

'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. O hear me, *Isabella*.

SCENE III.

To them, enter Duke, and Provost.

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.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment 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 falsify 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. [*Exit.* *Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. Provost, a word with you.

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* *Prov.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in such goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that *Angelo* hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*:
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