

Iago. My noble lord—

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Othello. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Othello. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Othello. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Othello. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Othello. Think, my lord!
By heaven, she echoes me,
As if there were some monster in her thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Othello. I think that -

Iago. -For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Othello. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Othello. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Othello. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false?

Othello. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.