

# *Measure for Measure*

Act I, sc. 1 (line 27)

**ANGELO**

*Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.*

**DUKE VINCENTIO**

Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,  
That to the observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd  
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advertise;  
Hold therefore, Angelo:--  
In our remove be thou at full ourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna

Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.