

As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins  
Stand more for number than account.

*Isab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak  
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin,  
To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,  
Were't equal poize of sin and charity?

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heav'n, let me bear it! you granting my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make't my morning-pray'r  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me:  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're ignorant,  
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,  
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks  
Proclaim an ensheild beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me well:  
To be received plain I'll speak more gross;  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

*Isab.*