

MEASVRE,
For Measure.

Actus Primus, Scoena Prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

Esca. My Lord.

Duk. Of government, the properties to unfold,
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 enriched 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 Graces 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 touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks and use; but I doe bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise ;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remove, be thou at full,our selfe :
Mortality and Mercy 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 choyce
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 Comission.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you (on mine honour) 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 loud 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 happinesse

Duk. I thank you, fare you well. *Exit.*

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 honour.

Exeunt.

F *Scoena*

Scoena 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 Pyrat, that went to Sea with the tenne 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 thanksgiving before meate, doe rallish the petition well, that prayes for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any souldier dislike it.

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

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? In meeter?

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 pil'd-peece I warrant thee : I had as lief be a Lyst of and English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Velvet. Doe I speake feelingly now?

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

1 Gent. 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 yeere.

1 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 Sciatica?

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 prethee ?

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 dayes his head to be chopt 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 Ma-
dam *Julietta* with child.
Luc. Beleeve mee this may be : hee promis'd to meete
me two howres since, and he was ever precise in promise-
keeping.
2 Gent. Besides you know, it drawes something neere
to the speech we had to such a purpose.
1 Gent. But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.
Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exeunt.*
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.*
Clow. Yonder man is carryed to prison.
Baw. Well : what has he done?
Clow. A woman.
Baw. But what's his offence?
Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.
Baw. What? is there a Maid with child by him?
Clow. 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 gone downe
too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.
Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs
be pull'd downe?
Clow. To the ground Mistris.
Bawd. Why here's a change indeed in the Common-
wealth : what shall become of me?
Clow. Come : feare not you: good Counsellors lacke
no Clients : though you change your place, you need not
change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there
will bee pittie takenon you ; you that have worne your eies
almost out in the service, you will be considered.
Bawd. What's to doe here, *Thomas* Tapster? let's with-
draw.
Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost
to prison: and there's Madam *Juliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scoena tertia.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, and two 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 *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 (so) 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 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. Lechery?

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 chanches

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too grosse, is writ on *Juliet*.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnesse,

Or whether that the body publique, be

A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,

Who newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command ; less it strait feele the spur :

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up

I stagger in : But this new Governour

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties

Which have (like unscowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall

So long, that nineteene Zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them been 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 he's not to be found.

I prethee (*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 Deputy : 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 ; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand under grievous im-
position : as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sor-
ry should be thus foolishly lost, at a game of Ticke-tack-
le to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeve not that the dribbling 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.

Duke. My holy sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost, and witlesse bravery keeps.
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 travail'd to *Poland*,
(For so I have strew'd 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.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Lawes,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weeds,) Which for this fourteene 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 errour, not to use : in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd : so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty 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 tyranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe : For, we bid this be done
When evill deeds have their permissive passe,
And not the punishment : therefore indeed (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 prethee
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 your more leisure, 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 than stone : hence shall we see
If power change purpose : What our Seemers be. *Eeunt.*

Scoena 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 cal's?

Nun. It is a mans voyce, gentle *Isabella*,
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may ; I may not : you are yet unsworne :
When you have vow'd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioeresse* ;
Then if you speake, you must not shew your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He cal's againe. I pray you answer him.

Isa. Peace and prosperity : who is't that cal's?

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 unhappy 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 and 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 thankses :
He hath got his friend with Childe.

Ifa. Sir, make me not your story.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to jest
Tongue, farre from heart : play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an immortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity.
As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleeeve it : fewnesse, and truth ; this thus,
Your brother, and his lover have imbrac'd ;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednesse, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson : even so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth and Husbandry.

Isa. Some one with child 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. 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 feelles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sense ;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde : Study, and fast.
He (to give feare to use, and liberty,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous Law,
As Myce by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sense, 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 prayer
To soften *Angelo* : And that's my pith of busnesse
'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 power you have.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes us lose 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 terroure.

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 beleeeve 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 attain'd th'effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd 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, doe so offend,
Let mine owne Judgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Esc. Be it as your wisdoms 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 answer 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 honour,
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 Bawd : one that
serves a bad woman : whose house sir was (as they say)
pluckt downe in the Suburbs : and now she 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 shee,
that this house, if it be not a Bawds 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 beene accus'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

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

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

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable 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 Prewynes ; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very instant 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 indeed 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 no more in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here,this very man, having eaten the rest(as I said) and (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 indeed.

Clo. Why,very well : I telling you then (if you bee remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unlesse they kept very good dyet, 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 he 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 dyed at Hallowmas : Was't not at Hallowmas Master *Froth*?

Fro. All-hallond-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 indeed 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 you'll 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.

Esc. I beseech you sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour,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 honour; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honour marke his face?

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

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

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be suppos'd 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 lvest; thou lvest 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 *Hannibal*; 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 *Hannibal*, or Ile have mine action of battery 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 Caytiffe?

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 hither 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 gone, 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 hither to me, M. Tapster : what's your name M. 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. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to feare the Bawdes.

Esc. There are 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 Prophetie, 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 hither to me, Master *Elbow* : come hither Master Constable : how long have you been in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeare and a halfe sir.

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

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you : they doe 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 doe it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring me 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 goe home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thanke you.

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

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 remedy.

Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause : he will come straight,
I'll 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 dye for't !

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall dye 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 Honors pardon :
What shall be done sir, with the groaning *Juliet* ?
Shhee's very neere her houre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place ; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Aug. Hath he a sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
If not already.

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 Honor.

Ang. Stay a little while : y'are welcome: what's your

Isab. I am a woefull Sutor to your Honor , (will?
'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 dye,
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 condemn'd ere it be done :
Mine were the very 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 honor.

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 dye?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

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 & doe 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 backe 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 mercy does : If he had beene 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 potency,
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 veine.

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 remedy : how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercy 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 dye tomorrow.

Isab. To morrow ? oh, that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him :
Hee's not prepar'd for death ; even for our kitchines
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 been dead, though 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 hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to have no [snccessive] degrees ,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet show 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.

Isa. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, 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 nere be quiet ,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder : Mercifull heaven ,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splitst the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill : O But man ! proud man !
Drest in a little briefe authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Playes such phantastique trickes 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 winne him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may jest with Saints : tis wit in them,
But in the lesse foule 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 blasphemy.

Luc. Art avis'd o'that ? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because Authority, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind 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 againe to morrow.

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my lord turne

Ang. How ? bribe me ? (backe.

Is. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sicles of the tested-gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancy 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 honor safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation ,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what howre to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Isab. 'Save your Honor. *Exeunt.*

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 sinners 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 Saints 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.*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Duke, and Provost.
Duk. Haile to you, *Provost*, so I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Provost : what's your will, good Frier ;
Duk. Bound by my charity, and my blest order ,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison : do 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 child,
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 shall araign your conscience
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 offencefull act
Was mutually committed.
Jul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your sin of heavier kind then his.
Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)
Duk. 'Tis

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sinne hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwayes 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 dye to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace go with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*

Jul. Must dye to morrow? oh injurious love
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, and thinke, 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 Gravity
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.

An. 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 fitnessse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which he 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 untaught love
Must needs appear offence : how now faire Maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. 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.

Isa. 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 dye.

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 sawcy sweetnesse, 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 staine?

Isab. Sir, beleve this,
I had rather give my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule : our compel'd sinnes
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 : Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your brothers life,
Might there not be a charity 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 charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne, and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heaven let me beare it : you granting of my suit,
If that be sinne, Ile make it my Morne-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

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 wisdom 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 could 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 credit 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'd weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have beene sicke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then

Ang. Then must your brother dye.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were a brother di'd at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should dye for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have slander'd so?

Isa. Ignominy in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawfull mercy
Is nothing kin to foule 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 doe excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother dye,
If not a feodary but onely he
Owe, and fucced 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 testimony 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 Livery.

Isa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Aug. Plainly conceive I love you.

Isa. My brother did love *Juliet*,
And you tell me that he shall dye 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 belev'd,
And most pernicious 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 unsold name, th'austereenesse 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 calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicety, 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 onely dye 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 beleewe me ? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selvesame 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 twenty heads to tender downe
On twentie bloody blockes, hee'ld yeeld them up,
Before his sister should her body stoope,
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother dye ;
'More then our Brother, is our Chastity.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scoena 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
dye.
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
Houely 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 bearest,
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 many a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happy 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 bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
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 Gout, Sarpego, 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 beauty
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 humbly thanke you,
To sue to live, I finde I seeke to dye,
And seeking death, find life : Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good company.

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

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

Cla. Most holy sir, I thanke you.

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

Pro. And very welcome : Looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duk. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As many as you please.

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

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.

Cla. Is there no remedy ?

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

Cla. But is there any?

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 vastidity 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 trunk 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 dye ?
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 dyes.

Cla. Why give you me this shame ?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tendernesse ? If I must dye,
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 voyce. Yes, thou must dye :
thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputy,
Whose settled 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 Princely, *Angelo*?
Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of hell,
 The damnedst body to invest, and cover
 In Princely gardes ; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,
 If I would yeeld him my virginity
 Thou might'st be freed?
Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.
Isa. Yes, he would giv't thee; from this ranke 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.
Cla. 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. Thanks deere *Isabell*.
Isa. Be ready *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?
Clau. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
 Why would he for the momentary tricke
 Be perdurably fin'de? Oh *Isabell*.
Isa. What sayes my brother ?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to dye, and goe we know not where,
 To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot,
 This sensible warme motion, to become
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-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 uncertaine thought,
 Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
 The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
 That Age, Ache, penury, 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 deed 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 wilderness
 Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
 Dye, perish : Might but my bending downe
 Repreeve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 Ile pray a thousand prayers 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;

Mercy

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

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella*. *Duke steps in.*

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

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leisure 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 leisure, my stay must be
stolen out of other affaires : but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I have over-heard what hath past betweene
you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to cor-
rupt 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, there-
fore prepare your selfe to death : do not satisfie your re-
solution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must
die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

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

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

Pro. What's your will (father ?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave
me a while with the Maid, my mind 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 goodnesse that is cheape in beauty, makes
beauty briefe in goodnesse ; 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
convaied 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 dye by the Law, then my sonne should be un-
lawfully 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 go-
vernment.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse : yet, as the mat-
ter now stands, he will avoyd your accusation : he made
triall of you onely. Therefore fasten your eare on my ad-
visings, to the love I have in doing good ; a remedy pre-
sents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleieve that you may
most uprightously do a poor wronged Lady a merited
benefit; redeeme your brother from the angry Law;
doe no staine to your owne gracious person , and much
please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever re-
turne to have hearing of this businesse.

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

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

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

Duke. She should this *Angelo* have married : was af-
fianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between
which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity,
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 kind 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?

Duk. Left her in her teares, and 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 eares, 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 she availle?

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 continuance 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*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point : onely referre your selfe to this advantage ; first, that your stay with him may not be long : that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it:and the place answer to convenience : this being granted in course , and now followes all : we shall advise this wronged maid to steed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter , 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 doublenesse 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 lyes 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 St. *Lukes* , there at the moated-Grange resides 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.

El. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinke browne and 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 fur'd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then innocency, stands for the facing.

Elbow. 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

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

Duk. Fye, 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 backe From such a filthy vice : say to thy selfe, From their abhomiabable and beastly touches I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and live : Canst thou beleve 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-----

Duk. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofes 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.

Duk. That we were all, as some would seeme to be Free 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 *Caesar*? Art thou led in triumph ? What is there none of *Pigmaliions* 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, she 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 powder'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. Farewell 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 weare: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more : Adieu trusty *Pompey*.

Blesse you Friar.

Duke. And you.

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

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Luc.

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

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

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

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

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

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

Luc. I feare you not.

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

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

Duk. Why should he dye 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 Continency. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkely answered, he would never bring them to light : would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewell good Friar, I prethee pray for me : The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridayes. 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 calumny
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tye the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?
But who comes here ?

Enter Escalus, Provost and Baud.

Esc. Goe, away with her to prison.

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

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

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

Baud. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with child by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage : his Child is a yeere and a quarter old come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my selfe; and see how he 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 to, no more words. Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must dye to morrow : Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, 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.

Esca. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, 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.

Esca. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duk. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on
goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novel-
tie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constant
in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to
make Societies secure, but Security enough to make
Fellowships accurst: Much upon this riddle runnes the
wisdom of the world : This newes is old enough, yet
it is every dayes newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposi-
tion was the Duke?

Esca. One, that above all other strifes,
Contented especially to know himselfe.

Duk. What pleasure was he given to?

Esca. Rather rejoycing to see another merry, then
merry at any thing which profest to make him rejoyce.
A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to
his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and
let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd?
I am made to understand, that you have lent him visita-
tion.

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 him-
selfe (by the instruction of his frailty) many deceiving
promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) have dis-
credited to him, and now is he resolv'd to dye.

Esca. You have paid the heavens your Function, and
the prisoner the very debt of your Calling. I have la-
bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore
of my modesty, but my brother-Justice have I found so
severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeede
justice.

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

Es. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you wel. *Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heaven will 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 weede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with idle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things ?
Craft against vice, I must apply.
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.

Mari. 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 mercy, 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 Musicke 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 me here
to day ; much upon this time have I promis'd heere to
meete.

Mari. You have not beene 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 a little, may be
I will call upon you anone for some advantage to your
selfe.

Mari. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come :
What is the newes from this good Deputy?

Isa. 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 middle of the night, to call upon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isa. I have tane a due and wary note upon't,
With whispering, and most guilty 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 observance?

Isa. 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 stayes 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.

Isa. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mari. Good Frier, I know you doe, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a story ready for your eare :

I shall attend your leisure, but make haste

The vaprous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes : millions of false eyes

Are stucked upon thee : volumes of report

Runne with these false, and most contrarious Quests

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.

Isa. 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.*

Scoena 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 answer. To morrow morning are to dye *Clau-*
dio and *Barnardine* : here is in our prison a common exe-
cutioner, 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 imprison-
ment, and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping;
for you have beene a notorious baud.

Clo. Sir, I have beene an unlawfull bawd, time out of
minde, but yet I will be content to be a lawfull hangman :
I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fel-
low partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson* : where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abho. 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 dismis him , he cannot
plead his estimation with you : he hath beene a Bawd.

Abho. A Baud Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our
mystery.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equally : 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 Mystery ?

Abho. I Sir, a Mistery.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Mistery; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, doe prove my Occupation, a Mistery: but what Mistery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Mistery.

Clo. Prooffe.

Abho. Every true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinks it bigge enough. If it be too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough : So every true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed ?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him : For I doe finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then you Baud: he doth oftner aske forgivenessse.

Pro. You sirrah, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abho. Come on (Baud) 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 find me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio* :

Th'one has my pittie; 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 lyes starkely in the Travellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can doe good on him?

Well, goe, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort : by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wolsomst spirits of the night,
Invellop you, good *Provost* : who call'd heere of late?

Pro. Now since the Curphew rung.

Duk. Not *Isabell*.

Pro. No.

Duk. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio* ?

Duk. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duk. Not so, not so : his life is paralel'd

Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice :
He doth with holy 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 tyrannous,
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 possesst with haste,
That wounds th'unstisting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay until the Officer
Arise to let him in : he is call'd up.

Duk. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?

But he must dye to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duk. As neere the dawning Provost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know : yet I beleeeve 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 contrary.

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 sinne,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in :
Hence hath offence his quicke celerity,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercy ; Mercy'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 me
With this unwonted putting on, methinkes 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 Barnardine : 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.

Duk. 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 doe 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.

Duk. It is now apparant ?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duk. 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, wreakelesse, and
fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come : insensible
of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duk. He wants advice.

Pro. He will 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 dayes entirely drunke. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moved im at all.

Duke.

Duk. More of him anon : There is written in your brow *Provost*, honesty and constancy ; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me : but in the boldnesse 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, than *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but foure dayes respite : for the which, you are to doe me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what ?

Duk. In the delaying death.

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

Duk. 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'd before his death : you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thanks 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.

Duk. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

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?

Duk. 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 will goe further than I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, here 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.

Duk. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure : where you shall find within these two dayes, he wil be here. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monastery, 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 when 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.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

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

Over-dons owne house, for heere bee many of her old Customers. First, here's yong Mr. *Rash*, he's in for a commodity of browne paper, and old Ginger, ninescore and seventene pounds, of which he made five Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were 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 we here, yong *Dizy*, and yong Mr. *Deepe-vow*, and Mr. *Copperspurre*, and Mr. *Starve-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lusty *Pudding*, and Mr *Forth-light* the Tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abho. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

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

Abh. 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 sleepy.

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

Clo. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till your are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

Abh. Goe 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 block, sirah?

Clo. Very ready Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson* ?

What's the newes with you ?

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

Bar. You Rogue, I have beene 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, here comes your ghostly father : do we jest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, 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 beene drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my braines with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duk. Oh sir, you must : and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the journey you shall goe.

Bar. I sweare I will not dye to day for any mans perswasion.

Duk. But heare you:

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

Exit

Enter Provost.

Duk. Unfit to live, or dye : oh gravell heart.

G3

After

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how doe you find the prisoner ?

Duk. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the mind 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, till he were well enclin'd,
Ans satisfie the Deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides :
Dispatch it presently, the houre draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo* : See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to dye.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently :
But *Barnardine* must dye this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alive ?

Duk. 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 shall find
Your safety manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duk. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provost* he shall 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 Citty : and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carry it my selfe.

Duk. 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.

Duk. 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 Deputy 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 wisdoms daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I will to him, and plucke out his eyes.

Duk. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Unhappy *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 shall find
By every sillable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to morrow : nay dry your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance : Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who doe 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 goe,
And you shall 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 company
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shall 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 eyes
With a light heart ; trust not my holy Order
If I pervert your course : whose heere?

Enter Luci.

Luc. Good 'even ;
Frier, where's the Provost ?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh pretty *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 mee
too't : but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.
By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the olde fan-
tastical Duke of darke corners had beene at home, he had
lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvelous little beholding
to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
doe : he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well : you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie. Ile go along with thee,
I can tell 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 marry did I ; but I was faine to forswear 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 budy talke offend you, we'll have very little of it:nay
Friar I am a kind of Burre, I shall sticke. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Angelo, and 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 wisdom be not tainted : and why meet him at the gates and deliver our authorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

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

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

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

Esc. I shall sir : fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred Maide,
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 dishonour'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.*

Scoena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Fryer Peter.

Duk. 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.*

Scoena 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 sayes, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tels 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 Fryer *Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the Fryer 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, Escalus, Lucio,
Citizens at severall doares.*

Duke. 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.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings be 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 publike thanks
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong
To locke it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with characters of Brasse
A fortified 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 been 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.

Isab. Most

Isab. Most strange : but yet most truely will I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murderer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous theefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange ?

Du. 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.

Du. 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, than 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.

Du. 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 doe 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*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication
To lose 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.

Du. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Du. 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.

Du. The warrant's for your selfe : take heed to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told something of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Du. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time, proceed,

Isab. I went
to this pernicious Caitiffe Deputy.

Du. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.

Du. Mended againe : the matter : proceed.

Isab. In briefe, to set the needlesse 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 vilde conclusion
I now begin with grieve 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.

Du. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak'st,

Du. By heaven (fond wretch) [yu] knowst not what thou
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hatefull practise : first his Integrity
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 weigh'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 here wrapt up
In countenance : heaven shield your Grance from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeleeved goe.

Du. I know you'd 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 ?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Fryer Lodowicke.*

Du. 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 me? 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 Fryer,
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.

Du. We did beleeeve 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) misreport your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeeve it.

Peter. Well : he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of

Of a strange Feaver : upon his meere request
 Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
 Intended against Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
 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.

Duke. Good Fryer, 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 Ile be impartiall: be you Judge
 Of your owne Cause : Is this the Witsnesse Fryer?

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.

Duke. A Widdow then ?

Mar. Neither my Lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then : neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Punke : for many of
 them, are neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife.

Duke. 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.

Du. This is no witsnesse 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 Ile 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 neere 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 vow'd 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. Carnally she sayes.

Du. Sirrha, no more.

Luc. Enough 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 levity : 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 from breath,
As there is sense 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 gone, 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 Fryer, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone : thinkst thou thy oathes,
Though they would sweare 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 Fryer 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 Fryer *Lodowicke* to bee a
dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing
but his Cloathes, and one that hath spoke most villa-
nous speeches of the Duke.

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come,
and inforce them against him : wee shall finde this Fryer a
notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna* on my word.

Esca. 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.

Esca. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately

She

She should sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll bee
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 mid-
night.

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 slander
Lord *Angelo*? they have confes'd you did.

Duk. Tis false.

Esc. How? know you where you are ?

Duke. 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.

Duke. 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 tryall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the Rascal: 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 fowle 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 Provinciaall : 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 forfeits 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 bald-
pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you sir by the sound of your voyce,
I met you at the prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

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

Duk. Most notably sir.

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

Duk. You must (sir) change persons with me, ere you
make that my report : you indeed 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 ?

Duke. 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 other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay Sir, stay a while.

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

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir : foh sir, why you baldpated lying fascal: 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?

Duke. 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.

Duke. 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 thee 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 power 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.

Duke. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say : was't thou ever contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duke. 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.

Duke. Come hither *Isabell*,
Your Fryer is now your Prince : As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your businesse,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,
Atturried at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon
That I, your vassaile, have imploy'd and pain'd
Your unknowne Sovereignty.

Duke. 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 marveile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to save his life : and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Then let him so be lost : oh, most kinde Maid,
It was the swift celerity 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

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 honour : 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 wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.

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

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honour,
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 confiscation they are ours ;
We doe enstate, and widdow you withall,
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 lose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabel*, 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 sense you doe importune her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercy 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 dyes 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 sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did looke on me : Since it is so,
Let him not dye : my brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he di'd.
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 houre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duk. 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 dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. 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 still appear'd,
Should slip so grosly, both in the heat of blood
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, 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 Fryer told me of this man.
Sirrha, 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 mercy to provide
For better times to come : *Fryer* advise him,
I leave him to your hand . What muffled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'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 lovely 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 hee'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 sirrha, 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 ra-
ther it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it *Provost* round about the City;
If any woman wrong'd by this lew'd 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 mee 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 marry 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.

Duk. 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 [Scaene] Vienna.

Names of all the Actors.

Vincenzio : the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputy.
Escalus, an ancient lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Provost.

There's more behind that is more grate. *gratulate.*
Thankes *Provost* for thy care, and secrecy,
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 behind, that meets 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.
Mistress Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.
