, she may be a puncke : for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow,nor Wife.
Duk. Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.
Luc. Well my Lord.
Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that ever he knew me.
Luc. He was drunk then,my Lord,it can be no better.
Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.
Luc. Well,my Lord.
Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo.*
Mar. Now I come to’t, my Lord.
Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I’le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th’effect of Love.
Ang. Charges she moe then me?
Mar. Not that I know.
Duk. No? you say your husband.
Mar. Why just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo,*
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes,that he knowes *Isabels.*
Ang. This is a strange abuse : Let’s see thy face.
Mar. My husband bids me,now I will unmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Isabell,*
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagin’d person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Luc. Carnallie she saies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.
Luc. Enoug my Lord.
Ang. My Lord,I must confesse, I know this woman,
And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her : which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition : But in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In levitie : Since which time of five yeres
I never spake with her,saw her, nor heard from her
Upon my faith and honor.
Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven,and words fro[m] breath,
As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make up vowes : And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.
Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Justice,
My patience here is touch'd : I doe perceive
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord
To finde this practice out.
Duke. I, with my heart ,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone : thinkst thou,thy oathes,
Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Frier that set them on,
Let him be sent for.
Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint ;
Your Provost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.
Duke. Goe, doe it instantly :
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your injuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement ; I for a while
Will leave you ; but stir not you till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. *Exit.*
Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it thoroughly : Signior *Lucio,* did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?
Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum,* honest in nothing but his Clothes , and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.
Esc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them against him : we shall finde this Frier a notable fellow.
Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.
Esc. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe , I would speake with her : pray you,my Lord, give mee leave to question, you shall see how Ile handle her.
Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.
Esc. Say you?
Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately

shee

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

Enter Duke,Provost,Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way : for women are light at midnight.

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

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

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

Luc. Mum.

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

Duk. Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are ?

Duk. Respect to your great place ; and let the divell
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke* ? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The *Duke's* in us : and we will heare you speake.
Looke you speake justly.

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* unjust,
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 unreverend, and unhallowed Fryer :
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man ? but in foule mouth,
And in the witnesse 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
Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose :
What? unjust ?

Duk. Be not so hot : the *Duke* dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne : his Subject am I not,
Nor here Provinciall : My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna,*
Where I have 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. Slander to th' State :
Away with him to prison.

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

Luc. 'Tis he,my Lord : come hither goodman baldpate, 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 notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir : And was the *Duke* a flesh-monger, 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 love the *Duke,* as I love 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 *Provost* ? away with him to prison : lay bolts enough upon 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 fascall: you must be hooded must you ? show your knaves 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 knave, that ere mad'st a *Duke.*
First *Provost,* let me bayle these gentle three :
Sneake not away Sir,for the Fryer, and you,
Must have a word anon : lay hold on him.
Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.
Duk. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him ; Sir,by your leave :
Ha'st thou or word,or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe the office ? If thou ha'st
Rely upon 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 undiscerneable,
When I perceive your grace, like powre divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon 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 *Provost.* *Exit.*
Esc. My Lord,I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,
Then at the strangenesse of it.
Duk. Come hither *Isabell,*
Your *Frier* is now your Prince : As I was then
Advertysing, and holy to your businesse,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,
Atturnied at your service.
Isab. Oh give me pardon
That I,your vassaile, have imploid,and pain'd
Your unknowne Soveraigntie.
Duk. You are pardon'd *Isabell :*
And now,deere Maide, be you as free to us,
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart :
And you may marvaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to save 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 celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose : but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Then that which lives to feare : make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo,Maria,Peter,Provost.

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 adjudg'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,even from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*,death for death :
Haste still paies 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, [deniesthee] 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 crave no other,nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar: Gentle my Liege.

Duke. 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 service.

Duke. Against all sence you doe importune her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost,his paved bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabell :
Sweet *Isabel,* doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold up 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 *Isabel* : will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'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 Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
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 subjects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's unprofitable : stand up I say :
I have bethought me of another fault.
*Provost,*how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an unusuall howre?
Pro. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?
Pro. No my good Lord : it was by private message.
Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give up your keyes.
Pro. Pardon me,noble Lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have dide,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duk. What's he?
Pro. His name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio:*
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke upon him.
Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo,* have stil appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.
Ang. I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deserving, and I doe entreat it.
Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.
Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*
Pro. This my Lord.
Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art said to have 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 provide
For better times to come : Frier advise him,
I leave him to your hand . What muffeld fellow's that?
Pro. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio,* as himselfe.
Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovelie sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too : But fitter time for that :
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe,
Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye :
Well, *Angelo,* your evill quits you well.
Looke that you love 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 have I so deserv'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 rather it would please you,I might be whipt.
Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Provost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have 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 you Highnesse doe not marry me to a Whore : your Highnesse said even now I made you a Duke,good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Upon

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy slanders I forgive,and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits : take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.
Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping, and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Joy to you *Mariana,* love her *Angelo :*
I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio : the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2.Other like Gentlemen.
Provost.

There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Provost* for thy care,and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo,* that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's,*
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell,*
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline ;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our Pallace,where wee'll show
What's yet behinde,that meete you all should know

Thomas.} *2.Friers.*
Peter.}
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet,beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Over-don, a Bawd.

F I N I S.