

Caf. *Iago* hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest.

Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. — Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you. —
Good night. [Exeunt *Othello* and *Desdemona*.

Enter *Iago*.

Caf. Welcome, *Iago*; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock.
Our general cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*:
whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton
night with her: and she is sport for *Jove*.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a parley to
provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I
have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus*
gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black
Othello.

Caf. Not to-night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and unhappy
brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some
other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily
qualified too; and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I
am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness
with any more.

Iago.