

Measure for Measure

by William Shakespeare

Act 1, sc. 4 (Line 49 - Verse)

Lucio

ISABELLA

O, let him marry her.

LUCIO

This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand and hope of action: but we do learn

By those that know the very nerves of state,

His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,

Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood

Is very snow-broth; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense,

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He--to give fear to use and liberty,

Which have for long run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions--hath pick'd out an act,

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;

And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To make him an example. All hope is gone,

Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer

To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business

'Twixt you and your poor brother.