

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
heaven,
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
believe 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)