

Measure for Measure

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 1 (line 37 - Verse - Intercut)

Isabella

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;

Is it not strange and strange?

DUKE VINCENTIO

Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISABELLA

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 the end of reckoning.

DUKE VINCENTIO

*Away with her! Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.*

ISABELLA

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest

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; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.