

Measure for Measure

Act II, sc. 4 (line 1)

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.