

As doth the raven o'er the infectious house
Boding to all – he had my handkerchief.

IAGO

Ay, what of that?

OTHELLO That's not so good now.

IAGO

What

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say – as knaves be such abroad
Who, having by their own importunate suit
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab –

OTHELLO Hath he said anything?

IAGO

He hath, my lord, but be you well assured
No more than he'll unswear.

OTHELLO What hath he said?

IAGO

Faith, that he did – I know not what. He did –

OTHELLO

What? what?

IAGO

Lie.

OTHELLO With her?

IAGO

With her, on her, what you will.

OTHELLO Lie with her? lie on her? We say lie on her
when they belie her! Lie with her, zounds, that's
fulsome! – Handkerchief! confessions! handkerchief!
– To confess, and be hanged for his labour! First to be
hanged, and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature
would not invest herself in such shadowing passion
without some instruction. It is not words that shakes
me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips. Is't possible?
Confess! handkerchief! O devil!

He falls.

IAGO

Work on,

My medicine, work ! Thus credulous fools are caught,

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,

All guiltless, meet reproach. – What ho! my lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!