

Measure for Measure

Act III, sc. 1 (line 135)

CLAUDIO

Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

That it becomes a virtue.

ISABELLA

O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest, to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!

Die, perish! Might but my bending down

Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee.