

But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon :
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done ;
Put them in secret holds, *Claudio* and *Barnardine* :
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifest.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, quick, and send the head to *Angelo*. [*Exit*. *Prov*.]
Now will I write letters to *Angelo*.
The provost he shall bear them, whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home ;
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it : make a swift return ;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit*.]

S C E N E X.

Isabel within.

Isab. Peace, hoa, be here !

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*. She comes to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter