

Measure for Measure

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 4 (Line 154 - Verse)

Angelo

Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,

My vouch against you, and my place i' the 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; redeem 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 lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the 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.