

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 foully, for those things  
 That make her good? O, let her brother live:  
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,  
 That I desire to hear her speak again,  
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?  
 O cunning enemy, that to catch a faint  
 With faints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous  
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
 To sin in loving virtue; ne'er could the strumpet,  
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite: ev'n 'till this very now,  
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E IX.

A Prison.

*Enter Duke habited like 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*