

And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,  
And let the subjects see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus*,  
You must walk by us on our other hand:  
And good supporters are you.

SCENE II.

*Enter Peter, and Isabella.*

*Peter.* Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

*Isab.* Justice, o royal duke! vail your regard  
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object,  
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And give me justice, justice, justice, justice.

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief:  
Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:  
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you: o, hear me here!

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,  
Cut off by course of justice.

*Isab.* Course of justice!

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

*Isab.* Most strange but yet most truly will I speak;  
That *Angelo's* forsworn: is it not strange?  
That *Angelo's* a murth'rer: is't not strange?  
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:  
Is it not strange, and strange?

Z z 2

*Duke.*