

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
 To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those — that lawless and uncertain thought —
 Imagine howling; — 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ach, penury, imprisonment,
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.
 What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
 That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
 O faithless coward! o dishonest wretch!
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
 Heav'n grant my mother play'd my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
 Die, perish! might my only bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 I'll pay a thousand prayers for thy death;
 No word to save thee.

Claud. Hear me, *Isabel*.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;

'Tis