

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Measure for Measure

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Measure for Measure

Author: William Shakespeare

Editor: William George Clark

Editor: Cambridge librarian of Trinity College John Glover

Release date: December 12, 2007 [eBook #23045]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Louise Hope, Jonathan Ingram and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/Canadian Libraries)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MEASURE FOR MEASURE ***

This text of *Measure for Measure* is from Volume I of the nine-volume 1863 Cambridge edition of Shakespeare. The Preface ([e-text 23041](#)) and the other plays from this volume are each available as separate e-texts.

General Notes are in their original location at the end of the play, followed by the text-critical notes originally printed at the bottom of each page. All notes are hyperlinked in both directions. In dialogue, a link from a speaker's name generally means that the note applies to an entire line or group of lines.

Line numbers—shown in the right margin and used for all notes—are from the original text. In prose passages the exact line counts will depend on your browser settings, and will probably be different from the displayed numbers. Stage directions were not included in the line numbering.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M.A.

FELLOW AND TUTOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, AND PUBLIC ORATOR
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE;

AND JOHN GLOVER, M.A.

LIBRARIAN OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

VOLUME I.

Cambridge and London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1863.

[Dramatis Personæ](#)

- Act I [Scene 1](#) An apartment in the Duke's palace.
[Scene 2](#) A street.
[Scene 3](#) A monastery.
[Scene 4](#) A nunnery.
- Act II [Scene 1](#) A hall in Angelo's house.
[Scene 2](#) Another room in the same.
[Scene 3](#) A room in a prison.
[Scene 4](#) A room in Angelo's house.
- Act III [Scene 1](#) A room in the prison.
[Scene 2](#) The street before the prison.
- Act IV [Scene 1](#) The moated grange at St Luke's.
[Scene 2](#) A room in the prison.
[Scene 3](#) Another room in the same.
[Scene 4](#) A room in Angelo's house.
[Scene 5](#) Fields without the town.
[Scene 6](#) Street near the city-gate.
- Act V [Scene 1](#) The city-gate.

[Endnotes](#)

[Critical Apparatus](#) ("Linenotes")

[Texts Used](#) (from general preface)

293

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

294

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. ¹

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
A Justice ².
VARRIUS ².
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone ³.
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants ².

SCENE—*Vienna.*

1. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS Ff (added at the end of the play).

2. Omitted in Ff.

3. Clowne. Ff.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the DUKE's palace.*

I. 1

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect 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: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency

5

. as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people,

10

296

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,

15

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an Attendant.]

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,

20

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

I. 1.

25

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. 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 th' observer doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings

30

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

35

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd

But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

297

Herself the glory of a creditor,

40

Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise;

Hold therefore, Angelo:—

In our remove be thou at full ourself;

Mortality and mercy in Vienna

45

Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,

Before so noble and so great a figure

I. 1.

50

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,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
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.

55

60

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

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws

65

298

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.

70

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

I. 1.
75

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

80

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

I. 2

Enter LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition with the King of Hungary, why then all
the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King
of Hungary's!

5

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but
scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"?

10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

299

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions: they
put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that,
in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition
well that prays for peace.

15

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast
where grace was said.

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

20

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

I. 2.
25

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

30

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

35

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

40

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

300

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

45

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

I. 2.
50

First Gent. 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.

55

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

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

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

60

Mrs Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Mrs Ov. 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 chopped off.

65

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

Mrs Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

70

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

301

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

I. 2.
75

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

Mrs Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

80

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs Ov. But what's his offence? 85

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him.
You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs Ov. What proclamation, man? 90

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be
plucked down.

Mrs Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down
too, but that a wise burgher put in for them. 95

Mrs Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the
suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the
commonwealth! What shall become of me? I. 2.
100

Pom. Come; fear not you: 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
considered. 105

Mrs Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's
withdraw.

302 *Pom.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost
to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and* Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the
world? 110

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

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

Claud. 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. 115

Re-enter LUCIO *and* two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this
restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As 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. 120

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? I. 2.
125

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder? 130

303 *Claud.* No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

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

135

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. 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.

140

145

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. 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 unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen 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.

I. 2.
150

155

160

304

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.

165

Claud. 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.

170

I. 2.
175

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.

180

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

185

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

305

SCENE III. *A monastery.*

I. 3

Enter Duke and FRIAR THOMAS.

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 wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

5

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
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 received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

10

15

Fri. T. 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;
Even 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 it 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.

20

I. 3.

25

306

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

30

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 the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I 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.

35

40

45

307

I. 3.

50

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

I. 4

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

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

5

Lucio [*within*]. Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. 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;

10

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [Exit.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

15

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?

20

Isab. Why, 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you:

308 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

I. 4.
25

Isab. 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.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

30

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.

35

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:

—
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
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.

40

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

45

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

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

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. 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: and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

I. 4.
50

55

60

65

70

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. 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.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. 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.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

I. 4.
75

80

85

90

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in ANGELO'S house.*

II. 1

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants, behind.*

Ang. 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.

Escal. 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.

Ang. '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. What's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; 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 judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

II. 1.
25

30

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

35

[*Exit Provost.*]

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

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

40

312

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.

Elb. 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.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's
the matter?

45

Elb. 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.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they?
are they not malefactors?

II. 1.
50

Elb. 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.

55

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your
name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

60

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that
serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they
say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she
professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill
house too.

Escal. How know you that?

65

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and
your honour,—

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir;—whom, I thank heaven, is an honest
woman,—

70

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. 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.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

II. 1.
75

313

Elb. 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.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as
she spit in his face, so she defied him.

80

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

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

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

85

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing,
saving your honour's reverence, for stewed 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

90

dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. 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.

95

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, 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,—

II. 1.
100

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. 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.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. 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 fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?—

105

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. 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.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. 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.

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

[*Exit Angelo.*]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

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

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. 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?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the

II. 1.
100

110

115

120

II. 1.
125

130

135

140

145

314

315

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.

II. 1.
150

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

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

155

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

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

160

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

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

Elb. 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.

165

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

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

II. 1.
175

Escal. 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.

Elb. 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.

180

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

185

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

190

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. 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.

195

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

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

II. 1.
200

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. 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,

205

Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade? 210

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna. 215

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. 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. 220

317 *Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. 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. II. 1. 225

Escal. 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 Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well. 230 235

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

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade. 240

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together? 245

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. 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? II. 1. 250

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

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish. 255

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

318 *Escal.* To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit Elbow.*

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me. 260

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. 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.

265

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

II. 2

Enter PROVOST *and a* Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. 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!

5

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

10

319 *Ang.* Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

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

15

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

Re-enter Servant.

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

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

20

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO.

Prov. God save your honour!

II. 2.

Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You're welcome:
what's your will?

25

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. 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.

30

320 *Ang.* Well; the matter?

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

35

Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. 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.

40

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

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] 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!

45

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

II. 2.
50

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

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

Isab. 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.

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

55

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. 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.

321

60

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

65

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. 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. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

70

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

Isab. 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 judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

II. 2.
75

Ang. 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 to-morrow.

80

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare
him!

He's not prepared 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.

85

322

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:

Those many had not dared 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 now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

95

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. 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.

II. 2.
100

Isab. 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.

105

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] That's well said.

Isab. 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.

110

323

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,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
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.

115

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] O, to him, to him, wench! he
will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

120

Prov. [Aside] Pray heaven she win him!

II. 2.
125

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them.
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

130

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. 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.

135

140

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

324

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn
back.

145

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with

you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Yon had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels 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.

II. 2.
150

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

155

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 'tis well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside*] Amen:

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

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

160

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

Ang. 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,

165

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 foully 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.

170

II. 2.
175

180

185

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A room in a prison.*

II. 3

*Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar, and
PROVOST.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost!—so I think you are.

Prov. 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.

5

Prov. 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,

10

Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

15

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you: stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

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

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

20

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

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

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

II. 3.
25

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

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. 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,—

30

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

35

327

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.*

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

40

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO'S house.*

II. 4

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. 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: Heaven 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 fear'd 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.

5

10

15

328

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

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

Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons:
Come all to help him, and so stop the air II. 4.
By which he should revive: and even so 25
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be, 35
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

329

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image 45
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.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth. II. 4.
50

Ang. 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?

Isab. Sir, believe this, 55
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:— 60
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?

Isab. Please you to do't, 65
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

330

Ang. Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit, 70
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.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good. II. 4.
75

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

	<i>Ang.</i> Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright When it doth tax itself; as these black masks Proclaim an enshield 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.	80
	<i>Isab.</i> So.	
	<i>Ang.</i> And his offence is so, as it appears, Accountant to the law upon that pain.	85
	<i>Isab.</i> True.	
	<i>Ang.</i> 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 desired of such a person, Whose credit with the judge, or own great place, Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-building 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 supposed, or else to let him suffer; What would you do?	90 95
331	<i>Isab.</i> 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.	II. 4. 100
	<i>Ang.</i> Then must your brother die.	
	<i>Isab.</i> And 'twere the cheaper way: Better it were a brother died at once, Than that a sister, by redeeming him, Should die for ever.	105
	<i>Ang.</i> Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence That you have slander'd so?	110
	<i>Isab.</i> Ignomy in ransom and free pardon Are of two houses: lawful mercy Is nothing kin to foul redemption.	
	<i>Ang.</i> You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant; And rather proved the sliding of your brother A merriment than a vice.	115
	<i>Isab.</i> 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.	120
	<i>Ang.</i> We are all frail.	
	<i>Isab.</i> Else let my brother die, If not a feodary, but only he Owe and succeed thy weakness.	
332	<i>Ang.</i> Nay, women are frail too.	
	<i>Isab.</i> 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.	II. 4. 125
	<i>Ang.</i> 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 destined livery.	130 135
	<i>Isab.</i> I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, Let me entreat you speak the former language.	140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

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

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

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

145

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
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.

II. 4.
150

Ang. 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.

155

333

160

165

170

[*Exit.*

Isab. 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 approval;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n 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 abhorr'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.

II. 4.
175

180

185

[*Exit.*

334

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

III. 1

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and
PROVOST.*

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've 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;

5

10

	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 nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;	15
	For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep, And that thou oft provokest; 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 strivest 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;	20
335	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, serpigio, and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age.	25
	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, 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.	30
	<i>Claud.</i> I humbly thank you. To sue to live, I find I seek to die; And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.	35
	<i>Isab.</i> [<i>within</i>] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!	
	<i>Prov.</i> Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.	40
	<i>Duke.</i> Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.	
	<i>Claud.</i> Most holy sir, I thank you.	
	<i>Enter ISABELLA.</i>	
	<i>Isab.</i> My business is a word or two with Claudio.	
	<i>Prov.</i> And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.	45
	<i>Duke.</i> Provost, a word with you.	
	<i>Prov.</i> As many as you please.	
336	<i>Duke.</i> Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.	
	<i>[Exeunt Duke and Provost.]</i>	
	<i>Claud.</i> Now, sister, what's the comfort?	50
	<i>Isab.</i> 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.	55
	<i>Claud.</i> Is there no remedy?	
	<i>Isab.</i> None, but such remedy as, to save a head, To cleave a heart in twain.	60
	<i>Claud.</i> But is there any?	
	<i>Isab.</i> 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.	65
	<i>Claud.</i> Perpetual durance?	

	<i>Isab.</i> Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint, Though all the world's vastidity you had, To a determined scope.	70
	<i>Claud.</i> But in what nature?	
	<i>Isab.</i> In such a one as, you consenting to't, Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear, And leave you naked.	
	<i>Claud.</i> Let me know the point.	
	<i>Isab.</i> 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. Darest 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.	III. 1 75
337	<i>Claud.</i> 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.	75 80
	<i>Isab.</i> 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 settled 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.	85 90
	<i>Claud.</i> The prenzie Angelo!	
	<i>Isab.</i> O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell, The damned'st body to invest and cover In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?— If I would yield him my virginity, Thou mightst be freed.	95
	<i>Claud.</i> O heavens! it cannot be.	
	<i>Isab.</i> 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.	
338	<i>Claud.</i> Thou shalt not do't.	III. 1 100
	<i>Isab.</i> O, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.	
	<i>Claud.</i> Thanks, dear Isabel.	
	<i>Isab.</i> Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.	
	<i>Claud.</i> 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.	105
	<i>Isab.</i> Which is the least?	
	<i>Claud.</i> If it were damnable, he being so wise, Why would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!	110
	<i>Isab.</i> What says my brother?	
	<i>Claud.</i> Death is a fearful thing.	
	<i>Isab.</i> And shamed life a hateful.	
	<i>Claud.</i> 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;	115 120

	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 uncertain 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.	III. 1 125
339	<i>Isab.</i> Alas, alas! <i>Claud.</i> 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.	130
	<i>Isab.</i> 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 shield 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.	135 140
	<i>Claud.</i> Nay, hear me, Isabel.	
	<i>Isab.</i> O, fie, fie, fie! Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.	145
	<i>Claud.</i> O, hear me, Isabella!	
	<i>Re-enter DUKE.</i>	
	<i>Duke.</i> Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.	
	<i>Isab.</i> What is your will?	III. 1 150
	<i>Duke.</i> 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.	
	<i>Isab.</i> I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.	155
340	<i>[Walks apart.]</i>	
	<i>Duke.</i> Son, I have overheard what hath passed 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 judgement 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: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.	160 165
	<i>Claud.</i> Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.	
	<i>Duke.</i> Hold you there: farewell. <i>[Exit Claudio.]</i> Provost, a word with you!	
	<i>Re-enter PROVOST.</i>	
	<i>Prov.</i> What's your will, father?	170
	<i>Duke.</i> That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.	
	<i>Prov.</i> In good time.	
	<i>[Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.]</i>	
	<i>Duke.</i> The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of	III. 1 175

	your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed 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?	180
	<i>Isab.</i> 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 deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.	185
341	<i>Duke.</i> That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; 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 uprightously do a poor wronged 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.	190 195
	<i>Isab.</i> Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.	
	<i>Duke.</i> 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?	III. 1 200
	<i>Isab.</i> I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.	
	<i>Duke.</i> She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.	205 210
	<i>Isab.</i> Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?	
	<i>Duke.</i> Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed 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 washed with them, but relents not.	215
342	<i>Isab.</i> What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?	220
	<i>Duke.</i> 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.	III. 1 225
	<i>Isab.</i> Show me how, good father.	
	<i>Duke.</i> This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her	230 235

recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved,
your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged,
and the corrupt Deputy scaled. 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?

240

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

245

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. 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; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

III. 1
250

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

255

[*Exeunt severally.*]

343

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

III. 2

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on
the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.*

Elb. 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?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries,
the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by
order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and
furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that
craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the
facing.

5

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

10

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

Elb. 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.

15

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.

20

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet,
sir, I would prove—

III. 2
25

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.

30

Elb. 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!

35

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman
and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

344

	<i>Lucio.</i> How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? 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?	40
	<i>Duke.</i> Still thus, and thus; still worse!	
	<i>Lucio.</i> How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?	III. 2 50
	<i>Pom.</i> Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.	
345	<i>Lucio.</i> Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?	55
	<i>Pom.</i> Yes, faith, sir.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?	60
	<i>Elb.</i> For being a bawd, for being a bawd.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> 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.	65
	<i>Pom.</i> I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.	70
	<i>Duke.</i> And you.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?	
	<i>Elb.</i> Come your ways, sir; come.	
	<i>Pom.</i> You will not bail me, then, sir?	III. 2 75
	<i>Lucio.</i> Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?	
	<i>Elb.</i> Come your ways, sir; come.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [<i>Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.</i>] What news, friar, of the Duke?	80
	<i>Duke.</i> I know none. Can you tell me of any?	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?	
	<i>Duke.</i> I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.	85
	<i>Lucio.</i> 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.	
346	<i>Duke.</i> He does well in't.	90
	<i>Lucio.</i> A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.	
	<i>Duke.</i> It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?	95
	<i>Duke.</i> How should he be made, then?	III. 2 100
	<i>Lucio.</i> Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some,	

that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

105

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 hanged 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.

110

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

115

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

120

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

347

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

III. 2
125

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.

130

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 helmed 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 unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

135

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

140

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?

145

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

III. 2
150

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.

155

348

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

160

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again: this

ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with
contingency; sparrows must not build in his house-
eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet
would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would
never bring them to light: would he were returned!
Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing.
Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The Duke,
I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's
not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with
a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic:
say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with MISTRESS
OVERDONE.*

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is
accounted a merciful man; good my lord. 180

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

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it
please your honour. 185

349 *Mrs Ov.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information
against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by
him in the Duke's time; he promised 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! 190

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him
be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no
more words. [Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.] 195
Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered;
Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with
divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my
brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with
him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him,
and advised him for the entertainment of death. III. 2
200

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness. 205

Escal. 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 is only 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. There is scarce truth
enough alive to make societies secure; but security
enough to make fellowships accurst:— much upon this
riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old
enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of
what disposition was the Duke? 210
215

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended
especially to know himself. 220

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

350 *Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than
merry at any thing which professed to make him
rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we
him to his events, with a prayer they may prove
III. 2

prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find
Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you
have lent him visitation.

225

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister
measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles
himself to the determination of justice: yet had he
framed 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
resolved to die.

230

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

235

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his
proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he
chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

240

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

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

351

How may likeness made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,

To draw with idle spiders' strings

Most ponderous and substantial things!

Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo to-night shall lie

His old betrothed but despised;

So disguise shall, by the disguised,

Pay with falsehood false exacting,

And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

III. 2
250

255

260

265

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The moated grange at ST LUKE'S.*

IV. 1

[*Enter MARIANA and a BOY.*]

BOY *sings.*

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 sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

5

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[*Exit Boy.*]

[*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*]

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish

You had not found me here so musical:

Let me excuse me, and believe me so,

My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

352

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm

10

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

15

I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

20

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

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

IV. 1
25

Isab. He hath a garden circummured 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.

30

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

35

353

Isab. 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?

40

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the 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.

45

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

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

IV. 1
50

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and 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.

55

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

60

354

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

65

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. 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. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

70

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

IV. 2

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. 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.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. 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.

5

10

355

Pom. 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.

15

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. 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.

20

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

IV. 2
25

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

30

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. 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 hanged, I cannot imagine.

35

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

40

356

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

45

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

IV. 2
50

Pom. 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.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*]

55

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?

60

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

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But,
hark, what noise?—

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*] By
and by.—

65

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

357

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

70

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. 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:

IV. 2
75

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;

80

But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*]
Now are they come.

[*Exit Provost.*]

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

[*Knocking within.*]

How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed with
haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

85

Re-enter PROVOST.

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

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

358

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

90

Prov. 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.

95

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper*] 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.

IV. 2
100

Prov. I shall obey him.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such
sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

105

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me
remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted
putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it
before.

110

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]

359 Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio
be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon
Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have
Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly
performed; 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.

115

What say you to this, sir?

120

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed
in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred;
one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not
either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I
have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

IV. 2
125

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and,
indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord
Anglo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

130

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?
how seems he to be touched?

Prov. 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.

135

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. 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 awaked him, as
if to carry him to execution, and showed him a
seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

140

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your
brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not

145

truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

360

Prov. Pray, sir, in what? 155

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. 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. 160

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour. 165

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 bared 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. 170

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing? 175

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. 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. 180

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, 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 tenour; 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. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. 185

361

190

195

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

IV. 3

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. 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. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five

marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starvelackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

10

15

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

20

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

IV. 3
25

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

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

30

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

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

35

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

40

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

45

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

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

Bar. Friar, not I: I have 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.

IV. 3
50

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

55

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

60

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*]

Re-enter PROVOST.

	<i>Prov.</i> Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?	
	<i>Duke.</i> A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.	
	<i>Prov.</i> 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 omit This reprobate till he were well inclined; And satisfy the Deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?	65 70
364	<i>Duke.</i> 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.	IV. 3 75
	<i>Prov.</i> This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive?	80
	<i>Duke.</i> Let this be done. Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.	85
	<i>Prov.</i> I am your free dependant.	
	<i>Duke.</i> Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.	
	Now will I write letters to Angelo,— The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.	90 95
	<i>Re-enter PROVOST.</i>	
	<i>Prov.</i> Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.	
	<i>Duke.</i> Convenient is it. Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.	IV. 3 100
	<i>Prov.</i> I'll make all speed. [Exit.	
	<i>Isab.</i> [Within] Peace, ho, be here!	
365	<i>Duke.</i> The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.	105
	<i>Enter ISABELLA.</i>	
	<i>Isab.</i> Ho, by your leave!	
	<i>Duke.</i> Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.	
	<i>Isab.</i> The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?	110
	<i>Duke.</i> He hath released him, Isabel, from the world: His head is off, and sent to Angelo.	
	<i>Isab.</i> Nay, but it is not so.	
	<i>Duke.</i> It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter, In your close patience.	115
	<i>Isab.</i> O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!	
	<i>Duke.</i> You shall not be admitted to his sight.	

Isab. 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;

120

One of our covent, 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. If you can, pace your
wisdom

IV. 3
125

366 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.

130

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal; and 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. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

135

140

145

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 loved thy brother: if the old fantastical
Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

IV. 3
150

[Exit Isabella.]

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

155

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

367 *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.

160

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.

165

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.

170

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.]

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. 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?

5

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. 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?

Escal. 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.

10

368

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed 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.

15

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night.

[Exit Escalus.]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

20

And by an eminent body that enforced
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 of a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch

IV. 4
25

But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that his 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 lived!

30

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,

Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

IV. 5

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me:

[Giving letters.]

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,

And hold you ever to our special drift;

369

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,

5

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice

To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well.

[Exit.]

10

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Street near the city-gate.*

IV. 6

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:

I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,

That is your part: yet I am advised to do it;

He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

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

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out 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
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The city-gate.*

*MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at their
stand. Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, LORDS, ANGELO,
ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, OFFICERS, and CITIZENS, at
several doors.*

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

ANG. }
ESCAL. } 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.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, 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 fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure 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.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before
him.

Isab. 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. Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be
brief.

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

Isab. 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 believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, here!

5

10

370

15

V. 1

5

10

371

15

V. 1
25

30

	<i>Ang.</i> 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,—	
	<i>Isab.</i> By course of justice!	35
	<i>Ang.</i> And she will speak most bitterly and strange.	
	<i>Isab.</i> 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?	40
372	<i>Duke.</i> Nay, it is ten times strange.	
	<i>Isab.</i> 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 th' end of reckoning.	45
	<i>Duke.</i> Away with her!—Poor soul, She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.	
	<i>Isab.</i> O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest 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.	V. 1 50 55
	<i>Duke.</i> By mine honesty, 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.	60
	<i>Isab.</i> O gracious Duke, Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason For inequality; but let your reason serve To make the truth appear where it seems hid, And hide the false seems true.	65
373	<i>Duke.</i> Many that are not mad Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?	
	<i>Isab.</i> 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,—	70
	<i>Lucio.</i> That's I, an't like your Grace: I came to her from Claudio, and desired her To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo For her poor brother's pardon.	V. 1 75
	<i>Isab.</i> That's he indeed.	
	<i>Duke.</i> You were not bid to speak.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> No, my good lord; Nor wish'd to hold my peace.	
	<i>Duke.</i> 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.	80
	<i>Lucio.</i> I warrant your honour.	
	<i>Duke.</i> The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.	
	<i>Isab.</i> This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Right.	85
	<i>Duke.</i> It may be right; but you are i' the wrong To speak before your time. Proceed.	

	<i>Isab.</i>	I went To this pernicious caitiff Deputy,—	
	<i>Duke.</i>	That's somewhat madly spoken.	
	<i>Isab.</i>	Pardon it; The phrase is to the matter.	90
374	<i>Duke.</i>	Mended again. The matter;—proceed.	
	<i>Isab.</i>	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.	95
	<i>Duke.</i>	This is most likely!	
	<i>Isab.</i>	O, that it were as like as it is true!	
	<i>Duke.</i>	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 camest here to complain.	105
	<i>Isab.</i>	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 unbeliev'd go!	110
	<i>Isab.</i>	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 unbeliev'd go!	115
375	<i>Duke.</i>	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?	120
	<i>Isab.</i>	One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.	
	<i>Duke.</i>	A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?	V. 1 125
	<i>Lucio.</i>	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 swung him soundly.	130
	<i>Duke.</i>	Words against me! this's a good friar, belike! And to set on this wretched woman here Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.	
	<i>Lucio.</i>	But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar, I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar, A very scurvy fellow.	135
	<i>Fri. P.</i>	Blessed be your royal Grace! I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman Most wrongfully accused your substitute, Who is as free from touch or soil with her As she from one ungot.	140
	<i>Duke.</i>	We did believe no less. Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?	
	<i>Fri. P.</i>	I know him for a man divine and holy; Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, As he's reported by this gentleman; And, on my trust, a man that never yet	

	Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.	
	<i>Lucio.</i> My lord, most villanously; believe it.	
376	<i>Fri. P.</i> Well, he in time may come to clear himself; But at this instant he 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; and what he with his oath And all probation will make up full clear, Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman, To justify this worthy nobleman, So vulgarly and personally accused, Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes, Till she herself confess it.	V. 1 150 155 160
	<i>Duke.</i> Good friar, let's hear it. [<i>Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.</i>	
	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.	165
	<i>Mari.</i> Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face Until my husband bid me.	170
	<i>Duke.</i> What, are you married? <i>Mari.</i> No, my lord. <i>Duke.</i> Are you a maid? <i>Mari.</i> No, my lord. <i>Duke.</i> A widow, then?	
377	<i>Mari.</i> Neither, my lord. <i>Duke.</i> Why, you are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife? <i>Lucio.</i> My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. <i>Duke.</i> Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause To prattle for himself. <i>Lucio.</i> Well, my lord. <i>Mari.</i> 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. <i>Lucio.</i> He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better. <i>Duke.</i> For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! <i>Lucio.</i> Well, my lord. <i>Duke.</i> This is no witness for Lord Angelo. <i>Mari.</i> 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 th' effect of love. <i>Ang.</i> Charges she more than me? <i>Mari.</i> Not that I know. <i>Duke.</i> No? you say your husband. <i>Mari.</i> 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. <i>Ang.</i> This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face. <i>Mari.</i> My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [<i>Unveiling.</i>	V. 1 175 180 185 190 195 V. 1 200

	This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, Which once thou swore'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 imagined person.	205 210
	<i>Duke.</i> Know you this woman?	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Carnally, she says.	
	<i>Duke.</i> Sirrah, no more!	
	<i>Lucio.</i> Enough, my lord.	
	<i>Ang.</i> 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 promised proportions Came short of composition; but in chief, For that her reputation was disvalued In levity: since which time of five years I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her, Upon my faith and honour.	215 220
	<i>Mari.</i> Noble prince, As there comes light from heaven and words from breath, As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue, I am affianced 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. As this is true, Let me in safety raise me from my knees; Or else for ever be confixed here, A marble monument!	V. 1 225 230
	<i>Ang.</i> 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 <u>informal</u> women are no more But instruments of some more <u>mightier</u> member That sets them on: let me have way, my lord, To find this practice out.	235
379	<i>Duke.</i> Ay, with my heart; And punish them to your height of pleasure. Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman, Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths, Though they would swear down each particular saint, Were testimonies <u>against</u> 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 derived. There is another friar that set them on; Let him be sent for.	240 245
	<i>Fri. P.</i> Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed, Hath set the women on to this complaint: Your provost knows the place where he abides, And he may fetch him.	V. 1 250
	<i>Duke.</i> Go do it instantly.	
	[<i>Exit Provost.</i>]	
	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 determined Upon these slanderers.	255
	<i>Escal.</i> My lord, we'll do it throughly. [<i>Exit Duke.</i>] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?	260
	<i>Lucio.</i> 'Cucullus non facit monachum:' honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.	
	<i>Escal.</i> We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,	

and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

265

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

270

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

380

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

V. 1
275

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Re-enter OFFICERS with ISABELLA; and PROVOST with the DUKE in his friar's habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

280

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

285

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. 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.

290

Escal. 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.

295

V. 1
300

381

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend 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'!

305

310

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; laws for all faults, But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

315

320

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

Ang. 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 bald-

pate: 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.

330

382

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, 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.

335

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.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

340

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion!

345

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

Ang. 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 hanged an hour! Will't not off?

V. 1
350

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a Duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

355

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. 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.

360

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

383

Ang. 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.

365

370

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

Ang. 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.

V. 1
375

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then

380

Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. 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 obscured 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.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, *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 adjudged your brother,

—
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage.

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

Mari. 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.

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

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

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

Mari. 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.

Mari. 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

385

384

390

395

V. 1
400

405

410

385

415

420

V. 1
425

430

435

For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

440

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,
[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived: 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:

445

386

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;
Intent, but merely thoughts.

V. 1
450

Mari. 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?

455

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

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

Prov. 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 reserved alive.

460

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

465

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

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. 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.

470

Ang. 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.

387

V. 1
475

Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled,
and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. 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 squarest 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 muffled fellow's that?

480

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

485

[*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.

490

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 deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

495

V. 1
500

388

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 whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
Is 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 whipt and hang'd.

505

510

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.

515

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.

520

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.
[*Exeunt 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 grate. . .
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.
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

V. 1
525

530

389

535

[*Exeunt.*]

391

NOTES.

NOTE I.

I. 1. 8, 9. The suggestion that a line has been lost in this place came first from Theobald. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no mark of omission in the Folios. Malone supposes that a similar omission has been made II. 4. 123. The compositor's eye (he says) may have glanced from 'succeed' to 'weakness' in a subsequent hemistich.

In order to relieve the plethoric foot-note we set down in this place some conjectures for which we are indebted to Mr Halliwell's note on the passage.

- (1) *Then no more remains
To your sufficiency as your worth is able
But that you let than work.*
Wheler MS.
- (2) *But task to your sufficiency ...*
Dent. MS.

- (3) *But that your sufficiency as your worth be able ...*
Monck Mason.
- (4) *Then no more remains:*
To your sufficiency your worth be added,
And let them work.
T. Hull's MS. Commentary.
- (5) *... I let them work.*
Chalmers.

The reading assigned in the foot-note to Steevens is found in a note to the Edition of 1778. He afterwards changed his mind.

NOTE II.

392 I. 2. 15. Hanmer's reading is recommended by the fact that in the old forms of 'graces' used in many colleges, and, as we are informed, at the Inns of Court, the prayer for peace comes always after, and never before, meat. But as the mistake may easily have been made by Shakespeare, or else deliberately put into the mouth of the 'First Gentleman,' we have not altered the text.

NOTE III.

I. 2. 22-26. In the remainder of this scene Hanmer and other Editors have made capricious changes in the distribution of the dialogue, which we have not thought it worth while to chronicle. It is impossible to discern any difference of character in the three speakers, or to introduce logical sequence into their buffoonery.

NOTE IV.

I. 2. 110. We retain here the stage direction of the Folio, '*Enter ... Juliet, &c.*' for the preceding line makes it evident that she was on the stage. On the other hand, [line 140](#) shows that she was not within hearing, nor near Claudio while he spoke. We may suppose that she was following at a distance behind, in her anxiety for the fate of her lover. She appears again as a mute personage at the end of the play.

NOTE V.

I. 2. 115, 116. Johnson in the first Edition, 1765, says, 'I suspect that a line is lost.' This note was omitted in the Edition of 1778.

NOTE VI.

I. 4. 70. 'To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business.' We have left this line as it is printed in the Folios. There is a line of similar length and rhythm in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, [IV. 2. 16](#).

'But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window.'

NOTE VII.

393 II. 2. 149. A writer, 'A. E. B.' in *Notes and Queries* (Vol. V. p. 325) points out that in Wickliffe's bible, 'shekels' is spelt 'sickles,' which he says ought, therefore, to be retained. There is no doubt of the meaning; but we, in accordance with our custom, have modernized the spelling.

NOTE VIII.

II. 2. 155-161. The printing in the Folios gives no help towards the metrical arrangement of these and other broken lines. In the present case we might read:

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.
Luc. Go to: 'tis well;
Away!
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen:
To your sufficiency your worth be added,
For I, &c.'

Or, considering the first two lines as prose, we might read the last:

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation
Where prayers cross.'

NOTE IX.

II. 4. 9. 'fear'd.' Mr Collier, in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. VIII. p. 361, mentions that in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio the reading is 'sear'd.'

NOTE X.

NOTE XI.

II. 4. 103. 'That longing have been sick for.' Delius says in his note on this passage, 'Das *I vor have lässt sich nach Shaksperischer Lizenz leicht suppliren.*' The second person singular of the governing pronoun is frequently omitted by Shakespeare in familiar questions, but, as to the first and third persons, his usage rarely differs from the modern. If the text be genuine, we have an instance in this play of the omission of the third person singular I. 4. 72, 'Has censured him.' See also the early Quarto of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Sc. XIV. l. 40, p. 285 of our reprint:

'He cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.'

394

NOTE XII.

II. 4. 111-113. Mr Sidney Walker adopts Steevens' emendation, and affirms that among all the metrical licenses used by Shakespeare, the omission of the final syllable of the line is not one. But if the reading of the first Folio be allowed to stand, we can find many instances of lines which want the final syllable. The line immediately preceding may be so scanned:

'Ignomy in ransom and free pardon.'

And in this same scene, line 143, we have

'And you tell me that he shall die for't.'

And in V. 1. 83:

'The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.'

It is conceivable that 'mercy' may be pronounced as a trisyllable; but in all the undoubted examples of such a metrical license, the liquid is the second of the two consonants, not the first. See, however, S. Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, pp. 207 sqq.

Possibly a word may have dropt out, and the original passage may have stood thus:

'Ignomy in ransom and free pardon are
Of two *opposed* houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.'

NOTE XIII.

III. 1. 29. Mr Collier's copy of the second Folio has 'sire.' *Notes and Queries*, Vol. VI. p. 141.

NOTE XIV.

III. 1. 56, 57. The metrical arrangement is uncertain here. It is not probable that the last word of the Duke's speech, 'concealed,' should be the first of a line which would be interrupted by his exit. Perhaps, too, the true reading of the following line may have been:

'As comforts all are good, most good indeed.'

NOTE XV.

III. 1. 91, 94. The word 'prenzie,' occurring, as it does, twice in this passage, rests on such strong authority that it is better to seek to explain than to alter it. It may be etymologically connected with 'prin,' in old French, meaning 'demure;' also with 'princox,' a 'coxcomb,' and with the word 'prender,' which occurs more than once in Skelton: e.g.

395

'This pevysh proud, this prender gest,
When he is well, yet can he not rest.'

Mr Bullock mentions, in support of his conjecture, that 'pensie' is still used in some north-country dialects. 'Primsie' is also found in Burns' poems with the signification of 'demure, precise,' according to the glossary.

NOTE XVI.

III. 1. 118. Johnson says the most plausible conjecture is 'benighted.' It does not appear by whom this conjecture was made.

NOTE XVII.

III. 1. 168. We must suppose that Claudio, as he is going out, stops to speak with his sister at the back of the stage within sight of the audience.

NOTE XVIII.

IV. 2. 91. This is a case in which we have thought it best to make an exception to our usual rule of modernizing the spelling. The metre requires 'Haply' to be pronounced as a trisyllable. Perhaps it would be well to retain the spelling of the first two Folios 'Happely,' and as a general rule it would be convenient if an obsolete spelling were retained in words used with an obsolete meaning. We have, however, abstained from introducing on our own authority this, or any other innovation in orthography. In IV. 3. 126, we have retained 'covent,' which had grown to be a distinct word from 'convent,' and differently pronounced. Shakespeare's ear would hardly have tolerated the harsh-sounding line

NOTE XIX.

IV. 3. 17. The reading 'cry' (i.e. 'crie') for 'are' was suggested by a passage in Nashe's *Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse*, 1693, quoted by Malone: 'At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus crying 'for the Lord's sake' out at an iron window.'

396

NOTE XX.

IV. 3. 83. In order to avoid the unmetrical line 83, as given in the Folios and by all Editors to Johnson inclusive, the lines 82-85 have been arranged as five, thus:

<i>If... Let... In secret... Ere... To the under...</i>	Capell.
<i>If... Let... Both... The sun... The under...</i>	Steevens.
<i>If... Let... Both... Ere... To yonder...</i>	Collier.
<i>If... Let... Both... The sun... To yond...</i>	Singer.

Perhaps the best arrangement, because requiring the least change from the printing of the Folio, would be to put the words 'And Claudio' in a line by themselves. Many examples of such a broken line in the middle of a speech may be found (e.g. V. 1. 448), and it would add to the emphasis with which the Duke commends Claudio to the Provost's care. The long line V. 1. 465, might be similarly reduced by reading

'His name
Is Barnardine.'

NOTE XXI.

IV. 5. 1. Mr Spedding suggests that Act V. should begin here. Dr Johnson says: "This play has two Friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine that 'Friar Thomas,' in the first Act, might be changed without any harm to 'Friar Peter:' for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one? The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene."

NOTE XXII.

V. 1. 131. Mr Sidney Walker, in his *Shakespeare's Versification*, pp. 80 sqq. suggests that in this and other passages we should read '*this*,' because '*This is* is not unfrequently, like *That is*, &c. contracted into a monosyllable.' For the reason assigned in [Note \(iii\) to *The Tempest*](#), I. 2. 173, we have preferred the more familiar spelling *this*'s.

Act I: Scene 1

- I. 1 SCENE I. Lords and Attendants.] Singer. Lords. Ff. and Attendants. Capell.
5. *put*] *not* Pope. *apt* Collier MS.
7, 8. *remains*, *But that*] *remains*; *Put that* Rowe.
8, 9. *But that to your sufficiency ...*] *But that to your sufficiency you add Due diligence ...* Theobald conj.
But that to your sufficiency you joyn A will to serve us ... Hanmer.
But that to your sufficiency you put A zeal as willing ... Tyrwhitt conj.
But that to your sufficiencies your worth is abled Johnson conj.
But your sufficiency as worth is able Farmer conj.
Your sufficiency ... able Steevens conj.
But that your sufficiency be as your worth is stable Becket conj.
But state to your sufficiency ... Jackson conj.
But thereto your sufficiency ... Singer.
But add to your sufficiency your worth Collier MS.
But that [tendering his commission] *to your sufficiency. And, as your worth is able, let them work* Staunton conj.
But that to your sufficiency I add Commission ample Spedding conj.
See [note \(i\)](#).
11. *city's*] *cities* Ff.
16. [Exit an Attendant.] Capell.
18. *soul*] *roll* Warburton. *seal* Johnson conj.
22. *what*] *say*, *what* Pope.
I. 1 25. SCENE II. Pope.
27. *your pleasure*] F₁. *your Graces pleasure* F₂ F₃ F₄.
28. *life*] *look* Johnson conj.
28, 29. *character ... history*] *history ... character* Monck Mason conj.
32. *they*] *them* Hanmer.
35, 36. *all alike As if we*] *all as if We* Hanmer.
37. *nor*] om. Pope.
42. *my part in him*] *in my part me* Hanmer. *my part to him* Johnson conj. *in him, my part* Becket conj.

43. *Hold therefore, Angelo:—*] *Hold therefore, Angelo:* [Giving him his commission] Hanmer. *Hold therefore. Angelo,* Tyrwhitt conj. *Hold therefore, Angelo, our place and power:* Grant White.
45. *Mortality*] *Mortality* Pope.
51. *upon it*] *upon 't* Capell.
No more] *Come, no more* Pope.
52. *leaven'd and prepared*] Ff. *leven'd and prepar'd* Rowe. *prepar'd and leaven'd* Pope. *prepar'd and level'd* Warburton. *prepar'd unleaven'd* Heath conj.
56. *to you*] om. Hanmer.
61. *your commissions*] F₁. *your commission* F₂ F₃ F₄. *our commission* Pope.
66. *laws*] *law* Pope.
76. [Exit.] F₂. [Exit. (after line 75) F₁.
84. *your*] *you* F₂.

Act I: Scene 2

- I. 2 SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
12. First Gent. *Why, 'twas*] 1. Gent. *Why? 'twas* Ff. First Gent. *Why?* Luc. *'Twas* Singer.
15. *before*] *after* Hanmer. See [note \(ii\)](#).
do] *doth* Hanmer. *does* Warburton.
- 22-26. Lucio. *In any proportion ... language.* First Gent. *I think ... religion.* Lucio. *Ay, why not?... all grace.*
 Lucio. *Not in any profession ... language, I ... religion.* 2. Gent. *And why not?... controversy.*
 Lucio. *As for ... all grace.* Hanmer.
 See [note \(iii\)](#).
29. *lists*] *list* Anon. conj.
42. Here Ff have *Enter Bawde*, transferred by Theobald to line 56.
43. SCENE IV. Pope. Bawd coming at a distance. Hanmer.
44. *I have*] 1. Gent. *I have* Pope (ed. 2). *He has* Halliwell.
48. *dolours*] Rowe. *dollours* Ff. *dollars* Pope.
56. SCENE IV. Johnson.
65. *head*] *head is* Rowe. *head's* Capell.
81. SCENE V. Pope.
88. *with maid*] *with-made* Seymour conj.
91. *houses*] *bawdy houses* Tyrwhitt conj.
96. *all*] om. Pope.
- I. 2 110. SCÆNA TERTIA. Ff.
- Pope's Scene VI is not mentioned, but presumably begins here.
- Juliet] Ff. Gaoler. Halliwell. om. Collier MS. See [note \(iv\)](#).
113. *Lord*] om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
115. *offence*] *offence'* (for *offences*) S. Walker conj.
- 115, 116. *by weight The words*] Ff.
by weight; I' th' words Hanmer.
by weight. The words Warburton (after Davenant).
by weight—The sword Roberts conj.
by weight The word Halliwell.
by weight.—The word's Becket conj.
by weight—The works Jackson conj.
 See [note \(v\)](#).
117. *yet still 'tis just*] *yet 'tis just still* S. Walker conj.
121. *every scope*] *liberty* Wheeler MS.
124. *A thirsty evil*] *An evil thirst* Davenant's version. *A thirsted evil* Spedding conj.
128. *morality*] Rowe (after Davenant). *mortality* Ff.
141. *denunciation*] *pronunciation* Collier MS.
143. *propagation*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *propogation* F₁. *prorogation* Malone conj. *procuration* Jackson conj. *preservation* Grant White.
147. *most*] om. Hanmer.
148. *on*] F₁. *in* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- I. 2 151. *fault and*] *flash and* Johnson conj. *foult or* Id. conj. *foil and* Anon. conj. *fault and*] *flash and* Johnson conj. *fault or* Id. conj. *foil and* Anon. conj.
glimpse] *guise* Anon. conj.
161. *nineteen*] *fourteen* Whalley conj.
165. *it is*] *so it is* Hanmer (who prints line 165-167 as four verses ending *stands, milkmaid, off, him*).
166. *she be*] *she be but* Hanmer.
173. *voice*] *name* Wheler MS.
175. *youth*] *zenith* Johnson conj.
176. *prone*] *prompt* Johnson conj. *pow'r* Id. conj. *proue* Becket conj.
177. *move*] Ff. *moves* Rowe.

- beside*] *besides* Capell.
 181. *under*] F₁. *upon* F₂ F₃ F₄. *on* Hanmer, who prints 179-185 as six verses ending *may, like, imposition, be, tick-tack, Lucio*.
imposition] *inquisition* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).
 182. *the enjoying of*] om. Hanmer.
who I would] *which I'd* Hanmer.
 184. *her*] *her strait* Hanmer.

Act I: Scene 3

- I. 3 SCENE III.] SCENA QUARTA Ff. SCENE VII. Pope.
 3. *bosom*] *breast* Pope.
 10. *and witless*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *witless* F₁. *with witless* Edd. conj.
keeps] *keep* Hammer.
 12. *stricture*] *strictness* Davenant's version. *strict ure* Warburton.
 15. *For*] *Far* F₂.
 20. *to*] F₁. *for* F₂ F₃ F₄.
weeds] Ff. *steeds* Theobald. *wills* S. Walker conj.
 21. *this*] *these* Theobald.
fourteen] *nineteen* Theobald.
slip] Ff. *sleep* Theobald (after Davenant).
 25. *to*] *do* Dent. MS.
 26. *terror*] F₁. *errour* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 26, 27. *the rod Becomes more ... decrees*] Pope (after Davenant). *the rod More ... decrees* Ff. *the rod's More ... most just decrees* Collier MS.
 27. *mock'd*] *markt* Davenant's version.
 34. *do*] om. Pope.
 37. *be done*] om. Pope.
 39. *the*] *their* Dyce conj.
indeed] om. Pope.
 I. 3 42, 43. *fight To do in slander*] *sight To do in slander* Pope.
fight So do in slander Theobald.
sight To do it slander Hanmer.
sight, So doing slander'd Johnson conj.
sight To draw on slander Collier MS.
right To do him slander Singer conj.
light To do it slander Dyce conj.
fight To do me slander Halliwell.
win the fight To die in slander Staunton conj.
never ... slander] *ever in the fight To dole in slander* Jackson conj.
 43. *And*] om. Pope.
 45. *I*] om. Pope.
 47. *in person bear me*] Capell. *in person beare* Ff. *my person bear* Pope.
 49. *our*] F₁. *your* F₂ F₃ F₄.

Act I: Scene 4

- I. 4 SCENE IV.] SCENA QUINTA Ff. SCENE VIII. Pope.
 5. *sisterhood, the votarists*] *sister votarists* Pope.
 27. *For that which*] *That for which* Malone conj.
 30. *make me not your story*] *mock me not:—your story* Malone. *make me not your scorn* Collier MS. (after Davenant). *make ... sport* Singer.
It is true] Steevens. *'Tis true* Ff. om. Pope. *Nay, tis true* Capell.
 31. *I would not*] Malone puts a full stop here.
 40. *have*] *having* Rowe.
 42. *That ... brings*] *Doth ... bring* Hanmer.
seedness] *seeding* Collier MS.
 44. *his*] *its* Hanmer.
 49. *O, let him*] F₁. *Let him* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Let him then* Pope.
 I. 4 50. *is*] *who's* Collier MS.
 52. *and*] *with* Johnson conj.
do] om. Pope.
 54. *givings-out*] Rowe. *giving-out* Ff.
 60. *his*] *it's* Capell.
 63. *for long*] *long time* Pope.
 68. *hope is*] *hope's* Pope.
 70. *pith of business 'Twixt*] *pith Of business betwixt* Hanmer. See [note \(vi\)](#).
pith of] om. Pope.

72. *so seek*] *so, Seeke* Ff. *so? seek* Edd. conj.

Has] *H'as* Theobald.

71-75. Ff end the lines thus:— *so,—already—warrant—poor—good*. Capell first gave the arrangement in the text.

73. *as*] om. Hanmer.

74. *A warrant for his*] *a warrant For's* Ff.

78. *make*] Pope. *makes* Ff.

82. *freely*] F₁. *truely* F₂ F₃ F₄.

Enter *Provost* inserted by Capell.

Act II: Scene 1

- II. 1 6. *fall*] *fell* Warburton conj.
- 8, 9, 10. *Let ... That, in the*] *Let ... whom I believe To ... whether in The* Hanmer. *Let ... whom I believe To ... virtue, and consider This, in the* Capell.
12. *your*] Rowe (after Davenant) *our* Ff.
15. *which now you censure him*] *you censure now in him* Hanmer. *which now you censure him for* Capell. *where now you censure him* Grant White.
19. *the*] a Collier MS.
22. *justice seizes*] *justice ceizes* Ff. *justice seizes on* Pope. *it seizes on* Hanmer. *know*] Pope. *knowes* F₁ F₂. *knows* F₃ F₄.
23. *very*] om. Hanmer, ending lines 21, 22, 23 at *made—seizes on—pregnant*.
31. *Sir*] om. Pope.
31. After this line Ff have 'Enter Provost.'
36. [Exit Provost] Rowe. om. Ff.
37. [Aside] S. Walker conj.
38. This line is printed by Ff in italics.
39. *from brakes of ice, and*] *through brakes of vice and* Rowe. *from brakes of vice, and* Malone. *from brakes of justice, Capell. from breaks of ice, and* Collier. *from brakes, off ice and* Knight conj.
41. SCENE II. Pope.
57. *they*] *you* Rowe.
- II. 1 78. *uncleanliness*] F₁. *uncleanness* F₂ F₃ F₄.
79. *the*] *that* Hanmer.
85. [To Ange. Capell.
87. *sir*] om. F₄.
88. *distant*] F₁. *instant* F₂ F₃ F₄.
96. *but two*] F₁. *no more* F₂ F₃ F₄.
107. *very*] om. Pope.
113. *me*] om. Pope. *we* Grant White.
115. *nor*] om. Pope.
117. *into*] *unto* Collier MS.
120. *All-hallond*] *All-holland* Pope.
122. *chair, sir*] *chamber, sir* Capell conj. *chamber* Anon. conj.
126. *winter*] *windows* Collier MS.
132. SCENE III. Pope.
186. *you*] *ye* F₄.
194. *hang*] *hang on* Heath conj.
198. SCENE IV. Pope.
207. *in*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
214. *nor*] *and* Pope.
216. *splay*] *spay* Steevens.
221. *the knaves*] F₁. *knaves* F₂ F₃ F₄.
222. *are* F₂ F₃ F₄. *is* F₁.
- II. 1 225. *year*] Ff. *years* Rowe.
226. *year*] F₁ *years* F₂ F₃ F₄.
227. *bay*] *day* Pope.
234. *Pompey*] om. F₄.
237. [Aside] Staunton.
241. SCENE V. Pope.
245. *your*] Pope. *the* Ff.
260. *home*] F₁. *go home* F₂ F₃ F₄.
267. *There is*] *There's* Pope.

Act II: Scene 2

- II. 2 SCENE II.] SCENE VI. Pope.

1. *he will*] *he'll* Pope.
4. *but as offended*] *offended but as* Grant White.
5. *sects*] *sorts* S. Walker conj.
of this] *o' th'* Hanmer.
9. *dost thou*] om. Hanmer.
12. *Go to*] om. Hanmer.
14. *honour's*] om. Pope.
17. *fitter*] *fitting* Pope.
22. *Well*] om. Pope.
25. *for't*] *for it* Pope.
God save] *'Save* Ff.
26. *a little*] *yet a* Pope.
28. *Please*] *'Please* Ff.
Well] om. Pope.
30. *And most*] *And more* Rowe.
32. *must not plead, but that*] *must plead, albeit* Hanmer. *must now plead, but yet* Johnson conj.
40. *To fine*] *to find* Theobald.
faults] *fault* Dyce.
46. *more tame a*] *a more tame* Rowe.
53. *might you*] *you might* S. Walker conj.
55. *him.*] *him?* Ff.
56. *You are*] *Yo art* F₂. *Thou art* Collier MS.
58. *back*] F₂ F₃ F₄. om. F₁.
Well,] *and* Hanmer.
Well, believe] *Well believe* Knight.
59. *'longs*] Theobald, *longs* Ff. *belongs* Pope.
73. *that were*] *that are* Warburton.
76. *top*] *God* Collier MS.
80. *condemn*] *condemns* Rowe.
82. *must die*] *dies* Pope.
83. Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending *sudden*.
85. *shall we serve*] *serve we* Pope.
92. *the first*] Ff. *the first man* Pope. *he, the first* Capell (Tyrwhitt conj.). *the first one* Collier MS.
but the first Grant White. *the first he* Spedding conj.
the first that] *he who first* Davenant's version.
did the edict] *the edict did* Keightley conj.
95. *that shows what*] *which shews that* Hanmer.
96. *Either now*] *Or new* Pope. *Either new* Dyce.
99. *ere*] Hanmer. *here* Ff. *where* Malone.
104. *Be*] *Then be* Pope.
107. *it is*] *'tis* Pope.
108. *it is*] om. Hanmer.
111. *ne'er*] *never* F₁.
113. *Would*] *Incessantly would* Hanmer.
114. *Heaven*] *sweet Heaven* Hanmer.
116. *Split'st*] *splits* F₁.
117. *but*] F₁. *O but* F₂ F₃ F₄.
proud] *weak, proud* Malone conj.
120. *glassy*] *grassy* Lloyd conj.
126. *We*] *You* Collier MS.
cannot] *can but* Anon. conj.
ourself] *yourself* Theobald (Warburton).
127. *saints*] *sins* Anon. conj.
129. *i' the right*] *i' th right* F₁ F₂. *i' right* F₃ F₄. *right* Pope. *in the right* Steevens.
132. *avis'd*] *avis'd* F₁ F₂. *advis'd* F₃ F₄. *thou advis'd* Hanmer.
more on't] *more on't, yet more* Hanmer.
140. *your*] *you* F₂.
142. *breeds*] *bleeds* Pope.
149. *shekels*] Pope. *sickles* Ff. *cycles* Collier conj. *circles* Collier MS. See [note \(vii\)](#).
150. *rates are*] Johnson. *rate are* Ff. *rate is* Hanmer.
157. *Amen*] *Amen! I say* Hanmer. See [note \(viii\)](#).
159. *Where*] *Which your* Johnson conj.
160. *your lordship*] *you lordship* F₂. *you* Hanmer.
161. *'Save*] *God save* Edd. conj.

- 161. SCENE VIII. Pope.
- 163. *Ha!*] om. Pope.
- 166. *by*] *with* Capell.
- 172. *evils*] *offals* Collier MS.
- 183. *never*] *ne'er* Pope.
- 186. *Ever till now*] F₁.
Even till now F₂ F₃ F₄.
Ever till this very now Pope.
Ever till this very now Theobald.
Even from youth till now Collier MS.

Act II: Scene 3

- II. 3 SCENE III.] SCENE IX. Pope. Act III. SCENE I. Johnson conj.
- 7. *crimes that I may*] *several crimes that I May* Seymour conj.
- 9. Enter JULIET] Transferred by Dyce to line 15.
- 11. *flaws*] F₃ F₄. *flawes* F₁ F₂. *flames* Warburton (after Davenant).
- 26. *offenceful*] *offence full* F₁.
- 30. *lest you do repent*] F₄. *lest you do repent* F₁ F₂ F₃. *repent you not* Pope.
- 33. *we would not spare*] Ff. *we'd not seek* Pope. *we'd not spare* Malone. *we would not serve* Collier MS. *we'd not appease* Singer conj.
- 36. *There rest*] *Tis well; there rest* Hammer.
- 39. *Grace*] *So grace* Pope. *May grace* Steevens conj. *All grace* Seymour conj. *Grace go with you* is assigned to Juliet by Dyce (Ritson conj.).
- 40. *love*] *law* Hanmer.

Act II: Scene 4

- II. 4 SCENE IV.] SCENE X. Pope.
- 2. *empty*] om. Seymour conj.
- 3. *invention*] *intention* Pope.
- 4. *Heaven*] *Heaven's* Rowe. *Heaven is* Capell.
- 5. *his*] *its* Pope.
- 9. *fear'd*] *scar'd* Hanmer. *sear* Heath conj. *stale* Anon. conj. See [note \(ix\)](#).
- 10. *take*] *took* Seymour conj.
- 12. *for vain. O place.*] F₄. *for vaine. O place,* F₁ F₂ F₃. *for vane. O place,* or *for vane o' the place.* Manlone conj.
- 15. *thou art blood*] *thou art but blood* Pope. *thou still art blood* Malone.
- 17. *'Tis not*] *Is't not* Hanmer. *'Tis yet* Johnson conj.
- 18. *desires*] *asks* Pope.
- 21. *both it*] *both that* Pope. *it both* Collier MS.
- 22. *all*] om. Hanmer, who makes lines 19-23 end at *blood, both that, dispossessing, fitness.*
- 27. *subject*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *subjects* F₄.
- 28. *part*] *path* Collier MS.
- 31. SCENE XI. Pope.
- 33. *demand*] *declare* Hanmer.
Your brother] *He* Hanmer.
- 34. *your honour*] *you* Hanmer.
- 45. *sweetness*] *lewdness* Hanmer.
- 46. *easy*] *just* Hanmer.
- 48. *metal*] Theobald. *mettle* Ff.
means] *mints* Steevens conj. *moulds* Malone conj.
- II. 4 50. *'Tis ... earth*] *'Tis so set down in earth but not in heaven* Johnson conj.
- 51. *Say*] *And say* Pope. *Yea, say* S. Walker conj. ending lines 50, 51 at *heaven, then I.*
- 53. *or*] Rowe (after Davenant), *and* Ff.
- 58. *for accompt*] *accompt* Pope.
- 68. *Were ... charity.*] *Were't ... charity?* Hanmer. *'Twere ... charity.* Seymour conj.
- 70. *of*] om. Pope.
- 71. *make it my morn prayer*] *make't my morning prayer* Hanmer.
- 73. *your*] *yours* Johnson conj.
- 75. *craftily*] Rowe (after Davenant). *crafty* Ff.
- 76. *me*] om. F₁.
- 80. *enshield*] *in-shell'd* Tyrwhitt conj.
- 81. *mark me*] *mark me well* Hanmer.
- 90. *loss*] *loose* Singer MS. *toss* Johnson conj. *list* Heath conj. *force* Collier MS.
- 94. *all-building*] Ff. *all-holding* Rowe. *all-binding* Johnson. See [note \(x\)](#).
- 97. *to let*] *let* Hanmer.
- II. 4 103. *have*] *I've* Rowe. *I have* Capell. *had* Knight. See [note \(xi\)](#).

- sick*] *seek* Johnson (a misprint).
 104, 105. Capell (conj.) and Collier end the first line at *must*.
 106. *at*] *for* Johnson conj.
 111. *Ignomy in*] *Ignomie in* F₁. *Ignomy in* F₂ F₃ F₄. *An ignominious* Pope.
 112, 113. *mercy Is nothing kin*] Ff. *mercy sure Is nothing kin* Pope. *mercy is Nothing akin* Steevens. See [note \(xii\)](#).
 117. *oft*] *very oft* Hanmer, who ends lines 116, 117 at *me ... have*.
 118. *we would*] *we'd* Steevens. This line printed as two in Ff.
 122. *feodary*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *fedarie* F₁.
 123. *thy weakness*] *by weakness* Rowe. *to weakness* Capell. *this weakness* Harness (Malone conj.).
 126. *make*] *take* Johnson conj.
 127. *their*] *thy* Edd. conj.
 135. *you be*] *you're* Pope.
 140. *former*] *formal* Warburton.
 143. *for it*] Pope. *for't* Ff.
 153. Pope ends the line at *world*.
 163. *redeem*] *save* Pope.
 171. *should*] *shall* Steevens.
 172. *perilous*] *most perilous* Theobald. *these perilous* Seymour conj. *pernicious* S. Walker conj.
 175. *court'sy*] *curtsie* Ff.
 179. *mind*] *mine* Jackson conj.
 185. Inverted commas prefixed to this line in Ff.

Act III: Scene 1

- III. 1 1. *of*] *for* Hanmer.
 4. *I've*] *I have* Ff.
 5. *either*] *or* Pope.
 8. *keep*] *reck* Warburton. *thou art*] om. Hanmer.
 10. *dost*] Ff. *do* Hanmer.
 20. *exist'st*] Theobald. *exists* Ff.
 24. *effects*] *affects* Johnson conj.
 25. *If*] *Though* Hanmer.
 28. *unloads*] *unloadeth* Pope.
 29. *sire*] F₄. *fire* F₁ F₂ F₃. See [note \(xiii\)](#).
 31. *serpigo*] Rowe. *sapego* F₁. *sarpego* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 34. *all thy blessed*] *pall'd, thy blazed* Warburton. *all thy blasted* Johnson conj. *all thy boasted* Collier MS.
 35. *as aged*] *an indigent* Hanmer. *assuaged* Warburton. *assieged* Becket conj. *engaged* Staunton conj. *enaged* Grant White conj. *abased* Edd. conj.
 37. *beauty*] *bounty* Warburton.
 38. *yet*] om. Pope.
 40. *more*] *moe* Ff. *a* Hanmer.
 46. *sir*] *son* Mason conj.
 49. *Look*] om. Pope.
 III. 1 53. *Bring me to hear them speak*] Malone (Steevens conj.). *Bring them to hear me speak* F₁. *Bring them to speak* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Bring me to stand* Capell.
 54. *concealed*] *conceal'd* F₁. *conceal'd, yet hear them* F₂ F₃ F₄. *conceal'd, yet hear them speak* Capell. *Bring me where I conceal'd May hear them speak* Davenant's version.
 55. SCENE II. Pope.
sister] *good sister* Hanmer.
 57. *most good, most good indeed*] *most good indeed* Pope. *most good in speed* Hanmer. *most good. Indeed* Blackstone conj. See [note \(xiv\)](#).
 60. *leiger*] *ledger* Capell. *lieger* Staunton.
 62. *set on*] *set out* Pope.
 64. *To*] *Must* Hanmer.
 70. *Though*] Pope. *Through* Ff.
 III. 1

75, 75. Overlapping line numbers unchanged. In the original text, the two lines called 75 occur before and after a page break.
--

 79. *can a resolution fetch*] *want a resolution fetch'd* Hanmer.
 80. *tenderness?*] *tenderness*. Dyce (Heath conj.).
 86. *appliances*] *appliance* Hanmer.
 88. *head*] *bred* Grey conj.
 89. *falcon*] *falconer* Grey conj.
 90, 91. *filth ... pond*] *pond ... filth* Upton conj.
 91, 94. *prenzie*] F₁. *princely* F₂ F₃ F₄.

priestly Hanmer.
precise Knight (Tieck conj.).
rev'rend Staunton.
saintly Hickson conj. *pensive* Anon. (N. & Q.) conj. *frenzy!*—*princely* Knight conj. *printsy*
 Taylor conj. *pious* Delius conj. *phrenzied* Anon. (N. & Q.) conj. *primsie* Anon. (N. & Q.) conj.
pensie Bullock conj.
 See [note \(xv\)](#).

93. *damned'st*] *damnest* F₁.
 94. *guards*] *garb* Collier MS.
 97. *give't*] *grant* Hanmer. *give* Warburton.
 from] *for* Hanmer.
 III. 1 103. *dear*] *dearest* Pope.
 105. *he*] *he then* Hanmer.
 111. *Why*] *Why*, Hanmer.
 118. *delighted*] *dilated* Hanmer. *benighted* (Anon. conj. ap. Johnson). *delinquent* Upton conj.
 alighted Anon. conj. *delated* Anon. conj. in *Fras. Mag.* See [note \(xvi\)](#).
 119. *reside*] *recide* F₁ (and 249).
 120. *region*] *regions* Rowe.
 124, 125. *those that ... thought* *Imagine*] *those, that ... thought, Imagine* Ff. ... *thoughts ...*
 Theobald. *those—that ... thought—Imagine* Hanmer. *those whom ... thought* *Imagines* Heath
 conj. (after Davenant).
 127. *penury*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *periury* F₁.
 and] om. Pope.
 138. *shield*] F₁. *shield*: F₂ F₃ F₄. *grant* Pope.
 141. *but my*] *my only* Pope.
 145. *Nay*] om. Pope.
 148. [Going. Capell.
 149. SCENE III. Pope.
 Re-enter Duke] Capell. Duke steps in. F₂. om. F₁. Enter Duke and Provost. Rowe.
 III. 1 155. [Walks apart] Capell.
 163. *satisfy*] *falsify* Hanmer.
 168. [Exit C.] Exit. F₂, after line 167, om. F₁. See [note \(xvii\)](#).
 174. Exit ... forward] Edd. [Exit. F₂ om. F₁.
 176. *cheap*] *chief* Collier MS.
 177. *in goodness*] *in such goodness* Hanmer.
 179. *to you*] *on you* Hanmer.
 183. *him:*] *him*, Dyce.
 190, 191. *advisings: ... good*] Pope. *advisings, ... good*; Ff.
 192. *uprighteously*] *uprightly* Pope.
 197. *farther*] , *father* F₄.
 204. *She*] *Her* Pope.
 was] *he was* Hanmer.
 205. *by*] om. F₁.
 and] om. F₄.
 217. *few*] F₁ F₂. *few words* F₃ F₄.
 her on] *on her* Capell conj.
 219. *a marble*] *as marble* Anon. conj.
 tears] F₁. *ears* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 228. *unkindness*] *kindness* Pope.
 236. *granted in course,—and now*] *granted incurse, and now* Ff. *granted, in course now* Pope.
 241. *scaled*] *foiled* Grant White.
 244. *from*] *and* Rowe.
 255. [Exeunt severally] [Exit Ff.

Act III: Scene 2

- III. 2 SCENE II.] om. Ff. SCENE IV. Pope.
 Enter ... Pompey] Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers. Ff.
 5. *usuries*] *usancies* Collier MS.
 7. Punctuated as in Hanmer. Ff place a semicolon after *law*. Pope a full stop. Warburton supposes
 a line or two to be lost.
 furred gown] *furred lambskin gown* Capell.
 8. *fox and lamb-skins*] *fox-skins* Capell. *fox on lamb-skins* Mason conj.
 11. *father*] om. Johnson conj.
 22. *eat, array myself*] Theobald (Bishop conj.). *eat away myself* Ff.
 24. *Go mend, go mend*] *Go mend, mend* Pope.
 25. *does*] *doth* Pope.
 36. *From our faults*] F₁. *Free from our faults* F₂ F₃. *Free from all faults* F₄.

as faults from seeming] as from faults seeming Hanmer. or from false seeming Johnson conj. or faults from seeming Id. conj.

36. SCENE V. [Enter LUCIO. Pope.

37. waist] Johnson, ed. 1778. wast F₁ F₂ F₃. waste F₄.

40. wheels] heels Steevens.

43. it] Pope. om. Ff.

44, 45. this tune ... Is't not] this? tune ... method,—is't not? Johnson conj.

45. matter and method] the matter and the method Hanmer.

Is't not ... rain] It's not down in the last reign Warburton.

46. Trot] to't Dyce (Grey conj.). troth Jackson conj.

52. her] the Pope.

69, 70. bondage: ... patiently,] Theobald. bondage ... patiently: Ff.

80. SCENE VI. Pope.

93. general] gentle Warburton.

95. a great] great Rowe.

98. this] Ff. the Pope.

104. is a motion generative]

is a motion ungenerative Theobald.

has no motion generative Hanmer.

is not a motion generative Capell.

is a motion ingenerative Collier MS.

is a notion generative Upton conj.

is a mule ungenerative Anon. conj.

114. detected] detracted Capell.

123. shy] sly Hanmer.

126. I] om. Rowe.

142. dearer] Hanmer. deare F₁ F₂. dear F₃ F₄.

157. little] a little Hanmer.

again.] again? Ff.

168. this Claudio] this: Claudio Edd. conj.

171. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee] Hanmer. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) Ff.

He's now past it: yea, and I say to thee Capell.

172. smelt] smelt of Rowe.

173. said] say Pope.

179. SCENE VII. Pope

183. swear] swerve Hanmer. severe Farmer conj.

202. even] F₄. 'even F₁ F₂ F₃.

207. See] Theobald. Sea Ff.

212. and it is as] F₃ F₄. and as it is as F₁ F₂.

213. undertaking. There] undertaking, there Collier.

220. especially] specially Pope. These two lines are printed as verse by Ff, ending *strifes, ... himself*.

232. leisure] lecture Capell conj.

234. your function] the due of your function Collier MS.

243. SCENE VIII. Pope.

[Exeunt....] Capell. [Exit. F₂. om. F₁.

246, 247. Pattern ... go] Patterning himself to know, In grace to stand, in virtue go Johnson conj.

Pattern in himself, to show Grace and virtue. Stand or go Becket conj.

247. and virtue go] virtue to go Collier MS.

249. self-offences] self offences Collier.

256-258. may ... To draw] many ... Draw Harness.

256. likeness made in crimes] Ff. that likeness made in crimes Theobald. that likeness shading

crimes Hanmer. such likeness trade in crimes Heath conj. likeness wade in crimes Malone

conj. (withdrawn). likeness mate in crimes Leo conj.

257. Making practice] Mocking, practise Malone conj. Make sin practise Jackson conj. Masking practice Collier MS.

258. To draw] Draw Theobald. So draw Staunton conj.

Act IV: Scene 1

IV. 1 SCENE I. Enter M.] Ff. M. discovered sitting. Steevens.

5, 6. F₄ omits the refrain in l. 6. Rowe omits it in both lines.

6. but] though Fletcher's version.

13. it] is Warburton.

17. meet] meet one Hanmer.

19. Enter I.] Transferred by Singer to line 23.

24. SCENE II. Pope.

well come] Ff. welcome Warburton.

32, 33, 34. *There have I made my promise Upon the heavy middle of the night To call upon him.*] S. Walker conj.
There have I made my promise, upon the Heavy middle of the night to call upon him. Ff.
There on the heavy middle of the night Have I my promise made to call upon him. Pope.
There have I made my promise to call on him Upon the heavy middle of the night. Capell.
There have I made my promise in the heavy Middle.... Singer.
There have I made my promise on the heavy Middle.... Dyce.
 Delius and Staunton read with Ff. but print as prose.

38. *action all of precept] precept of all action* Johnson conj.

49. SCENE III. Pope.

52. *have] I have* Pope.

58-63. *O place ... fancies]* These lines to precede III. 2. 178. Warburton conj.

60. *these] their* Hanmer. *base* Collier MS.

quests] quest F₁.

61. *escapes] 'scapes* Pope.

62. *their idle dreams]* Pope. *their idle dreame* Ff. *an idle dream* Rowe.

63. *Welcome, how agreed?] Well! agreed?* Hanmer.

SCENE IV. Pope.

65. *It is] 'Tis* Pope.

74. *tithe's] Tithes* F₁ F₂ F₃. *Tythes* F₄. *tilth's* Hanmer (Warburton).

Our ... sow] Our tythe's to reap, for yet our corn's to sow Capell conj. MS.

Act IV: Scene 2

SCENE II.] SCENE V. Pope.

2-4. Printed as verse in Ff.

37-42. *Abhor. Sir,.....thief]* Abhor. ***Clown*** *Sir, it is a mystery.* Abhor. *Proof.* — Clown. *Every ... thief* (42) Hanmer. Pom. *Proof ... thief* (42) Lloyd conj.

39-42. *Every.....thief]* Capell. Abh. *Every....thief* (39). Clo. *If it be ... thief* (41) Ff. Abh. *Every ... thief, Clown: if it be.....thief* (42) Theobald.

45. *your] you* F₂.

53. *yare]* Theobald. *y'are* Ff. *yours* Rowe.

56. *The one] Th' one* Ff. *One* Hanmer.

58. SCENE VI. Pope.

63. *He will not wake]* F₁ F₂. *He will not awake* F₃ F₄. *He'll not awake* Pope.

64. *yourself] yourself* [Ex. Claudio.] Theobald.

65. *comfort!* [Exit Claudio.] *By and by.* —] Capell. *comfort: by and by,* Ff.

70. *None]* F₁. *Now* F₂ F₃ F₄.

71. *They] She* Hawkins conj. *There* Collier MS.

85. *unsisting]* F₁ F₂ F₃. *insisting* F₄. *unresisting* Rowe. *unresting* Hanmer. *unshifting* Capell. *unlist'ning* Steevens conj. *resisting* Collier conj. *unlisting* Mason conj. *unfeeling* Johnson conj. *unwisting* Singer.

86.Provost]Provost, speaking to one at the door, after which he comes forward. Capell.

91. *Happily] Happely* F₁ F₂. *Happily* F₃ F₄. See [note \(xviii\)](#).

96. SCENE VII. Pope.

lordship's] Pope. *lords* Ff. om. Capell.

96, 97. *This ... man.* Duke. *And ... pardon]* Knight (Tyrwhitt conj.). Duke. *This ... man.* Pro. *And ... pardon* Ff.

98-101. Printed as verse in Ff.

113. *you]* om. F₄.

114. Prov. [Reads] Rowe. The letter. Ff.

117. *duly] truly* Capell (a misprint).

131. *It is]* Ff. *Is it* Pope.

136. *reckless]* Theobald. *wreaklesse* F₁ F₂ F₃. *wreckless* F₄. *rechless* Pope.

138. *desperately mortal]* *mortally desperate* Hanmer.

161-165. Printed as verse in Ff. Rowe.

167. *tie]* F₁ F₄. *tye* F₂ F₃. *tire* Theobald conj. *dye* Simpson conj.

168. *bared]* Malone. *bar'de* F₁ F₂ F₃. *barb'd* F₄.

179. *persuasion]* Ff. *my persuasion* Rowe.

188. *that]* F₁ F₂ F₃. *which* F₄.

191. *writ]* *here writ* Hanmer.

Act IV: Scene 3

SCENE III.] SCENE VIII. Pope.

5. *paper] pepper* Rowe.

11. *Dizy]* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Dizie* F₁. *Dizzy* Pope. *Dicey* Steevens conj.

14. *Forthlight]* Ff. *Forthright* Warburton.

15. *Shooty]* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Shootie* F₁. *Shooter* Warburton. *Shoo-tye* Capell.

IV. 1

IV. 2

IV. 2

IV. 3

17. *are*] *cry* Anon. conj. See [note \(xix\)](#).

now] *now in* Pope.

25. *friends*] F₁ F₂. *friend* F₃ F₄.

32. *his*] *the* Pope.

49. *l*] om. F₄.

The text does not specify which occurrence of "l" is meant. The speech begins "Not l: I have..."

57. *hear*] *heave* F₂.

59. SCENE IX. Pope.

60. *gravel heart*] *grovelling beast* Collier MS.

61. Given by Hanmer to *Prov*.

69. *his*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.

do] om. Pope.

76. *whiles*] *while* Pope.

83. *both Barnardine and Claudio*] *Claudio and Barnardine* Hanmer. See [note \(xx\)](#).

85. *the under*] Hanmer. *yond* Ff. *yonder* Pope.

86. *manifested*] *manifest* Hanmer.

88. *Quick*] *Quick, then*, Capell.

96. *well-*] Rowe. *weale-* F₁ F₂ F₃. *weal* F₄.

102. SCENE X. Pope.

103. *She's come*] *She comes* Pope.

106. *comforts*] *comfort* Hanmer.

107. *Ho,*] om. Pope.

113, 114, 115. Ff make two lines ending at *other ... patience*. Text as proposed by Spedding.

114, 115. *show ... patience*] *In your close patience, daughter, shew your wisdom* Capell.

114. *your wisdom*] *wisdom* Pope.

115. *close*] *closest* Pope.

119. *Injurious*] *perjurious* Collier MS.

120. *nor hurts*] *not hurts* F₄. *hurts not* Rowe.

122. *say*] *say to you* Collier MS.

find] *surely find* Pope.

124. *nay*] om. Pope.

125. *covent*] Ff. *convent* Rowe.

126. *instance*] *news* Pope.

129. *If you can, pace*] Rowe. *If you can pace* Ff. *Pace* Pope. S. Walker thinks a line is lost after 131.

129, 130. *If you can pace ... wish it, go*, Edd. conj.

137. *to-night*] om. Pope.

141. *combined*] *confined* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).

145. *Who's*] *whose* F₁.

146. SCENE XI. Pope.

154. [Exit ISABELLA] Theobald. om. Ff.

155. *beholding*] Ff. *beholden* Rowe.

163. *not true*] *not* Rowe.

172. *it*] om. F₂.

Act IV: Scene 4

IV. 4 SCENE IV.] SCENE XIII. Pope.

A room ... house.] Capell. The palace. Rowe.

2, sqq. Angelo's speeches in this scene Collier prints as verse.

5. *redeliver*] Capell. *re-liver*] F₁. *deliver* F₂ F₃ F₄.

13. A colon is put after *proclaim'd* by Capell, who prints lines 13-16 as verse.

19. *And*] om. Hanmer.

23. *dares her no;*] Ff. *dares her:* Pope. *dares her: no*, Hanmer. *dares her No* Warburton. *dares her? no:* Capell. *dares her note* Theobald conj. *dares her not* Steevens conj. *dares her on* Grant White (Becket conj.).

reason ... no] *treason dares her?—No* Jackson conj.

24. *bears of a credent bulk*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *bears off a credent bulk* F₄. *bears off all credence* Pope. *bears a credent bulk* Theobald. *bears such a credent bulk* Collier MS. *here's of a credent bulk* Singer. *bears so credent bulk* Dyce. *bears up a credent bulk* Grant White.

Act IV: Scene 5

IV. 5 SCENE V.] SCENE XIII. Pope.

FRIAR PETER] See [note \(xxi\)](#).

6. *Go*] om. Hanmer.

Flavius] Rowe. *Flavio's* Ff.

Act IV: Scene 6

- IV. 6 SCENE VI.] SCENE XIV. Pope.
2. *I would*] *I'd* Pope.
3. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.
4. *to veil full*] Malone. *to vaile full* F₁ F₂ F₃. *to vail full* F₄. *t' availful* Theobald. *to 'vailful* Hanmer.

Act V: Scene 1

- V. 1 The city-gate] Capell. The street. Rowe. A public place near the city. Warburton. Capell adds:
A State with chairs under it.
MARIANA ... stand.] Capell. om. Ff.
PROVOST, OFFICERS] Malone. om. Ff.
4. *thankings*] F₁. *thankings be* F₂ F₃. *thinkings be* F₄. *thanks be* Pope.
5. *We have*] *We've* Pope.
9. *wrong it*] F₁. *wrong* F₂ F₃ F₄.
13. *me*] F₃ F₄. *we* F₁ F₂.
14. *subject*] *subjects* Theobald.
19. SCENE II. Pope.
... come forward.] Capell. Enter ... Ff.
21. *I would*] *I'd* Pope.
25. *given*] *give* F₄.
26. Printed as two lines in Ff, ending *wrongs ... brief*.
32. Two lines in Ff, ending *you ... heere*.
Hear me, O hear me, here!] F₃ F₄. *Heare me: oh heare me, heere* F₁ F₂. *O hear me here*. Pope.
O, hear me, hear me! Theobald.
35. *By*] om. Pope.
36. *and strange*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄. *and strangely* Collier MS.
37. *strange, but yet*] *strangely yet* Collier MS.
42. *it is*] om. Pope.
47. *infirmity*] *infirmiry* F₄.
48. *O prince, I conjure thee,*] *O, I conjure thee, Prince*, Pope. *O prince, I do conjure thee*, Capell.
V. 1 54, 55. *as absolute As*] F₄. *as absolute: As* F₁ F₂ F₃.
57. *believe it*] *trust me* Pope.
63. *e'er*] *ne'er* Capell conj.
O] om. Pope.
64. *nor*] *and* Pope.
65. *inequality*] *incredulity* Collier MS.
65, 66. *serve To make the truth*] *Serve to make truth* Pope.
67. *And hide*] *Not hide* Theobald (Warburton). *And hid*, Phelps.
67. *that are*] om. Hanmer.
68. Two lines in Ff, ending *reason ... say?*
73. *Lucio*] *Lucio being* Hanmer.
74. *As*] *Was* Johnson.
82. *your honour*] *your honour, sir* Hanmer.
83. *take heed*] *be sure, take heed* Hanmer.
to't] *to it* Capell.
84. *somewhat*] F₁. *something* F₂ F₃ F₄.
91. *Mended*] *Mend it* Malone conj.
The matter;] *The matter then;* Hanmer. om. Capell. *The matter? now* Collier MS.
92. *process*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
94. *refell'd*] *repell'd* Pope.
98. *concupiscible*] *concupiscent* Pope.
99. *and*] om. Pope.
V. 1 101. *but the*] om. Pope.
102. *surfetting*] Theobald. *surfetting* F₁ F₂ F₃. *forfeiting* F₄.
107. *First*] om. Pope.
108. *Next*] om. Pope.
109. *vehemency*] *vehemence* Pope.
110-113. Hanmer ends the lines *so ... by ... one ... say*.
111. *He would*] *he'd* Hanmer.
123. *needs*] om. Pope.
124. *your*] *our* Pope.
131. *this 's*] *this'* F₁ F₂ F₃. *this* F₄. *this is* Rowe. See [note \(xxii\)](#).
137. *Blessed*] *Bless'd* Hanmer.

- royal] om. Hanmer.
- 142, 143. Hanmer ends the lines *believe ... Lodowick*.
143. *that she speaks of*] F₁. *which she speaks of*] F₂ F₃ F₄. om. Hanmer.
145. *temporary*] *tamperer and*] Johnson conj.
147. *trust*] *truth*] Collier MS. *troth*] Singer.
149. *villanously*;) *villanously he did*;) Hanmer.
- V. 1 152. *strange*] *strong*] S. Walker conj.
154. *'gainst*] F₁. *against*] F₂ F₃ F₄.
156. *what he with*] *he upon*] Pope.
157. *And*] *By*] Pope.
158. *Whensoever he's convented*] *Whenever he's conven'd*] Pope. *Whenever he's convented*] Warburton.
162. [Isabella, &c.] Stage direction to this effect inserted here by Capell. Hanmer, &c. to Johnson place it after line 166, where Ff have: Enter Mariana.
166. *I'll be impartial*] *I will be partial*] Theobald.
168. SCENE III. Pope.
her face] F₂ F₃ F₄. *your face*] F₁.
- 170-178. Printed as four verses by Steevens (Capell conj.).
175. *A widow*] *Widow*] Capell.
177. *Why*] *What*] Capell.
you are] F₁. *are you*] F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 186, 167. *husband Knows not*] Ff. *husband knows not*] Pope.
195. *with such a time*] *with such, a time*] Edd. conj.
199. *No?*] om. Hanmer.
- V. 1 202. *he knows*] *he knew*] Hanmer.
213. *my lord*] om. Hanmer.
221. *with her, saw her, nor*] *with, saw, or*] Hanmer.
234. *informal*] *informing*] Hanmer.
235. *mightier*] *mighty*] Pope.
238. *to*] *unto*] Pope. *even to*] Capell.
242. *against*] F₁. *gainst*] F₂. *'gainst*] F₃ F₄.
251. *Go*] om. Pope.
- 255-257. *while ... you; But ... determined Upon*] Spedding conj. *while Will ... have Well determin'd upon*] Ff. *while Will ... well Determined upon*] Theobald. *while Will ... have Determin'd well upon*] Hanmer.
258. SCENE IV. Pope.
275. *would*] F₁. *should*] F₂ F₃ F₄.
she'll] F₁ F₂ F₃. *she'ld*] F₄. *she'd*] Rowe.
278. Re-enter ...] Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella. Ff (after line 276).
289. Malone supposes a line preceding this to be lost.
290. *and*] *then*] Collier MS.
295. *at least*] *at least I'll speak*] Hanmer.
296. *fox?*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *fox*;) F₁. *fox*;) Dyce.
299. *retort*] *reject*] Collier MS.
- V. 1 305. *in*] *with*] Theobald.
- 307-311. Capell ends the lines: *villain? ... himself ... hence; ... by joint, ... unjust?*
307. *to glance*] *glance*] Pope.
309. *you*] *him*] Malone conj.
310. *Joint by joint*] *Even joint by joint*] Hanmer.
his] *this*] Hanmer. *your*] Collier MS.
311. *What*;) *What? He*] Hanmer.
- 311, 312. *the duke Dare no more*] Capell. *the duke dare No more*] Ff.
- 311-313. Pope ends the lines: *stretch ... own ... not*.
319. *forfeits*] *forceps*] Jackson conj.
321. Two lines in Ff.
340. *close*] *gloze*] Collier MS.
345. *giglets*] *giglots*] Capell.
347. [To Provost] Capell.
352. *hanged an hour!*] *hanged! an hour?*] Hanmer. *hanged—an' how?*] Johnson conj. *hanged anon!*] Lloyd conj.
353. Stage direction inserted by Rowe.
354. *madest*] *mad'st*] Ff. *made*] Capell.
373. *e'er*] *ere*] F₁. *ever*] F₂ F₃ F₄. om. Hanmer, who divides the lines: *Come ... thou Contracted ... lord*.
- V. 1 378. SCENE V. Pope.
379. *of it.*] *of—*] Capell.

381. *and*] *all* Hanmer.
 390. *remonstrance*] *demonstrance* Staunton (Malone conj.).
 391. *so be*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *be so* F₄.
 394. *brain'd*] *bain'd* Warburton.
But] *But now* Hanmer.
 398. SCENE VI. Pope.
 400. *pardon*] *pardon him* Hanmer.
 401. *he adjudged your brother*] *a judge* Hanmer.
 402. *Being criminal, in double violation*] *Being doubly criminal in violation* Hanmer.
 403. *of promise-breach*] *in promise-breach* Hanmer. *of promise* Malone conj.
 410. *fault's thus manifested;*] Ff. *faults are manifested;* Rowe. *faults are manifest;* Hanmer. *fault thus manifested*—Dyce.
 411. *deny, denies*] *deny 'em, deny* Hanmer.
 413. *haste.*] *haste*, F₄.
 421. *confiscation*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *confutation* F₁.
 422. *witha*] F₄. *with all* F₁. *withall* F₂ F₃.
 426. [Kneeling.] Johnson.
 441. [Kneeling.] Rowe.
 452. *but*] om. Hanmer, who ends lines 448-452 at *o'ertake ... but ... way ... thoughts*.
 456. *It was commanded so*] *'Twas so commanded* Hanmer.
 465. *What's he?*] *And what is he?* Hanmer. See [note \(xx\)](#).
 466. *would*] F₁. *wouldst* F₂ F₃ F₄. *wish* Capell (corrected in MS. to *would*).
 470. *the heat*] *heat* Pope.
 476. SCENE VII. Pope.
muffled] om. Ff. C. behind, and J. both muffl'd up. Capell.
my lord] *my good lord* Hanmer.
 480. *according*] *accordingly* F₄.
 482. *And*] F₁. *I* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 484. *your hand*] *you* Hanmer.
 489. *Is he pardon'd*] *He's pardoned* Hanmer. *Is he too pardon'd* Capell.
 490. *and say you will*] *say you'll* Hanmer.
 491. *He is*] *And he's* Hanmer, ending the line here.
 495. *her worth worth yours*] *her worth works yours* Hanmer. *her worth's worth yours* Heath conj.
 500. *so deserved*] *deserved so* Pope. *so well deserv'd* Collier MS. *so undeserv'd* S. Walker conj.
 507. *Is any woman*] Edd. *If any woman* Ff. *If any woman's* Hanmer.
 519. *executed*] *execute* Hanmer.
 522. [Exeunt ... Lucio] Dyce.
 527-532. Johnson conjectures: Ang. *The offence pardons itself*. Duke. *There's more behind That is more gratefully. Dear Isabel, ...*
 537. *that's*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *that* F₁.

Sources

The general Preface ([e-text 23041](#)) discusses the 17th- and 18th-century editions in detail; the newer (19th-century) editions are simply listed by name. The following editions may appear in the Notes. All inset text is quoted from the Preface.

Folios:

F₁ 1623; F₂ (no date given); F₃ 1663; F₄ 1685.

"The five plays contained in this volume occur in the first Folio in the same order, and ... were there printed for the first time."

Early editions:

Rowe 1709

Pope 1715

"Pope was the first to indicate the *place* of each new scene; as, for instance, *Tempest*, l. 1. 'On a ship at sea.' He also subdivided the scenes as given by the Folios and Rowe, making a fresh scene whenever a new character entered—an arrangement followed by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson. For convenience of reference to these editions, we have always recorded the commencement of Pope's scenes."

Theobald 1733

Hanmer ("Oxford edition") 1744

Warburton 1747

Johnson 1765

Capell 1768; *also Capell's annotated copy of F₂*

Steevens 1773

Malone 1790

Reed 1803

Later editions:

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MEASURE FOR MEASURE ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or

group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.