

Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence,  
And he that suffers: o, 'tis excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder  
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Incessantly would use his heav'n for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder: merciful, sweet heav'n!  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle: o, but man, proud man,  
Dress'd in a little brief authority,  
(Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,  
As makes the angels weep; who with our spleens  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*Lucio.* O, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;  
He's coming: I perceive't.

*Prov.* Pray heav'n, she win him!

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:  
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,  
But, in the less, foul profanation.

*Lucio.* Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Lucio.* Art thou advis'd o' that? more on't, yet more.

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom,  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know  
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess

A natural