

MEMORABLE LINES



A fellow almost damned in a fair wife. (IAGO 1.1.22)

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. (IAGO 1.1.66-7)

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
(OTHELLO 1.2.60)

Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace . . .
(OTHELLO 1.3.83-4)

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven . . . (OTHELLO 1.3.142-3)

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful. (OTHELLO 1.3.162-3)

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
(OTHELLO 1.3.169-70)

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty. (DESDEMONA 1.3.182-3)
Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our
bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners.
(IAGO 1.3.322-4)

For I am nothing if not critical. (IAGO 2.1.121)

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer. (IAGO 2.1.160)

RODERIGO She's full of most blessed condition.

IAGO Blessed fig's end! The wine she drinks is made of
grapes. (2.1.252-5)

I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leaped into my seat, the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my innards.
 (IAGO 2.1.297-9)

But men are men; the best sometimes forget. (IAGO 2.3.235)
 Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputa-
 tion! (CASSIO 2.3.256-7)

Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now. (IAGO 2.3.344-7)

How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 (IAGO 2.3.364-5)

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
 Who steals my purse steals trash. (IAGO 3.3.168-70)

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy.
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. (IAGO 3.3.178-80)

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. (IAGO 3.3.185)

To be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolved. (OTHELLO 3.3.193-4)
 And yet, how nature erring from itself— (OTHELLO 3.3.243)
 I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. (OTHELLO 3.3.278-9)

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of Holy Writ. (IAGO 3.3.338-40)

Oh, now, forever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
 (OTHELLO 3.3.363-4)

On horror's head horrors accumulate. (OTHELLO 3.3.386)

- Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe. (IAGO 3.3.393-4)
- There's magic in the web of it. (OTHELLO 3.4.71)
- Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.
(OTHELLO 4.1.191-2)
- But yet the pity of it, Iago! Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
(OTHELLO 4.1.198-9)
- It makes us or it mars us. (IAGO 5.1.4)
- It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul. (OTHELLO 5.2.1)
- Put out the light, and then put out the light.
(OTHELLO 5.2.7)
- Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very seamark of my utmost sail.
(OTHELLO 5.2.276-7)
- Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity. (OTHELLO 5.2.284-5)
- I have done the state some service, and they know't.
(OTHELLO 5.2.349)
- Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well.
(OTHELLO 5.2.353-4)
- ... of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe. (OTHELLO 5.2.356-8)