

Othello

Act IV, sc. 2 (line 148)

IAGO

You are a fool; go to.

DESDEMONA

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did.

And ever will--though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement--love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore:'

It does abhor me now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.