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# Othello

Act III, sc. 3

**DESDEMONA:** Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;  
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:  
I prithee, name the time, but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—  
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples  
Out of their best—is not almost a fault  
To incur a private cheque. When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me, that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,  
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

**OOTHELLO:** Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;  
I will deny thee nothing.

**DESDEMONA:** Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight  
And fearful to be granted.