

# Measure for Measure

by William Shakespeare

Act 2, sc. 4 (Line 1 - Verse)

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## Angelo

When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;  
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name;  
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied  
Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
Wherein--let no man hear me--I take pride,  
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn:  
'Tis not the devil's crest.