

350 MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare:  
for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*]

*Prov.* Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:

One has my pity; not a jot the other,  
Being a murth'rer, though he were my brother.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Claudio.*

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;  
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour  
When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones:  
He'll not awake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Ex. Claud.*] But, hark! what noise?  
[*Knock within.*]

Heav'n give your spirits comfort! — by and by, —  
I hope, it is some pardon, or reprieve  
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night  
Envelop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not *Isabel*?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for *Claudio*?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Ev'n with the stroke and line of his great justice;  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his pow'r

To