

ANGELO (Measure for Measure 2.4):

Who will believe thee Isabel?

My unsoil'd name: the austereness of my life

My vouch against you and my place i' the state

Will so your accusation outweigh

That you shall stifle in your own report

And smell of calumny: I have begun

And now I give my sensual race the rein

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite

Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes

That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will

Or else he must not only die the death

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

To lingering sufferance: Answer me to-morrow