

A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense bleeds with't. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heav'n shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate is either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Isab. Heav'n keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen! I say:

[*aside.*]

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend you?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour! [*Exeunt Lucio and Isabella.*]

SCENE VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,