**TEA PARTY**

|  |
| --- |
| Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves! thieves! thieves! |
| Look to your home, your daughter, and your bags! |
| Thieves! thieves! (I.i.79-81) |



|  |
| --- |
| And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms |
| Against your honor |
| That with the little godliness I have |
| I did full hard forbear him. (I.ii.6-9) |



O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter? (I.ii.62-4)



Honest Iago

My Desdemona must I leave to thee. (I.iii.295)



|  |
| --- |
| So I will turn her virtue into pitch, |
| And out of her own goodness make the net |
| That shall enmesh them all. (II.iii.336-8) |



You do love my lord

You have known him long. (III.iii.10-1)



|  |
| --- |
| Assure thee |
| If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it |
| To the last article. My lord shall never rest; |
| I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience; |
| His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; |
| I'll intermingle everything he does |
| with Cassio's suit. (III.iii 20-6) |





Cassio, my lord?

No sure, I cannot think it

That he would steal away so guilty-like

Seeing you coming. (III.iii.37-40)



Prithee no more. Let him come when he will

I will deny thee nothing. (III.iii.75)



will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin

And let him find it. (III.iii.321-2)

|  |
| --- |
| Now, by yond marble |
| https://farm1.staticflickr.com/55/147874576_8a453079f3_o_d.jpgheaven, |
| In the due reverence of a sacred vow |
| I here enrage my words. (III.iii.459-62) |



|  |
| --- |
| and but my noble Moor |
| Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness |
| As jealous creatures are, it were enough |
| To put him to ill thinking. (III.iv.22-4) |

|  |
| --- |
| Lie with her? lie on her? -- We say lie on her when they |
| belie her. -- Lie with her! Zounds, that's fulsome. |
| Handkerchief -- confessions -- handkerchief! -- To |
| To confess, and be hang'd for his labour -- first to be hang'd, |
| and then to confess. (IV.i.35-40) |





Work on

My medicine, work. (IV.i.44-5)





Do it not with poison. Strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated (IV.i.202-3).



Good, good! The justice of it pleases. Very good! (IV.i.204)



If any wretch have put this in your head

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse! (IV.ii.15-6)



Good night, good night

Heaven me such uses send

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! (IV.iii.102-3)



Kill me tomorrow; let me live to-night! (V.ii.80)



I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee. No way but this

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. (V.ii.358-9)