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|   | O, sir, content you; |   |
|   | I follow him to serve my turn upon him: |  |
|   | We cannot all be masters, nor all mastersCannot 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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