

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [Exit.

SCENE XIII.

The fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and friar Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister: call at *Flavius*' house,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Isabella, and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to 'vailful purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure