

# Measure for Measure

## 2.3

*Enter [at one door] the Duke, disguised as a friar,  
and [at another door] the Provost*

**DUKE**

Hail to you, Provost!±±so I think you are.

**PROVOST**

I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

**DUKE**

Bound by my charity and my blest order,  
I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison. Do me the common right  
To let me see them, and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

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**PROVOST**

I would do more than that, if more were needful.

*Enter Juliet*

Look, here comes one, a gentlewoman of mine,  
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,  
Hath blistered her report. She is with child,  
And he that got it, sentenced±±a young man  
More fit to do another such offence  
Than die for this.

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**DUKE** When must he die?

**PROVOST** As I do think, tomorrow.

*(To Juliet)* I have provided for you. Stay a while,  
And you shall be conducted.

**DUKE**

Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

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**JULIET**

I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

**DUKE**

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,  
And try your penitence if it be sound  
Or hollowly put on.

**JULIET** I'll gladly learn.

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**DUKE** Love you the man that wronged you?

**JULIET**

Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

**DUKE**

So then it seems your most offenceful act  
Was mutually committed?

**JULIET**

Mutually.

**DUKE**

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

30

**JULIET**

I do confess it and repent it, father.

**DUKE**

'Tis meet so, daughter. But lest you do repent  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame±±  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it, 35  
But as we stand in fear±±

**JULIET**

I do repent me as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

**DUKE**

There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die tomorrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.  
Grace go with you. *Benedicite!*

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*Exit*

**JULIET**

Must die tomorrow? O injurious law,  
That respites me a life whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

**PROVOST**

'Tis pity of him.

*Exeunt*