

alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world: this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that above all other strifes  
Contented specially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

*Escal.* You have pay'd the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my brother-justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

#### S C E N E VIII.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!  
He who the sword of heav'n will bear,  
Should be as holy as severe:  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go:  
More nor less to others paying,  
Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame