

*Enter Isabel.*

*Isab.* By your leave.

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better giv'n me by so holy a man:  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world;  
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other.

Show wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy *Claudio*! wretched *Isabel*!  
Injurious world! most damned *Angelo*!

*Duke.* This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot:  
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heav'n:  
Mark what I say, which you shall surely find  
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.  
The duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;  
One of our convent, and his confessor,  
Gives me this news: already he hath carry'd  
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*;  
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
There to give up their power. Pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would wish it go,  
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,  
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
And gen'ral honour.

*Isab.* I'm directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter then to friar *Peter* give;  
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
Say, by this token, I desire his company  
At *Mariana*'s house. Her cause and yours  
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you  
Before the duke; and to the head of *Angelo*

Accuse