

150 ISABELLA I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
ANGELO Plainly conceive I love you.
ISABELLA My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.
155 ANGELO He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
ISABELLA I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
ANGELO Believe me, on mine honour,
160 My words express my purpose.
ISABELLA Ha! Little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't.
Sign me a present pardon for my brother.
165 Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
ANGELO Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th'state,
170 Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein;
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
175 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,

150 but one i.e. a truthful one (two tongues would be deceitful) 151 speak . . . language use the plainer language employed earlier/return to the matters discussed previously 152 conceive understand (perhaps with sexual connotations) 155 licence freedom of authority (perhaps with play on sense of "licentiousness") 158 To pluck on as a means of testing 162 pernicious destructive Seeming deceptive behavior 163 proclaim denounce 164 present immediate 165 outstretched wide open 166 What what kind of 168 austereness strictness 169 vouch testimony 171 stifle suffocate report story/reputation 172 calumny slander 173 sensual . . . rein allow my desires to run freely 175 by aside prolixious time-wasting 176 banish . . . for eliminate the very feelings they aim to arouse

Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
180 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true. *Exit*
START ISABELLA To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
185 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
190 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up
195 Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
200 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. *Exit*

END

Act 3 Scene 1

*running scene 8**Enter Duke [disguised], Claudio and Provost*

DUKE So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
CLAUDIO The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

179 unkindness cruelty/unnatural behavior/lack of sisterly feeling 180 sufferance torment
181 affection passion 184 Did I were I to 187 approof approval 188 make curtsy
submit, bow 190 draws demands/leads 191 prompture urging blood sexual desire
193 tender down lay down in payment 194 blocks execution blocks 198 More worth
more 200 fit prepare