

I cry you mercy, fir, and well could wish
 You had not found me here so musical:
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my wo.

Duke. 'Tis good; though musick oft hath such a charm
 To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day?
 much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet one.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

Exit.

SCENE II.

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
 What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
 Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
 And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
 That makes his opening with this bigger key:
 This other doth command a little door,
 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
 There, on the heavy middle of the night,
 Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
 With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept he did show me
 The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
 Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No; none but only a repair i' th' dark;

And