

**Measure, for Measure from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies,
histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall
copies. — Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &
tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7**

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MEASVRE,

For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

E Scalus.

Esc.

My Lord.

Duk.

Of Gouernment, the properties to vn
(fold,

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 aduice

My strength can giue 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 Iustice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc.

If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk.

Looke where he comes.

Ang.

Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke.

Angelo:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obseruer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him aduertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue 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 vpon it.

Duk.

No more euasion:

We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang.

Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk.

My haste may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang.

The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

Esc.

Lead forth, and bring you backe in happi
nesse.

Exit.

Duk.

I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc.

I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang.

'Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction haue
Touching that point.

Esc.

Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exeunt.

F. Scæna

Scena Secunda.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

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Measure for Measure.

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 vpon the King.

1. Gent.

Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. Gent.

Amen.

Luc.

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

2. Gent.

Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc.

I, that he raz'd.

1. Gent.

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

2. Gent.

I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc.

I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer 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 con trouersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. Gent.

Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc.

I grant: as there may between the Lists, and the Veluet. Thou art the List.

1. Gent.

And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet;
thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief
be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art
pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc.

I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most pain
full feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne con
fession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue for
get to drinke after thee.

1. Gent.

I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent.

Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted,
or free.

Enter Bawde.

Luc.

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

2. Gent.

To what, I pray?

Luc.

Iudge

2. Gent.

To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent.

I, and more.

Luc.

A French crowne more.

1. Gent.

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

Luc.

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

1. Gent.

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

Bawd.

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

2. Gent.

Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd.

Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*?

1. Gent.

Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd.

Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested:
saw him carried away: and which is more, within these
three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc.

But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so:
Art thou sure of this?

Bawd.

I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam
Iulietta with childe.

Luc.

Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to meete
me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise
keeping.

2. Gent.

Besides you know, it drawes somthing neere
to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent.

But most of all agreeing with the (proclamatīō)proclamation.

Luc.

Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Exit.

Bawd.

Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat,
what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am
Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes
with you.

Enter Clowne.

Clo.

Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw.

Well: what has he done?

Clo.

A Woman.

Baw.

But what's his offence?

Clo.

Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuier.

Baw.

What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo.

No: but there's a woman with maid by him:
you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw.

What proclamation, man?

Clow.

All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee
pluck'd downe.

Bawd.

And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow.

They shall stand for seed: they had gon down
to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd.

But shall all our houses of resort in the Sub
urbs be puld downe?

Clow.

To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd.

Why heere'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 neede
not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; cou
rage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue
worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee
considered.

Bawd.

What's to doe heere, *Thomas Tapster*? let's
withdraw?

Clo.

Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouost
to prison: and there's Madam *Iuliet*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 1, Scene 2, cont.]

^{Note:} Conventionally this scene is not separate from the scene before.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2.Gent.

Cl.

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 euill disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Clau.

Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust.

Luc.

Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this res
(traint.

Cl.

From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vse
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue
Like [Page 63](#) Measure for Measure.
Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc.

If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I
would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence,

Claudio?

Cla.

What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc.

What, is't murder?

Cla.

No.

Luc.

Lecherie?

Cla.

Call it so.

Pro.

Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla.

One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc.

A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* so look'd after?

Cla.

Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract

I got possession of *Iulietas* bed,

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,

Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This we came not to,

Onely for propogation of a Dowre

Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue

Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanches

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

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

Luc.

With childe, perhaps?

Cla.

Vnhappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publique, be

A horse whereon the Gouvernor doth ride,

Who newly in the Seate, that it may know

He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:

Whether the Tirranny be in his place,

Or in his Eminence that fills it vp

I stagger in: But this new Gouvernor

Awakes me all the inrolled penalties

Which haue (like vn-scower'd Armor) hung by th'wall

So long, that nineteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc.

I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in loue, may
sigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla.

I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde seruice:
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade.

Luc.

I pray shée may; aswell for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand vnder greeuous im
position: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would
be sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke
tack: Ile to her.

Cla.

I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc.

Within two houres.

Cla.

Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[*Act 1, Scene 3*]

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk.

No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee
To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri.

May your Grace speake of it?

Duk.

My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies

Where youth, and cost, witlesse brauery keeps.
I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Uienna*
And he supposes me trauid to *Poland*,
(For so I haue strewd it in the common eare)
And so it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri.

Gladly, my Lord.

Duk.

We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
Which for this foureteene yeares, we haue let slip,
Euen like an ore7#x2011;growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
For terror, not to vse: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri.

It rested in your Grace
To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk.

I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,
'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th' ambush of my name, stri [...] home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To do in slander: And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

Exit.
F2Scena

Scena Quinta.

[Act 1, Scene 4]

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Measure for Measure.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa.

And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?

Nun.

Are not these large enough?

Isa.

Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Luc.

Ho? peace be in this place.

Isa.

Who's that which cal's?

Nun.

It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioresse*;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He cal's againe: I pray you answere him.

Isa.

Peace and prosperitie: 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 Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio*?

Isa.

Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc.

Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa.

Woe me; for what?

Luc.

For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,
He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:
He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa.

Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc.

'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to iest
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renoucement, an imortall 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 beleeeue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his loue haue embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison: euen so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilt, and husbandry.

Isa.

Some o [...]e with childe by him? my cosen *Iuliet*?

Luc.

Is she your cosen?

Isa.

Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc.

She it is.

Isa.

Oh, let him marry her.

Luc.

This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whose heauy sence, your brothers 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,

Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa.

Doth he so,
Seeke his life?

Luc.

Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isa.

Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc.

Assay the powre you haue.

Isa.

My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc.

Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselues would owe them.

Isa.

Ile see what I can doe.

Luc.

But speedily.

Isa.

I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to giue 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 leaue of you.

Isa.

Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang.

We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Esc.

I, but yet

Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleue 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 haue attained th' effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang.

'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)
Another [\[Page 65\]](#) Measure for Measure.
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Iury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the sworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do passe on theeues? '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 vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Esc.

Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang.

Where is the Prouost?

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 vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Esc.

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

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb.

Come, bring them away: if these be good peo
ple in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse 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 vpon Iustice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang.

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

Elb.

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

Esc.

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

Ang.

Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?

Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?

Clo.

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

Ang.

What are you Sir?

Elb.

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

Esc.

How know you that?

Elb.

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

Esc.

How? thy wife?

Elb.

I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo man.

Esc.

Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb.

I say sir, I will detest; my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pittie 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 wo
man Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in forn
ication, adultery, and all vncleanliness there.

Esc.

By the womans meanes?

Elb.

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

Clo.

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

Elb.

Proue it before these varlets here, thou honorable
man, proue it.

Esc.

Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo.

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

Esc.

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

Clo.

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

Fro.

No indeede.

Clo.

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

Fro.

I, so I did indeede.

Clo.

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

Fro.

All this is true.

Clo.

Why very well then.

Esc.

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

Clo.

Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc.

No sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo.

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

Fro.

Allhallond-Eue.

Clo.

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

Fro.

I haue 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 leau,
And leau you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all.

Exit.

Esc.

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

Clo.

Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb.

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

Clo.

I beseech your honor, aske me.

Esc.

Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo.

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

F3Esc. I

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Measure for Measure.

Esc.

I sir, very well.

Clo.

Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc.

Well, I doe so.

Clo.

Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Esc.

Why no.

Clo.

Ile be supposd vpon 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 then any of vs all.

Elb.

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

Clo.

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

Esc.

Which is the wiser here; *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb.

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

Esc.

If he tooke you a box o'th' eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

Elb.

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

Esc.

Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, 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 vpon 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 *Ouer-don*.

Esc.

Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo.

Nine, sir: *Ouer* don by the last.

Esc.

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

Fro.

I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap house, but I am drawne in.

Esc.

Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell:

Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Clo.

Pompey.

Esc.

What else?

Clo.

Bum, Sir.

Esc.

Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howso euer 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 liue.

Esc.

How would you liue *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 *Uienna*.

Clo.

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

Esc.

No, *Pompey*.

Clo.

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

Esc.

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

Clo.

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

Esc.

Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of
your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde
you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoever;
no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I
shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd Cæsar
to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall haue 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 Iade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Exit.

Esc.

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

Elb.

Seuen yeere, and a halfe sir.

Esc.

I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.

Elb.

And a halfe sir.

Esc.

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

Elb.

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

Esc.

Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seuen, 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?

Iust.

Eleuen, Sir.

Esc.

I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iust.

I humbly thanke you.

Esc.

It grieues me for the death of *Claudio* But there's no remedie:

Iust.

Lord *Angelo* is seuerer.

Esc.

It is but needfull.

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

Exeunt.

Scæna

Scena Secunda.

[*Act 2, Scene 2*]

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Measure for Measure.

Enter Prouost, Seruant.

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 die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang.

Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?

Pro.

Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang.

Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro.

Lest I might be too rash:

Vnder your good correction, I haue seene

When after execution, Iudgement hath

Repented ore his doome.

Ang.

Goe to; let that be mine,

Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro.

I craue your Honours pardon:

What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?

Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang.

Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Ser.

Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,

Desires accesse to you.

Ang.

Hath he a Sister?

Pro.

I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,

And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,

If not alreadie.

Ang.

Well: let her be admitted,

See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd,

Let her haue needfull, but not lauish meanes,

There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro.

'Saue your Honour.

Ang.

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

(will?

Isab.

I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,

'Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang.

Well: what's your suite.

Isab.

There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;
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 haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro.

Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang.

Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor:

Isab.

Oh iust, but seuerer Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc.

Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab.

Must he needs die?

Ang.

Maiden, no remedie.

Isab.

Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang.

I will not doe't.

Isab.

But can you if you would?

Ang.

Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab.

But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang.

Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc.

You are too cold.

Isab.

Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it againe: well, beleue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue slipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene so sterne.

Ang.

Pray you be gone.

Isab.

I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc.

I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang.

Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab.

Alas, alas:
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang.

Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab.

To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse-selues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.

Luc.

I, well said.

Ang.

The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill

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 euils
Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiu'd,
And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to haue no successiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.

Isab.

Yet shew some pittie.

Ang.

I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;
For then I pittie those I doe not know,
Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
And [\[Page 68\]](#)Measure for Measure.
And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isab.

So you must be (y^e)the first that giues this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.

Luc.

That's well said.

Isab.

Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vse his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselues laugh mortall.

Luc.

Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

Pro.

Pray heauen she win him.

Isab.

We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc.

Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab.

That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc.

Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang.

Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

Isab.

Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought vpon 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 turn back.

Ang.

How? bribe me?

Is.

I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

Luc.

You had mar'd all else.

Isab.

Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang.

Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc.

Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab.

Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang.

Amen.

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

Isab.

At what hower to morrow,

Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang.

At any time 'fore-noone.

Isab.

'Saeue your Honour.

Ang.

From thee: euen from thy vertue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?

The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?

Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,

That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,

Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,

Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,

That Modesty may more betray our Sence

Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary

And pitch our euils 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 liue:

Theeues for their robbery haue authority,

When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,

That I desire to heare her speake againe?

And feast vpon 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 vs on

To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet

With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature

Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid

Subdues me quite: Euer till now

When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

[*Act 2, Scene 3*]

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke.

Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro.

I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Frier?

Duke.

Bound by my charity, and my blest order,

I come to visite the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: doe me the common right

To let me see them: and to make me know

The nature of their crimes, that I may minister

To them accordingly.

Pro.

I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iuliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk.

When must he dye?

Pro.

As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue prouided for you, stay a while

And you shall be conducted.

Duk.

Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Iul.

I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Du.

Ile teach you how you shal araign your (consciēce)conscience

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

Iul.

Ile gladly learne.

Duk.

Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Iul.

Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk.

So then it seemes your most offence full act

Was mutually committed.

Iul.

Mutually.

Duk.

Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

Iul.

I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Du. 'Tis

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Measure for Measure.

Duk.

'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,

Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,

Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,

But as we stand in feare.

Iul.

I doe repent me, as it is an euill,

And take the shame with ioy.

Duke.

There rest:

Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,

And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace goe with you, *Benedicite*.

Exit.

Iul.

Must die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro.

'Tis pittie of him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[*Act 2, Scene 4*]

Enter Angelo.

An.

When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grautie
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 Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser.

One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires accesse to you.

Ang.

Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart,
Making both it vnable 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 hee should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isab.

I am come to know your pleasure.

An.

That you might know it, wold much better please
(me,
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Isab.

Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang.

Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab.

Vnder your Sentence?

Ang.

Yea.

Isab.

When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.

Ang.

Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens 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 heauen, but not in earth.

Ang.

Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most iust Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to such sweet vncleannesse
As she that he hath staind?

Isab.

Sir, beleeeue this.

I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

Ang.

I talke not of your soule: our compel'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab.

How say you?

Ang.

Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
To saue this Brothers life?

Isab.

Please you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,

It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

Ang.

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

Isab.

That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.

Ang.

Nay, but heare me,
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab.

Let 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 displaid: But marke me,
To be receiued 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, vpon that paine.

Isab.

True.

Ang.

Admit no other way to saue 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 Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to saue 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 vnder 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 haue bin sicke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to shame.

Ang. That

[\[Page 70\]](#)

Measure for Measure.

Ang.

Then must your brother die.

Isa.

And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.

Ang.

Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so?

Isa.

Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang.

You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Isa.

Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what vve meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

Ang.

We are all fraile.

Isa.

Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse.

Ang.

Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa.

I, as the glasses where they view themselues,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang.

I thinke it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.

Isa.

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

Ang.

Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

Isa.

My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang.

He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

Isa.

I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang.

Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.

Isa.

Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'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 beleeue thee *Isabell*?
My vnsoild name, th' austerenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne reporr,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile proue 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 beleeue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,

Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
“More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
He tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*Act 3, Scene 1*]

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.

Du.

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

Cla.

The miserable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to
die.

Duke.

Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th' accommodations that thou bearest,
Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt 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 prouoakst, yet grosselie fearest;
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striu'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 heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe

Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
Thou [\[Page 71\]](#)Measure for Measure.
Thou hast; neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes these oddes, all euen.

Cl.

I humblie thanke you.

To sue to liue, I finde I seeke to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab.

What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good com
panie.

Pro.

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

Duke.

Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cl.

Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isa.

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

Pro.

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

Duke.

Prouost, a word with you.

Pro.

As manie as you please.

Duke.

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

Cl.

Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa.

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

Clau.

Is there no remedie?

Isa.

None, but such remedie, as to saue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:

Clau.

But is there anie?

Isa.

Yes brother, you may lue;
There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla.

Perpetuall durance?

Isa.

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

Clau.

But in what nature?

Isa.

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

Clau.

Let me know the point.

Isa.

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

Cla.

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

Isa.

There spake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to conserue a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,
Whose settled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cla.

The prenzie, *Angelo*?

Isa.

Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer
In prenzie gardes; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,

If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'st be freed?

Cla.

Oh heuens, it cannot be.

Isa.

Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Clau.

Thou shalt not do't.

Isa.

O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.

Clau.

Thankes deere *Isabell*.

Isa.

Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Clau.

Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seuen it is the least.

Isa.

Which is the least?

Cla.

If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Isabell*.

Isa.

What saies my brother?

Cla.

Death is a fearefull thing.

Isa.

And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cla.

I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise

To what we feare of death.

Isa.

Alas, alas.

Cla.

Sweet Sister, let me liue.

What sinne you do, to saue a brothers life,

Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,

That it becomes a vertue.

Isa.

Oh you beast,

Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,

Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?

Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life

From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,

Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:

For such a warped slip of wildernessse

Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,

Die, perish: Might but my bending downe

Repreeue thee from thy fate, it should proceede.

Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,

No word to saue thee.

Cla.

Nay heare me *Isabell*.

Isa.

Oh fie, fie, fie:

Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie [\[Page 72\]](#) Measure for Measure.

Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,

'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla.

Oh heare me *Isabella*.

Duk.

Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

Isa.

What is your Will.

Duk.

Might you dispense with your leysure, I would

by and by haue some speech with you: the satisfaction I

would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa.

I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be

stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke.

Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between

you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to cor

rupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures.

She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him

that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I

am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, ther

fore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your res

olution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla.

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

Duke.

Hold you there: farewell: *Prouost*, a word with you.

Pro.

What's your will (father?)

Duk.

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

Pro.

In good time.

Exit.

Duk.

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

Isab.

I am now going to resolute him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment

Duke.

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

Isab.

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

Duke.

Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull:
Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of Fre
dericke the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa.

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

Duke.

Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was af
fianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between
which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie,
her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that
perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how
heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned
brother, in his loue toward
her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion
and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with
both, her combynate-husband, this
well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab.

Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

Duke.

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

Isab.

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

Duke.

It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the
cure of it not onely saues 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 con
tinuance of her first affection: his vniust vnkindenesse
(that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath
(like an impediment in the Current) made it more vio
lent and vnruely: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his req
uiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands
to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage;
first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the
time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place
answere to conuenience: this being granted in course,
and now followes all: wee shall aduise this wronged
maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place:

if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may
compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is
your brother sau'd, your honor vntainted, the poore
Mariana aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled.
The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if
you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes
of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe.
What thinke you of it?

Isab.

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

Duk.

It lies much in your holding vp: haste you spee
dily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed,
giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to *S. Lukes*,
there at the moated-Grange recides this deie
cted *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and
dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab.

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

Exit.

[*Act 3, Scene 2*]

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb.

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

Duk.

Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere.

Clow.

Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries
the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by
order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and
furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft
being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb.

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

Duk.

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

Elb. Marry

[\[Page 73\]](#)

Measure for Measure.

Elb.

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

Duke.

Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou causest to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe,
From their abhominable and beastly touches
I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and liue:
Canst thou beleecue thy liuing 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 proue.

Duke.

Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt proue 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 giuen
him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore[□] ma
ster: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him,
he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke.

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

Enter Lucio.

Elb.

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

Clo.

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

Luc.

How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels
of *Cæsar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none
of *Pigmaliions* Images newly made woman to bee 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 vway? Is it sad, and few words?
Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke.

Still thus, and thus: still vvorse?

Luc.

How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Pro
cures she still? Ha?

Clo.

Troth sir, shee hath eaten vp 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. Euer your fresh Whore and your powder'd Baud, an
vnshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to pri
son *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 'tis his right. Baud is he doubt
lesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good
Pompey: Commend me to the prison *Pompey*, you vwill
turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the
house.

Clo.

I hope Sir, your good Worship wil be my baile?

Luc.

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

Duke.

And you.

Luc.

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

Elb.

Come your waies sir, come.

Clo.

You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc.

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

Elb.

Come your waies sir, come.

Luc.

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

Duke.

I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc.

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

Duke.

I know not where: but wheresoeuer, I wish him well.

Luc.

It was a mad fantastickallicke of him to steale
from the State, and vsurpe the beggerie hee was neuer

borne to: Lord *Angelo Dukes* it well in his absence:
he puts transgression too't.

Duke.

He do's well in't.

Luc.

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

Duk.

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

Luc.

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

Duke.

How should he be made then?

Luc.

Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some,
that he vvas begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it
is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is con
geal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion
generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke.

You are pleasant sir, and speake apace.

Luc.

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

Duke.

I neuer heard the absent Duke much detected
for Women, he was not enclin'd that vway.

Luc.

Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke.

'Tis not possible.

Luc.

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

Duke.

You do him wrong, surely.

Luc.

Sir, I vvvas an inward of his: a shie fellow vvvas the Duke, and I beleeeue I know the cause of his vvwith drawing.

Duke.

What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc.

No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt with in the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnder stand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be vvwise.

Duke.

Wise? Why no question but he was.

Luc.

A very superficial, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke.

Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or mista king: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: there fore you speake vnskillfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

GLuc.

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Measure for Measure.

Luc.

Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke.

Loue talkes with better knowledge, & know ledge with deare loue.

Luc.

Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke.

I can hardly beleeeue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiera are he may) let mee desire you to make your an swer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc.

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

Duke.

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

Luc.

I feare you not.

Duke.

O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an opposite: but indeed

I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this a gaine?

Luc.

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

Duke.

Why should he die Sir?

Luc.

Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vn-genitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntrussing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eat Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell.

Exit.

Duke.

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

Enter Escalus, Pronost, and Bawd.

Esc.

Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd.

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

Esc.

Double, and trebble admonition, and still for feite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro.

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

Bawd.

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

Esc.

That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prison: Goe

too, no more words. Prouest, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro.

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

Esc.

Good'euen, good Father.

Duke.

Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc.

Of whence are you?

Duke.

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

Esc.

What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke.

None, but that there is so great a Feauor on
goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. No
ueltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be con
stant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough
aliue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to
make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs
the wisdome of the world. This newes is old enough,
yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what dis
position was the Duke?

Esc.

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

Duke.

What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc.

Rather reioycing to see another merry, then
merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice.
A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to
his euent, with a praier they may proue prosperous, &
let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd?
I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visita
tion.

Duke.

He professes to haue receiued no sinister mea
sure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles him
selfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed
to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie de

ceyuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure)
haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Esc.

You haue paid the heauens your Function, and
the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue la-
bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore
of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so
seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede
Iustice.

Duke.

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.

Esc.

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

Duke.

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

Exit.

Actus

Actus Quartus, Scœna prima.

[*Act 4, Scene 1*]

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Measure for Measure.

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 loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.*

Enter Duke.

Mar.

Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleeue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk.

'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here
to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here
to meete.

Mar.

You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat
here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk.

I doe constantly beleeue you: the time is come
euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be
I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your
selfe.

Mar.

I am alwayes bound to you.

Exit.

Duk.

Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab.

He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne 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 haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk.

But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab.

I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk.

Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab.

No: none but onely a repaire ith'darke,
And that I haue possesst him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk.

'Tis well borne vp.

I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab.

I doe desire the like.

Duk.

Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar.

Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke.

Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar.

Wilt please you walke aside.

Exit.

Duke.

Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab.

Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

Duke.

It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa.

Little haue 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 Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 4, Scene 2]

Enter Prouost 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 wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro.

Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee
a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Clau*
dio and *Barnardine*: heere 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
Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprison
ment, and your deliuerance with an vnpittied whipping;
for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

Clo.

Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of
minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hang
man: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from
my fellow partner.

Pro.

What hoa, *Abborson*: where's *Abborson* there?

Enter Abborson.

Abh.

Doe you call sir?

Pro.

Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with
him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,
vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot
plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh.

A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our
mysterie.

Pro.

Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will
turne the Scale.

Exit.

Clo.

Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a
good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:
Doe you call sir, your occupation a Myserie?

G2.Abb. I,

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Measure for Measure.

Abh.

I Sir, a Misterie.

Clo.

Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Misterie; and
your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, v
sing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Misterie: but
what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should
be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh.

Sir, it is a Misterie.

Clo.

Proofe.

Abh.

Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo.

If it be too little for your theefe, your true man
thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your
Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie
true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro.

Are you agreed?

Clo.

Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hang
man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth
oftner aske forgiuenesse

Pro.

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

Abh.

Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my
Trade: follow.

Clo.

I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue
occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde
me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you
a good turne.

Exit.

Pro.

Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

Th'one has my pitie; not a iot 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 immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cl.

As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro.

Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke.

The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro.

None since the Curphew rung.

Duke.

Not Isabell?

Pro.

No.

Duke.

They will then er't be long.

Pro.

What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke.

There's some in hope.

Pro.

It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke.

Not so, not so: his life is parale'd
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he turrannous,
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noise? That spirit's possest with hast,
That wounds th'vnsisting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro.

There he must stay vntil the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke.

Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he must die to morrow?

Pro.

None Sir, none.

Duke.

As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,

You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro.

Happely

You something know: yet I beleue there comes

No countermand: no such example haue we:

Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,

Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare

Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke.

This is his Lords man.

Pro.

And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess.

My Lord hath sent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you swerue not from the smallest Article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro.

I shall obey him.

Duke.

This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,

For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,

That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro.

I told you:

Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duk.

Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be ex-

ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernar-

dine: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudios

head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a

thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.

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 execu-

ted in th'afternoone?

Pro.

A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,

One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke.

How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro.

His friends still wrought Repreeues for him: And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull prooffe.

Duke.

It is now apparant?

Pro.

Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke.

Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison? How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro.

A man that apprehends death no more dread fully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke.

He wants aduice.

Pro.

He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

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Measure for Measure.

Duke.

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

Pro.

Pray Sir, in what?

Duke.

In the delaying death.

Pro.

Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to de

liuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Clandio*'s, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke.

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

Pro.

Angelo hath seene them both,
And will discouer the fauour.

Duke.

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

Pro.

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

Duke.

Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro.

To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke.

You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

Pro.

But what likelihood is in that?

Duke.

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

Pro.

I know them both.

Duke.

The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th' vnfoldings Starre calles vp 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 giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely re solue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

[*Act 4, Scene 3*]

Enter Clowne.

Clo.

I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it vvere *Mistris Ouer-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong *Mr Rash*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde *Ginger*, nine score and seuteene pounds, of which hee made fiue *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 haue vve heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong *Mr Deepe-von*, and *Mr Copperspurre*, and *Mr Starue-Lackey* the *Rapier* and dagger man, and yong *Drop-beire* that kild lu stie *Pudding*, and *Mr Forthlight* the *Tilter*, and braue *Mr Shootie* the great *Traueller*, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our *Trade*, and are now for the *Lords* sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abh.

Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

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 sleepeie.

Abh.

Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo.

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

Ab.

Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo.

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

Enter Barnardine.

Abh.

Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo.

Verie readie Sir.

Bar.

How now *Abhorson*?

What's the newes vvith you?

Abh.

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

Bar.

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

Clo.

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

Enter Duke.

Abh.

Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Fa
ther: do we iest now thinke you?

Duke.

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

Bar.

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

Duke.

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

Bar.

I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans per
swasion.

Duke.

But heare you:

Bar.

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

Exit.

Enter Prouost.

Duke.

Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

G3After [Page 78](#) Measure for Measure.
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro.

Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke.

A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro.

Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke.

Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro.

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

Duke.

Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro.

I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Duke.

Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro.

Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke.

Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro.

Ile make all speede.

Exit.

Isabell within.

Isa.

Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke.

The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa.

Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke.

Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
daughter.

Isa.

The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke.

He hath releasd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa.

Nay, but it is not so.

Duke.

It is no other,
Shew your wisdome daughter in your close patience.

Isa.

Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk.

You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa.

Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke.

This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen.
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery sillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,

There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wis
(dome,
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa.

I am directed by you.

Duk.

This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc.

Good'euening;
Friar, where's the Prouost?

Duke.

Not within Sir.

Luc.

Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to
see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee
too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.
By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan
tastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke.

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

Luc.

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

Duke.

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

Luc.

Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke.

You haue 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?

Luc.

Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it,
They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke.

Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you
well.

Lucio.

By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:
if baudy talke offend you, wee'l haue very litle of it: nay
Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

[Act 4, Scene 4]

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc.

Euery Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.

Ang.

[\[Page 79\]](#)

Measure for Measure.

An.

In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions
show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisdom
bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re
liuer ou rauthorities there?

Esc.

I ghesse not.

Ang.

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

Esc.

He shows his reason for that: to haue a dispatch
of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heere
after, which shall then haue no power to stand against
vs.

Ang.

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

Esc.

I shall sir: fareyouwell.

Exit.

Ang.

Good night.

This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By so receiuing a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.
Exit.

Scena Quinta.

[*Act 4, Scene 5*]

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke.

These Letters at fit time deliuer me,
The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you euer to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauia's* house,
And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flauius* 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 vs heere anon: my gentle *Uarrius*.
Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

[*Act 4, Scene 6*]

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 aduis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar.

Be rul'd by him.

Isab.

Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the aduerse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke

That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar.

I would *Frier Peter*

Isab.

Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter.

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*Act 5, Scene 1*]

*Enter Duke, Uarrius, Lords, Angelo, Esculus, Lucio,
Citizens at seuerall doores.*

Duk.

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

Ang. Esc.

Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk.

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

Ang.

You make my bonds still greater.

Duk.

Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert bosome
When it deserues with characters of brasse
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walke by vs, 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.

Iustice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard

Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duk.

Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,
Reueale your selfe to him.

Isab.

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

Ang.

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

Isab.

By course of Iustice.

Ang.

And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most

[\[Page 80\]](#)

Measure for Measure.

Isab.

Most strange: but yet most truely wil I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke.

Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa.

It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th' end of reckning.

Duke.

Away with her: poore soule
She speakes this, in th'infirmity of sence.

Isa.

Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleu'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible

But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, euen so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke.

By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab.

Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serue
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.

Duk.

Many that are not mad
Haue sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?

Isab.

I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc.

That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab.

That's he indeede.

Duk.

You were not bid to speake.

Luc.

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

Duk.

I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.

Luc.

I warrant your honor.

Duk.

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

Isab.

This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc.

Right.

Duk.

It may be right, but you are i'the wrong

To speake before your time: proceed,

Isab.

I went

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

Duk.

That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab.

Pardon it.

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke.

Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Isab.

In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by:

How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,

How he refeld me, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion

I now begin with grieffe, and shame to vtter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust

Release my brother; and after much debatement,

My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,

His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant

For my poore brothers head.

Duke.

This is most likely.

Isab.

Oh that it were as like as it i [...] true.

Duk.

By heauen (fond wretch) yu knowst not what thou

(speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor

In hatefull practise: first his Integritie

Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended

He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,

And not haue cut him off: some one hath set you on:

Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice

Thou cam'st heere to complaine.

Isab.

And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers aboue

Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time

Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp

In countenance: heauen shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

Duke.

I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa.

One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowicke*.

Duk.

A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?

Luc.

My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke.

Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc.

But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar,
A very scuruy fellow.

Peter.

Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue 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 vngot.

Duke.

We did beleuee no lesse.
Know you that *Frier Lodowicke* that she speakes of?

Peter.

I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not scuruy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc.

My Lord, most villanously, beleuee it.

Peter.

Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:
Of [\[Page 81\]](#)Measure for Measure.
Of a strange Feauor: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, [...] I hether

To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoever he's conuented: First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duk.

Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witnes Frier?
Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar.

Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke.

What, are you married?

Mar.

No my Lord.

Duke.

Are you a Maid?

Mar.

No my Lord.

Duk.

A Widow then?

Mar.

Neither, my Lord.

Duk.

Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wi-
dow, nor Wife?

Luc.

My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of
them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk.

Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
to prattle for himselfe.

Luc.

Well my Lord.

Mar.

My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc.

He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk.

For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc.

Well, my Lord.

Duk.

This is no witness for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar.

Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang.

Charges shee more then me?

Mar.

Not that I know.

Duk.

No? you say your husband.

Mar.

Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabels*.

Ang.

This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar.

My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Isabell*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagin'd person.

Duke.

Know you this woman?

Luc.

Carnallie she saies.

Duk.

Sirha, no more.

Luc.

Enough my Lord.

Ang.

My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And fieve 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 leuitie: Since which time of fieve yeres
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her

Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar.

Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heauen, and words (frō)from breath,

As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,

I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly

As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,

But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house [...]

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees,

Or else for euer be confixed here

A Marble Monument.

Ang.

I did but smile till now,

Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of Iustice,

My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue

These poore informall women, are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord

To finde this practise out.

Duke.

I, with my heart,

And punish them to your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman

Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes,

Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,

Were testimonies against his worth, and credit

That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*

Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines

To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.

There is another Frier that set them on,

Let him be sent for.

Peter.

Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed

Hath set the women on to this Complaint;

Your Prouost 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 iniuries as seemes you best

In any chastisement; I for a while

Will leaue you; but stir not you till you haue

Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers.

Exit.

Esc.

My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lu*

cio, did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a
dishonest person?

Luc.

Cucullus non facit Monachum, honest in nothing
but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villa
nous speches of the Duke.

Esc.

We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,
and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a
notable fellow.

Luc.

As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Esc.

Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would
speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to
question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc.

Not better then he, by her owne report.

Esc.

Say you?

Luc.

Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately shee [\[Page 82\]](#)Measure for Measure.
She would sooner confesse, perchance publikey she'll be
asham'd.

Enter Duke, Prouost, Isabella.

Esc.

I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc.

That's the way: for women are light at mid
night.

Esc.

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

Luc.

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

Esc.

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

Luc.

Mum.

Esc.

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

Duk.

'Tis false.

Esc.

How? Know you where you are?

Duk.

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

Esc.

The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you speake,

Looke you speake iustly.

Duk.

Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?
Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke's* vniust,
Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc.

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

Esc.

Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer:
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witsse of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th'*Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Iniustice?
Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose:
What? vniust?

Duk.

Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Esc.

Slander to th'State:
Away with him to prison.

Ang.

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

Luc.

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

Duk.

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

Luc.

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

Duk.

Most notedly Sir.

Luc.

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

Duk.

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

Luc.

Oh thou damnable fellow: did I not plucke thee
by the nose, for thy spe [...]hes?

Duk.

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

Ang.

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

Esc.

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

Duk.

Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang.

What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc.

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

Duk.

Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duke*.
First *Prouost*, let me bayle these gentle three:
Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc.

This may proue worse then hanging.

Duk.

What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:
Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st
Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang.

Oh, my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,
To thinke I can be vndiscerneable,
When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my passes. Then good Prince,

No longer Session hold vpon my shame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk.

Come hither *Mariana*,

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

Ang.

I was my Lord.

Duk.

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

Exit.

Esc.

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

Duk.

Come hither *Isabell*,

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

Isab.

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

Duk.

You are pardon'd *Isabell*:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,
It was the swift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Then that which lues to feare: make it your comfort,
So [\[Page 83\]](#) Measure for Measure.
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouost.

Isab.

I doe my Lord.

Duk.

For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For *Mariand*'s sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation

Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, euen from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.

Mar.

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

Duk.

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

Mar.

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

Duke.

Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar.

Gentle my Liege.

Duke.

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

Mar.

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

Duke.

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

Mar.

Isabell:

Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke.

He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Isab.

Most bounteous Sir.

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar.

Meerely my Lord.

Duk.

Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Prouost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnusuall howre?

Pro.

It was commanded so.

Duke.

Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro.

No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

Duk.

For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.

Pro.

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

Duk.

What's he?

Pro.

His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke.

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

Esc.

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

Ang.

I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,

And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deseruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouost, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke.

Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro.

This my Lord.

Duke.

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

Pro.

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

Duke.

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

Luc.

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

Duke.

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

Luc.

I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to
a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now I made you a

Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

[\[Page 84\]](#)

Measure for Measure.

Duke.

Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy slanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc.

Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke.

Slandering a Prince deserues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th' offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I haue 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 vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

- *Vincentio: the Duke.*
- *Angelo, the Deputie.*
- *Escalus, an ancient Lord.*
- *Claudio, a yong Gentleman.*
- *Lucio, a fantastique.*
- *2. Other like Gentlemen.*
- *Prouost.*
 - - *Thomas.*
 - *Peter.*

} 2. *Friers.*

- *Elbow, a simple Constable.*
- *Froth, a foolish Gentleman.*
- *Clowne.*

- *Abhorson, an Executioner.*
- *Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.*
- *Isabella, sister to Claudio.*
- *Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.*
- *Iuliet, beloved of Claudio.*
- *Francisca, a Nun.*
- *Mistris Ouer-don, a Band.*

FINIS.