

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As *Angelo*; ev'n so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: trust me, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honour,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; and do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason
Serve to make truth appear where it seems hid,
Not hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication,
To lose his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one *Lucio* being

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