

Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cassio. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief]
Take me this work out.

Bianca. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bianca. Why, whose is it?

Cassio. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bianca. Leave you! wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bianca. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bianca. But that you do not love me.