

Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel*?

My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: save thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will.
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? o' perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;^a
Bidding the law make court'ry to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Isabel*, live chaste, and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest.

[*Exit.*

^a Approof here is to be taken in the sense of approbation.