Othello Act IV Scene 3   Emilia: Ashlyn Knight

The world's a huge thing: it is a great price.

For a small vice.

In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had

done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a

joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for

gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty

exhibition; but for the whole world,--why, who would

not make her husband a cuckold to make him a

monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world: and

having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your

own world, and you might quickly make it right.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps,

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do

When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too: and have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well: else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.