

*Ifab.* O just, but severe law!  
I had a brother then; — heav'n keep your honour!

*Lucio.* Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him,  
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;  
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,  
You could not with a more tame tongue desire it.  
To him, I say.

*Ifab.* Must he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Ifab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,  
And neither heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Ifab.* But can you if you would?

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Ifab.* But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,  
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

*Lucio.* You are too cold.

*Ifab.* Too late? why, no; I that do speak a word,  
May call it back again: and believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones belongs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does: if he had been as you,  
And you as he, you would have slip'd like him;  
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.

*Ifab.* I would to heav'n I had your potency,  
And you were *Isabel*! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

*Lucio.* Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

*Ifab.*