

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other)
But (in the loss of question) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. An ignominious ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me,
My lord; it very oft falls out, to have
What we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang.