

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so. —

Good night to every one. — And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighting beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave *Moor*, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, *Moor*, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. — Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage. —
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo and *Iago*.

Rod. *Iago*, —

Iago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou
filly gentleman!

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then
have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for four times
seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and
an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere
I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a *Guinea* hen,
I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod.