

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! — Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, though he be thy husband. — How say you, *Cassio*? is he not a most profane and illiberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the fir in. Very good; well kiss'd, and excellent courtesy: 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would they were clister-pipes for your sake!

[*trumpet.*

The *Moor*, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warriour!

Des. My dear *Othello*!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. My soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'ns forbid

N n n 2

But