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|  | O, sir, content you; |  |
|  | I follow him to serve my turn upon him: |  |
|  | We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark |  |  |
|  | Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave, |  |  |
|  | That, doting on his own obsequious bondage, |  |  |
|  | Wears out his time, much like his master's ass, |  |  |
|  | For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd: |  |  |
|  | Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are |  |  |
|  | Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, |  |  |
|  | Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, |  |  |
|  | And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, |  |  |
|  | Do well thrive by them and when they have lined |  |  |
|  | their coats |  | 50 |
|  | Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul; |  |  |
|  | And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir, |  |  |
|  | It is as sure as you are Roderigo, |  |  |
|  | Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago: |  |  |
|  | In following him, I follow but myself; |  |  |
|  | Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, |  |  |
|  | But seeming so, for my peculiar end: |  |  |
|  | For when my outward action doth demonstrate |  |  |
|  | The native act and figure of my heart |  |  |
|  | In compliment extern, 'tis not long after |  |  |
|  | But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve |  | 60 |
|  | For daws to peck at: I am not what I am. |  |  |
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