

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die :
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliance. This outward-fainted deputy,
 Whose settled visage, and delib'rate word,
 Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
 As faulcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil :
 His filth within being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The priestly *Angelo*?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
 The damned'st body to invest and cover
 In priestly guards! Dost thou think, *Claudio*?
 If I would yield him my virginity,
 Thou might'st be freed.

Claud. O heav'ns! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would grant thee, for this rank offence,
 So to offend him still. This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dearest *Isabel*.

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he then affections in him,
 That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
 When he would 'force it? sure, it is no sin;
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
 Why, would he for the momentary trick
 Be perdurably fin'd? o *Isabel*!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud.