

## **DESDEMONA**

Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocation is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech! you must awhile be patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.