

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

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[ACT V

Came short of composition; but, in chief
For that her reputation was disval'd
In levity: since which time of five years 216
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 221
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, 224
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 229
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; 233
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou
thy oaths, 236
Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Es-
calus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. 241
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord;
for he indeed 244
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,
Do with your injuries as seems you best, 250
In any chastisement: I for awhile will leave
you;

But stir not you, till you have well determin'd
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—

[Exit DUKE.
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person? 256

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: ho-
nest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one
that hath spoke most villanous speeches of
the duke. 260

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. 264

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again:
I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.]

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question;
you shall see how I'll handle her. 268

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.
Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess: perchance,
publicly, she'll be ashamed. 273

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way: for women are light
at midnight. 276

Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA.

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

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here with the provost. 280

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

Enter DUKE, disguised as a friar, and
PROVOST.

Lucio. Mum. 283
Escal. Come, sir. Did you set these women
on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed
you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.
Escal. How! know you where you are? 288

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let
the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me
speak.

Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear
you speak: 292

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? 296

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. 300

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

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear, 305
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke him-
self,

To tax him with injustice? take him hence; 308
To the rack with him! We'll touse you joint
by joint,

But we will know his purpose. What! 'unjust'?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, 313

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, 317

SCENE I]

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong
statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark. 320

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

Ang. What can you vouch against him,
Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man bald-pate: do you know me? 325

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of
your voice: I met you at the prison, in the
absence of the duke. 328

Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remem-
ber what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.
Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a
flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then
reported him to be? 334

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. 340

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? 344

Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough on
him, let him speak no more. Away with those
giglots too, and with the other confederate com-
panion! 348

[The PROVOST lays hands on the DUKE.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.
Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh!
sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you
must be hooded, must you? show your knave's
visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-
biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't
not off? 356

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers
the DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er
made 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. 360

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.
Duke. [To ESCALUS.] What you have spoke
I pardon; sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [To ANGELO.] Sir,
by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, 364
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, 368
To think I can be undiscernible

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE

When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame, 372

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. 377

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her
instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[Exit ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,
and PROVOST.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his
dishonour 381

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, 384

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. 389

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, 395
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your
comfort,

So happy is your brother.

Isab. I do, my lord. 400

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,
and PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man approach-
ing here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your
brother,— 404

Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out 408

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers
leisure,

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for
Measure. 412

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. [Kneeling.] Gentle my liege,—

Duke. You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death! [To LUCIO.] Now, sir,

to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part:

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

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:

Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults, And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband.

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 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me: since it is so,

Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;

And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no subjects;

Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.

I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

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

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

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:

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

Yet did repent me, after more advice;

For testimony whereof, one in the prison, That should by private order else have died I have 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

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood, And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure; And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart

That I crave death more willingly than mercy: 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

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: I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd, That should have died when Claudio lost his head,

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles CLAUDIO.]

Duke. [To ISABELLA.] If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake

Give me your hand and say you will be mine, He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.

By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe: Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well: Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself, And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—

[To LUCIO.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman: Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus?

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

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after. Proclaim it, provost, round about the city, If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—

As I have heard him swear himself there's one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,

And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd, Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now,

I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison, And see our pleasure herein executed.

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

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

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 grateful. Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;

We shall employ thee in a worthier place. Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.]