

# *Measure for Measure*

Act III, sc. 1 (line 117 - intercut)

## **CLAUDIO**

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

## ***ISABELLA***

*Alas, alas!*

## **CLAUDIO**

Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

That it becomes a virtue.