

Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an arrant *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the *Moor*: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?
No more of drowning.

Rod. I'll sell all my land.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I should time expend with such a swain,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the *Moor*,
And it is thought abroad, that'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now; —
To get his place, and to plume up my will,

A double