

SCENE VII.

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swerve, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me: mistress *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the bawd.*] Provost, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father!

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough
alive