

DUKE Are you a maid?
 MARIANA No, my lord.
 195 DUKE A widow, then?
 MARIANA Neither, my lord.
 DUKE Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow,
 nor wife?
 LUCIO My lord, she may be a punk, for many of them are
 200 neither maid, widow, nor wife.
 DUKE Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause
 To prattle for himself.
 LUCIO Well, my lord.
 MARIANA My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,
 205 And I confess besides I am no maid,
 I have known my husband, yet my husband
 Knows not that ever he knew me.
 LUCIO He was drunk then, my lord, it can be no better.
 DUKE For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.
 210 LUCIO Well, my lord.
 DUKE This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
 MARIANA Now I come to't, my lord.
 She that accuses him of fornication,
 In self-same manner doth accense my husband,
 215 And charges him, my lord, with such a time
 When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
 With all th'effect of love.
 ANGELO Charges she more than me?
 MARIANA Not that I know.
 220 DUKE No? You say your husband.
 MARIANA Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
 Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
 But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

199 punk prostitute 201 cause . . . himself reason to speak/charge of his own to defend himself against 206 known had sex with 209 For . . . too if it kept you quiet I wish you were also drunk 215 charges accuses, indicts with at 216 depose testify 217 th'effect the manifestations/fulfillment 218 Charges she more is she accusing other men 221 just exactly

ANGELO This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.
 225 MARIANA My husband bids me, now I will unmask. *Unveils*
 This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
 Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
 This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
 Was fast belocked in thine: this is the body
 230 That took away the match from Isabel,
 And did supply thee at thy garden-house
 In her imagined person.
 DUKE Know you this woman?
 LUCIO Carnally, she says.
 235 DUKE Sirrah, no more!
 LUCIO Enough, my lord.
 ANGELO My lord, I must confess I know this woman,
 And five years since there was some speech of marriage
 Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
 240 Partly for that her promised proportions
 Came short of composition, but in chief
 For that her reputation was disvalued
 In levity. Since which time of five years
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
 245 Upon my faith and honour.
 MARIANA Noble prince, *Kneels?*
 As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
 As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
 I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
 250 As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
 But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
 He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
 Or else forever be confixèd here,
 255 A marble monument!

START

END

224 abuse deception 229 fast belocked locked firmly 230 match assignation 231 supply satisfy garden-house summer house 232 in . . . person disguised as Isabella 240 proportions dowry 241 composition the agreed amount in chief principally 242 For that because disvalued in levity discredited on grounds of (sexual) immorality 254 confixèd fixed firmly