

# Measure for Measure

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 1 (line 135 - Verse)

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## Isabella

CLAUDIO

*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.*

## ISABELLA

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?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!

Die, perish! Might but my bending down

Reprive thee from thy fate, it should proceed:

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee.