

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, —

Duke. You do but lose your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, fir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet *Isabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Isabel*,
Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O *Isabel*! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Isab. Most bounteous fir, [Kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake
His bad intent, and must be bury'd but
As an intent that perish'd by the way:
Thoughts are no subjects; intents, merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. 'Twas so commanded.

Duke.