The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY
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Measure for Measure

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Introduction

Text. — Measure for Measure was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and was reprinted with slight changes in spelling and grammar in the later Folios. It was registered with the Stationers' Company, together with fifteen others of Shakespeare's plays, November 8, 1623, as not before entered. This play and The Tempest are the only plays by Shakespeare of which the First Folio prints the place of action. With six others, it gives the list of all the Actors, and with sixteen others it is divided into acts and scenes.

Date of Composition. — According to a statement by Malone¹ in some manuscripts now preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, there can be little doubt that Measure for Measure was presented at Court by His Majesty's Players on December 26, 1604. That it was a new play especially written for the occasion does not at all follow. The nature of the plot, as well as the presentation of The Comedy of Errors and of Love's Labour's Lost during the same Christmas festivities, make that idea highly improbable. Its use seems merely to indicate its popularity.

Tyrwhitt and Malone, followed by some modern critics, believe that the play contains several direct allusions to King James and the early years of his reign. The Duke's words,

I love the people
But do not like to stage me in their eyes,  (I. i. 68, 69)

¹ Lee's Life of Shakespeare, p. 235.
are thought to be a complimentary allusion to the King's well-pretended modesty. A passage with similar import is spoken by Angelo in II. iv. 30–33. Malone also thinks "the sweat" (I. ii. 78) is an allusion to the plague of 1603. And in IV. iii. 13-15, of the ten prisoners listed by Pompey, four are in jail for violating the law just proclaimed in King James's time, and called the "statute of stabbing." These passages, although of little weight alone, are at least contributory evidence with that of the Court production, and may well indicate a date of revision if not of actual writing.

The date of the present form of the play, if we may judge from the matter, spirit, and style, cannot have been much earlier than 1603. Measure for Measure is one of several plays dealing essentially with problems growing out of sex. Many of the terrible things which can happen because men are men and women are women are here portrayed; but pure women and noble men are still dominant in the world. In Hamlet the impure love of a man and a woman sets the tragedy going; but the hero puts aside his love for a pure woman in order to carry out the paternally imposed vengeance. Sex relations are powerful for evil, but a few men are still above their control. In Much Ado, the sex motive almost brings about a tragical conclusion, which is prevented by the revelation of Hero's innocence. In Othello, on the other hand, the innocence of Desdemona becomes her weakness against the machinations of Iago, as does the intensity of Othello's love. Finally, in Troilus and Cressida, every phase of the sex relation as presented tends toward vul-
garity and impurity. Now *Measure for Measure* presents a phase of the sex question more nearly akin to those of *Hamlet* and *Much Ado* than to those of *Othello* and *Troilus and Cressida*. Illicit love of man for woman sets the action going and keeps it going, but virtue wins, and the misled are reclaimed. Such treatment and the ultimately optimistic attitude of mind closely associate themselves with *Much Ado* and *Hamlet* rather than with *Troilus and Cressida* and *Othello*. Finally, the ironical touches in purely humorous prose, the condensed phrasing mingled with direct simplicity, the many beautiful verses, and the growing frequency of run-on lines, weak endings, and feminine endings, point also to at least a middle period for the composition of the play. The consensus of opinion places the main part of the present text at about 1603, with a possible revision for the festivities of Christmas, 1604.

*Source of the Plot.* — George Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* is generally accepted as the immediate source for the main incidents in the play of *Measure for Measure*; but it is highly probable that Shakespeare knew the prose version of Cinthio's story as translated by Whetstone, and he may have known the story in the original. The story as told by Cinthio is one of several versions of an incident purporting to have occurred in many places and at many different times, but with certain fairly constant elements. A ruler hands over his authority to a magistrate, who enforces the old law against adultery, but when about to bring a young man to execution for technical guilt, is entreated by the guilty man's sister. With her the deputy
falls in love, and promises to save the brother at the cost of her honor, then breaks his promise, is accused by the injured sister before the returned ruler, and is compelled to marry the girl. The young man about to be executed is in some instances a political prisoner, the young woman is sometimes the wife or daughter of the prisoner, and the resulting punishment of the magistrate varies. The main theme, however, of a woman injured in her honor in order to save a man dear to her, is constant.

As Douce points out, the incident is reported to have occurred at two different dates (1547 and 1646) in the Ducal Court of Ferrara, in the Court of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, in that of Louis XI, and with some variations in Sweden. Simrock believes Cinthio founded his story on similar incidents from Italian and Hungarian sources combined with a story of a judgment delivered by Otto I. A French tragedy, Philamire, printed in 1563, but not now extant, is cited by Foth as having a similar theme, and curiously enough came out two years before Cinthio's novel. Ward calls attention to Macaulay's comments on similar charges brought against Colonel Percy Kirke, late in the seventeenth century. In short, it was a common story in the south of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and may well have had some basis in fact in several places.

There is no evidence that Shakespeare used any of the other versions of the story, and his indebtedness to Promos and Cassandra is only for the main incidents. Moreover, he changes some of the important parts of the story, especially in the solution; he invents Mariana, formerly
betrothed to Angelo, to save the honor of Isabella vicari-
ously; and he sends the Duke away on a pretended jour-
ney that he may return in disguise to serve as the *deus ex machina* for the discovery of Angelo’s guilt and the
rescue of Claudio. Such changes in the plot, however,
are less important than the differences in characteriza-
tion and phrasing. Whetstone’s play contains only crudest
prototypes of Shakespeare’s characters, except in the low
comedy scenes, and his phrasing has suggested nothing
in the later play. In a word, then, Shakespeare has re-
vised, shortened, and changed the plot of Whetstone’s
play, has given life and new traits to the characters, and
has transformed the lifeless verse into vivid prose and real
poetry. *Measure for Measure* has thus become a new
creation in Shakespeare’s hands.

*Stage History.* — Following the custom of the time,
D’Avenant made a crude play in 1662 called *The Law
Against Lovers*, by clumsily uniting parts of *Measure for
Measure* with parts of *Much Ado*. Again in 1700 the play
was revived, this time by Gildon for a performance in
Lincoln’s Inn Fields. He gave it the sub-title, *Beauty
the Best Advocate*, and described it as “written by Shake-
speare, and now very much altered.” The next revival
came in 1720, in the same theater, when a form of the play
described as by Shakespeare is recorded by Genest.
Between then and 1824, *Measure for Measure* was revived
no less than seven times in Drury Lane and six times in
Covent Garden, in a form probably not much departing
from the original. The popularity of the play is shown by
the fact that Mrs. Woffington’s Company revived it in
April, 1746, and the Cibber Company in December of the same year. Besides these performances, the play was acted in London by Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O’Neill, the two Kembles, and Macready. Except for Phelps’s revival at Sadler’s Wells between 1844 and 1862, the play seems not to have been used for nearly fifty years, till Miss Neilson revived it in London in 1876, and in New York in 1880. It reached its height of popularity, however, between the years 1888 and 1898, when Madam Modjeska revived it four different years in New York City alone, and played it frequently in other cities of the United States. Modern adaptors have contented themselves with omitting as much as possible of the grossness and retaining practically all of the beautiful and romantic passages.

**Style.** — In few of the other plays attributed entirely to Shakespeare is there such diversity of style as in *Measure for Measure*. The prose is sometimes direct, simple, effective, and yet in adjoining passages is crude and vulgar. It has no distinctive use, as in some plays, but is employed for both comic and serious passages. Although Elbow at times suggests Dogberry, the gap between them in effectiveness of phrasing is immense; and although Pompey plainly imitates the language of others of Shakespeare’s clowns, his language is without real wit when compared even with Shakespeare’s early work in this kind. The serious prose of the Duke and Escalus is burdened with pompous phrases partly due to their frequent homilies, but partly to their mere wordiness.

The verse is consistently used only for serious parts, but like the prose is uneven in technique. The best of it has
the distinguished qualities of the middle period: firmness, music, fluidity, and a tendency to terseness almost if not quite bordering on obscurity. It is an adequate poetical style a bit too firmly grasped, and even, perhaps, a trifle self-conscious in places. The hurry or carelessness of its composition is shown by the unusual number of imperfect lines, — some falling four to six syllables short of the measure, and others running two or three syllables over. That these lines are due to haste or neglect is made plausible by the simplicity and obviousness of numerous emendations offered by critics. The best that can be said of the style as a whole is, that a large amount of inadequate phrasing stands side by side with some of the most beautiful lines Shakespeare ever wrote.

*Interpretation.* — The inequalities found in the style of this play are repeated in the characterization. Only two characters are well rounded out, finished products of the dramatist’s art, — Isabella and Angelo. The others are more or less unskilful combinations of not infrequently inharmonious traits, and result in ineffective impressions. The secondary characters are largely imperfect sketches of their betters in other and, curiously enough, earlier plays. For instance, Elbow is a sketch of Dogberry, who is the finished portrait; Froth bears a similar relation to Slender; and the Justice to Justice Shallow. Lucio is a debauched Mercutio combined with Gratiano. Low comedy characters from a brothel are naturally rather fixed as types, but here they are less convincing than they are in similar scenes in *Pericles*, or in the Middleton plays, by which they are almost certainly suggested.
Introduction

It is, however, in Claudio and the Duke that we find inconsistencies in most striking contrast with the plausibility of Isabella and Angelo. Claudio is reminiscent of Hamlet in some of his speeches; but within a few lines he can fall from the courage evinced in "I will encounter darkness as a bride," to the abjectness of "Sweet sister, let me live," though at the cost of her honor.

Most unsatisfactory of all, however, is the Duke. Knowing the debauchery of his people, and not wishing to incur their displeasure, he appoints a deputy, whose mistreatment of Mariana must have been known to him, to enforce the old neglected laws. A coward in morals himself, he is full of moral platitudes and devoted to indirectness under the guise of his friarhood. Although not liking to "stage himself in the people's eyes," he resorts to the most dramatic methods to bring the guilty to justice, and then lets them all off without punishment of any importance. Finally he takes for his own bride an unreleased novice from a nunnery!

Isabella and Angelo, on the other hand, are perfect dramatic creations, according to the almost unanimous verdict of the best critics. The beauty of Isabella's character is only equaled by the adequacy of its presentation. Always simple, natural, forceful in her unsullied purity, she is one of Shakespeare's most ideal women. Although it is impossible to sympathize with Angelo in any way, he is still a most convincing portrait of a self-deceived man. Were he mistaken in a less revolting matter, he would easily have become a sympathetically tragic character instead of a despised failure. From the mere point
of view of effective characterization, he stands side by side with Othello in his supreme self-confidence and resulting abject overthrow: but the intellectual confidence of Othello is balanced against real love, while the moral failure of Angelo removes him absolutely from our pity. Unlike, then, as Angelo and Isabella are in their power to arouse our sympathy, they are equally perfect as dramatic creations of real individuals.

Structure of the Play. — The unevenness of style and characterization, the defects of the play as a whole, are easily accounted for in an analysis of its construction. The play is not a coherent whole, but a putting together without artistic fusion of several hitherto popular and effective incidents into striking scenes of an unharmonious whole. The disguised Duke had been used by Marston in The Malcontent, the sacrifice of a sister's honor for a brother's safety in the sub-plot of Heywood's Woman Killed with Kindness, brothel scenes in Dekker and Middleton were well known then, the court scene is better done in Much Ado, and the vicarious saving of the woman's honor is less displeasing in All's Well. The simple plot of a magistrate demanding the honor of a woman to save the life of a man whom she loves and then failing to keep his promise is too much cumbered with inharmonious incidents. The use in the sub-plot of characters from the stews, for counter emphasis and low fun, was then popular, but to-day has lost much of its humorous element. The substitution of a former sweetheart of Angelo's for Isabella, to save the latter's honor and to do the former a right, is distinctly displeasing, however popular it may have
been in old romances. The self-deception of Angelo is here made intensely effective, but in its over-emphasis makes a comedy solution only the more forced. That these elements might have been made to seem harmonious is quite possible; but they are certainly not so composed here. The end of the play is endurable only on the supposition that all has been meant in fun. The old law is not enforced against Claudio after all the effort, and no excuse is offered. Angelo has become guilty of the same offense while acting as deputy of the city to enforce that very law, but is pardoned also. Lucio, a notoriously dissolute fellow who has most basely slandered the Duke in public and private, is let off with a scolding on condition he marry the girl he had wronged. Pompey is put in prison, but is promoted from a common bawd to a hangman's assistant — at least a lawful profession. Bernardine, a notorious criminal, of the lowest type, is pardoned before he repents in the general amnesty due to the happiness of the Duke, who has decided to marry the beautiful novice without asking even the permission of the Lady Superior! Thus do four weddings and a pardon for a capital crime end a play of deepest intrigue, lawlessness in high places, and civic debauchery. Certainly this is not Shakespeare's mature and careful work. At best it must be a hasty revision of an old play. Can it have been one of his own youthful efforts? In places his genius is apparent; in others the crudeness of youth is no less so. It is a great temptation to wonder whether this can possibly have been the lost play mentioned by Meres in 1598 as *Love's Labour's Won*. 
Measure for Measure
[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, the Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other like gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, { [A Justice.]

[VARRIUS.]
ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
POMPEY, clown [servant to Mistress Overdone].
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

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

[Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.]

Scene: Vienna.
Measure for Measure

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[An apartment in the Duke's palace.]

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords [and Attendants].


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 . . . .

. . . . . . . . . . as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit 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,
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.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

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 the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
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
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
Herself the glory of a creditor,
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
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
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.
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  
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.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!  
Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!
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.
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.]

Enter Lucio and two other 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.

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


Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1. 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.

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

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

2. Gent. No? A dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.
1. **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.

1. **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.

1. **Gent.** And thou the velvet. Thou art good velvet; thou’rt a three-pil’d piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be pil’d, as thou art pil’d, 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.

1. **Gent.** I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

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

*Enter Bawd [Mistress Overdone].*

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

2. **Gent.** To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge.
2. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.
1. Gent. Ay, and more.
Lucio. A French crown more.
1. 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.
1. 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.
2. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?
Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.
1. 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 chopp'd off.
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 promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.
2. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.
1. Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.
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.

Enter Clown [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?
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?
Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd 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.
Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?
Pom. To the ground, mistress.
Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?
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.
Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster?
Let's withdraw.
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?
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.

[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.

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?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

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

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

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.

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. 175

*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.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found. 180
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 185
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, 190
And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray she may; as well for the encourage-
ment 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 fool-
ishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer, away!

`Exeunt.`
Scene III

[A monastery.]

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 5
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd 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 receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds, 20
Which for this nineteen 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.

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

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith ’twas my fault to give the people scope,
’Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my
father,
I have on Angelo impos’d the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as ’twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people; therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Sc. IV Measure for Measure

Like a true friar. Moe 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.

Exeunt.

Scene IV

[A nunnery.]

Enter Isabella and Francisca, a Nun.

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 votaries of Saint Clare.

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,
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?

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

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.

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 enskied and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
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 embrac'd.
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

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

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, in 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.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur’d 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 makes 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.
ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[A hall in Angelo's house.]

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and Servants.

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 gentle-
man
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 coher'd with place or place with wish-
ing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
pose,
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 knows 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.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the Provost?
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 prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[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 vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.  


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?

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?

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.

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?
Elb. He, sir! A tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.
Escal. How know you that?
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, —
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 a pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.
Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?
Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinaly given, might have been accus'd 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 defi'd him.
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?  

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence. Your honours have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes,—

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.

Froth. No, indeed.

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

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well. I telling you then, if you be rememb'red, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—
Froth. All this is true.
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?

Froth. All-hallowd 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. 

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

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. *§*

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.

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.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the 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?

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 know'st 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 200 varlet; thou art to continue.

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. 205

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 hus- 210 band?
Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you ac-
quainted with tapsters; they will draw you, 215 Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 220

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth. Fare-
well. [Exit Froth.] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?
Pom. Pompey. 225

Escal. What else?
Sc. I Measure for Measure

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, 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?

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.

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.

Escal. There is 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 day. 255
If you live to see this come to pass, say Pom-
pey told you so.

_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 260
complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwell-
ing where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall
beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd
Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I
shall have you whipt. So, for this time, 265
Pompey, fare you well.

_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's not whipt out of his trade. 270

_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 the readiness in the office, 275
you had continued in it some time. You say,
seven years together?

_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 280
there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them. I 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.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

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.

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. Exeunt.

SCENE II

[Another room in the same.]

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Ser. 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!

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.

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

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

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.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

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

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honour! 25
Ang. Stay a little while. [To Isab.] You're welcome; what's your will?
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; 30
    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.
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.
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,  40
And let go by the actor.

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,  45
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!

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.  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 sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You are too cold.  56

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,  60
Sc. II  Measure for Measure

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you, 65
Would not have been so stern.

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.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, 71
    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, 75
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.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I condemn your brother. 80
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die tomorrow.
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, be-
think you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

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

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.

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.

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,
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Dress’d in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assur’d,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench!
he will relent.

He’s coming; I perceive’t.

Prov. [Aside.] Pray Heaven she win him!

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.
Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Art avis'd 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.  
Ang. [Aside.] She speaks, and 'tis  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. — Fare you well.  
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.  
Ang. How! bribe me?  
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.  
Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You 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.
Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Go to; 'tis well. Away! 156

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 165

That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground

enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foullly 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 smil’d and wond’red how.

Exit.

SCENE III

[A room in a prison.]

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.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine, 10
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this. 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 con-
science,
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. 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, 30
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, —

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

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

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

**Prov.** "Tis pity of him.

*Exeunt.*

**Scene IV**

[A room in Angelo's house.]

*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 sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity, 
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride, 10 
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. 15 
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn; 
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now! who's there?

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

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] 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 25 
By which he should revive; and even so 
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?

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 a while; and, it may be,

As long as you or I. Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted

That his 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

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.

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,
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:
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,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd 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,
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.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
   But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. 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, displayed. But mark me:
   To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.
   Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
   Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
   As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
   But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
   Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
   Whose credit with the judge, or own great
   place,
   Could fetch your brother from the manacles
   Of the all-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?
Isab. 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.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

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

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

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

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. 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.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedary, but only he
Owe and succeed this weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. 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.

_Ang._ I think it well; 130

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.

_Iساب._ I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you’re none; 135
If you be one, as you are well express’d
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destin’d livery.

_Ang._ Plainly conceive, I love you.

_Iساب._ 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.

_Iساب._ I know your virtue hath a license in’t, 145
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

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

_Iصاب._ Ha! little honour to be much believ’d,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seem-
ing!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo. Look for’t!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

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.

Exit. 170

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 approof;
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

Exit.
ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[A room in the prison.]

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;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied Eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.
Sc. I Measure for Measure

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.
Isab. [Within.] What, ho! Peace here; grace and
good company!
Prov. Who's there? Come in; the wish deserves a
welcome.
Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.
Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your
sister.
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.
Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I
may be conceal'd. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.]
Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good in-
deed.
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.
Claud. Is there no remedy?

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

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. 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.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

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

Claud. But in what nature?

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

Claud. Let me know the point.

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

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
       Think you I can a resolution fetch
Sc. I  Measure for Measure

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. 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 dep-uty,
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.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. 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.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank of-ference,
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.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

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

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. 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.

Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be—worse than worst—

Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
Sc. I

Measure for Measure

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.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. 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.

Isab. 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 issu’d 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.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. 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.
Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

[Re-enter Duke.]

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

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

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while. [Walks apart.] 160

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his 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.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it. 175
Sc. I Measure for Measure

_Duke._ Hold you there! Farewell. [Exit Claudio.]
Provost, a word with you!

_[Re-enter Provost._

Prov. What's your will, father?
_Duke._ That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid. My mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.
_Prov._ In good time.

Exit [Provost. Isabella comes forward].

_Duke._ 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 your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

_Isab._ 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 deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.
Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; 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 uprightly 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.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

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

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

Duke. 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 wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gen-
tlewoman. There she lost a noble and re-
nowned 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.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?
Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of
them with his comfort; swallowed his vows
whole, pretending in her discoveries of dis-
honour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lam-
tentation, which she yet wears for his sake;
and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with
them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this
poor maid from the world! What corrup-
tion in this life, that it will let this man live!
But how out of this can she avail?

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

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. 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 stead up your appointment, go in your place. If the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her 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?

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

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.
Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. Exit [Isabella and Duke].

SCENE II

[The street before the prison.]

Enter [on one side, Duke, disguised as before; on the other,] Elbow, and Officers with Clown [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 allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lambskins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

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

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 pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.
Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!  
The evil that thou causest to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think  
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back  
From such a filthy vice; say to thyself,  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

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

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.

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,  
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

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.
Sc. II

Measure for Measure

Lucio. 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 clutch'd? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

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

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

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

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

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

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

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

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

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

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

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [Exeunt Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.] What news, friar, of the Duke?

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

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome; but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

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

Duke. He does well in’t.

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

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

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred, 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 down-right way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn’d him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congeal’d ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative; that’s infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang’d a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he
Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-
dish. I would the Duke we talk of were re-
turn'd again. This ungenitur'd agent will un-
people the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because 185
they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have
dark deeds darkly answered; he would never
bring them to light. Would he were return'd! 190
Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untruss-
ing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would
eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet
(and I say't to thee) he would mouth with a
beggar, though she smelt brown bread and
garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell. Exit. 195

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] Bawd [Mis-
tress 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!
Sc. II Measure for Measure

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still 205 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.

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 promis'd her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words.

[Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow. Let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

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

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.

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?

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

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which profess’d to make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar’d. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

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 resolv'd to die.

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

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

_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!
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.
ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[The moated grange at St. Luke's.]

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song.

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

Enter Duke [disguised as before].

Mariana. 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.]

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 displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquir'd for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

_Mari._ You have not been inquir'd 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.

_Mari._ I am always bound to you. _Exit._

_Duke._ Very well met, and well come. What is the news from this good deputy?

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

_Duke._ But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

_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?
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.
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.
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.
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 dream
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed? 65

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
    If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
    But my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say
    When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
    "Remember now my brother."
Mari. Fear me not. 70

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. 75
    Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.

Exeunt.

Scene II

[A room in the prison.]

Enter Provost and Clown [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.

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.

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

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?

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 hang'd, I cannot imagine.

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.

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.
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.

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. Exit.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[Exit Abhorson.]

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother. 65

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?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones. 70
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.
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.
Enter Duke [disguised as before].

Welcome, father. 75

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.

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.
    He doth with holy abstinence subdue
    That in himself which he spurs on his power
    To qualify in others. Were he meal'd with that
    Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
    But this being so, he's just. [Knocking within.]

    Now are they come.
    [Exit Provost.]

This is a gentle Provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. 90

[Knocking within.]

How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd
    with haste
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

[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, 95
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily
You something know, yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we. 100
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

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 105
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.
Prov. I shall obey him.  [Exit Messenger.]
Duke. [Aside.] This is his pardon, purchas'd 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?

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

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.


"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my bet-
ter 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."

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be exe-
cuted in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.
Duke. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

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

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by him- self.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

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.

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 awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I
read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this 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.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

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.

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.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If anything 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.

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

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

Proc. To him, and to his substitutes.

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

Proc. 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.

Proc. 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 here 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 amaz’d, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[Another room in the same.]

Enter Clown [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-colour’d satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-
vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey 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 stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now “for the Lord’s sake.”

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

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.

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.

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

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

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
Pom. Very ready, sir. 40
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. 45
Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.
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. 50

Enter Duke [disguised as before].

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?
Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you. 55
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.
Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you 60
Look forward on the journey you shall go.
Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.
Duke. But hear you.
Bar. Not a word. If you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

Exit.

Re-enter Provost.

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

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.]
Prov. Now sir, how do you find the prisoner?
Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.
Prov. 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 inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?
Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Prov. 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?

Duke. 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.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. 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-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

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

Prov. I'll make all speed.

Exit.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. 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.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daugh-
ter.

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

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. 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;—
One of your 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
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.

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?
Sc. III Measure for Measure

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

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

[Exit Isabella.]

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

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

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

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

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.
Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

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

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

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

SCENE IV

[A room in Angelo's house.]

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd 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?

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.

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

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well. Exit Escalus.

Ang. Good night.

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

Exit.

SCENE V

[Fields without the town.]

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,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay. Give the like notice
To Valentinus, 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.]

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.
Sc. VI Measure for Measure

SCENE VI

[Street near the city gate.]

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 advis'd to do it;
   He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd 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.

Enter Friar Peter.

Mari. I would Friar Peter —

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

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 trum-
   pets sounded,
   The generous and gravest citizens
   Have hent the gates, and very near upon
   The Duke is entering; therefore, hence, away!

Exeunt.
ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[The city gate.]


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

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!
Escal. }

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 forted 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.

Enter Friar Peter and Isabella.

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 believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear
me, here!

Ang. 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, —

Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange. 36
Isab. 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, 40
    An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
    Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. 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 45
    To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her! Poor soul,
    She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.
Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
    There is another comfort than this world,
    That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50
    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, 55
    In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
    Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince!
    If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
    Had I more name for badness.
Duke. By mine honesty,
    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.

Isab. 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.

Duke. Many that are not mad
    Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

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

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

Isab. That’s he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

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

Duke. I wish you now, then.
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

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

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

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

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.

Isab. 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 repli'd,—
For this was of much length,—the vile con-
clusion

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 debate-
ment,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him; but the next morn be-
times,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

_Duke._ This is most likely!
_Isab._ O, that it were as like as it is true!
_Duke._ By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no
reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself. If he had so of-
fended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
you on.
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

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

_Duke._ I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick. 125

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

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar.

I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my lord,

For certain words he spake against your Grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! This's a good friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,

I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,

A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard

Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,

Who is as free from touch or soil with her

As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri. P. 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.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Fri. P. 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,  
Whenceover he's convented. First, for this woman,  
To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.  
[Isabella is carried off guarded.]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?  
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!  
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;  

109
145
150
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165
In this I'll be impartial. Be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?

Enter Mariana [veiled].

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

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

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

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

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

Lucio. Well, my lord.

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

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

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!
Lucio. Well, my lord.
Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.

She that accuses him of fornication, 195
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she moe than me?
Mari. Not that I know.
Duke. No? You say your husband. 201
Mari. 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.
Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face. 205
Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body 210
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, she says.
Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. 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.

Mari. Noble Prince, As there comes light from heaven and words from breath, As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue, I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly As words could make up vows; and, my good lord, But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house He knew me as a wife. As this is true, Let me in safety raise me from my knees; Or else for ever be confixed here, A marble monument!

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

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure. 240
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 against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,

Sit with my cousin. Lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord, for he indeed 250
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.

[Exit Provost.]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, 255
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement. I for a while will leave you;
But stir not you till you have well determin’d
Upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we’ll do it thoroughly. 260

*Exit Duke.*

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

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in
nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath
spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke. 265

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

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* Call that same Isabel here once again; 270
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.

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

*Escal.* Say you? 275

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess. Per-
chance, publicly, she’ll be asham’d.

*Re-enter [Officers with] Isabella; and Provost with the
Duke [in his friar’s habit].*

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That’s the way, for women are light at
midnight. 281
Escal. Come on, mistress. Here's a gentle-
woman denies all that you have said.
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.
Escal. Come, sir, did you set these women on
to slander Lord Angelo? They have con-
fess'd you did.
Duke. 'Tis false.
Escal. How! know you where you are?
Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne!
Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me
speak.
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 un-
just
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.
Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.
Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed 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, 310
To call him villain, and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll
touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What, "unjust"!

Duke. Be not so hot. The Duke 315
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, 321
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong stat-
utes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison! 325

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, good-
man 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd 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 giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

[The Provost lays hands on the Duke.]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.


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

[Pulls off the friar's hood.]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a
duke.
First Provost, let me bail these gentle three.
[To Lucio.] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar
and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [To Escalus.] What you have spoke I pardon.
Sit you down;
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, [taking Angelo's
seat] by your leave.
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.

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.  

*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.  

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

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour  
Than at the strangeness of it.  

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

*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 obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power  
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  400  
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.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-married man approaching here, 405  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudg'd your brother,—  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach 410  
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!" 414  
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! 435
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.
Measure for Measure

Act V

Mari. Isabel, 441
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I’ll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband. 446
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio’s death.

Isab. [Kneeling.] Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn’d,
As if my brother liv’d. I partly think 450
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me. Since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died;
For Angelo, 455
His act did not o’ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish’d by the way. Thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit’s unprofitable; stand up, I say. 460
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

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: 466
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, 470
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

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 475
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 480
That I crave death more willingly than mercy.
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

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 squar’st thy life according. Thou’rt condemn’d;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him; 490
I leave him to your hand. What muffl’d fellow’s that?

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

[Unmuffles Claudio.]

Duke. [To Isabella.] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon’d; and, for your lovely sake —
Give me your hand and say you will be mine —
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he’s safe;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here’s one in place I cannot pardon.

[To Lucio.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

_Lucio._ Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you 510
may; but I had rather it would please you I
might be whipp'd.

_Duke._ Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city;
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 whipp'd and hang'd.

_Lucio._ I beseech your Highness do not marry me 520
to a whore. Your Highness said even now,
I made you a duke; good my lord, do not
recompense me in making me a cuckold.

_Duke._ Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal 525
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

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

_Duke._ Slandering a prince deserves it. 530

_[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 gratulate. 535
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, 540
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereeto 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. 545

[Exeunt.]
Notes

I. i. 8–10. But . . . work. Theobald believed the obscurity here due to an omission by the printers, who marked no gap in the Folios. He supplied the missing words thus: —

But that to your sufficiency (you add
Due dilligencey) as your worth is able.

I wish to suggest the following: —

But that to your sufficiency (I yield
Our laws' enforcement) as your worth is able.

The passage as it stands in the Folios is clearly corrupt.
I. i. 31, 32. to waste . . . thy virtues. To live for your own sake.
I. i. 42. can my . . . advertise. Can instruct me in my duties which I am delegating to him.
I. i. 43. Hold therefore. Receive therefore (the following instructions).
I. i. 68–73. I love . . . affect it. Possibly intended to be a complimental allusion to King James's well pretended modesty. See Introduction, p. vii.
I. ii. 22. in metre. Allusion to the use of metrically arranged thanks before meat. See an example in Timon of Athens, I. ii. 63–82.
I. ii. 28, 29. there . . . between us. There is little difference between us: we were originally the same piece of cloth. Cf. The Malcontent, IV. v.
I. ii. 40. forget to drink after thee. Lest he catch his disease.

I. ii. 41. done myself wrong. Put myself in the wrong.

I. ii. 50. To three . . . year. Play on dolours and dollars.

I. ii. 52. A French crown. A common vulgar joke of the time, lying in the play on two meanings of "crown": the coin, and the bald head due to the common French disease.

I. ii. 98. suburbs. The usual location of houses of ill fame outside of walled towns.

I. ii. 126. The words of heaven. "For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." Romans, ix. 15.

I. ii. 138. morality. The Folios misprint mortality.

I. ii. 154. propagation of a dower. The dower was to be increased by remaining with the friends.

I. ii. 157. made them for us. Favorably disposed them towards us.

I. ii. 162. fault and glimpse of newness. Glimpse means transient luster. Probably, by hendiadys, the fault of the transient luster of newness.

I. ii. 183. receive her approbation. Begin her novitiate.

I. ii. 188. prone and speechless dialect. Prone figuratively implies submission; speechless dialect is her manner. By hendiadys, submissiveness of manner.

I. iii. 20. headstrong steeds. Folio reading weeds is explained by Collier as "ill-conditioned horses." Doubtful.
I. iii. 21. nineteen. Compare I. ii. 172. Folio reading fourteen here indicates a misreading in one of the two lines: xiv and xix are easily confused.

I. iii. 43. do it slander. So Hanmer. The Folio reading, do in slander, would mean bring in or cause slander upon.

I. iii. 51. Stands . . . envy. Is on his guard against the malicious.

I. iii. 54. If power . . . seemers be. If the acquisition of power changes a man’s purpose, what our seeming Puritans really are.

I. iv. 80. make me not your story. Do not make up one of your stories for me. See his answer.

I. iv. 82. to seem the lapwing. The lapwing draws the attention of a hunter from its nest or young by flying away and then pretending to be injured.

I. iv. 83. play with all virgins so. Play with all virgins thus truthfully.

I. iv. 51, 52. Bore many . . . of action. Kept many gentlemen, . . . in expectation and hope of action by false representations.

I. iv. 70, 71. my pith Of business. The pith of my business.

II. i. 89. brakes of vice, and answer none. Apparently corrupt. Ff. read ice. With the emendation vice, the passage is explained as meaning to thrive in or to escape from a tangle of evil ways and be responsible to no one, or pay no penalty.

II. i. 92. saving your honour’s reverence. Begging your honor’s pardon.

II. i. 132. lower chair. An easy or reclining chair: according to Steevens, specially designed for sick people.
II. i. 133. Bunch of Grapes. Name of a room in the inn (as customary).

II. i. 180. Justice or Iniquity. The constable or the clown. The part of the Vice in the old Morality plays was similar to that of the Clown.

II. i. 215. draw you. A pun on "drawing" liquor and "hang, draw, and quarter."

II. i. 255. day. Rowe's emendation for bay. "Applied to a house, it [a bay] appears to be the space lying under one gable, or included between two party-walls."

N. E. D.

II. ii. 59 ff. No ceremony. Cf. Merchant of Venice, IV. i. 184 ff. Note similar conception of mercy.

II. ii. 79. Like man new made. Sinless, as Adam was at first.

II. ii. 95. glass. A mirror or glass perspective, of beryl stone or of crystal, in which it was supposed that events remote in time or place could be seen. Cf. Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, Sc. 13, and Chaucer's Squire's Tale.

II. ii. 120. His glassy essence. His essential resemblance to glass in fragility and inability to keep impressions. Explains of what above.

II. ii. 123. Would all . . . mortal. Would make themselves mortal by laughter.

II. ii. 126. weigh . . . with. Judge by.

II. ii. 168. Corrupt with virtuous season. Decay under the influence of summer.

II. iii. 11. flames. The Folios read flaws, which is perhaps right, meaning gusts of passion; but blister'd in the next line supports the emendation.
II. iv. 1–7. When I . . . conception. Compare the King's prayer in *Hamlet*, III. iii. 38 and ff.

II. iv. 5. his. Refers to heaven.

II. iv. 16–17. Let's write . . . crest. "Although we write good angel on the devil's horn, that does not describe his character," is generally accepted as the meaning. But the real difficulty lies in the assumption that Shakespeare implied that a motto could be written on a crest. The passage is probably corrupt.

II. iv. 32. know it. Angelo, of course, is quibbling on the baser meaning of pleasure.

II. iv. 57–58. compell'd sins . . . accompt. Although our compelled sins are kept account of, they are not charged against us.

II. iv. 90. loss of questi n. Absence of argument.

II. iv. 94. all-building law. The law on which everything rests.

II. iv. 103. That . . . sick for. *I as the subject of have* is omitted. Quite unusual in Shakespeare, as pointed out by the Cambridge editors. Rowe plausibly reads, *I've.*

II. iv. 121–123. Else . . . weakness. Therefore let my brother die, if no associate but him alone possesses and inherits thy crime.

II. iv. 127–128. men their . . . them. Men mar women's (or perhaps their own) natures by taking advantage of their weakness.

II. iv. 134. arrest your words. I seize upon your words, or use the same words.


III. i. 24–25. For thy complexion . . . moon. Your
temperament changes as does the moon (a symbol of instability).

III. i. 34–36. for all . . . Eld. For all thy blessed youth is like age, and begs alms as do the paralytic old people.

III. i. 83. flowery tenderness. Tenderness as delicate as flowers.

III. i. 91. emmew. Coop up. Probably we should read enew, as suggested in N. E. D., which would mean drive into the water, thus making a more suitable figure. "Yowre hawke hath ennewed the fowle in to the ryver."

Boke of St. Albans.

III. i. 100, 101. Yes, . . . him still. Yes, he would give thee freedom in payment for my rank sin with him, so that you could go on sinning as you did before.

III. i. 109. bite the law by the nose. Treat the law with contempt.

III. i. 118. Ay, but to die, etc. Compare Hamlet, III. i. 64–82.

III. i. 164, 165. to practise . . . of natures. To give his judgment practice in discerning the disposition of various natures.

III. i. 170, 171. satisfy your resolution. Sustain your courage.

III. i. 183. In good time. Very well.

III. ii. 4. brown and white bastard. Bastard (with equivocation) was a kind of sweet Spanish wine.

III. ii. 6. two usuries. Procuring and money-lending.

III. ii. 47. Pygmalion's images. Pygmalion fell in love with an ivory image of a maiden which he had made, and prayed Aphrodite to give it life, which request was granted.

III. ii. 58, 59. she hath . . . tub. Punning contrast
between herself being cured in a sweating tub, and the beef which had been cured (salted) also in a tub.

III. ii. 119. motion generative. A male puppet. Possibly Theobald's reading is correct: ungenerative, meaning a puppet incapable of generation.

III. ii. 129, 130. detected for. Accused of.

III. ii. 144. greater file. Larger number.

III. ii. 151. upon a warranted need. Upon need of surety.

III. ii. 193. eat mutton. With a pun on the slang meaning of mutton, a loose woman.

III. ii. 214. come Philip and Jacob. Sts. Philip's and James's (Lat. Jacobus) day was May first.

III. ii. 235–237. so great . . . cure it. Goodness has so high a fever that only death will cure it.

III. ii. 275–296. He who . . . contracting. There is much doubt of these lines being by Shakespeare. He uses this verse nowhere else except for obviously unpoetical love-songs in As You Like It, IV. iii. and III. ii. On the other hand, such moralizing in As You Like It and in Hamlet and other plays, is in blank verse.

III. ii. 278. Grace . . . go. Grace to stand firm, and virtue to go forward.

III. ii. 287–290. How may . . . things! Probably a corrupt passage, for which no convincing emendation has been suggested. Some of the most plausible emendations are: "How may that likeness made in crimes, . . . Draw with," etc., Theobald; "How may such likeness trade in crimes," Heath; "How my likeness," etc., H. C. Hart. Although all three agree in making likeness refer to Angelo, Hart has certainly best enforced the spirit of the passage
by making Angelo the Duke's likeness, and has changed the passage least.

IV. i. 1–6. Take, O take ... vain. This song "recurs in The Bloody Brother, written by Fletcher and others in or after 1624, with slight variations and the addition of a second stanza. The actual authorship of the song is doubtful; but both stanzas of the song are ascribed to Shakespeare in an edition of his Poems printed in 1640." A. W. Ward's Eng. Dram. Liter., 1899, II. 158.

IV. i. 10. cry you mercy. Beg your pardon.

IV. i. 13. My mirth ... woe. It did not arouse mirth, but merely solaced my woe.

IV. i. 40. action all of precept. Instructive gesture.

IV. i. 60. O place and greatness! O place of greatness.

IV. ii. 46–50. Every true ... your thief. The Folios give this to Clo. (Pompey); but obviously the first part, as here printed, should be given to Abhorson.

IV. ii. 83. stroke and line. Line marked out by.

IV. ii. 109. Good morrow. Good morning (used only before noon).

IV. ii. 152. desperately mortal. " Likely to die without hope of salvation." (Schmidt.) Or, very mortal, that is, having none of the immortal parts of man.

IV. ii. 187. tie the beard. Out of the way of the axe. Compare Sir Thomas More's request at the block, "Let me put my beard aside," quoted by Rolfe.

IV. ii. 219, 220. unfolding star ... shepherd. The morning star which bids the shepherd unfold the sheep.

IV. iii. 5, 6. commodity of ... ginger. Allusion to a common practice among usurers, who, to avoid the law,
compelled borrowers to take part of the loan in some such all but valueless articles.

IV. iii. 8, 9. the old women were all dead. Ginger is a well-known stomach tonic. It is also referred to as used by old women in The Merchant of Venice, III. i. 10.

IV. iii. 16. rapier and dagger man. Man over-anxious to use rapiers and daggers, which he carried; a swashbuckler.

IV. iii. 18. Shooty. Hart says, "No doubt stands for Shoe-tie," and quotes several passages to show that extravagant shoe-strings were the mark of fashionable travelers.

IV. iii. 21. "for the Lord's sake." The phrase used by askers of alms in prisons.

IV. iii. 167. he lives not in them. His life is not like your reports.

IV. iii. 170. woodman. Huntsman, with an implied play on dear and deer.

IV. iv. 19. men of sort and suit. Men who were of high rank, and those who wore the Duke's livery, or who had suits to him.

IV. iv. 29. credent bulk. Bulk or weight of credit.

V. i. 7. yield you . . . thanks. Give public thanks to you.

V. i. 20. Vail your regard. Lower your look.

V. i. 118. In countenance! In the approval of authority.

V. i. 145. a temporary meddler. One who meddles with temporary affairs.

V. i. 152. Upon his mere request. Solely because he asked me.

V. i. 263. Cucullus . . . monachum. A hood does not make a monk.
V. i. 323. forfeits in a barber's shop. "By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up [in these shops], the transgression of which was to be punished by special forfeitures. It is not to be wondered that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed." (Nares.) This explanation, however, lacks contemporary evidence. Hart believes it refers to extracted teeth, with an allusion to "biting" laws.

V. i. 397. rash remonstrance. Quick demonstration.

V. i. 429. instate ... withal. Instate you with it and widow you at the same time.
Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

I. i. 8, 9. 

*Hopelessly corrupt.* 

Ff have no gap between sufficiency and as.

ii. 120. Ff *begin Sc.* iii. *here.*

138. morality] Rowe; mortality Ff.

iii. 20. steeds] Theobald; weeds Ff.


42, 43. sight . . . it] Hanmer; sight . . . in Ff.

47. me] Capell; Ff *omit.*

iv. 52. in hope] Keightley; and hope Ff.

II. i. 12. your] Rowe; our Ff.

39. vice] Rowe; ice Ff.

255. day] Rowe; bay Ff.


99. ere] Hanmer; here Ff.

149. shekels] Pope; sickles Ff.

iii. 11. flames] Warburton; flawed Ff.

40. law] Hanmer; love Ff.

iv. 9. sear'd] Hanmer; fear'd Ff.

75. craftily] Rowe; crafty Ff.

123. this] Harness (Malone *conj.*); thy Ff.

III. i. 53. me . . . them] Malone (Steevens *conj.*); them . . . me Ff.

94, 97. prenzie] F1; princely F14.
ii. 26. eat, array] Theobald (Bishop conj.); eat away Ff.
    41. Free] F_{2-4}; F_1 omits.
193. say't] Anon. conj.; say Ff.
232. See] Theobald; Sea Ff.
237. and] F_{2-4}; and as F_{1-4}.
IV. i. 76. tilth] Theobald (Warburton); tithe Ff.
    103, 104. This ... man. [Duke]. And] Tyrwhitt
        conj.; Duke. This ... man. Pro. And Ff.
219. here] Hanmer; Ff omit.
iii. 93. the under] Hanmer; yond Ff.
iv. 6. redeliver] Capell; re-liver F_1; deliver F_{2-4}.
    29. bears] Theobald; bears of F_{1-4}.
    v. 8. Valentinus] Capell; Valencius Ff.
V. i. 428. confiscation] F_{2-4}; confutation F_{1-4}.
Glossary

absolute, resolved; III. i. 5: perfect; V. i. 54.
abuse, delusion; V. i. 205: deceit; V. i. 247.
abus'd, deceived; V. i. 139.
accommodations, equipment; III. i. 14.
advertise, instruct; I. i. 42.
advertising, attentive; V. i. 388.
advice, consideration; V. i. 469.
affect, like; I. i. 73.
affection, natural impulse; II. iv. 168; III. i. 37.
affections, feelings; II. i. 10; III. i. 108.
after, at the rate of; II. i. 255.
All-hallond, All Saints’ Day, Hallowmas; II. i. 130.
an, if; II. i. 205, and passim.
appointment, preparation; III. i. 60.
approbation, see note, I. ii. 183.
avail, profit; III. i. 243.
Aves, hails, salutations; I. i. 71.
avis’d, aware, informed; II. ii. 132.
beguiles, deceives; IV. ii. 164.
blood, passion; II. i. 12.
borne up, devised; IV. i. 48.
bosom, what is in your bosom, dearest wish; IV. iii. 139.
bravery, finery; I. iii. 10.
bred, cared for; IV. ii. 135.
breeds, is given new life; II. ii. 142.
cardinally, Elbow’s blunder for “carnally”; II. i. 81.
censur’d, passed sentence; I. iv. 72.

139
change, exchange; I. iv. 47.
character, distinctive mark; I. i. 28: handwriting; IV. ii. 208.
characts, signs; V. i. 56.
clack-dish, a dish with a movable lid, formerly carried by beggars, who clacked the lid to attract notice; III. ii. 135.
close, make peace; V. i. 346.
close, silent; IV. iii. 128.
combinant, betrothed; III. i. 231.
combined, bound; IV. iii. 149.
come me, bring me (Grant White’s reading, ‘come we’ is tempting); II. i. 121.
complexion, disposition, temperament; III. i. 187.
complexions, “external appearance, particularly when expressive of some natural disposition,” Schmidt; II. iv. 129.
composition, agreement; I. ii. 2; V. i. 220.
compound, make an agreement; IV. ii. 25.
concupiscible, lewd; V. i. 98.
continue, keep; IV. iii. 88.
convented, summoned; V. i. 158.
covent, convent; IV. iii. 133.
cunning, knowledge; IV. ii. 165.

defiance, disownment; III. i. 143.
definitive, resolved; V. i. 432.
delighted, capable of delight; III. i. 121.
denunciation, announcement; I. ii. 152.
determin’d, fixed; III. i. 70.
detest, Elbow’s blunder for “protest”; II. i. 69.
discover, reveal; III. i. 199.
dishonest, dishonorable, or possibly unchaste; III. i. 137.
dribbling, falling short or wide of the mark; I. iii. 2.
Glossary

emmew, coop up, mew up; but see note, III. i. 91.
enshield, shielded; II. iv. 80.
entertain, maintain; III. i. 75. (I suggest, think upon.)
escapes, sallies; IV. i. 63.
evils, privies (?) (Schmidt refers to 2 Kings, x, 27); II. ii. 172.

fact, evil deed; IV. ii. 141; V. i. 439.
fall, let fall; II. i. 6.
favour, countenance (with a play on words); IV. ii. 84;
   IV. ii. 185.
fear, scare; II. i. 2.
fedary, confederate; II. iv. 122.
fine, punish; II. ii. 40; III. i. 115.
fine, penalty; II. ii. 40.
flourish, color, varnish; IV. i. 75.
foison, abundance; I. iv. 43.
fond, foolish; I. iii. 28; V. i. 104.
force, enforce; III. i. 110.
forfeit, liable to seizure; III. ii. 206.
forfeits, penalties; V. i. 526.
formally, externally; I. iii. 47.
frame, instruct; III. i. 266.
friend, sweetheart; I. iv. 29.

ghostly, spiritual; IV. iii. 51.
giglots, wanton women; V. i. 352.
grange, country house; III. i. 277.
gravel heart, stony heart; IV. iii. 68.
groping, tickling (for trout); I. ii. 91.
guards, facings, ornaments; III. i. 97.

head, face; IV. iii. 147.
hent, seized; IV. vi. 14.
Glossary

his, its; I. iv. 60; II. iv. 8; etc.
honest, chaste; II. i. 72.
hot-house, bathing house, brothel; II. i. 66.

idle, slight, trivial; I. iii. 9.
ignomy, ignominy; II. iv. 111.
informal, deranged; V. i. 236.
instance, information; IV. iii. 134.
inward, intimate (adj. for noun); III. ii. 138.

journal, daily; IV. iii. 93.

kersey, a kind of woolen cloth; I. ii. 34.
kindly, after his kind, as a brother should; I. iv. 24.

leaven'd, well fermented, matured; I. i. 52.
leiger, ambassador; III. i. 59.
limit, date; III. i. 224.
lists, boundaries; I. i. 6.
luxury, lust; V. i. 506.

mark, thirteen shillings and four pence; IV. iii. 8.
marry, by the Virgin Mary; II. i. 80.
meal'd, sprinkled; IV. ii. 86.
medlar, a fruit eaten just as it begins to decay, used figuratively of a loose woman; IV. iii. 184.
mortality, death; I. i. 45; see note on I. ii. 133.
motion, proposition; V. i. 541.
motions, promptings; I. iv. 59.
mystery, profession; IV. ii. 30.

nerves, sinews; I. iv. 53.

obstruction, stagnation; III. i. 119.
opposite, opponent; III. ii. 175.
Glossary

organs, weapons, machinery; I. i. 21.
owe, have; I. iv. 83.

pace, teach to go; IV. iii. 137.
parcel-bawd, part bawd; II. i. 68.
particular, personal; IV. iv. 30.
passes, actions; V. i. 375.
peaches, shortened from appeaches, impeaches, accuses
(slang); IV. iii. 12.
pelting, small; II. ii. 112.
perdurably, perpetually; III. i. 115.
perfect, inform perfectly; IV. iii. 146.
physic, medicine; IV. vi. 7.
pil'd, peeled (with play on word suggested by the effect
of a certain French disease), bald; I. ii. 33.
planched, made of planks; IV. i. 30.
pose, puzzle with a question; II. iv. 51.
possess'd, informed; IV. i. 44.
postern, back-door; IV. ii. 92.
practice, plot; V. i. 107 and 123.
precise, puritanical; II. i. 54.
pregnant, expert; I. i. 12: evident; II. i. 23.
prenzie, apparently means prim, demure, but is unknown
elsewhere; III. i. 94, 97.
present, immediate; IV. ii. 224.
presently, immediately; IV. iii. 82.
preserved, saved from sin; II. ii. 153.
price, esteem; I. iii. 9.
probation, proof; V. i. 157.
prolixious, superfluous; II. iv. 162.
prone, see note, I. ii. 188.
proper, personally; I. i. 31: own, I. ii. 183; III. i. 30;
V. i. 413.
proportion, size (with play on sense of measure); I. ii. 23.
Glossary

proportions, portion, marriage portion; V. i. 219.
provincial, under the jurisdiction of the province; V. i. 318.
provost, the official who superintends gaols and executions; I. ii. 118.
putting-on, urging; IV. ii. 120.

qualify, check; IV. ii. 86.
quality, profession and standing; II. i. 59.
question, consideration; I. i. 47.
quit, acquit; V. i. 488, 501.

race, natural disposition; II. iv. 160.
razure, obliteration; V. i. 13.
ravin, swallow greedily; I. ii. 183.
rebate, blunt; I. iv. 60.
refell'd, refuted; V. i. 94.
remonstrance, demonstration; V. i. 397.
remove, absence; I. i. 44.
report, reputation; II. iii. 12.
resolve, answer; III. i. 194: assure; IV. ii. 226.
respected, Elbow's blunder for "suspected"; II. i. 175.
restrained, forbidden; II. iv. 48.
retort, throw back; V. i. 303.

salt, lustful; V. i. 406.
scaled, estimated (N. E. D.); III. i. 266. Cf. Coriolanus, II, iii. 257.
scope, liberty; I. ii. 181: limit; III. i. 70.
seedness, seeding; I. iv. 42.
sense, sensual desire; II. ii. 169.
serpigo, a dry eruption on the skin; III. i. 31.
sheepbiting, sheep-stealing, thievish; V. i. 359.
Glossary

shield, forbid; III. i. 141.
siege, seat; IV. ii. 101.
sith, since; I. iii. 35.
slip, shoot, scion; III. i. 142.
snatches, small pieces, scraps (of answers), smartness; IV. ii. 6.
solemnity, celebration; III. i. 224.
soon at night, as soon as it is night; I. iv. 88.
soul, heartiness, satisfaction; I. i. 18.
splay, cut, castrate; II. i. 242.
spleen, supposed seat of mirth and anger; II. ii. 122.
stage, show off in public; I. i. 69.
stagger, waver, be in doubt; I. ii. 169.
starkly, stiffly; IV. ii. 70.
stew, cauldron; V. i. 321.
stockfish, a kind of cod, used as a type of coldness; III. ii. 116.
stricture, strictness; I. iii. 12.
succeed, inherit; II. iv. 123.
success, outcome; I. iv. 89.
suppos’d, Pompey’s blunder for “deposed”; II. i. 162.
sweat, sweating sickness, a kind of plague; I. ii. 84.

tax, accuse; V. i. 312.
terms, proceedings at law; I. i. 11.
three-pil’d, of the best quality; I. ii. 33.
tickle, unstable; I. ii. 177.
tick-tack, a kind of backgammon (here used figuratively for the vulgar suggestion); I. ii. 196.
tilth, cultivation; I. iv. 44.
touches, sexual intercourse; III. ii. 25.
touse, tear; V. i. 313.
transport, transfer from this to the other world; IV. iii. 72.
trot, contemptuous term for an old woman; III. ii. 52.
true, honest; IV. ii. 46.
trumpets, trumpeters; IV. v. 9.
tub, sweating-tub, see note, III. ii. 59
tun-dish, funnel; III. ii. 182.

unable, impotent; II. iv. 21.
ungenitur'd, sterile; III. ii. 184.
unhappily, unfortunately; I. ii. 160.
unpitied, unpitiful; IV. ii. 14.
unpregnant, unready; IV. iv. 23.
unshapes, confounds; IV. iv. 23.
unshunn'd, not to be shunned; III. ii. 62.
unsisting, unfresisting; IV. ii. 92.
untrussing, unlacing the hose from the doublet, undressing; III. ii. 190.

vail, lower; see note, V. i. 20.
vastidity, vastness; III. i. 69.
visitation, priestly visit; III. ii. 256.

wear, fashion; III. ii. 78.
weary, tedious; I. iv. 25.
wilderness, wildness; III. i. 142.
worm, serpent; III. i. 17.

yare, ready; IV. ii. 61.

zodiacs, years; II. ii. 172.
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