

Emilia. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Desdemona. He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emilia. Dismiss me!

Desdemona. It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emilia. I would you had never seen him!

Desdemona. So would not I. my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his cheques, his frowns—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emilia. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Desdemona. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emilia. Come, come you talk.

Desdemona.
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emilia. There be some such, no question.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. Why, would not you?

Desdemona. No, by this heavenly light!

Emilia. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. The world's a huge thing: it is a great price.
For a small vice.

Desdemona. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emilia. In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Desdemona. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emilia. Yes, a dozen.