Measure, for Measure from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627
Droeshout, Martin, 1601
Jaggard, Isaac, -1627
Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632
Jaggard, William, 1569-1623
Smethwicke, John, -1641
Aspley, William, -1640

Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services

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Sprint for Shakespeare

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The Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford
Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies. Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, tragedies. First Folio
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


</bibl>

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        <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi><lb/>
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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) [\pi B^3]$, $^2A-2B^6$

2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2) ^2A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 h-v^6 x^4 \chi_{1.2} [para.-]2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 aa-ff^6$

hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.-]2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6

x^6 2y-3b^6.</p>

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 'gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
reader".
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droeuchout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

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</decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
</decoNote>
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</additions>

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions></bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p></p>
<p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905).<p>
<p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
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  <persName type="form">Clau.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Du.</persName>
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MEASURE, For Measure.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Scalus.

Esc.

My Lord.

Duk.

Of Gouvernment, 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

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 inriched 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?

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?

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

Enter Angelo.

Looke where he comes.

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 goddesse, 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
Though first in question, is thy secondary. Take thy Commission.

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.

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 dothbefall you here. So fare you well:

To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,

Of your Commissions.

Yet giue leaue (my Lord,) That we may bring you something on the way.

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 rellish 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.

The heauens giue safety to your purposes.
Lead forth, and bring you back in happy

I thanke you, fare you well.

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.

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

Ile wait vpon your honor.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

If the Duke, with the other Dukes,
King.<p>
</p><sp who="#F-mm-gen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>
  <p>Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King <lb>of</lb>Hungaries</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-gen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Gent.</speaker>
  <p>Amen.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <p>Thou eonclude'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, <lb>that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but</lb> scrap'd one out of the Table.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-gen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Gent.</speaker>
  <p>Thou shalt not Steale?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <p>I, that he raz'd.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-gen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>
  <p>Why? 'twas a commandement, to command <lb>the Captaine</lb> and all the rest from their functions: they <lb>put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that <lb>in the thanks&lt;x2011;giuing before meate</lb>, do rallish the petition <lb>well, that praies for peace.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-gen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Gent.</speaker>
  <p>I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <p>I beleeeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't <lb>where Grace was said.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-gen.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Gent.</speaker>
  <p>No? a dozen times at least.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-gen.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Gent.</speaker>
  <p>What? In meeter?</p>
</sp>
In any proportion. or in any language.

I think, or in any Religion.

I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all

trousie: as for example; Thou thy selfe

wicked

villaine, despight of all Grace.

Well: there went but a paire of sheeres be-
tweene

vs.

And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a
three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as liefe

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?

I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most

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.

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

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

free.
Enter Bawde.</stage>

Luc.

Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes.

I haue purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe,

As come to

To what, I pray?

Iudge

To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

I, and more.

A French crowne more.

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

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.

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

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

Who's that I pray thee?

Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio?

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

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

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

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

Besides you know, it drawes somthing neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.
who = “#F-mm-luc”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Luc.</speaker>
  <p>Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend=“italic rightJustified” type=“exit”>Exit.</stage>
<sp who=“#F-mm-mov”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Bawd.</speaker>
  <p>Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, <lb/>what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am <lb/>Custom&#x2011;shrunke. How now? what's the newes <lb/>with you.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend=“italic center” type=“entrance”>Enter Clowne.</stage>
<sp who=“#F-mm-pom”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Yonder man is carried to prison.</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-mov”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Baw.</speaker>
  <p>Well: what has he done?</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-pom”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Clo.</speaker>
  <p>A Woman.</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-mov”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Baw.</speaker>
  <p>But what's his offence?</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-pom”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Clo.</speaker>
  <p>Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-mov”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Baw.</speaker>
  <p>What? is there a maid with child by him?</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-pom”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Clo.</speaker>
  <p>No: but there's a woman with maid by him: <lb/>you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-mov”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Baw.</speaker>
  <p>What proclamation, man?</p>
</sp>

<sp who=“#F-mm-pom”>
  <speaker rend=“italic”>Clow.</speaker>
All houses in the Suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd downe.

And what shall become of those in the City?

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

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

To the ground, Mistris.

Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

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 pitty taken on you; you that haue worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will bee considered.

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

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

Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Proost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet.
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2, cont.]
</head>
<note type="editorial" resp="#PW">Conventionally this scene is not separate from the scene before.</note>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, &amp; 2.Gent.</stage>

<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
<l>Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th'world?</l>
<l>Beare me to prison, where I am committed.</l>

<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<l>I do it not in euill disposition,</l>
<l>But from Lor<br>Lord &lt;hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi&gt; by speciall charge.&lt;/l&gt;

<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
<l>Thus can the demy ‑ god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight</l>
<l>The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will</l>
<l>On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust.&lt;/l&gt;

<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
<l>Why how now<br>from Lord &lt;hi rend="italic">Claudio&lt;/hi&gt; by speciall charge.&lt;/l&gt;

<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
<l>From too much liberty, (my &lt;hi rend="italic">Lucio&lt;/hi&gt;)
As surfet is the father of much fast</l>
<l>So euery Scope by the immoderate vse</l>
<l>Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue</l>
&lt;fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Like</fw&gt;
&lt;pb faces="FFimg:axc0083-0.jpg" n="63"/&gt;
&lt;fw type="rh">Measure for Measure.</fw&gt;
&lt;cb n="1"/&gt;
&lt;l&gt;Like Rats that rauny downe their proper Bane,&lt;/l&gt;
&lt;l&gt;A thirsty euill, and when we drinke, we die.&lt;/l&gt;

&lt;sp who="#F-mm-luc"&gt;
&lt;speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker&gt;
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?

What (but to speake of) would offend agayne.

What, is't murder?

No.

Lecherie?

Call it so.

Away, Sir, you must goe.

One word, good friend: Lucio, a word with you.

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

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 Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
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 Gouernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feel the spur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I stagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-scow'rd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that ninteene 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 milke-maid, if she be in loue, may sigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Luc. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde service:
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there 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.

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

I thank you good friend Lucio.

Within two houres.

Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.
[Act 1, Scene 3]
Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue 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.
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 keepes.
I haue deliuerd to Lord Angelo (A man of stricture and firme abstinenence)
My absolute power, and place here in Uienna
And he supposes me trauaild 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.
We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
Which for this foure teene 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 Justice by the nose;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

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

Duk.
Fri.
Duk.
Duk.
I do fear: too dreadful:

Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,

'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,

For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done

When evil deeds have their permission passe,

And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)

I have on <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi> impos'd the office,

Who may in th' ambush of my name, strike and gall them,

And yet, my nature never in the fight

To do in slander: And to behold his sway

I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person bare

Like a true <hi rend="italic">Frier</hi>

Moe reasons for this action

At our more leisure, shall I render you;

Onely, this one: Lord <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi> is precise.

Stands at a guard with Envy: scarce confesses

That his blood flowes: or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see

If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

Exit. F2

Measure for Measure.

[Act 1, Scene 4] 

Enter Isabella and Francisca a Nun.

Are not these large enough?
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.
Hoa? peace be in this place.
It is a mans voice: gentle Isabella.

Turne you the key, and know his business of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
When you haue vowed, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the Prioresse;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He cals againe: I pray you answere him.

Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his Sister.
<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you; Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
    <l>Woe me; for what?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>For that, which if my selfe might be his Judge, He should receiue his punishment, in thankes:
        He hath got his friend with childe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
    <l>Sir, make me not your storie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
        With Maids to see me the Lapwing, and to iest
        Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
        I hold you as a thing en skewed, and sainted,
        By your renouncement, an immortal spirit
        And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
        As with a Saint.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
    <l>You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>Do not beleue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
        Your brother, and his lover haue embrac'd;
        As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
        That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
        To teeming foyson: euen so her plenteous wombe
        Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
    <l>Some o<gap reason="illegible" agent="hole" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS">e with childe by him? my cosen <hi rend="italic">Iuliet</hi>? </l>
</sp>
Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoolemaids change their names 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 guing & 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 ability's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Assay the powre you haue.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

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 themselves would owe them.

Ile see what I can doe.

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 successes.
Luc. I take my leave of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants, Justice.

Ang. We must not make a scar & crown of the Law, setting it up to fear the Birds of prey, and let it keep one shape, till custom make it their search, and not their terror.

Esc. I, but yet let us be keen, and rather cut a little then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman whom I would save, had a most noble father, let but your honour know (whom I believe to be most strict in virtue) that in the working of your own affections, had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing, or that the resolute acting of our blood could have attained th' effect of your own purpose, whether you had not sometime in your life er'd in this point, which now you censure him, and pul'd the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Escalus).

Another
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 never thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne
Judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.
Be it as your wisedome will.

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

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

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne,
Officers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Elb.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Commonweale, that doe nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Elb.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is Elbow: I doe leane upon Iustice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Elb.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>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 profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Goe to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speake Elbow?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.</p>
Ang.<p>What are you Sir?\</p>

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

Esc.<p>How know you that?\</p>

Elb.<p>My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and your honour.\</p>

Esc.<p>How? thy wife?\</p>

I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo man.\</p>

Esc.<p>Do'st thou detest her therefore?\</p>

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

Esc.<p>How do'st thou know that, Constable?\</p>

Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a wo man\ Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in
forn\&#x00AD;<lb/>\&lt;cb n="2"/&gt;ication, adultery, and all
uncleanliness there.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  <p>By the womans meanes?&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Elb.</speaker>
  <p>I sir, by Mistris <hi rend="italic">Ouer</hi>&amp;#2011;dons&lt;/hi&gt;
    meanes: but as she spit &lt;lb/&gt;in his face, so she defide
    him.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  &lt;p&gt;Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Elb.</speaker>
  <p>Prue it before these varlets here, thou honora&amp;#x00AD;ble
    &lt;lb/&gt;man, prue it.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  &lt;p&gt;Doe you heare how he misplaces?&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  &lt;p&gt;Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing &lt;lb/&gt;(sauing
      your honors reuerence) for stewd prewyns; sir, &lt;lb/&gt;we
    had but two in the house, which at that very distant
    &lt;lb/&gt;time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of
    some three &lt;lb/&gt;pence; your honours haue seene such dishes)
    they are not &lt;lb/&gt;China&amp;#x2011;dishes, but very good
    dishes.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  &lt;p&gt;Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  &lt;p&gt;No indeede sir not of a pin; you are therein in &lt;lb/&gt;the right:
      but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris &lt;hi
    rend="italic">Elbow</hi&gt;, &lt;lb/&gt;being (as I say) with childe,
    and being great bellied, and &lt;lb/&gt;longing (as I said) for
    prewyns: and hauing but two in &lt;lb/&gt;the dish (as I said)
    Master &lt;hi rend="italic">Froth</hi&gt; here, this very man,
    ha&amp;#x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;uing eaten the rest (as I said) &amp; (as
I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Master Froth, I could not giue you three pence againe.

No indeede.

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

All this is true.

Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

No sir, nor I meane it not.

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.
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?

Allhallond-Eue.

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

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

Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

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

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

Exit.

I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your ship.

Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes wife, once more?

Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.
I beseech you Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

I beseech your honor, aske me.

Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her? I beseech you sir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Master looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Why no.

Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Well, I doe so.

Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

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 Con stables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

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

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

By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

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

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

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

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 Offi; 

p: proue this, thou wicked Hanniball, or ile haue mine
action of battry on thee.</p>

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

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

<p>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.</p>

<p>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.</p>

<p>Where were you borne, friend?</p>

<p>Here in Vienna, Sir.</p>

<p>Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?</p>

<p>Yes, and't please you sir.</p>

<p>So: what trade are you of, sir?</p>

<p>A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.</p>
Your Mistris name?

Mistris Ouer\textit{don}.

Hath she had any more then one husband?

Nine, sir: Ouer\textit{don} by the last.

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.

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

Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell: Come you hether to me, M\textsuperscript{r} Tapster: what's your name M\textsuperscript{r}. Tapster?
What else?

Bum, Sir.

Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

How would you liue Pompey? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade is it a lawfull trade?

If the Law would allow it, sir.

But the Law will not allow it, nor it shall not be allowed in Uienna.

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

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

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.

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; for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

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 lade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Come hether to me, Master Elbow:
Master Constable: how long have you been in this place of Constable?

Seuen yeere, and a halfe sir.

I thought by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seuen years ther.

And a halfe sir.

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

'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 piece of money, and go through with all.

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

To your Worships house sir?

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

Eleuen, Sir.
<speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>

<p>I pray you home to dinner with me.</p>

<p>Esc.</p>

<p>I humbly thanke you.</p>

<p>Esc.</p>

<p>It grieues me for the death of <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> But there's no remedie: Lord <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi> is seuere.</p>

<p>Esc.</p>

<p>It is but needfull. Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so, Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet, poore <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> there is no remedie. Come Sir.</p>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Scœna Secunda.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prouost, Seruant.</stage>

<p>Ser.</p>

<p>Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'l tell him of you.</p>

<p>Ser.</p>

<p>Pray you doe; Ile know</p>

<p>His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas</p>

<p>He hath but as offended in a dreame,</p>

<p>All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he</p>
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Now, what's the matter Prouost? Prouost shall die to morrow?

Ang.

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

Why do'st thou aske againe?

Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I haue seene When after execution, Judgement hath Repented ore his doome.

Goe to; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place, And you shall well be spar'd.

I craue your Honours pardon: What shall be done Sir, with the groaning Shee's very neere her howre.

Hath he a Sister?

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

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

Hath he a Sister?
I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortlie of a Sister's hood,
If not alreadie.

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.

'Saue your Honour.
Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your will?

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.

Well: the matter?
I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

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:

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

Maiden, no remedie.

But can you if you would?
<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
  <l>Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isab.</speaker>
  <l>But might you doe't &amp; do the world no wrong</l>
  <l>If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse</l>
  <l>As mine is to him</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
  <l>Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>You are too cold</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isab.</speaker>
  <l>Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word</l>
  <l>May call it againe: well, beleeue this</l>
  <l>No ceremony that to great ones longs</l>
  <l>Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword</l>
  <l>The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe</l>
  <l>Become them with one halfe so good a grace</l>
  <l>As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he</l>
  <l>You would haue slipt like him, but he like you</l>
  <l>Would not haue beene so sterne</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
  <l>Pray you be gone</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isab.</speaker>
  <l>I would to heauen I had your potencie</l>
  <l>And you were <hi rend="italic">Isabell</hi> should it then be</l>
  <l>No: I would tell what 'twere to be a ludge</l>
  <l>And what a prisoner</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>I, touch him: there's the vaine</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
  <l>Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law</l>
</sp>
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 Judgement, should

But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,

And mercie then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made.

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.

To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,

Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our

We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen

With lesse respect then we doe minister

To our grosse

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?

There's many haue committed it.

I, well said.

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 remissesenesse, 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.
Yet shew some pittie.

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong

Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

So you must be

And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent

To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous

To vse it like a Giant.

That's well said.

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.

Splits the vn& Expedients: but like a Giant.

Drest in a little briefe authoritie,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd.

(174x758)
Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.
Pray heauen she win him.
We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.
Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.
Art auis'd o'that? more on't.
Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?
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.
Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence; fare you well.
Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

How? bribe me?

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

You had mar'd all else.

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.

Well: come to me to morrow.

Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation, 
Where prayers crosse.
Isab. At what hour to morrow, Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time before noone.

Isab. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy virtue. 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 flower,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sense
That 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 live:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Judges 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.
Enter Duke and Prouost.

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

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.

I would do more then that, if more were needfull.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine, Who falling in the flaws 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.

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

I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.
I'll teach you how you shall aaraign your conscience, if it be sound, or hollowly put on.

I'll gladly learn.

Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

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

So then it seemes your most offence full act was mutually committed.

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

'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.
Iulius.

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.

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

'Tis pitty of him.

Enter Angelo.

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
Groune feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
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
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 Servuant.

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 fitnesse?

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-loue Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

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

Isab. How say you?

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd sins Stand more for number, then for accompt.
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>

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?</sp>

Isab.

Please you to doo't,

Ile take it as a perill to my soule,

It is no sinne at all, but 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-prayer,

To haue it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answere.</sp>

Thus wisdome wishes to appeare most bright,

When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques

Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder

Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,

To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse:

Your Brother is to dye.

So.</sp>
And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

True.

Then must your brother die.

And 'twer 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 advantage that I dearely loue.

We are all fraile.

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

Na, women are fraile too.

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.
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're none. If you be one (as you are well exprest By all externall warrants) shew it now, By putting on the destin'd liuerie.

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

My brother did loue Juliet, And you tell me that he shall die for't. He shall not Isabella if you giue me loue. I know your vertue hath a licence in't, Which seemes a little fouler then it is, To plucke on others.

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

Ha? Little honor, to be much beleu'd, And most pernitious purpose: Seeming, seeming. I will proclaime thee Angelo, looke for't. Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world aloud:

What man thou art.

Who will believe thee Isabella? My unsold name, the austerity of my life, my vouch against you, and my place in the State, will so your accusation overweigh, that you shall stifle in your own report, and smell of calumny. I have begun, and now I give my sensual race, the rein,Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite, Lay by all niceties, 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 onely die the death, but thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out To lingering suffrance: Answer me to morrow, or by the affection that now guides me most, I'll prove a Tirant to him. As for you, say what you can; my false, o're weighs your true.

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, who would believe me? O perilous mouths that bear in them, one and the selfsame tongue, either of condemnation, or approove, Bidding the Law make curtsy 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 bloody blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp, Before his sister should her bodie stoope To such abhord pollution. Then Isabella liue chaste, and brother die; "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest.
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3">
<scene type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</scene>
Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.<br/>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
	<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
	<l>So then you hope of pardon from Lord <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi>?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-cla">
	<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
	<l>The miserable have no other medicine</l>
	<l>But solely hope: I have hope to live, and am prepar’d to <lb/>die.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
	<speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
	<l>Be absolute for death: either death or life</l>
	<l>Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:</l>
	<l>If I do lose thee, I do loose a thing</l>
	<l>That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,</l>
	<l>Servile to all the skie influences</l>
	<l>That dost this habitation where thou keepest</l>
	<l>Hourly afflict: Merely, thou art deaths fool</l>
	<l>And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble</l>
	<l>For all th' accommodations that thou bearest</l>
	<l>Are nurst by baseness: Thou're by no meanes valiant</l>
	<l>For thou dost feare the soft and tender fork</l>
	<l>Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe</l>
	<l>And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosselie fearest</l>
	<l>Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe</l>
	<l>For thou exists on manie a thousand grains</l>
	<l>That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not</l>
	<l>For what thou hast not, still thou striu'nt to get</l>
	<l>And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine</l>
	<l>For thy complexion shifts to strange effects</l>
	<l>After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou're poore</l>
</sp>
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;

Thou bearst 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&#x2011;dinner sleepe

Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes

Of palsied&#x2011;Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

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.

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.

What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good com&amp;#x00AD;&lt;lb/)&gt;panie.

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

Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

My businesse is a word or two with &lt;hi rend="italic">Claudio.&lt;/hi&gt;
And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your sister.

Prouost, a word with you.

As manie as you please.

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

Now sister, what's the comfort?

Why,

As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,

Lord having affaires to heauen

Intends you for his swift Ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger;

Therefore your best appointment make with speed,

To Morrow you set on.

Is there no reme

None, but such remedie, as to saue a head:

But is there anie?
Isa. Yes brother, you may live; there is a diuellish mercie in the Judge, if you'll implore it, that will free your life, but fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

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

Cla. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't, would barke your honor from that trunke you beare, and leaue you naked.

Cla. Let me know the point.

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

The prenzie, Angelo?
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'st be freed?
Oh heauens, it cannot be.
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.
Thou shalt not do't.
O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankly as a pin.
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>

Thankes deere <hi rend="italic">Isabell.</hi>
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
  <l>Be readie <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, for your death to morrow.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>
  <l>Yes. Has he affections in him,</l>
  <l>That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,</l>
  <l>When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,</l>
  <l>Or of the deadly seuen it is the least.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
  <l>Which is the least?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <l>If it were damnable, he being so wise,</l>
  <l>Why would he for the momentarie tricke,</l>
  <l>Be perdurable fin'de? Oh</l>
  <l>Isabell.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
  <l>And shamed life, a hatefull.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-cla">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
  <l>I, but to die, and go we know not where,</l>
  <l>To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,</l>
  <l>This sensible warme motion, to become,</l>
  <l>A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit</l>
  <l>To bath in fierie floods, or to recide</l>
  <l>In thrilling Region of thicke ribbed Ice,</l>
  <l>To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes</l>
  <l>To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-cla">
  <l>In thrilling Region of thicke Ribbed Ice,</l>
  <l>To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes</l>
  <l>And blowne with restlesse violence round about</l>
  <l>The pendant world: or to be worse then worst</l>
</sp>
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.

Alas, alas.

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.

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 wildernesse
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.

Nay heare me
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;
Mercie
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 overheard what hath past between you & your sister. Angelo had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his judgement 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, therfore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolvtion 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.</p>

<p>What's your will (father?)</p>

<p>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.</p>

<p>In good time.</p>

<p>Exit.</p>

<p>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?</p>

<p>I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be lawfullie 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 go&uuml;ernment</p>

<p>That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the now stands, he will avoide 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 beleeue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a rited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer re turne to have hearing of this businesse.

Isab.

Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares 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 Fredericke 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 have married: was af fianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnittie, her brother Fredericke was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that cb n="2"/ perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauly 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. Angelo.

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, 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 auaile?

Duk.

This forenamed Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vnjust vnkindenesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more viole and vnruuly: Goe you to Angelo, answere his requiring 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 advise this wronged maid to steed vp your appointment, in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saued, your honor
vntainted, the poore <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Mariana</hi>
aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. <lb/>
The Maid will
I
frame, and make fit for his attempt: if <lb/>you thinke well to
carry this as you may, the doublenes <lb/>of the benefit
defends the deceit from reproofe. <lb/>What thinke you of
it?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">

<brp>
The image of it giues me content already, and I <lb/>trust
it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
<p>It lies much in your holding vp: haste you
spee&amp;#x00AD; <lb/>dily
to <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi>, if for this night he intreat
you to his bed, <lb/>giue him promise of satisfaction: I
will presently to S. <hi rend="italic">Lukes</hi>, <lb/>there at
the
moated&amp;#x2011;Grange recides this deie&amp;#x00AD;eled
<hi rend="italic">Mariana</hi>; at that place call vpon me, and
<lb/>dispatch with <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi>, that it may
be quickly.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
<p>I thank you for this comfort: fare yo</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
<p>Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
<p>Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you <lb/>will
needes
buy and sell men and women like beasts, we <lb/>shall haue all
the world drinke browne &amp; white bastard.</p>
</sp>
Twas neuer merry world since of two versus 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.

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

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

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 abominable and beastly touches I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and liue: Canst thou beleeue thy liuing is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir: But yet Sir I would proue.
Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for sin <lb/><p>Thou wilt prowe his. Take him to prison Officer: <lb/>Correction, and Instruction must both worke <lb/>Ere this rude beast will profit.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
  <speaker rend="italic">Elb.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore&amp;#2011;ma&amp;#x00AD;</p>

<sp who="#F-mm-monger">
  <p>Whore&amp;#x2011;monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>That we were all, as some would seeme to bee From our faults, as faults from seeming free.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pigmalions 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?</p>

<lb/><p>Or how? The tricke of it?</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Still thus, and thus: still vvorse?</p></sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
<p>How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Pro &amp; Eures she still? Ha?</p>

<sp who="#F-mm-pom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Troth sir, shee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
 <p>Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Euer your fresh Whore a nd your pouder'd Baud, an vnshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to pri</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-elb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Elb.</speaker>
 <p>For being a baud, for being a baud.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
 <p>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 <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>: Commend me to the prison <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>: you vvill turne good husband now <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, you will keepe the house.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-pom">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I hope Sir, your good Worship wil be my baile?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
 <p>No indeed wil I not <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, it is not the wear: I will pray</p>
</sp>
Pompey to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trusti Pompey.

Blesse you Friar.

Duke.

And you.

Luc.

Do's Bridget? Ha?

Elb.

Come your waies sir, come.

Clo.

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

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You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?

You will not baile me then Sir?
you?

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

It was a mad fantastical tricke of him to steale from the State, and usurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord Angelo puts transgression too't.

He do's well in't.

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

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

Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Friar, 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?

How should he be made then?

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
coneal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible. 

who = "#F-mm-duk"

Duke. </speaker>

<p>You are pleasant sir, and speake apace.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">

Luc. </speaker>

<p>Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Codpeece, 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&amp;#x00AD;dred Bastards, he vwould haue paide for the thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the seruice, and that instructed him to mercie.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">

Duke. </speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">

Luc. </speaker>

<p>Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">

Duke. </speaker>

<p>'Tis not possible.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">

Luc. </speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">

Duke. </speaker>

<p>You do him wrong, surely.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">

Luc. </speaker>

<p>Sir, I vvas an inward of his: a shie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleue I know the cause of his drawing.</p>

</sp>
Duke.

What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc.

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

Duke.

Wise? Why no question but he was.

Luc.

A very superficill, ignorant, vnweighing fellow.

Duke.

Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or mistaking: 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 envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke.

Loue talkes with better knowledge, and knowledge with deare loue.
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
<p>Come Sir, I know what I know.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your an\&#x00AD;swear before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <p>Sir my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <p>I fear you not.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <p>Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish: I would
the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this
vngenitur'd Agent will vnpeople the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build
in his house; eues, 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 eate 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 Garlick: say that I said so:
Farewell.

Exit.

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Go, away with her to prison.

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

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

A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your
Honor.<p>
</p><sp who="#F-mm-mov">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bawd.</speaker>
  <p>My Lord, this is one <hi rend="italic">Lucio's</hi> information a&amp;x00AD; gainst me, Mistris <hi rend="italic">Kate Keepe</hi> was with childe by <lb/> him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his <lb/> Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come <hi rend="italic">Philip</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Ia</hi> cob: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about <lb/> to abuse me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  <p>That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let <lb/> him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prison: Goe <lb/> too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi> will <lb/> not be alter'd, <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi> must die to morrow: Let him be <lb/> furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable prepara&amp;x00AD; tion. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not <lb/> be so with him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-pro">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
  <p>So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, <lb/> and aduis'd him for th' entertainment of death.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  <p>Good'even, good Father.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>Blisse, and goodnesse on you.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  <p>Of whence are you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Not of this Countrie, though my chance is no</l>
  <l>To vse it for my time: I am a brother</l>
  <l>Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea</l>
  <l>In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
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 constant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisedome of the world. This newes is old enough, yet it is everie 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 profess to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, 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& haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister mea sure from his judge, 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.
You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother Justice haue I found so seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Justice.

Duke.

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

Esc.

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

Duke.

Peace be with you. He who the sword of 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 treble 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 perfome an olde contracting.

Exit. Actus
Enter Marian a, and Boys 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

Enter Duke.

'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.

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

Enter Isabell.
Duk. I doe constantly beleue 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.</p>

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you.

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 possest 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. 

'Tis well borne vp.

I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana. 

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,

She comes to doe you good. 

I doe desire the like. 

Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

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

Wilt please you walke aside.

Exit. 

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. 

Enter Mariana.
<speaker rend="italic">Isab.</speaker> Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father, If you aduise it.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker> It is not my consent, But my entreaty too.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker> Little haue you to say When you depart from him, but soft and low, Remember now my brother.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker> Feare me not.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker> Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all: He is your husband on a precontract: To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne, Sith that the justice of your title to him Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe, Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow.
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prouost and Clowne.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mm-pro">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker> Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mm-pom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker> If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can: But he be a married man, he's his wife's head: And I can neuer cut off a womans head.
  </sp>
</div>

<p>Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee</p>
direct answere. To morrow morning are to die <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>
and <hi rend="italic">Barnardine</hi>: heere is in our prison a common exe& <hi rend="italic">executioner, 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 have your full time of imprison&;ment, and your deliuerance with an unpittied whipping; for you have beene a notorious bawd.</p>
</sp>
</sp who="#F-mm-pom">
<sp who="#F-mm-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<p>What hoa, <hi rend="italic">Abhorson</hi>: where's <hi rend="italic">Abhorson</hi> there?</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Abhorson.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mm-abh">
<speaker rend="italic">Abh.</speaker>
<p>Do you call sir?</p>
</sp>
</sp who="#F-mm-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<p>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.</p>
</sp>
</sp who="#F-mm-abh">
<speaker rend="italic">Abh.</speaker>
<p>A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.</p>
</sp>
</sp who="#F-mm-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<p>Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale.</p>
Exit.

Pray sir, by your good favor: for surely sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

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

Sir, it is a Mysterie.

Proofe.

Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

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.
Are you agreed?

Sir, I will serve him: For I do finde your man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner ask for forgiveness

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

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

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

Exit.

Call hether Bernardine; not a jot the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow Thou must be made immortall. Where's Bernardine?

As fast lock'd up in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour.

When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,

He will not wake.

Thou must be made immortall. Where's Bernardine?

Call hether Bernardine; not a jot the other, Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow

Thou must be made immortall. Where's Bernardine?
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

Enter Duke.

The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?
None since the Curphew rung.
Not Isabell?
No.
They will then er't be long.
What comfort is for Claudio?
There's some in hope.
It is a bitter Deputie.
Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd Euen with the stroke and line of his great Justice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,

But this being so, he's 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.

As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,

You shall heare more ere Morning.

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.

This is his Lords man.

This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when

The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
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: 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. Whatever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernard: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudios head sent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliver. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at your peril.

What say you to this Sir?
What is that \textit{Barnardine}, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

A Bohemian borne: But here nurs't vp \\
and bred,

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.

His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:

His fact till now in the gouernment of Lord\textit{Angelo}, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

It is now apparant?

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

He wants aduice.
Pro.

He wil heare none: he hath euermore h\lb\uity of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee \lb\ue entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to \lb\ue to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war\lb\ran for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

More of him anon: There is written in your \lb\u brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes \lb\ue of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudio, \lb\ue whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater \lb\ue forfeit to the Law, then \lb\ue Angelo who hath sentenc'd him.

To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I \lb\ue to crosse this in the smallest. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to deliever his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my \lb\ue case as Claudio's, to crosse this in the smallest.
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.

who"  

Pro.

Angelo" hath scene them both,

And will discover the fauour.

who"  

Duke.

were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Duke?"</sp>  

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?

Duke.

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

Duke.

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 persuasian, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke
you Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you?

Pro.

I know them both.

Duke.

The contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon over read 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' unfolding 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 give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne.
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 & Mr Starue & Mr Copperspurre, and Mr Crier & Mr Lacks Pier & dagger man, and yong Mr Drop'hire that kild & 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. M'r Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd.


Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you? Barnardine.
Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepie.

Tell him he must awake,

And that quickly too.

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

Go in to him, and fetch him out.

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

Enter Barnardine.

Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Verie readie Sir.

How now Abhorson?

What's the newes vvith you?

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

You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,

I am not fitted for't.

Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night,
hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the <lb/>sounder all
the next day.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Duke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mm-abh">
  <speaker rend="italic">Abh.</speaker>
  <p>Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Fa&\textsuperscript{\textregistered}x00AD;<lb/>ther: do we iest now thinke you?/p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how <lb/>hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, <lb/>Comfort you, and pray with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
  <p>Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, <lb/>and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall <lb/>beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to <lb/>die this day, that's certaine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you <lb/>Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
  <p>I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans <lb/>swasion.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>But heare you:</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mm-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
  <p>Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me, <lb/>come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prouost.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <p>Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.</p>
</sp>
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: 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 alieue?
<speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>

Let this be done.;

Put them in secret holds, both <hi rend="italic">Barnardine</hi>

and <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.

Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting;

To yond generation, you shal finde

Your safetie manifested.

</sp>

I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Enter Prouost.

Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Ile make all speede.

Exit.

Enter Prouost.

Isabell within.

Peace hoa, be heere.
Duke.<br>The tongue of Isabella. She's come to know.</br>If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:<br>But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,<br>To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,<br>When it is least expected.<br></br>Enter Isabella.<br>Hoa, by your leaue.<br>Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.<br>Nay, but it is not so.<br>It is no other,<br>You shal not be admitted to his sight.<br>Vnhappie Claudio, wretched Isabell, from the world,<br>His head is off, and sent to Angelo.<br></br>Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.<br>It is no other,<br>Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.<br>Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.<br>You shal not be admitted to his sight.<br>Vnhappie Claudio, wretched Isabell,
Injurious world, most damned Angelo.<n>
</n>
Duke.<n>
This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.<n>
Forbear it therefore, giue your cause to heauen.<n>
Marke what I say, which you shall finde.<n>
By every syllable a faithful veritie.<n>
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,<n>
One of our Couent, and his Confessor.<n>
Gues me this instance: Already he hath carried,<n>
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,<n>
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,<n>
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your
wis&

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

Enter Lucio.<n>
Enter Lucio.
Good'euen; Friar, where's the Prouost?

Not within Sir.

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 here to Morrow. By my troth Isabell I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan &#x00AD; tistical Duke of darke corners had bene at home,

he had liued.

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

You haue told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.
Duke.

Did you such a thing?

Luc.

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.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

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

I ghesse not.
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  <p>He showes 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.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
  <p>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.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-esc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Esc.</speaker>
  <p>I shall sir: fareyouwell.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mm-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
  <l>Good night.</l>
  <l>This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant</l>
  <l>And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid.</l>
  <l>And by an eminent body, that enforc'd</l>
  <l>The Law against it? But that her tender shame</l>
  <l>Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,</l>
  <l>How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,</l>
  <l>For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,</l>
  <l>That no particular scandall once can touch</l>
  <l>But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,</l>
  <l>Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense</l>
  <l>Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge</l>
  <l>By so receiuing a dishonor'd life</l>
  <l>With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued.</l>
  <l>Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,</l>
  <l>Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<scene n="5">Scena Quinta.</scene>

[Act 4, Scene 5] Enter Duke and Frier
Peter.</stage>

Duke.</speaker>

These Letters at fit time deliuer me.</l>

The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot.</l>

The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction</l>

And hold you euer to our speciall drift;.</l>

Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that</l>

As cause doth minister: Goe call at Flauia'</hi>
s house.</l>

And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice</l>

To Valencius</hi>, <hi>Rowland</hi>, and to Crassus</hi>,</l>

But send me Flauius</hi> first.</l>

It shall be speeded well.</l>

I thank thee Varrius</hi>, thou hast made good hast.</l>

Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends</l>

Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle</hi>

Exeunt.</stage>

Scena Sexta.</head>

[Act 4, Scene 6] Enter Isabella and Mariana.</stage>

To speake so indirectly I am loath.</l>

I would say the truth, but to accuse him so</l>

That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,</l>

He saies, to vaile full purpose.</l>

Be rul'd by him.</l>

Be rul'd by him.</l>

Isab.</speaker>

To speake so indirectly I am loath.</l>

I would say the truth, but to accuse him so</l>

That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,</l>

He saies, to vaile full purpose.</l>

Mar.</speaker>

Be rul'd by him.</l>

Isab.</speaker>
Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture
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.
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, Angelo, Esculus, Lucio, Citizens at seuerall doores.

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

Happy returne be to your royall grace.
Duk. Many and harty 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 forted 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 keep e within: Come Escalus, You must walke by vs, on our other hand: Andgood supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella. You must walke by vs, on our other hand: Andgood supporters are you.

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

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. By course of Iustice. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange. 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?

Nay it is ten times strange?

It is not truer he is Angelo is an adulterous thiefe, An hypocrite, a virgin violator, Is it not strange? and strange?
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

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

Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'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 caitiff on the ground
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute:
As 

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.

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

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.

Many that are not mad
Haue sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?
I am the Sister of one Claudio, Condemned 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.

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.

That's he indeede. You were not bid to speake.

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

This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.
Luc.

Right.

Duk.

It may be right, but you are in the wrong.

To speake before your time: proceed.

Isab.

I went.

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

That's somewhat madly spoken.

Pardon it.

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke.

Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

In briefe, to set the needless processe by:

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

How he refeld me, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion

I now begin with griefe, and shame to utter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust

Release my brother; and after much debatement,

My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,

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

His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant

For my poore brothers head.

This is most likely.

Oh that it were as like as it is...
agent="stain" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"><gap> true.<l>
</gap>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
  <l>By heauen (fond wretch) ye u</l>
</sp>

knowst not what thou <lb rend="turnover"/>
<pc rend="turnover">speak't.</l>
</pc>

<l>Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor</l>
<l>In hatefull practise: first his Integritie</l>
<l>Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,</l>
<l>That with such vehemency he should pursue</l>
<l>Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended</l>
<l>He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,</l>
<l>And not haue cut him off: some one hath set you on:</l>
<l>Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice</l>
<l>Thou cam'st heere to complaine.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isab.</speaker>
  <l>And is this all?</l>
</sp>

<l>Then oh you blessed Ministers aboue</l>
<l>Keep me in patience, and with ripened time</l>
<l>Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp</l>
<l>In countenance: heauen shield your Grace from woe,</l>
<l>As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleeued goe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:</l>
  <l>To prison with her: Shall we thus permit</l>
  <l>A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,</l>
  <l>On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise;</l>
  <l>Who knew of your intent and comming hither?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Isa.</speaker>
  <l>One that I would were heere, Frier Lodowick.</l>
</sp>

Luc.

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

Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike

Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer

I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar,

A very scuruy fellow.

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.

We did beleeue no lesse.

Know you that Frier that she speakes of?

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.

My Lord, most villanously, beleeue it.

Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;

But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of

Measure for Measure.
Of a strange Feaour: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, I het her
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 justifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.
Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Give 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.
Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.
Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.
What, are you married?
No my Lord.
Are you a Maid?
No my Lord.
A Widow then?
"Neither, my Lord.

Duk.

Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc.

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

Duk.

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

Luc.

Well my Lord.

Mar.

My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married, And I confesse besides, I am no Maid, I 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 witnesse for Lord Angelo.
Now I come to't, my Lord:
Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.

Charges she moe then me?
Not that I know.
No? you say your husband.
Why iust, my Lord, and that is <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi>,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes <hi rend="italic">Isabell</hi>.
This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.
My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi>
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 <hi rend="italic">Isabell</hi>.
And did supply thee at thy garden house
In her Imagin'd person.

Duke.
Know you this woman?

Carnallie she saies.

Sirha, no more.

Enough my Lord.

My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,

And fiue 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 disvalued

In leuitie: Since which time of fiue yeres

 I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her

Vpon my faith, and honor.

Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heauen, and words

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

I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly

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.

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.

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 oaths,

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.

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.

Goe, doe it instantly:

And you, my noble and well warranted Cosen

Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,

Doe with your injuries as seemes you best

In an y chastisement; I for a while

Will leaue you; but stir not you till you haue

Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers.

Exit.

My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior Luccion,

did not you say you knew that Frier Lodowick

to be a dishonest person?

Cucullus non facit Monachum, honest in nothing

but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most
We shall intreat you to abide here till he come, and
inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a
notable fellow.

Againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to question, you shall see how I handle her.

Not better then he, by her owne report.

Say you?

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

Enter Duke, Prouost, Isabella.

I will goe darkely to worke with her.

That's the way: for women are light at midnight.
Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue said.

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

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

Mum.

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

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.

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

Looke you speake iustly.
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.
This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.
Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhaallowed Fryer;
Is't not enough tho you hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witnesse of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th' Duke himselfe, to taxe him with Iniustice?
Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you.
What? vniust?
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.

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

Slander to th'State:
Away with him to prison.
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker> What can you vouch against him Signior <hi rend="italic">Lucio</hi>?
<l>
Is this the man you did tell vs of? </l>
</sp>

<bald>&amp;x2011;</bald>pate, doe you know me?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
<p>I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the <hi rend="italic">Duke.</hi>
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
<p>Most notedly Sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
<speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
<p>Do you so Sir: And was the Duke a flesh&amp;x2011;mon&amp;x00AD;ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
<p>Oh thou damnable fellow: did I not plucke thee by the nose, for thy spe</p>
</sp>
<p>I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe.</p>

<p>Hark how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.</p>

<p>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 other confederate companion.</p>

<p>Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a Duke. First Prouost, let me bayle these gentle three:</p>

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

<p>This may proue worse then hanging.</p>
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?
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.

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, Atturnied at your seruice.

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

You are pardon'd: 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 liues to feare: make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

I doe my Lord.

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

Haste still piaies 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'est deny, denies thee vantage:

We doe condemne thee to the Blocke Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

Away with him.

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

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.

Oh my deere Lord,

I craue no other, nor no better man.

Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Gentle my Liege.

You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.
Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabel, take my part.

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come. I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.

Against all sense you doe importune her, should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact, her Brothers ghost, his paued bed would breake, and take her hence in horror.

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?

He dies for Claudio's death.

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 justice, in that he did the thing for which he dide.

For Angelo, his Act did not ore &x2011; 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.

Your suite's unprofitable: stand vp I say:

I haue bethought me of another fault.

Prouost, how came it Claudio was beheaded?

At an vnusuall howre?

It was commanded so.

Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

For which I doe discharge you of your offic,

giue vp your keyes.

Pardon me, noble Lord,

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,

Yet did repent me after more aduice,

That should by priuate order else have dide,

I haue reseru'd aliue.

His name is Barnardine.

What's he?

His name is Barnardine.

Duke.
I would thou hadst done so by Claudio:

Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

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.

I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,

And so depe 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.

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?

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.
If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord Angelo 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?

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

Vpon

Lord do not recompence me, in making me a
<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.</l>
  <l>Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall</l>
  <l>Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,</l>
  <l>And see our pleasure herein executed.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,</l>
  <l>Whipping and hanging.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mm-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
  <l>Slandering a Prince deserues it.</l>
  <l>She that you wrong'd, looke you restore.</l>
  <l>Ioy to you Mariana, loue her Angelo</l>
  <l>I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.</l>
  <l>Thanks good friend Escalus, for thy much
gooodnesse,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>There's more behinde that is more gratulate.</l>
  <l>Thanks Prouost for thy care, and secrecie,</l>
  <l>We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.</l>
  <l>Forgiue him Angelo, that brought you home</l>
  <l>The head of Claudio's for Ragozine for</l>
  <l>I haue a motion much imports your good,</l>
  <l>Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;</l>
  <l>What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.</l>
  <l>So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show</l>
  <l>What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.</l>
</sp>

</div>

<div type="dramatisPersonae">
  <cb n="1"/>
  <head rend="italic center">The Scene Vienna.</head>
  <list>
    <head>The names of all the Actors.</head>
    <item rend="italic">Vincentio: the Duke.</item>
    <item rend="italic">Angelo, the Deputie.</item>
    <item rend="italic">Escalus, an ancient Lord.</item>
  </list>
</div>
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Prouost.

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, beloued of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Ouer&x2011;don, a Bawd.

FINIS.