

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

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. Let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.]
See you the fornicatrefs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucio, and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour!

Ang. Stay yet a while. Y'are welcome; what's your will?

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

Ang. What's your suit?

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

Ang. Well; the matter?

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

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

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

Isab.