

*Gent.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

## SCENE XII.

*Manent Iago and Montano.*

*Mont.* To the platform, masters ; come, let's see the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before ;  
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*,  
And give direction : and do but see his vice ;  
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,  
The one as long as th' other : 'tis pity of him.  
I fear, the trust *Othello* puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mont.* But is he often thus ?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :  
He'll watch the horologue a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mont.* It were well  
The general were put in mind of it :  
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,  
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

*Enter Rodorigo.*

*Iago.* How now *Rodorigo* ?  
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [*Exit Rodorigo.*

*Mont.* And 'tis great pity that the noble *Moor*  
Should hazard such a place as his own second,  
With one of an ingraft infirmity :  
It were an honest action to say so  
Unto the *Moor*.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island :  
I do love *Cassio* well ; and would do much

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