

And thus she is deliver'd.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were,)*

Des. To do what?

Iago. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

Des.