

find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and, happily, may strike at you. Provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe:
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The *Moor*, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A most dear husband. Now I love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty *Moor*
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or shall content my soul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing so, yet that I put the *Moor*
At least into a jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,

If