Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bears me to prison, where I am committed.

Claudio. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen

Claudio. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Claudio. What but to speak of would offend again.

Claudio. No.

Claudio. Call it so.

Claudio. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Claudio. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Claudio. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke--
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his emmence that fills it up,
I stagger in:--but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Claudio. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state:
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Claudio. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Claudio. Come, officer, away!

Exeunt

Claudio. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Claudio. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Claudio. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA

Claudio. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Claudio. Is there no remedy?

Claudio. But is there any?

Claudio. Perpetual durance?

Claudio. But in what nature?

Claudio. Let me know the point.

Claudio. Why give you me this shame?
  Think you I can a resolution fetch
  From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
  I will encounter darkness as a bride,
  And hug it in mine arms.

Claudio. The prenzie Angelo!

Claudio. O heavens! it cannot be.

Claudio. Thou shalt not do't.

Claudio. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Claudio. Yes. Has he affections in him,
  That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
  When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin,
  Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

Claudio. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
  Why would he for the momentary trick
  Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.

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.

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.

Claudio. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Claudio. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE VINCENTIO

Claudio. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love
with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Claudio. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.