

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office:  
Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord.  
I thought it was a fault, but knew is not;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice:  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have dy'd,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* And what is he?

*Prov.* His name is *Barnardine*.

*Duke.* I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio*:  
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [Exit Prov.]

*Escal.* I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise,  
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter* Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

*Duke.* Which is that *Barnardine*?

*Prov.* This, my good lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man:  
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd,  
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all:  
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide  
For better times to come: friar, advise him;  
I leave him to you. What muffled fellow's that?