

and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed: and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the *Moor* is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the *Moor*; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that of her; she's full of most blest'd condition.

*Iago.* Blest'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the *Moor*: blest'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts: they met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo*! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th' incorporate conclusion: pish! But, sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you: do you  
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