

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance, of the duke's death, perchance, of his entring into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VIII.

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress *Over-don's* own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master *Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master *Caper*, at the suit of master *Three-Pile* the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young master *Deep-vow*, and master *Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-Lucky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-beire* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and master *Froth-light* the tilter, and brave master

*Shoo-tye*