

Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame;  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, *Mariana*: say, wast thou  
Contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly.  
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,  
Return him here again: go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

## S C E N E V.

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,  
Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, *Isabel*;  
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then  
Advertising, all holy, to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.

*Isab.* O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty.

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, *Isabel*:  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, fits at your heart:  
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,  
Than let him be so lost: o most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
(Which I did think with slower foot came on)  
That brain'd my purpose: but now peace be with him!  
That life is better life, past fearing death,

Than