

Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on *Angelo*,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!
 How may that likeness shading crimes,
 Making practise on the times,
 Draw with idle spiders' strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With *Angelo* to-night shall I
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with falshood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana, and boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, o take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

VOL. I.

X x

I cry