

Emilia. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a soldier:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emilia. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emilia. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emilia. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—
And your reports have set the murder on.

Villany, villany, villany!
I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villany!—
I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emilia. Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.