

Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his swift ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting leger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set out.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
Must cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, *Claudio*, and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I want a resolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tendernefs? if I must die,
I will encounter darknefs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave

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