Measure for Measure
Act II, scene 2

ISABELLA
I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
Believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death.