

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. —
Now my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my deem,
My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [*Iago sings.*]

*And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A soldier's a man; o, man's life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

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O O O

Iago.