

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,  
So happy is your brother.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well-defended honour; you must pardon him  
For *Mariana's* sake: but as a judge,  
Being doubly criminal, in violation  
Of sacred chastity, and in promise-breach,  
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,  
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.  
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifest;  
Which, though thou would'st deny 'em, deny thee vantage.  
We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death; and with like haste,  
Away with him.

*Mari.* O my most gracious lord,  
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.  
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,  
Although by confiscation they are ours,  
We do enstate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.*