

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
“Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

A Prison.

Enter Provost, and Clown.

Pro. COME hither, firrah: can you cut off a man's head?
Clown. If the man be a bachelor, fir, I can: but if
he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut
off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, fir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a
direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and
Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who
in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist
him, it shall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you shall have
your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an
unpity'd whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind,
but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be
glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson*! where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, fir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your
execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year,
and