

Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to *him*,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. — *Cassio*, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. —

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, sweeting; come, away to bed. —
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon. —
Lead him off. —

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted. —
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! o I have lost my
reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what
remains is bestial. My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had received
some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation.
Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without
merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation
at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there
are