

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I fav'd,  
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head,  
As like almost to *Claudio* as himself. [uncovers him.]

*Duke.* If he be like your brother, for his sake [To Isab.]  
He's pardoned; and for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, say you'll be mine, and he's  
My brother too; but fitter time for that.  
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;  
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.  
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;  
Look, that you love your wife; her worth works yours.  
I find an apt remission in myself,  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.  
You, firrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [To Lucio.]  
One all of luxury, an ass, a mad-man;  
Wherein have I deserved so of you,  
That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick;  
if you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would  
please you I might be whip'd.

*Duke.* Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd after.  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;  
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,  
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore:  
your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord,  
do not recompence me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her:  
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison:  
And see our pleasure herein execute.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whip-  
ping, and hanging.

*Duke.*