

*Caf.* I have well approv'd it, fir. — I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our general's wife is now the general. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter: and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Caf.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Caf.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

*Caf.* Good night, honest *Iago*.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

SCENE XV.

*Manet Iago.*

*Iago.* And what's he then, that says I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the *Moor* again. For 'tis most easy Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the *Moor*, were't to renounce his baptism All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfetters'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god