

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? o, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? o, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; serve we heav'n
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass which shows that future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dimis'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Then be satisfy'd;

Your