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# Othello

Act III, sc. 4

**DESDEMONA:** I prithee, do so.

*[Exit IAGO]*

Something, sure, of state,  
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practise  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and in such cases  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members even to that sense  
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.