

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a slip or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars; ^adefeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the *Moor*, — put money in thy purse; — nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration; — but put money in thy purse. — These *Moors* are changeable in their wills; — fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, ^b shall shortly be as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice; — therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning.

^a That is, disgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a false beard. [To defeat signifies, among other things, to alter, to undo; as the word *defaire* from whence it comes: *Defaillance* has the same signification. Canons.]

^b J. Ludolfus speaking of the locust saith, *suavis valde nec non salubris est cibus.* *Hist. Æthiop.* lib. i. c. 13.