Measure for Measure

William Shakespeare

in a version by
Dominic Power

Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory
Production

This version of Measure for Measure was first produced in Bristol by Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory on the 8th February 2001.

Cast

Duke Vincentio - Peter Clifford
Escalus - Robert Pheby
Angelo - John Mackay
Angelo’s Servant - Tom Rogers
Friar Peter - Gyuri Sarossy
Lucio - Cameron Fitch
Froth and Barnadine - David Collins
Pompey - Chris Donnelly
Mistress Overdone - Carol Brannan
Claudio - Stuart Crossman
Provost - Jonathan Nibbs
Officer - Nicholas Wilkes
Isabella - Lucy Black
Nun and Juliet - Rebecca Smart
Mariana - Saskia Portway
Elbow and Abhorson - Paul Nicholson

Production

Director - Andrew Hilton
Set & Costume Designer - Andrea Montag
Lighting Designer - Paul Towson
Composer - John Telfer

Stage and Technical Management

Production Manager - Dan Danson
Stage Managers - Esther Last & Samantha Portlock
Technical Stage Manager - Mim Spencer
Part One

Scene 1 (Act1 Sc1/Sc3)

A Chamber in the Duke’s Palace

Enter to the Duke, Escalus and Servant

Duke Escalus.

Escalus My lord.

Duke Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me to waste both speech and discourse
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. The nature of our people,
Our city’s institutions and the terms
For common justice you’re as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say bid come before us Angelo.

Exit Servant

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress’d him with our love
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

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

Duke Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo

Angelo Always obedient to your grace’s will
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy great virtues
Are not thine own so proper
As to flourish unobserv’d. Heaven
Doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves. For if our virtues
Go not forth of us ’twere all alike
As if we had them not. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.
Hold therefore, Angelo.
In our remove be thou at full ourself.
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Angelo

Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp’d upon it.

Duke

No more evasion.
We have with a leaven’d and prepared choice
Proceeded to you. Therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion’d
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you
How it goes with us and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Angelo

Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke

My haste may not admit it.
Angelo, your scope is as mine own
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I’ll privily away. I love the people
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and ‘Aves’ vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Angelo

The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escalus

Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke

I thank you. Fare you well.

Escalus

I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you.
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
Angelo  
’Tis so with me. Let us confer together  
And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

Escalus  
I’ll wait upon your honour.

Duke  
No, holy father, throw away that thought.  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkl’d than the aims and ends  
Of burning youth.

Friar  
May your grace speak of it?

Duke  
My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever lov’d the life remov’d  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies  
Where youth and cost - witless bravery - keep.  
I have deliver’d to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna  
And he supposes me travell’d to Poland,  
For so I have strew’d it in the common ear  
And so it is receiv’d. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this?

Friar  
Gladly, my lord.

Duke  
We have strict statutes and most biting laws,  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,  
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip.  
E’en like an o’ergrown lion in a cave  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch  
Only to stick them in their children’s sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock’d than fear’d. So our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,  
The baby beats the nurse and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

Friar  
It rested in your grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas’d  
And it in you more dreadful would have seem’d  
Than in Lord Angelo.
Duke

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 do. For we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not their punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos’d the office
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do it slander. And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you.
Only, this one - Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Exit Duke and Friar
Angelo and Escalus rise

Angelo

‘Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in my tongue and heart.’

Exeunt

Scene 2 (Act1 Sc2)

A Brothel. Early morning
Lucio and Froth, with Bridget and other whores asleep

Lucio

They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after
the downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Froth

How should he be made, then?

Lucio

Some report a sea-maid spawn’d him. Some, that he was begot
between two stockfishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is
congeal’d ice. That I know to be true. And he is a motion ungenerative. That’s
infallible.

Froth

God save the good Duke. Would he had never gone to Poland!

Lucio

Poland?

Froth

Ay, sir. Those were his givings out.
Lucio Of infinite distance from his true-meant design. Your good Duke has appetites will not be cool’d in Poland. He would rather -

Enter Mistress Overdone and Pompey

Behold, behold where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas’d as many diseases under her roof as come to -

Froth To what, I pray?

Lucio Judge.

Froth To three thousand dolours a year?

Lucio Ay, and more.

Froth Thou art always figuring diseases in me. But thou art full of error. I am sound.

Lucio 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, mistress, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

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

Lucio Who’s that, I pray thee?

Overdone Marry, sir, that’s Claudio, Signior Claudio.

Lucio Claudio to prison? ’Tis not so.

Overdone 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 chopp’d off.

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

Overdone I am too sure of it.

Lucio What has he done?

Pompey A woman.

Lucio But what’s his offence?

Pompey Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Overdone H’as got Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio Believe me, this may be. He promis’d to meet me two hours since and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Froth Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

Lucio But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation. [To Overdone] You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Overdone What proclamation, sir?
Lucio       All houses of resort in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck’d down.

Overdone  And what shall become of those in the city?

Lucio     They shall stand for seed. They had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Overdone  But shall all our houses in the suburbs be pull’d down?

Lucio     To the ground, mistress.  

Exit Lucio

Overdone Why, here’s a change indeed in the commonwealth! What with the pox, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. What shall become of me?

Pompey    Come, fear you not. Good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade. I’ll be your tapster still. Courage! There will be pity taken on you - you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service - you will be consider’d. [To Froth] Come, sir, shall I wake Bridget, sir?

Scene 3 (Act1 Sc2)

A Street

Enter Provost, Claudio and Officer

Claudio    Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Provost    I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio    Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven – ‘on whom it will, it will.
On whom it will not, so’. Yet still ’tis just.

Enter Lucio

Lucio     Why, how now, Claudio! Whence comes this restraint?

Claudio    From too much liberty, my Lucio. Liberty,
Like surfeit, is the father of much fast.
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil. And when we drink we die.

Lucio     If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What’s thy offence, Claudio?
Claudio What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio What, is’t murder?

Claudio No.

Lucio Lechery?

Claudio Call it so.

Provost Away, sir, you must go.

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

Lucio A hundred, if they’ll do you any good.

Is lechery so look’d after?

Claudio Thus stands it with me. Upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta’s bed.
You know the lady - she is fast my wife
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio With child, perhaps?

Claudio Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke -
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command lets it straight feel the spur,
Whether the tyranny be in his place
Or in his eminence that fills it up
I stagger in - but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscur’d armour, hung by the wall
So long that fourteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn. And for a name
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. ’Tis surely for a name.

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

Claudio I have done so but he’s not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service. This day my sister should the cloister enter And there receive her approbation. Acquaint her with the danger of my state. Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy. Bid herself assay him. I have great hope in that, for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect Such as move men. Beside, she hath prosperous art When she will play with reason and discourse And well she can persuade.

Lucio I pray she may. As well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claudio I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio Within two hours.

Claudio Come, officer, away!

Exeunt

Scene 4 (Act1 Sc4)
A Nunnery
Enter Isabella and Francisca

Isabella And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Francisca Are not these large enough?

Isabella Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring more, But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isabella Who’s that which calls?

Francisca It is a man’s voice. Gentle Isabella, Turn you the key and know his business of him. You may, I may not. You are yet unsworn. When you have vow’d you must not speak with men But in the presence of the prioress. Then, if you speak, you must not show your face Or, if you show your face, you must not speak. He calls again. I pray you, answer him.

Isabella Peace and prosperity! Who is’t that calls?
Enter Lucio

**Lucio**

Hail, virgin, if you be - as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

**Isabella**

Why ‘her unhappy brother’? Let me ask,
For I am that Isabella and his sister.

**Lucio**

Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he’s in prison.

**Isabella**

Woe me! For what?

**Lucio**

For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.

**Isabella**

Sir, make me not your story.

**Lucio**

It is true.
I would not - though ’tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest
Tongue far from heart - play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing ensky’d and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit
And to be talk’d with in sincerity
As with a saint.

**Isabella**

You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

**Lucio**

Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, ’tis thus.
Your brother and his lover have embrac’d.
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

**Isabella**

Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

**Lucio**

Is she your cousin?

**Isabella**

Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names
By vain though apt affection.

**Lucio**

She it is.

**Isabella**

O, let him marry her.

**Lucio**

This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence.
Upon his place - and with full line of his authority -
Governs Lord Angelo. A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth. One who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He - to give fear to use and liberty
Which have for long run by the hideous law
As mice by lions - hath pick’d out an act
Under whose heavy sense your brother’s life
Falls into forfeit. He arrests him on it
And follows close the rigour of the statute
To make him an example. All hope is gone
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo.

Isabella  Doth he so
Seek his life?

Lucio  Has censur’d him
Already. And, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isabella  Alas, what poor ability’s in me
To do him good?

Lucio  Assay the power you have.

Isabella  My power, alas, I doubt.

Lucio  Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo
And let him learn to know when maidens sue
Men give like gods. But when they weep and kneel
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isabella  I’ll see what I can do.

Lucio  But speedily.

Isabella  I will about it straight.
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my brother. Soon at night
I’ll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio  I take my leave of you.

Isabella  Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt
Scene 5 (Act2 Sc1)

A Courtroom

Enter Angelo, Escalus and the Provost

Angelo

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escalus

Ay, but yet
Let us be keen and rather cut a little
Than 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 strait in virtue,
That in the working of your own affections -
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain’d the effect of your own purpose -
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err’d in this point which now you censure him
And pull’d the law upon you.

Angelo

’Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The jury passing on the prisoner’s life
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. ’Tis what’s open made
To justice that justice seizes.
The jewel that we see, we stoop and take’t.
But what we do not see
We tread upon and never think 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 own judgment pattern out my death
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escalus

Be it as your wisdom will.

Angelo

Where is the Provost?

Provost

Here, if it like your honour.

Angelo

See that Claudio
Be executed by nine tomorrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar’d.
For that’s the utmost of his pilgrimage.
Escalus  

[Aside] Well, heaven forgive him and forgive us all!

Provost  

Constable!

Enter Elbow and Officer with Froth and Pompey

Elbow  

Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses I know no law. Bring them away.

Angelo  

How now, sir! What’s your name? And what’s the matter?

Elbow  

If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke’s constable and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Angelo  

Benefactors? Well, what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elbow  

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

Escalus  

This comes off well. Here’s a wise officer.

Angelo  

Go to. What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pompey  

He cannot, sir, he’s out at elbow.

Angelo  

What are you, sir?

Elbow  

He, sir! A tapster, sir. Parcel-bawd. One that serves a bad woman whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck’d down in the suburbs. And now she professes a hot-house, which I think is a very ill house too.

Escalus  

How know you that?

Elbow  

My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour -

Escalus  

How, thy wife?

Elbow  

Ay, sir, whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman -

Escalus  

Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elbow  

I say, sir, I will detest myself also as well as she that this house, if it be not a bawd’s house it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escalus  

How dost thou know that, constable?

Elbow  

Marry, sir, by my wife who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escalus  

By the woman’s means?

Elbow  

Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone’s means. But as she spit in his face, so she defied him.
Pompey  Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
Elbow  Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.
Escalus  Do you hear how he misplaces?
Pompey  Sir, she came in great with child and longing, saving your honour’s reverence, for stew’d prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish. A dish of some three-pence. Your honours have seen such dishes - they are not China dishes, but very good dishes -
Escalus  Go to, go to, no matter for the dish, sir.
Pompey  No, indeed, sir, not of a pin. You are therein in the right. But to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow being, as I say, with child and being great-bellied and longing, as I said, for prunes and having but two in the dish, as I said - Master Froth here, this very man having eaten the rest, as I said and as I say, paying for them very honestly, for as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again -
Froth  No, indeed.
Pompey  Very well. You being then, if you be remember’d, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes -
Froth  Ay, so I did indeed.
Pompey  Why, very well. I telling you then, if you be remember’d, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of unless they kept very good diet, as I told you -
Froth  All this is true.
Pompey  Why, very well, then -
Escalus  Come, you are a tedious fool, to the purpose. What was done to Elbow’s wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.
Pompey  Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.
Escalus  No, sir, nor I mean it not.
Pompey  Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour’s leave. And I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir. A man of four-score pound a year whose father died at Hallowmas - was’t not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?
Froth  All-hallond eve.
Pompey  Why, very well. I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir - ’twas in the Bunch of Grapes where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not - ?
Froth  I have so because it is an open room and good for winter.
Pompey Why, very well, then. I hope here be truths.

Angelo This will last out a night in Russia
When nights are longest there. I’ll take my leave
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you’ll find good cause to whip them all.

Escalus I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

Exit Angelo

Now, sir, come on - what was done to Elbow’s wife, once more?

Pompey Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elbow I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pompey I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escalus Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Pompey I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman’s face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour, ’tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escalus Ay, sir, very well.

Pompey Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escalus Well, I do so.

Pompey Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escalus Why, no.

Pompey I’ll be suppos’d upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then, if his face be the worst thing about him how could Master Froth do the constable’s wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escalus He’s in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elbow First, an it like you, the house is a respected house. Next, this is a respected fellow and his mistress is a respected woman.

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

Elbow Varlet, thou liest. Thou liest, wicked varlet! The time has yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

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

Escalus Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elbow O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke’s officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I’ll have mine action of battery on thee.
Escalus If he took you a box o’ the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elbow Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is’t your worship’s pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

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

Elbow Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now what’s come upon thee? Thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escalus Where were you born, friend?

Froth Here in Vienna, sir.

Escalus Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth Yes, an’t please you, sir.

Escalus So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pompey Tapster. A poor widow’s tapster.

Escalus Your mistress’ name?

Pompey Mistress Overdone.

Escalus Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pompey Nine, sir. Overdone by the last.

Escalus Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters. They will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone and let me hear no more of you.

Froth I thank your worship. For mine own part I never come into any room in a tap-house but I am drawn in.

Escalus Well, no more of it, Master Froth. Farewell.

Exit Froth

Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What’s your name, Master tapster?

Pompey Pompey.

Escalus What else?

Pompey Bum, sir.

Escalus Troth and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true - it shall be the better for you.

Pompey Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.
**Escalus** How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

**Pompey** If the law would allow it, sir.

**Escalus** But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allow’d in Vienna.

**Pompey** Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

**Escalus** No, Pompey.

**Pompey** Truly, sir, in my poor opinion they will to’t then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves you need not to fear the bawds.

**Escalus** There are pretty orders beginning I can tell you. It is but heading and hanging.

**Pompey** If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together you’ll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I’ll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

**Escalus** Thank you, good Pompey. And in requital of your prophecy, hark you. I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever - no, not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp’d. So for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

**Pompey** I thank your worship for your good counsel. *[Aside]* But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

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**Escalus** Come hither to me, Master Elbow. Come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

**Elbow** Seven year and a half, sir.

**Escalus** I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say seven years together?

**Elbow** And a half, sir.

**Escalus** Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon t. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

**Elbow** 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.

**Escalus** Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

**Elbow** To your worship’s house, sir?
Escalus  To my house. Fare you well.  

Exit Elbow

What’s o’clock, think you?

Provost  Eleven, sir.

Escalus  I pray you home to dinner with me.

Provost  I humbly thank you.

Escalus  It grieves me for the death of Claudio. But there’s no remedy.

Provost  Lord Angelo is severe.

Escalus  It is but needful. Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so.
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet - poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir.

Exeunt

Scene 6

A Moated Grange

Mariana and a Musician, singing

Mariana  Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal’d in vain, seal’d in vain.

Enter the Duke disguised as a Friar

Break off our song, and haste thee quick away.
Here’s a man of comfort whose advice
So oft hath still’d my brawling discontent.

Exit Musician

Welcome, father. - Oh, sir, I cry you mercy!
I would have welcom’d my confessor here.

Duke  Friar Peter?

Mariana  Aye, my soul’s good angel.
A man whose solemn counsel gives me ease.

Duke  A most sweet comfort. I am Friar Lodowick
And reverently my brother’s place supply
To hear confessions and to shrive such sins
As come ’tween us and God’s all-loving gaze.
Will you kneel?

Mariana

If it please you, father.

Duke

Unburden. Let all your secret thoughts
Ride upon words and speed to absolution.

Mariana

Hear me, good father. I was betroth’d, now yearn
For one who scorns me, sets aside all vows
Of love that once he gave me freely.
This Friar Peter knows.

Duke

Then, daughter, so must I. Come, the circumstance.

Mariana

I had a brother, none to sister dearer.
A brother’s love bid him take ship from France
To joy my nuptials. The wind that spread the sails
Turn’d traitor and conspiring with the sea
Plunder’d the ship, and in the tempest’s maw
Brother, dower, and my soul’s dear joy were lost.
He that should have solac’d me show’d then
A face of marble, indifferent to my tears,
All vows forgot.

Duke

Do you speak of Lord Angelo, my child?

Mariana

Aye, Angelo, who deputies the Duke
And now makes pious love unto the law.

Duke

Was all his coldness for a dowry lost?

Mariana

I think ’twas so. And yet …

Duke

Speak, child, if you would be shriven.

Mariana

Father, this man I lov’d
With doting that did o’errule my modesty.
Unmaidenlike I chaff’d, I could not brook
The sober patience he look’d for in a wife.
He went from me, his gravity was such
That my love displeasing lightness seem’d.
In sunding us he advertis’d my heat
As general looseness, though all for him was meant.
I haunt the public places where he walks,
The ghost of all the pleasures he once kill’d -

Duke

Why do you so? ’Tis nought but seeking shame.

Mariana

’T accuse him and to ease my present woes.

Duke

This heat’s unseemly, it feeds your doting still,
Makes of it a tenant that in your bosom dwells
Grown fat upon your bounty, flatter’d with false hopes.
Find you an empty chamber nigh your heart,
Banish it thither. Let the doors be seal’d.
Comfort it not, nor feed it with your thoughts,
But let it starve unheeded and alone.
Its death gives freedom to your ’prison’d soul.

Mariana I will strive to obey. Though still I grieve.
Duke Now rest in that resolve. Come, bow your head.

Scene 7 (Act2 Sc2)

A Chamber in Angelo’s house

Enter Provost and the Servant

Servant He’s hearing of a cause. He will come straight.
I’ll tell him of you.

Provost Pray you, do.

Exit Servant

I’ll know
His pleasure. May be he will relent. Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice - and he
To die for’t!

Enter Angelo

Angelo Now, what’s the matter, Provost?

Provost Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

Angelo Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Provost Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o’er his doom.

Angelo Go to, let that be mine.
Do you your office or give up your place
And you shall well be spar’d.

Provost I crave your honour’s pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She’s very near her hour.

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

Re-enter Servant

Servant. Here is the sister of the man condemn’d
Desires access to you.
Angelo: Hath he a sister?

Provost: Ay, my good lord. A very virtuous maid 
And to be shortly of a sisterhood, 
If not already.

Angelo: Well, let her be admitted. 

Exit Servant

See you the fornicatress be remov’d. 
Let her have needful, but not lavish means. 
There shall be order for’t. 

Enter Isabella and Lucio

Provost: God save your honour!

Angelo: Stay a little while. You’re welcome. What’s your will?

Isabella: I am a woeful suitor to your honour. 
Please but your honour hear me.

Angelo: Well, what’s your suit?

Isabella: There is a vice that most I do abhor 
And most desire should meet the blow of justice. 
For which I would not plead, but that I must. 
For which I must not plead, but that I am 
At war ’twixt will and will not.

Angelo: Well, the matter?

Isabella: I have a brother is condemn’d to die. 
I do beseech you, let it be his fault 
And not my brother.

Angelo: Condemn the fault and not the actor of it? 
Why, every fault’s condemn’d ere it be done. 
Mine were the very cipher of a function 
To fine the faults - whose fine stands in record - 
And let go by the actor.

Isabella: O just but severe law! 
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio: [To Isabella] Give’t not o’er so. To him again, entreat him. 
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown. 
You are too cold. If you should need a pin 
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it. 
To him, I say!

Isabella: Must he needs die?

Angelo: Maiden, no remedy.

Isabella: Yes. I do think that you might pardon him
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

**Angelo**

I will not do’t.

**Isabella**

But can you, if you would?

**Angelo**

Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

**Isabella**

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

**Angelo**

He’s sentenced, ’tis too late.

**Lucio**

*[To Isabella.]* You are too cold.

**Isabella**

Too late? Why, no. I, that do speak a word
May call it back again. Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones ‘longs,
Not the king’s crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal’s truncheon, nor the judge’s robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you and you as he
You would have slipp’d like him. But he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

**Angelo**

Pray you, be gone.

**Isabella**

I would to heaven I had your potency
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No, I would tell what ’twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

**Lucio**

*[To Isabella]* Ay, touch him, there’s the vein.

**Angelo**

Your brother is a forfeit of the law
And you but waste your words.

**Isabella**

Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

**Angelo**

Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die tomorrow.

**Isabella**

To-morrow! O, that’s sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He’s not prepar’d for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season. Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you.
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There’s many have committed it.


Angelo The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
Those many had not dar’d to do that evil
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer’d for his deed. Now ’tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a prophet
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,
Either new - or by remissness new-conceiv’d
And so in progress to be hatch’d and born -
Are now to have no successive degrees
But, ere they live, to end.

Isabella Yet show some pity.

Angelo I show it most of all when I show justice.
For then I pity those I do not know
Which a dismiss’d offence would after gall.
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied
Your brother dies to-morrow. Be content.

Isabella So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant’s strength but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio [Aside] That’s well said.

Isabella Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne’er be quiet.
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split’st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man,
Dress’d in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assur’d -
His glassy essence - like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep. Who with our spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
That in the captain’s but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio  
[To Isabella.] Art advis’d o’ that? More on ‘t.

Angelo  Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isabella Because authority, though it err like others
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o’ the top. Go to your bosom,
Knock there and ask your heart what it doth know
That’s like my brother’s fault. If it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother’s life.

Angelo  [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isabella  Gentle my lord, turn back.

Angelo  I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

Isabella  Hark how I’ll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

Angelo  How! Bribe me?

Isabella  Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio  [Aside] You had marr’d all else.

Isabella  Not with fond sickles of the tested gold
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them, but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Angelo  Well, come to me to-morrow.

Lucio  [Aside to Isabella.] Go to, ’tis well. Away!

Isabella  Heaven keep your honour safe!

Angelo  [Aside] Amen,
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isabella  At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Angelo

At any time ’fore noon.

Isabella

'Save your honour!

*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio and the Provost*

Angelo

From thee, even 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 sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman’s lightness? Having waste ground enough
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her fouilly for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is’t I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour - art and nature -
Once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder’d how.

*Exit*

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**Scene 8 (Act2 Sc3)**

A Room in the Prison

*Enter the Duke, as Friar, and the Provost*

Duke

Hail to you, Provost! So I think you are.

Provost

I am the provost. What’s your will, good friar?

Duke

Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Provost  I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet

Look, here comes one. A gentlewoman of mine
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister’d her report. She is with child
And he that got it, sentenc’d. A young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Duke  When must he die?

Provost  As I do think, to-morrow.

[To Juliet] I have provided for you. Stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke  Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet  I do. And bear the shame most patiently.

Duke  I’ll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet  I’ll gladly learn.

Duke  Love you the man that wrong’d you?

Juliet  Yes, as I love the woman that wrong’d him.

Duke  So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet  Mutually.

Duke  Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet  I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke  ’Tis meet so, daughter. But lest you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame -
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it
But as we stand in fear -

Juliet  I do repent me as it is an evil
And take the shame with joy.

Duke  There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you. Benedicite!

Exit

Juliet  Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Provost

'Tis pity of him.

Exit Provost

Scene 9 (Act2 Sc4)

The Chamber in Angelo’s House

Enter Angelo

Angelo

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. God in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew His name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing being often read
Grown sere and tedious. Yea, my gravity,
Wherein - let no man hear me - I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood.
Let’s write good angel on the devil’s horn -
'Tis not the devil’s crest.

Enter a Servant

How now, who’s there?

Servant. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Angelo Teach her the way.

Exit Servant

O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

Enter Isabella

How now, fair maid?

Isabella I am come to know your pleasure.

Angelo That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what ’tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isabella Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

Angelo Yet may he live awhile. And, it may be, As long as you or I. Yet he must die.

Isabella Under your sentence?

Angelo Yea.

Isabella When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve, Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted That his soul sicken not.

Angelo Ha? Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good To pardon him that hath from nature stolen A man already made as to forgive Their saucy sweetness that do coin God’s image In stamps that are forbid. ’Tis all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made As to put metal in restrained means To make a false one.

Isabella ’Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Angelo Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly. Which had you rather - that the most just law Now took your brother’s life or, to redeem him, Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness As she that he hath stain’d?

Isabella Sir, believe this, I had rather give my body than my soul.

Angelo I talk not of your soul. Our compell’d sins Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isabella How say you?

Angelo Nay, I’ll not warrant that, for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this: I, now the voice of the recorded law, Pronounce a sentence on your brother’s life. Might there not be a charity in sin To save this brother’s life?

Isabella Please you to do’t I’ll take it as a peril to my soul, It is no sin at all, but charity.

Angelo Pleased you to do’t at peril of your soul Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isabella That I do beg his life, if it be sin Heaven let me bear it! You granting of my suit,
If that be sin I’ll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine
And nothing of your answer.

Angelo                 Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine. Either you are ignorant,
Or seem so craftily, and that’s not good.

Isabella       Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Angelo                Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself. As these black masks
Proclaim an enshiled beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display’d. But mark me.
To be received plain, I’ll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.

Isabella     So.

Angelo          And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isabella     True.

Angelo          Admit no other way to save his life -
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question - that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir’d of such a person
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law, and that there were
No earthly mean to save him but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos’d, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Isabella    As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death
The impression of keen whips I’d wear as rubies
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I’d yield
My body up to shame.

Angelo            Then must your brother die.

Isabella    And ’twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Angelo       Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander’d so?

Isabella

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses. Lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Angelo

You seem’d of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isabella

O, pardon me, my lord. It oft falls out
To have what we would have we speak not what we mean.
I something do excuse the thing I hate
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Angelo

We are all frail.

Isabella

Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Angelo

Nay, women are frail too.

Isabella

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! Help Heaven! Men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are
And credulous to false prints.

Angelo

I think it well.

And from this testimony of your own sex -
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than 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 express’d
By all external warrants, show it now
By putting on the destin’d livery.

Isabella

I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Angelo

Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isabella

My brother did love Juliet
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Angelo

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isabella

I know your virtue hath a licence in’t,
Which seems a little fouler than it is
To pluck on others.
Angelo  Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.  
Isabella  Ha! Little honour to be much believ’d  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo. Look for’t.  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother  
Or with an outstretch’d throat I’ll tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.  
Angelo  Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil’d name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you and my place i’ 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 sharp appetite,  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes  
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will  
Or else he must not only die the death  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I’ll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o’erweighs your true.  

Exit  

Isabella  To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approof,  
Bidding the law make curtsey to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite  
To follow as it draws! I’ll to my brother.  
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he’d yield them up  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhor’d pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste and, brother, die.  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I’ll tell him yet of Angelo’s request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul’s rest.
Scene 10 (Act3 Sc1)

A Cell in the Prison.

The Duke, disguised as before, and Claudio

Duke So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claudio The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope.

I have hope to live and am prepar’d to die.

Duke Be absolute for death. Either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences

That dost this habitation where thou keep’st

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death’s fool,

For him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn’st toward him still. Thou art not noble,

For all the accommodations that thou bear’st

Are nurs’d by baseness. Thou’rt by no means valiant

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep

And that thou oft provok’st, yet grossly fear’st

Thy death which is no more. Thou art not thyself

For thou exist’st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not

For what thou hast not still thou striv’st to get

And what thou hast, forget’st. Thou art not certain

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects

After the moon. If thou art rich thou’rt poor,

For like an ass whose back with ingots bows

Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey

And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,

For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo and the rheum

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age

But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep

Dreaming on both. For all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged and doth beg the alms

Of palsied eld. And when thou art old and rich

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty

Exit
To make thy riches pleasant. What’s yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths. Yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claudio

I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die.
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Enter the Provost with Isabella

Provost

Look, signior, here’s your sister.

Duke

dear sir, ere long I’ll visit you again.

Claudio

Most holy sir, I thank you.

The Duke and Provost retire

Claudio

Now, sister, what’s the comfort?

The Duke stops to listen in the shadows

Isabella

Why,
As all comforts are - most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed.
To-morrow you set on.

Claudio

Is there no remedy?

Isabella

None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
Would cleave a heart in twain.

Claudio

But is there any?

Isabella

Yes, brother, you may live.
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you’ll implore it, that will free your life
But fetter you till death.

Claudio

Perpetual durance?

Isabella

Ay, just - perpetual durance, a restraint
Though all the world’s vastidity you had
To a determin’d scope.

Claudio

But in what nature?

Isabella

In such a one as, you consenting to’t,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear
And leave you naked.

Claudio

Let me know the point.

Isabella

O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar’st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claudio Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in mine arms.

Isabella
There spake my brother. There my father’s grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settl’d visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i’ the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claudio The precise Angelo!

Isabella O, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned’st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou mightst be freed?

Claudio O heavens, it cannot be!

Isabella Yes, he would give’t thee, from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night’s the time
That I should do what I abhor to name
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claudio Thou shalt not do’t.

Isabella O, were it but my life
I’d throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claudio Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isabella Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

Claudio Yes. Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

**Isabella**

Which is the least?

**Claudio**

If it were damnable, he being so wise
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin’d? O Isabel!

**Isabella**

What says my brother?

**Claudio**

Death is a fearful thing.

**Isabella**

And shamed life a hateful.

**Claudio**

Ay, but to die and go we know not where.
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot.
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice.
To be imprison’d in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world, or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling - 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

**Isabella**

Alas, alas!

**Claudio**

Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother’s life
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

**Isabella**

O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is’t not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister’s shame? What should I think?
Heaven forbid my mother play’d my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne’er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate it should proceed.
I’ll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

**Claudio**

Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isabella

O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin’s not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.
[Going] ’Tis best thou diest quickly.

Claudio

O hear me, Isabella!

Duke

The Duke comes forward

Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isabella

What is your will?

Duke

Might you dispense with your leisure I would by and by have
some speech with you. The satisfaction I would require is likewise your own
benefit.

Isabella

I have no superfluous leisure. My stay must be stolen out of
other affairs. But I will attend you at the gate.

Duke

[Aside] Precise Angelo, is your warrant nought but to weed my
vice and let yours grow? [To Claudio] Son, I have overheard what hath pass’d
between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her. Only
he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition
of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious
denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo and I know
this to be true. Therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your
resolution with hopes that are fallible. Tomorrow you must die. Go to your
knees and make ready.

Claudio

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

Duke

Hold you there. Farewell.

Exit Duke
Part Two

Scene 11 (Act3 Sc1/Act 3 Sc2)

Outside the Prison

Enter Isabella, then the Duke

**Duke**
The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good. And grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you fortune hath convey’d to my understanding, and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute and to save your brother?

**Isabella**
I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke deceit’d in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him I will open my lips in vain or discover his government.

**Duke**
That shall not be much amiss. Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation - say he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings. To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wrong’d lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person and much please the absent Duke if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

**Isabella**
I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

**Duke**
Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

**Isabella**
I have heard of the lady.

**Duke**
She should this Angelo have married, was affianc’d to her by oath and the nuptial appointed. Between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity her brother Frederick was wreck’d at sea, having in that perish’d vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman. There she lost a noble and renowned brother. With him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry. With both, her combine husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

**Isabella**
Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

**Duke**
Left her in her tears and dried not one of them with his comfort. Swallow’d his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour. In few, bestowed her on her own lamentation which she yet wears for his sake. And he, a marble to her tears, is wash’d with them but relents not.

**Isabella**
What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But
how out of this can she avail?

**Duke**  It is a rupture that you may easily heal. And the cure of it not only saves your brother but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

**Isabella**  Show me how, good father.

**Duke**  Go you to Angelo. Agree with his demands to the point. Only refer yourself to this advantage: that your stay with him may not be long, that for modesty’s sake your face be veil’d and that the time may have all shadow and silence in it. This being granted now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to go in your place. If the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense. And here, by this, is your brother sav’d, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantag’d and the corrupt deputy scal’d. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

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

**Duke**  Then haste you speedily to Angelo. If for this night he entreat you to his bed give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke’s. There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me.

**Isabella**  I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

*Exit Isabella.*  *Enter Elbow and Officer with Pompey*

**Elbow**  Nay, if there be no remedy for it but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

**Duke**  O heavens! What stuff is here?

**Pompey**  ’Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law.

**Elbow**  Come your way, sir. ’Bless you, good father friar.

**Duke**  And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

**Elbow**  Marry, sir, he hath offended the law. And, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock which we have sent to the deputy.

**Duke**  Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What ’tis to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pompey
Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir. But yet, sir, I would prove there’s many a friar -

Duke
Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elbow
He must before the deputy, sir. He has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster. If he be a whoremonger and comes before him he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke
That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Elbow
His neck will come to your waist - a cord, sir.

Pompey
I spy comfort, I cry bail. Here’s a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio

Lucio
How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man?
Which is the way? Is it sad and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke
Still thus and thus, still worse!

Lucio
How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pompey
Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio
Why, ’tis good. It is the right of it, it must be so. Ever your fresh whore and your powder’d bawd, an unshunn’d consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pompey
Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio
Why, ’tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elbow
For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio
Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, ’tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless and of antiquity too. Bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey, you will keep the house.

Pompey
I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio
No, indeed, will I not, Pompey. It is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. Adieu, trusty Pompey. ’Bless you, friar.
Duke And you.

Lucio Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elbow Come your ways, sir, come.

Pompey You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elbow Come your ways, sir, come.

Lucio Go to kennel, Pompey, go!

*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers*

What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia. Other some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think you?

Duke I know not where. But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his absence. He puts transgression to 't.

Duke He does well in 't.

Lucio A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabb’d that way, friar.

Duke It is too general a vice and severity must cure it.

Lucio Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred. But it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down.

Duke You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang’d a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport. He knew the service and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women. He was not inclin’d that way.

Lucio O, sir, you are deceiv’d.

Duke 'Tis not possible.

Lucio Yes, your beggar of fifty. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke You do him wrong, surely.
Lucio

Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke. And I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke

What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio

No, pardon. 'Tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke

Wise? Why, no question but he was.

Lucio

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke

Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking. The very stream of his life and the business he hath helm’d must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully. Or if your knowledge be more it is much darken’d in your malice.

Lucio

Sir, I know him and I love him.

Duke

Love talks with better knowledge and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio

Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke

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 answer 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?

Lucio

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

Duke

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

Lucio

I fear you not.

Duke

O, you hope the Duke will return no more. Or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm. You’ll forswear this again.

Lucio

I’ll be hang’d first. Thou art deceiv’d in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke

Why should he die, sir?

Lucio

Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were return’d again. This ungenitur’d agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer’d, he would never bring them to light. Would he were return’d! Marry, this Claudio is condemn’d for untrussing. Farewell, good friar. I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays and mouth with a beggar though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so.
Exit Lucio

Duke Nor might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure ’scape. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Enter Escalus, Provost and Servant with Overdone

Escalus Go, away with her to prison!

Overdone Good my lord, be good to me. Your honour is accounted a merciful man. Good my lord.

Escalus Double and treble admonition and still forfeit in the same kind!
This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Provost A bawd of eleven years’ continuance, may it please your honour.

Overdone My lord, this is one Lucio’s information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke’s time. He promis’d her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escalus That fellow is a fellow of much licence. Let him be call’d before us. Away with her to prison! Go to, no more words.

Exeunt Officers with Overdone

Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter’d. Claudio must die tomorrow. Let him be furnish’d with divines and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity it should not be so with him.

Provost So please you, this friar hath been with him and advis’d him for the entertainment of death.

Escalus Good even, good father.

Duke Bliss and goodness on you!

Escalus Of whence are you?

Duke Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time. I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from Rome
On special business from his Holiness.

Escalus What news abroad i’ the world?

Duke None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty only is in request and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escalus One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.
Duke What pleasure was he given to?

Escalus Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which profess’d to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar’d.

Duke He professes to have receiv’d no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice. Yet had he fram’d to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life which I by my good leisure have discredited to him and now is he resolv’d to die.

Escalus You have paid the heavens your function and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour’d for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forc’d me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding it shall become him well. Wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc’d himself. Peace be with you!

Exeunt Duke and Escalus severally

Scene 12 (Act4 Sc1)
The Moated Grange
Mariana within

Mariana [Singing, off]
A lady did a measure dance
And pleasure dwelt within her door
Yet what should be her circumstance
If to that measure add one more
Which way will her fortune go?
To joy or tears, to weal or woe
The balance tilts where’er it will
For virtue or for sudden ill
Now all hangs on the scales’ chance,
Now all hangs on the scales’ chance.

During this enter severally, Isabella and the Duke

Duke Very well met and well come. What is the news from this good deputy?

Isabella He hath a garden circummur’d with brick Whose western side is with a vineyard back’d. And to that vineyard is a planched gate That makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

Duke But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isabella I have ta’en a due and wary note upon’t.
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o’er.

Duke Are there no other tokens
Between you ’greed concerning her observance?

Isabella No, none, but only veil’d and i’ th’dark.
And that I have possess’d him my most stay
Can be but brief, for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke ’Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho, within! Come forth!

Enter Mariana

Mariana I cry you mercy, sir. And well could wish
You found me not again so musical.
Let me excuse me and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas’d, but pleas’d my woe.

Duke ’Tis good, though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, be acquainted with this maid.
She comes to do you good.

Isabella I do desire the like.

Duke Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mariana Good friar, I know you do and so have found it.

Duke Take, then, this your companion by the hand
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure. But make haste,
The vaporous night approaches.

Mariana Will’t please you walk aside?

Exeunt severally
Scene 13 (Act4 Sc2)

A Room in the Prison

Enter Provost and Pompey

Provost     Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man’s head?
Pompey      If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can. But if he be a married man, he’s his wife’s head and I can never cut off a woman’s head.

Provost     Come, sir, leave me your snatches and yield me a direct answer. Tomorrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnadine. Here is in our prison a common executioner who in his office lacks a helper. If you will take it on you to assist him it shall redeem you from your gyves. If not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.
Pompey      Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Provost     What ho, Abhorson! Where’s Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson

Abhorson    Do you call, sir?

Provost     Sirrah, here’s a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year and let him abide here with you. If not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you. He hath been a bawd.

Abhorson    A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! He will discredit our mystery.

Provost     Go to, sir, you weigh equally. A feather will turn the scale.

Exit Provost

Pompey      Pray, sir, by your good favour, do you call your occupation a mystery?

Abhorson    Ay, sir, a mystery.
Pompey      Painting, sir, I have heard say is a mystery. And your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery. But what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang’d I cannot imagine.

Abhorson    Sir, it is a mystery.

Re-enter Provost

Provost     Well, are you agreed?
Pompey      Sir, I will serve him. For I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd. He doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Provost     You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow eight o’clock.
Abhorson    Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade. Follow.

Pompey    I do desire to learn, sir. And I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare. For truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Exeunt

Scene 14

Angelo’s garden room with day-bed where Angelo awaits

Outside enter Duke, Isabella and Mariana (veiled)

Isabella    Little have you to say
When you depart from him but, soft and low,
‘Remember now my brother’.

Mariana    Fear me not.

Duke    Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract.
To bring you thus together ’tis no sin
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. [Giving the key] Go, get you in.

Mariana enters the garden room. She and Angelo couple

Angelo    Isabel!

Mariana rises from him

Mariana    Remember now my brother.

Exit Mariana

Angelo, Duke and Isabella exeunt variously

Scene 15 (Act4 Sc2)

The Provost’s Office in the Prison

The Provost and the Officer

Provost    Call hither Barnadine and Claudio.

Exit Officer

The one has my pity, not a jot the other
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio

Look, here’s the warrant, Claudio, for thy death.
’Tis now dead midnight and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where’s Barnardine?

Claudio    As fast lock’d up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller’s bones.
He will not wake.

**Provost**  
Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare yourself.

*Knocking within*

But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

*Exit Claudio*

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve  
For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter Duke*

Welcome father.

**Duke**  
The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
Envelope you, good Provost! Who call’d here of late?

**Provost**  
None since the curfew rung.

**Duke**  
Not Isabel?

**Provost**  
No.

**Duke**  
Nor no countermand? ’Gainst Claudio’s execution?

**Provost**  
None, sir, none.

**Duke**  
As near the dawning, Provost, as it is  
You shall hear more ere morning.

**Provost**  
Happily  
You something know, yet I believe there comes  
No countermand. No such example have we.  
Besides, upon the very siege of justice  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess’d the contrary.  
It is a bitter deputy.

**Duke**  
Not so, not so. His life is parallel’d  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power  
To qualify in others. Were he meal’d with that  
Which he corrects then were he tyrannous.  
But this being so, he’s just.

*Enter Angelo’s Servant*

This is his lordship’s man.

**Servant.**  
My lord hath sent you this note and by me this further charge,  
that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other  
circumstance. Good morrow, for as I take it it is almost day.
Provost: I shall obey him.  

Exit Servant

Duke: Now, sir, what news?

Provost: [Reads] ‘Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock and in the afternoon Barnadine. For my better satisfaction let me have Claudio’s head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform’d with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.’ What say you to this, sir?

Duke: What is that Barnadine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Provost: A Bohemian born, but here nurs’d up and bred. One that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke: Hath he born himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch’d?

Provost: A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep. Careless, reckless and fearless of what’s past, present or to come. Insensible of mortality and desperately mortal.

Duke: He wants advice.

Provost: He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison. Give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak’d him, as if to carry him to execution, and show’d him a seeming warrant for it. It hath not mov’d him at all.

Duke: There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc’d him. To make you understand this, I crave but four days’ respite. For the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Provost: Pray, sir, in what?

Duke: In the delaying death.

Provost: Alack, how may I do it? Having the hour limited and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio’s, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke: By the vow of mine order I warrant you. Let this Barnadine be this morning executed and his head born to Angelo.

Provost: Angelo hath seen them both and will discover the favour.

Duke: O, death’s a great disguiser. And you may add to it - shave the head and tie the beard and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar’d before his death. You know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess I will plead
against it with my life.

Provost    Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.
Duke       Were you sworn to the Duke or to the deputy?
Provost    To him and to his substitutes.
Duke       You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch
the justice of your dealing?
Provost    But what likelihood is in that?
Duke       Look 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.
Provost    I know them both.
Duke       The contents of this is the return of the Duke. Within these two
days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day
receives letters of strange tenor. Perchance of the Duke’s death, perchance
entering into some monastery, but by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the
unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Call your executioner and off with
Barnadine’s 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 clear dawn.

Exeunt

Scene 16 (Act4 Sc3)

The same, later

Enter Pompey

Pompey         I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of
profession. One would think it were Mistress Overdone’s own house, for here be
many of her old customers.

Enter Abhorson

Abhorson       Sirrah, bring Barnadine hither.
Pompey         Master Barnadine! You must rise and be hang’d, Master
Barnadine!
Abhorson       What ho, Barnadine!
Barnadine      [Within] A pox o’ your throats! Who makes that noise there?
What are you?
Pompey         Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to
rise and be put to death.

Abhorson  Tell him he must awake and that quickly too.
Pompey  Pray, Master Barnadine, awake till you are executed and sleep afterwards.
Abhorson  Go in to him and fetch him out.
Pompey  He is coming, sir, he is coming. I hear his straw rustle.
Abhorson  Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
Pompey  Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnadine

Barnadine  How now, Abhorson? What’s the news with you?
Abhorson  Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers. For, look you, the warrant’s come.
Barnadine  You rogue, I have been drinking all night. I am not fitted for ‘t.
Pompey  O, the better, sir. For he that drinks all night and is hang’d betimes in the morning may sleep the sounder all the next day.
Abhorson  Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke

Duke  Sir, induc’d by my charity and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.
Barnadine  Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that’s certain.
Duke  O, sir, you must. And therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.
Barnadine  I swear I will not die today for any man’s persuasion.
Duke  But hear you –

Enter Provost

Barnadine  Not a word. If you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I today.

Exit

Duke  Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!
Provost  After him, fellows. Bring him to the block.

Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey

Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke  A creature unprepar’d, unmeet for death
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

**Provost**

Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate.
A man of Claudio’s years, his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do reprieve
This reprobate till he were well inclin’d
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

**Duke**

O, ’tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on
Prefix’d by Angelo. See this be done
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

**Provost**

I am your free dependant.

*Exit Provost*

**Duke**

This falls out well. My officers I’ll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city. And from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc’d form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost*

**Provost**

Here is the head. I’ll carry it myself.

**Duke**

Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

**Provost**

I’ll make all speed.

**Isabella**

[Within] Peace, ho, be here!

**Duke**

The tongue of Isabel. She’s come to know
If yet her brother’s pardon be come hither.

*Exit Provost*

**Isabella**

But I will keep her ignorant of her good
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

*Enter Isabella*

**Duke**

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

**Isabella**

The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother’s pardon?

**Duke**

He hath releas’d him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off and sent to Angelo.
Isabella  Nay, but it is not so.
Duke     It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter,
         In your close patience.
Isabella O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke     You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isabella Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
         Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke     This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.
         Forbear it therefore. Give your cause to heaven.
         Mark what I say, which you shall find
         By every syllable a faithful verity.
         The Duke comes home to-morrow - nay, dry your eyes -
         One of our convent and his confessor,
         Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
         Notice to Escalus and Angelo
         Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
         There to give up their power. Only pace your wisdom
         In that good path that I would wish it go
         And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
         Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
         And general honour.
Isabella  I am directed by you.
Duke     This letter, then, to Friar Peter give.
         Say, by this token, I desire his company
         At Mariana’s house to-night. ’Tis he shall bring you
         Before the Duke and to the head of Angelo
         Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
         I am combined by a sacred vow and shall be absent.
         Command these fretting waters from your eyes
         With a light heart. Trust not my holy order
         If I pervert your course.

Enter Lucio

Lucio    Good even.
         Friar, where’s the provost?
Duke     Not within, sir.
Lucio    O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red. Thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran. I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful meal would set me to ’t. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov’d thy brother. If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv’d.

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

Lucio Friar, thou know’st not the Duke so well as I do. He’s a better woodman than thou tak’st him for.

Duke Well, you’ll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio Nay, tarry, I’ll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true. If not true, none were enough.

Lucio I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke Did you such a thing?

Lucio Yes, marry did I, but I was fain to forswear it. They would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio By my troth, I’ll go with thee to the lane’s end. If bawdy talk offend you we’ll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

Exeunt

Scene 17 (Act4 Sc4)

A room in Angelo’s house

Angelo and Escalus

Escalus Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch’d other.

Angelo In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness. Pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates and redeliver our authorities there?

Escalus I guess not.

Angelo And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escalus He shows his reason for that. To have a dispatch of complaints and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Angelo Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim’d betimes i’ the morn. I’ll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.
Escalus

I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Exit Escalus

Angelo

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower’d maid!
And by an eminent body that enforc’d
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no,
For my authority bears so credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv’d,
Save that riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come have ta’en revenge
By so receiving a dishonour’d life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv’d!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot
Nothing goes right. We would and we would not.

Exit

Scene 18 (Act4 Sc6/Act5 Sc1)

A Square near the City Gate

A trumpet sounds. Enter Isabella and Mariana

Isabella

To speak so indirectly I am loathe.
I would speak truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part. Yet I am advis’d to do it,
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mariana

Be rul’d by him.

Isabella

Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
Friar Peter speak against me,
I should not think it strange, for ’tis a physic
That’s bitter to sweet end.

A second trumpet sounds. Enter Friar Peter, followed by
Lucio, Provost and others, severally

Mariana

O, peace! The Friar is come.

Friar

Come, here is a stand most fit
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded.
The generous and gravest citizens
Are hent the gates and very near upon
The Duke is entering.

Enter the Duke aside, meeting Angelo and Escalus

Duke
My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Angelo & Escalus
Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke
Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Angelo
You make my bonds still greater.

Duke
O, but your desert speaks loud and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand
And good supporters are you.

A third trumpet sounds. The Duke, Angelo and Escalus come forward

Friar
Now is your time. Speak loud and kneel before him.

Isabella
Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong’d - I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice! Justice, justice, justice!

Duke
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.
Reveal yourself to him.

Isabella
O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself. For that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ’d,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, hear!

Angelo
My lord, her wits I fear me are not firm.
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice -

Isabella
   By course of justice!

Angelo
   And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isabella
   Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak.
   That Angelo’s forsworn, is it not strange?
   That Angelo’s a murderer, is ’t not strange?
   That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
   An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
   Is it not strange and strange?

Duke
   Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isabella
   It is not truer he is Angelo
   Than this is all as true as it is strange.
   Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
   To the end of reckoning.

Duke
   Away with her! Poor soul,

Isabella
   O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ’st
   There is another comfort than this world,
   That thou neglect me not with that opinion
   That I am touch’d with madness! Make not impossible
   That which but seems unlike. ’Tis not impossible
   But one, the wicked’st caitiff on the ground,
   May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
   As Angelo. Even so may Angelo
   In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
   Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince,
   If he be less he’s nothing. But he’s more
   Had I more name for badness.

Duke
   By mine honesty,

Isabella
   If she be mad - as I believe no other -
   Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
   Such a dependency of thing on thing
   As e’er I heard in madness.

Isabella
   O gracious Duke,

Duke
   Many that are not mad

Isabella
   I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn’d upon the act of fornication
To lose his head. Condemn’d by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother - one Lucio
As then the messenger -

Lucio That’s I, an’t like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio and desir’d her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother’s pardon.

Isabella That’s he indeed.

Duke You were not bid to speak.

Lucio No, my good lord.
Nor wish’d to hold my peace.

Duke I wish you now, then.
Pray you, take note of it and when you have
A business for yourself pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio I warrant your honour.

Duke The warrants for yourself. Take heed to’t.

Isabella This gentleman told somewhat of my tale -

Lucio Right.

Duke It may be right, but you are i’ the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isabella I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy -

Duke That’s somewhat madly spoken.

Isabella Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke Mended again. The matter, proceed.

Isabella In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray’d and kneel’d,
How he refell’d me and how I replied -
For this was of much length - the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief 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 yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother’s head.

**Duke**
This is most likely!

**Isabella**
O, that it were as like as it is true!

**Duke**
By heaven, fond wretch, thou know’st not what thou speak’st,
Or else thou art suborn’d against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended,
He would have weigh’d thy brother by himself
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on.
Confess the truth and say by whose advice
Thou cam’st here to complain.

**Isabella**
And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience and with ripen’d time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance. Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong’d, hence unbelieved go!

**Duke**
I know you’d fain be gone. An officer
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

**Isabella**
One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

**Duke**
A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

**Lucio**
My lord, I know him. ’Tis a meddling friar.
I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing’d him soundly.

**Duke**
Words against me? This is a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

**Lucio**
But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

**Friar**
My Lord, I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler
As he’s reported by this gentleman.

**Duke**
Bring him before me.
Friar

At this instant Lodowick is sick my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false. First, for this woman.
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus’d,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes
Till she herself confess it.

Duke

Good friar, let’s hear it.
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo.
In this I’ll be impartial. Be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, Friar?
First, let her show her face and after speak.

Mariana

Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke

What, are you married?

Mariana

No, my lord.

Duke

Are you a maid?

Mariana

No, my lord.

Duke

A widow, then?

Mariana

Neither, my lord.

Duke

Why, you are nothing then. Neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio

My lord, she may be a punk. For many of them are neither
maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke

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

Lucio

Well, my lord.

Mariana

My lord, I do confess I ne’er was married
And I confess besides I am no maid.
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio

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

Duke

For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio

Well, my lord.

Duke

This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mariana  Now I come to’t my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I’ll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Angelo  Charges she more than me?

Mariana  Not that I know.

Duke  No? You say your husband.

Mariana  Why just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne’er knew my body
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel’s.

Angelo  This is a strange abuse. Let’s see thy face.

Mariana  My husband bids me. Now I will unmask.
[Unveiling] This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor’st was worth the looking on.
This is the hand which, with a vow’d contract,
Was fast belock’d in thine. This is the body
That took away the match from Isabel
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin’d person.

Duke  Know you this woman?

Lucio  Carnally, she says.

Duke  Sirrah, no more!

Lucio  Enough, my lord.

Angelo  My lord, I must confess I know this woman
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis’d proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalu’d
In levity. Since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mariana  Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianc’d this man’s wife as strongly
As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in’s garden-house
He knew me as a wife.
Angelo

I did but smile till now.  
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice.  
My patience here is touch’d.  I do perceive  
These poor informal women are no more  
But instruments of some more mightier member  
That sets them on.  Let me have way, my lord,  
To find this practice out.

Duke

Ay, with my heart  
And punish them to your height of pleasure.  
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman  
Compact with her before, think’st thou thy oaths,  
Though they would swear down each particular saint,  
Were testimonies against his worth and credit  
That’s seal’d in approbation?  You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin.  Lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse, whence ’tis deriv’d.  
There is another friar that set them on.  
Provost, fetch him hither.

Exit Provost

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
Do with your injuries as seems you best  
In any chastisement.  I for a while will leave you.  
But stir not you till you have well determin’d  
Upon these slanderers.

Escalus

My lord, we’ll do it throughly.

Exit Duke

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio

‘Cucullus non facit monachum’ - honest in nothing but in his clothes.  And one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escalus

We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him.  We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio

As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escalus

Call that same Isabel.  I would speak with her.  Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question.  You shall see how I’ll handle her.

Lucio

Not better than he, by her own report.

Escalus

Say you?

Lucio

Marry, sir, I think if you handl’d her privately she would sooner confess.  Perchance, publicly, she’ll be asham’d.

Escalus

I will go darkly to work with her.
Lucio: That’s the way, for women are light at midnight.

Escalus: Come on, mistress. Here’s a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Enter Provost with Duke, hooded as friar

Lucio: My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of. Here with the Provost.

Escalus: In very good time. Speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio: Mum.

Escalus: Come, sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confess’d you did.

Duke: ’Tis false.

Escalus: How! Know you where you are?

Duke: Respect to your great place - and let the devil Be sometime honour’d for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? ’Tis he should hear me speak.

Escalus: The Duke’s in us, and we will hear you speak. Look you speak justly.

Duke: Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke’s unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal And put your trial in the villain’s mouth Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio: This is the rascal. This is he I spoke of.

Escalus: Why, thou unrevverend and unhallow’d Friar, Is’t not enough thou hast suborn’d these women To accuse this worthy man, but in foul mouth And in the witness of his proper ear To call him villain? And then to glance from him To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence, to the rack with him! We’ll touse you Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. What, ‘unjust’!

Duke: Be not so hot. The Duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rack his own. His subject am I not, Nor here provincial. My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o’er-run the stew -

**Escalus**
Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

**Angelo**
What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

**Lucio**
’Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate. Do you know me?

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

**Lucio**
O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

**Duke**
Most notably, sir.

**Lucio**
Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

**Duke**
You must, sir, change persons with me ere you make that my report. You, indeed, spoke so of him and much more, much worse.

**Lucio**
O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

**Duke**
I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

**Angelo**
Hark, how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses!

**Escalus**
Such a fellow is not to be talk’d withal. Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

**Duke**
*[To Provost]* Stay, sir. Stay awhile.

**Angelo**
What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

**Lucio**
Come, sir! Come, sir! Come, sir! Foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave’s visage, with a pox to you! Show your sheep-biting face and be hang’d an hour! Will’t not off?

He pulls off the Friar’s hood and discovers the Duke

**Duke**
Thou art the first knave that e’er mad’st a Duke.
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.
*[To Lucio]* Sneak not away, sir, for the Friar and you Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

**Lucio**
*[Aside]* This may prove worse than hanging.

**Duke**
*[To Escalus]* What you have spoke I pardon. Sit you down. We’ll borrow place of him. *[To Angelo]* Sir, by your leave. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence
That yet can do thee office?

Angelo  O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness
To think I can be undiscernible
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look’d upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame
But let my trial be mine own confession.
Immediate sentence then and sequent death
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke  Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e’er contracted to this woman?

Angelo  I was, my lord.

Duke  Go, take her hence and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, Friar, which consummate
Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar and Provost

Escalus  My lord, I am more amaz’d at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke  Come hither, Isabel.
Your Friar is now your prince. As I was then,
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney’d at your service.

Isabella  O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ’d and pain’d
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke  You are pardon’d, Isabel.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother’s death, I know, sits at your heart
And you may marvel why I obscur’d myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death
Which I did think with slower foot came on
That brain’d my purpose. But, peace be with him.
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Isabella  I do, my lord.
Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar and Provost

Duke

For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong’d
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana’s sake. But as he adjudg’d your brother
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
‘An Angelo for a Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste and leisure answers leisure.
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.’

Enter Abhorson and Pompey, as executioners

Angelo, we do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop’d to death and with like haste.
Away with him!

Mariana

O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke

It is your husband mock’d you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour
I thought your marriage fit, else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal
To buy you a better husband.

Mariana

O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke

Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mariana

Gentle my liege -

Duke

You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! [To Lucio] Now, sir, to you.

Mariana

O 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 do you service.

Duke

Against all sense you do importune her.
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact
Her brother’s ghost his paved bed would break
And take her hence in horror.

Mariana

Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I’ll speak 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.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke  He dies for Claudio’s death.

Isabella [Kneeling] Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn’d
As if my brother liv’d. I partly think
A due sincerity govern’d his deeds
Till he did look on me. Since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angelo,
His act did not o’ertake his bad intent
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish’d by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mariana  Merely, my lord.

Duke Your suit’s unprofitable. Stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Provost It was commanded so.

Duke Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Provost No, my good lord, it was by private message.

Duke For which I do discharge you of your office.
Give up your keys.

Provost Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not.
Yet did repent me after more advice
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have died
I have reserv’d alive.

Duke What’s he?

Provost His name is Barnadine.

Duke I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither. Let me look upon him.

Escalus I am sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear’d
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper’d judgment afterward.
Angelo

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy.
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnadine and Claudio both
muffled for execution

Duke

Which is that Barnadine?

Provost  
[Unmuffling him] This, my lord.

Duke

There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends no further than this world
And squar’st thy life according. Thou’rt condemn’d
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffl’d fellow’s that?

Provost

This is another prisoner that I sav’d
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head.
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

Unmuffles Claudio

Duke

[To Isabella.] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon’d. And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he’s safe.
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself
And yet here’s one in place I cannot pardon.
[To Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman.
Wherein have I so deserv’d of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio

’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 whipp’d.

Duke

Whipp’d first, sir, and hang’d after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city.
If any woman wrong’d by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there’s one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish’d,
Let him be whipp’d and hang’d.
Lucio I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now I made you a Duke. Good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke Slandering a prince deserves it.

Exit Officers with Lucio

She, Claudio, that you wrong’d, look you restore. Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo. I have confess’d her and I know her virtue. Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness. There’s more behind that is more gratulate. Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy. We shall employ thee in a worthier place. Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home The head of Ragozine for Claudio’s. The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good, Whereto if you’ll a willing ear incline, What’s mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

End