

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*; where, indeed, they are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*, — drink, ho! — are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk: he sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*: he gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet *England*!

*King Stephen was and-a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown:*

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
And take thy old cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. — Well, heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved:

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the general, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. — Forgive our sins! — Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent.