

me to the prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, fir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, fir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, fir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, fir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow Clown and Officers.*]

SCENE VI.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of *Russia*; other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd; and it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke.