

*Enter Juliet.*

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,  
Who falling in the flaws 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.

*Duke.* When must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while,  
And you shall be conducted.

[*To Juliet.*

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

*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

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

*Juliet.* I'll gladly learn.

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

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

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

*Juliet.* Mutually.

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

*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?  
Which sorrow's always tow'rd ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear.

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

*Duke.* 'Tis well, there rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him;  
So grace go with you! *benedicite!*

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*Exit,  
Juliet.*