

XXXVII.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of VENICE.  
BRABANTIO, a Senator.  
Two other Senators.  
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.  
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.  
OTHELLO, the Moor:  
CASSIO, his Lieutenant;  
IAGO, his Ancient.  
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.  
MONTANO, Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus. <sup>1)</sup>

Clown, Servant to Othello.  
Herald.  
DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.  
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.  
BIANCA, a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.  
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Roderigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly, That thou, Iago, — who hast had my purse, As if the strings were thine, — should'st know of this.  
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: — If ever I did dream of such a matter, Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.  
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, Oft capp'd to him: — <sup>2)</sup> and, by the faith of man, I know my price, I am worth no worse a place: But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, Evades them, with a bombast circumstance, <sup>3)</sup> Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war; And, in conclusion, nonsuits My mediators; for, certes, <sup>4)</sup> says he, I have already chose my officer.

And what was he? Forsooth, a great arithmetician, One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife; <sup>5)</sup> That never set a squadron in the field, Nor the division of a battle knows, More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic, <sup>6)</sup> Wherein the toged consuls <sup>7)</sup> can propose As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice, Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election: And I, — of whom his eyes had seen the proof At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds Christian and heathen, — must be be-lee'd and calm'd <sup>8)</sup>

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster; <sup>9)</sup> He, in good time, must his lieutenant be. And I, (God bless the mark!) <sup>10)</sup> his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service; Preferment goes by letter, <sup>11)</sup> and affection, Not by the old gradation, where each second Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself, Whether I in any just term am affind <sup>12)</sup> To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you; I follow him to serve my turn upon him: We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly follow'd. 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: <sup>13)</sup> 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 lin'd their coats,

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, <sup>14)</sup> 'tis not long after But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve <sup>15)</sup> For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe, <sup>16)</sup> If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father, Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight, Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,

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And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy, Yet throw such changes of vexation on't, As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.  
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell, As when, by night and negligence, the fire Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!  
Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons? What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, <sup>17)</sup> you have lost half your soul; Even now, very now, an old black ram Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise; Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you: Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is — Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors: In honest plainness thou hast heard me say, My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness, Being full of supper, and distemp'ring draughts, <sup>18)</sup> Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir, —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure, My spirit, and my place, have in them power To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

My house is not a grange. <sup>19)</sup>

Rod. Most grave Brabantio, In simple, and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse: you'll have your nephews neigh to you: <sup>20)</sup> you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for german. <sup>21)</sup>

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Iago. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent, (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter, At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night, <sup>22)</sup> Transported — with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, — If this be known to you, and your allowance, <sup>23)</sup>

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But, if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That, from the sense of all civility, <sup>24)</sup>

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter, — if you have not given her leave, I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant <sup>25)</sup> and wheeling stranger, Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself: If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper: — call up all my people: — This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already: —

Light, I say! light! [Exit, from above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall.)

Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state, — However this may gall him with some check, — <sup>26)</sup> Cannot with safety cast him; <sup>27)</sup> for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars, (Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have not, To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely

find him, Lead to the sagittary <sup>28)</sup> the rais'd search;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is; And what's to come of my despised time, <sup>29)</sup>

Is nought but bitterness. — Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her? — O, unhappy girl! —

With the Moor, say'st thou? — Who would be a father? —

How didst thou know 'twas she? — O, thou deceiv'st me

Past thought! — What said she to you? — Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred. — Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven! — How got she out! — O treason of the blood! —

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds By what you see them act. — Are there not charms, <sup>30)</sup>

By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. — O, that you had had her! —

Some one way, some another. — Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call; I may command at most; — Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night. — On, good Roderigo; — I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

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## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Street.**Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,<sup>31)</sup>  
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity  
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under  
the ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,  
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this, —  
That the magnifico<sup>32)</sup> is much beloved;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential  
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on),  
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege;<sup>33)</sup> and my demerits<sup>34)</sup>  
May speak, unbonneted,<sup>35)</sup> to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd: For know, *Iago*,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhousted<sup>36)</sup> free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come  
yonder?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with Torches.*

*Iago.* These are the raised father, and his friends:  
You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I: I must be found;  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste-post-haste<sup>37)</sup> appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?  
*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;  
It is a business of some heat: the gallies  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night, at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,  
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly  
call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests,<sup>38)</sup>  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. *[Exit.*

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?  
*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land  
carack;<sup>39)</sup>

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of night, with Torches and Weapons.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio: — general, be advis'd;<sup>40)</sup>  
He comes to bad intent.

*Oth.* Hola! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

*[They draw on both sides.]*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew  
will rust them. —

Good signior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd  
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid — so tender, fair, and happy;  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,<sup>41)</sup>  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.<sup>42)</sup>  
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,  
That waken motion: —<sup>43)</sup> I'll have it disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant: —  
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison: till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?

*Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior,  
The duke's in council; and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!

In this time of the night! — Bring him away:  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves, and pagans<sup>44)</sup> shall our statesmen be.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Council-Chamber.**The DUKE and Senators, sitting at a Table; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition<sup>45)</sup> in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;  
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not on a just account,

(As in these cases, where the aim reports,<sup>46)</sup>  
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* *[Within.]* What ho! what ho! what ho!

*Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the gallies.

*Duke.* Now? the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason;<sup>47)</sup> 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let ourselves again but understand,  
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question<sup>48)</sup> bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,<sup>49)</sup>  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,  
We must not think, the Turk is so unskillful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first;  
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,  
To wake, and wage,<sup>50)</sup> a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

*1 Sen.* Ay, so I thought: — How many, as you  
guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus. — Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus. —

Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

*1 Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us; wish him<sup>51)</sup> post-post-haste:  
despatch.

*1 Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

*[To BRABANTIO.]*

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;  
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;  
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not —

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.<sup>52)</sup>

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke & Sen.* We are very sorry for it.  
*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you say to this?

*[To OTHELLO.]*

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approv'd good masters, —  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending<sup>53)</sup>  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action<sup>54)</sup> in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious pa-  
tience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),  
I won his daughter with.<sup>55)</sup>

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; And she, — in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing, —  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?  
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess — perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof;  
Without more certain and more overt test,<sup>56)</sup>  
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming,<sup>57)</sup> do prefer against him.

*1 Sen.* But, Othello, speak; —  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the sagittary,<sup>58)</sup>  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.



*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place. — *[Exeunt Iago and Attendants.]*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance<sup>59</sup> in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres<sup>60</sup> vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.<sup>61</sup> These things  
to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently:<sup>62</sup> I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, — In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man: she  
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think, this tale would win my daughter  
too. —

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak;  
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! — Come hither, gentle mistress;  
Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty:  
To you, I am bound for life, and education;

My life, and education, both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you! — I have done: —  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;  
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it. —  
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart.  
I would keep from thee. — For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. — I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself;<sup>63</sup> and lay a  
sentence,  
Which, as a grise,<sup>64</sup> or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the  
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:<sup>65</sup>  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
But words are words; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the  
ear.<sup>66</sup>

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation  
makes for Cyprus: — Othello, the fortitude of the  
place is best known to you: And though we have  
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet  
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a  
more safer voice on you: you must therefore be  
content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes<sup>67</sup>  
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down:<sup>68</sup> I do agnize<sup>69</sup>  
A natural and prompt alacrity,  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Must humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference of place, and exhibition;<sup>70</sup>  
With such accommodation, and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.  
*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,<sup>71</sup>  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes<sup>72</sup>  
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord:<sup>73</sup>  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;<sup>74</sup>

And to his honours, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords: — 'beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat, the young effects,  
In my distinct<sup>75</sup> and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend<sup>76</sup> your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,  
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
My speculative and active instruments,<sup>77</sup>  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries — haste,  
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.  
*Duke.* At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you;  
With such things else of quality and respect,  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* Please your grace, my ancient;  
A man he is of honesty, and trust:  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so. —  
Good night to every one. — And, noble signior,  
*[To BRABANTIO.]*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,<sup>78</sup>  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*1 Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

*[Exeunt DUKE, SENATORS, OFFICERS, &c.]*  
*Oth.* My life upon her faith. — Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;  
I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring them after in the best advantage. —<sup>79</sup>  
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

*[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]*

*Rod.* Iago!

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman?

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a tor-  
ment: and then have we a prescription to die, when  
death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have looked upon the world  
for four times seven years! and since I could dis-  
tinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never

found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere  
I would say, I would drown myself for the love  
of a Guinea-hen,<sup>80</sup> I would change my humanity  
with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess, it is my shame  
to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are  
thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the  
which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will  
plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed  
up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or  
distract it with many; either to have it steril with  
idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power  
and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.  
If the balance of our lives had not one scale of  
reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and  
baseness of our natures would conduct us to most  
preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to  
cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our un-  
bitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call —  
love, to be a sect,<sup>81</sup> or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a per-  
mission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thy-  
self! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have pro-  
fessed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy  
deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I  
could never better stead thee than now. Put mo-  
ney in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy  
favour with an usurped beard;<sup>82</sup> I say, put mo-  
ney in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona  
should long continue her love to the Moor, — put  
money in thy purse; — nor he his to her: it was  
a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an an-  
swerable sequestration —<sup>83</sup> put but money in thy  
purse. — These Moors are changeable in their  
wills; — fill thy purse with money; the food that  
to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to  
him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must  
change for youth: when she is sated with his body,  
she will find the error of her choice. — She must  
have change, she must: therefore put money in thy  
purse. — If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a  
more delicate way than drowning. Make all the  
money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow,  
betwixt an erring barbarian<sup>84</sup> and a supersubtle  
Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the  
tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make  
money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out  
of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in  
compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go  
without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend  
on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me; — Go, make money: —  
I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and  
again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine  
hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our  
revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him,  
thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There  
are many events in the womb of time, which will  
be delivered. Traverse;<sup>85</sup> go; provide thy money.  
We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i'the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear.

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell: put money enough in your  
purse. *[Exit RODERIGO.]*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:



For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets  
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do, as if for surety.<sup>86</sup>) He holds me well;<sup>87</sup>)  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;  
To get his place, and to plume up my will;  
A double knavery, — How? how? — Let me see: —  
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,  
That he is too familiar with his wife: —  
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.  
I have't; — it is engender'd: — Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.  
[Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.  
A Platform.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?  
1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven<sup>1</sup>) and the main,  
Descry a sail.  
Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?  
2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous  
main,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:<sup>2</sup>)  
I never did like molestation view  
On th' enchafed flood.  
Mon. If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;  
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done;  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.  
Mon. How! is this true?  
3 Gent. The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.  
Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.  
3 Gent. But this same Cassio, — though he speak  
of comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss, — yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.  
Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier.<sup>3</sup>) Let's to the sea-side, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;  
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,  
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?  
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;<sup>4</sup>)  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.<sup>5</sup>)

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?  
4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry — a sail.  
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.  
2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
[Guns heard.]

Our friends, at least.  
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.  
2 Gent. I shall. [Exit.]  
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?  
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragons description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation,  
Does bear all excellency.<sup>6</sup>) How now? who has  
put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.  
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands, —  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures,<sup>7</sup>) letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?  
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's  
captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed. — Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort! — O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees: —  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.  
Des. O, but I fear; — How lost you company?  
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then Guns heard.]  
2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;  
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. —  
[Exit Gentleman.]  
Good ancient, you are welcome; — Welcome, mis-  
tress: — [To EMILIA.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[Kissing her.]  
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.  
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of  
doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries,<sup>8</sup>) devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in  
your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou  
should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;

For I am nothing, if not critical.<sup>9</sup>)

Des. Come on, assay: — There's one gone to the  
harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. —

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,  
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,  
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, — fairness, and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools  
laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise hast  
thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! — thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a  
deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority  
of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very  
malice itself?<sup>10</sup>)

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;

Fled from her wish, and yet said, — now I may;  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:

She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind;

She was a wight, — if ever such wight were, —  
Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! — Do  
not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy hus-  
band. — How say you, Cassio? is he not a most  
profane<sup>11</sup>) and liberal counsellor?<sup>12</sup>)

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him  
more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well  
said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I  
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon  
her, do; I will gyve<sup>13</sup>) thee in thine own courtship.

You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as  
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been  
better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft,  
which now again you are most apt to play the sir  
in. —<sup>14</sup>) Very good; well kissed! an excellent  
courtesy!<sup>15</sup>) 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fin-  
gers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes  
for your sake! — [Trumpet.] The Moor, I know  
his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,  
Olympus-high; and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! —  
I cannot speak enough of this content,  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:

And this, and this, the greatest discords be,  
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am. [Aside.]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle. —  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,<sup>16</sup>)  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion,<sup>17</sup>) and I dote  
In mine own comforts: — I pry'thee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. — Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exit Othello, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.]



*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, — list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard: — <sup>18</sup>) First, I must tell thee this — Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger — thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, — again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, — loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor, very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds <sup>19</sup>) look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition. <sup>20</sup>)

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish! — But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not; — I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting <sup>21</sup>) his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in cholere; <sup>22</sup>) and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, <sup>23</sup>) but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; <sup>24</sup>) and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell. *Rod.* Adieu. *[Exit.]*

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor — howbeit that I endure him not, — Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, — If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash <sup>25</sup>) For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb. — <sup>26</sup>) For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, <sup>27</sup>) till us'd. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

## A Street.

*Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere <sup>28</sup>) perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; <sup>29</sup>) and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

## A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest, Let me have speech with you. — Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; *[To DESDEMONA.]*

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. — Good night. *[Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.]*

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

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*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us <sup>30</sup>) thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified <sup>31</sup>) too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. *[Exit CASSIO.]*

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch: —

Three lads of Cyprus, — noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements <sup>32</sup>) of this warlike isle, —

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle: — But here they come: If consequence do but approve my dream, <sup>33</sup>)

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already. <sup>34</sup>)

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

*And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.]*

*And let me the canakin clink:*

*A soldier's a man;*

*A life's but a span;*

*Why then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

*[Wine brought in.]*

*Cas.* Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where (indeed) they

are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking? *Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk: he sweats not to overthrow your Alman; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. <sup>35</sup>)

*Iago.* O sweet England!

*King Stephen* <sup>36</sup>) *was a worthy peer,* <sup>37</sup>)

*His breeches cost him but a crown;*

*He held them sixpence all too dear,*

*With that he call'd the tailor — lown.* <sup>38</sup>)

*He was a wight of high renown,*

*And thou art but of low degree:*

*'Tis pride that pulls the country down,*

*Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. — Well, — Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part, — no offence to the general, nor any man of quality, — I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. — Forgive us our sins! — Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; — this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: — I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. *[Exit.]*

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before; — He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar,

And give direction: and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.

I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,

On some odd time of his infirmity,

Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologe a double set, <sup>39</sup>)

If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo?

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. *[Exit RODERIGO.]*

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,

With one of an ingraft infirmity: <sup>40</sup>)

It were an honest action, to say

So to the Moor.

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**Iago.** Not I, for this fair island:  
I do love Cassio well; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?  
[Cry within, — Help! help!

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.*

**Cas.** You rogue! you rascal!

**Mon.** What's the matter, lieutenant?

**Cas.** A knave! — teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle. <sup>41)</sup>

**Rod.** Beat me!

**Cas.** Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO.

**Mon.** Nay, good lieutenant;

[Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

**Cas.** Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

**Mon.** Come, come, you're drunk.

**Cas.** Drunk! [They fight.

**Iago.** Away, I say! go out, and cry — a mutiny.

[Aside to Rod. who goes out.

Nay, good lieutenant, — alas, gentlemen, —

Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, — Montano, — sir; —

Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell? — Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

**Oth.** What is the matter here?

**Mon.** I bleed still, I am hurt to the death; — he dies. <sup>42)</sup>

**Oth.** Hold, for your lives.

**Iago.** Hold, hold, lieutenant, — sir, Montano, — gentlemen, —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

**Oth.** Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage, <sup>43)</sup>

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. —

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. — <sup>44)</sup> What is the matter, masters? —

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

**Iago.** I do not know; — friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, <sup>45)</sup> and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,

(As if some planet had unwitting men,) —

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would in action glorious I had lost

These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

**Oth.** How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot? <sup>46)</sup>

**Cas.** I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

**Oth.** Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

**Mon.** Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you —

While I spare speech, which something now offends me; —

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity <sup>47)</sup> be sometime a vice;

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence assails us.

**Oth.** Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgment collied, <sup>48)</sup>

Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approv'd <sup>49)</sup> in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard <sup>50)</sup> of safety!

'Tis monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

**Mon.** If partially affin'd, <sup>51)</sup> or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

**Iago.** Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. — Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow, crying out for help;

And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,

To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)

The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,

I ne'er might say before: When I came back,

(For this was brief,) I found them close together,

At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report: —

But men are men; the best sometimes forget: —

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, —

As men in rage strike those that wish them best, —

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,

From him that fled, some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

**Oth.** I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio: — Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine. —

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up; —

I'll make thee an example.

**Des.** What's the matter, dear?

**Oth.** All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[To MONTANO, who is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town;

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted. —

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.

**Iago.** What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

**Cas.** Ay, past all surgery.

**Iago.** Marry, heaven forbid!

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**Cas.** Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. — My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

**Iago.** As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, <sup>52)</sup> a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to frighten an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

**Cas.** I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? <sup>53)</sup> and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? — O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — devil!

**Iago.** What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

**Cas.** I know not.

**Iago.** Is it possible?

**Cas.** I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

**Iago.** Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

**Cas.** It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

**Iago.** Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

**Cas.** I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

**Iago.** Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

**Cas.** I have well approv'd it, sir. — I drunk!

**Iago.** You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.

Our general's wife is now the general; — I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: — confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay <sup>54)</sup> worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

**Cas.** You advise me well.

**Iago.** I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

**Cas.** I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

**Iago.** You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

**Cas.** Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.

**Iago.** And what's he then, that says, — I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probal <sup>55)</sup> to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona <sup>56)</sup> to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. <sup>57)</sup> And then for her To win the Moor, — were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, —

His soul is so enfetted to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, <sup>58)</sup> Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!

When devils will their blackest sins put on,

As they do suggest <sup>59)</sup> at first with heavenly shows,

As I do now: For while this honest fool

Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, —

That she repeals <sup>60)</sup> him for her body's lust;

And, by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch;

And out of her own goodness make the net,

That shall enmesh them all. — How now, Roderigo?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

**Rod.** I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be — I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

**Iago.** How poor are they, that have not patience! — What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:

Content thyself a while. — By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short. —

Retire thee: go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rod.] Two things are to

be done, —

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump <sup>61)</sup> when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife: — Ay, that's the way;

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. Before the Castle.

*Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.*

**Cas.** Masters, play here, I will content your pains. Something that's brief; and bid — good morrow,

general. <sup>1)</sup> [Music.

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Enter Clown.

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

*1 Mus.* How, sir, how!

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, called wind-instruments?

*1 Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

*1 Mus.* Whereby hangs a tail, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

*1 Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

*1 Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away. [Exit Musicians.]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit.]

Enter IAGO.

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. — In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke

Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,

To send in to your wife: My suit to her

Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona

Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently;

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free. [Exit.]

*Cas.* I more freely thank you for't. I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.

The general, and his wife, are talking of it;

And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,

That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,

And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,

He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he

loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,

To take the safest occasion by the front,

To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you, —

If you think fit, or that it may be done, —

Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in;

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And, by him, do my duties to the state:

That done, I will be walking on the works,  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen, — shall we see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do; I know, it grieves my  
husband,

As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow. — Do not doubt,  
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,

Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,

He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord:

You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,

He shall in strangeness stand no further off

Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,

That policy may either last so long,

Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,

Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That, I being absent, and my place supplied,

My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,

I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it

To the last article: my lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;

I'll intermingle every thing he does

With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;

For thy solicitor shall rather die,

Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

*Emil.* Madam, here comes  
My lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay,

And hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,

Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, well,

Do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO.]

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if — I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,

Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't, you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,

His present reconciliation take; —

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,

That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning, —

I have no judgment in an honest face:

I pr'ythee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me;

I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn; —

I pray thee, 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 check: When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you; and 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, —

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* 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 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 poize and difficulty,

And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee

straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come: — Be it as your fancies teach

you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord, —

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;

No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted

with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed: — Discern'st thou aught

in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay, honest. —

*Iago.* My lord, for ought I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. — Thou dost mean some-

thing:

I heard thee say but now, — Thou lik'st not that,

When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?

And, when I told thee — he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'st, *Indeed?*

And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think, thou dost;

And, — for I know thou art full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them

breath, —

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,

They are close denotements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule. —

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio, —

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why then,

I think, that Cassio is an honest man. —

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to. —

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and

false, —

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you, —

Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not, — I entreat you then,

From one that so imperfectly conjects, —

You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance: —

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,

nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;



The meat it feeds on: <sup>16</sup>) That cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!  
*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches, fineless, <sup>17</sup>) is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor: —  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why! why is this?  
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon,  
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,  
Is — once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufficate <sup>18</sup>) and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. <sup>19</sup>) 'Tis not to make me  
jealous,

To say — my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous: <sup>20</sup>)  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me; No, Iago;  
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this, —  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me: — I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eye — thus, not jealous, nor secure:  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty <sup>21</sup>) be abus'd; look to't:  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-  
science

Is — not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?  
*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And, when she seem'd <sup>22</sup>) to shake, and fear your  
looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.  
*Iago.* Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak, — <sup>23</sup>)  
He thought, 'twas witchcraft: — but I am much to  
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.  
*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.  
*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love; — But, I do see you are  
mov'd: —

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, <sup>24</sup>) nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.  
*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend: —

My lord, I see you are mov'd.  
*Oth.* No, not much mov'd: —

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself, —  
*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: — As, — to be bold  
with you, —

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:  
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank, <sup>25</sup>)  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. —  
But pardon me! I do not, in position,  
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And (happily) repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell:  
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]  
*Oth.* Why did I marry? — This honest creature,  
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would, I might entreat your  
honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:  
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)

Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means: <sup>26</sup>)

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment <sup>27</sup>)  
With any strong or vehement importunity;  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have, to fear — I am,)

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government. <sup>28</sup>)

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit.]  
*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, <sup>29</sup>)  
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard, <sup>30</sup>)  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-  
strings, <sup>31</sup>)

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. <sup>32</sup>) Haply, for I am black;  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers <sup>33</sup>) have: Or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years; — yet that's not much; —  
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be — to loath her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;  
Even then this forked plague <sup>34</sup>) is fated to us,  
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself! —  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;  
[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.]  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

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*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;  
[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.]  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;  
[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.]  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.  
[Exit Oth. and Des.]

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out, <sup>35</sup>)  
And give it Iago:  
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?  
*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.  
*Iago.* A thing for me? — it is a common thing.  
*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.  
*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?  
*Emil.* What handkerchief?  
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?  
*Emil.* No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;  
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up. <sup>36</sup>)  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.  
*Emil.* What will you do with it, that you have  
been so earnest  
To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you?  
[Snatching it.]

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you known of't; <sup>37</sup>) I have use for it.  
Go, leave me. [Exit EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison: —  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;  
But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so: —

*Enter OTHELLO.*

Look where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora, <sup>38</sup>)  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. <sup>39</sup>)

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me?  
To me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? no more of that.  
*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the  
rack: —

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord?  
*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?  
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.  
*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, <sup>40</sup>) had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!  
*Iago.* Is it possible? — My lord, —  
*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;  
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;  
[Taking him by the Throat.]  
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this?  
*Oth.* Make me to see it; (or at the least) so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord, —  
*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
Never pray more: abandon all remorse; <sup>41</sup>)  
On horror's head horrors accumulate:  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense? —  
God be wi' you; take mine office. — O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! —  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe. —  
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay: — Thou should'st be honest.  
*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;  
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face. — If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it. — 'Would, I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
I do repent me, that I put it to you.  
\*You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would! nay, I will.  
*Iago.* And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?  
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her tupp'd?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!  
*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible, you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, <sup>42</sup>) as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances, —  
Which lead directly to the door of truth, —  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason <sup>43</sup>) she's disloyal.  
*Iago.* I do not like the office:  
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, —  
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love, —  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, <sup>40</sup>) had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!  
*Iago.* Is it possible? — My lord, —  
*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;  
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;  
[Taking him by the Throat.]  
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this?  
*Oth.* Make me to see it; (or at the least) so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord, —  
*Oth.* If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
Never pray more: abandon all remorse; <sup>41</sup>)  
On horror's head horrors accumulate:  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense? —  
God be wi' you; take mine office. — O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! —  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe. —  
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

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And loses that it works for.

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I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;  
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face. — If there be cords, or knives,  
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Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her tupp'd?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!  
*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible, you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, <sup>42</sup>) as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances, —  
Which lead directly to the door of truth, —  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason <sup>43</sup>) she's disloyal.  
*Iago.* I do not like the office:  
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, —  
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love, —  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;



And being troubled with a raging tooth;  
I could not sleep.  
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
One of this kind is Cassio:  
In sleep I heard him say, — *Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!*  
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,  
Cry — *O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then  
Cry'd — *Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*  
*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!  
*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.  
*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion;<sup>44)</sup>  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.  
*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.  
*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.  
*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this, —  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?  
*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.  
*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handkerchief,  
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.  
*Oth.* If it be that, —  
*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was her's,  
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.  
*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!  
Now do I see 'tis true. — Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:  
'Tis gone. —  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,<sup>45)</sup>  
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy  
fraught,<sup>46)</sup>  
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!  
*Iago.* 'Pray, be content.  
*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!  
*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may  
change.  
*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable<sup>47)</sup> and wide revenge  
Swallow them up. — Now, by yond' marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*]  
I here engage my words.  
*Iago.* Do not rise yet. — [*Kneels.*]  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution<sup>48)</sup> of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work soever.<sup>49)</sup>  
*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-  
teous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.  
*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:  
But let her live.  
*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.  
*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN.

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cas-  
sio lies?  
*Clo.* I dare not say, he lies any where.  
*Des.* Why, man?  
*Clo.* He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier  
lies, is stabbing.  
*Des.* Go to; Where lodges he?  
*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you  
where I lie.  
*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?  
*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to  
devise a lodging, and say — he lies here, or he lies  
there, were to lie in my own throat.  
*Des.* Can you enquire him out, and be edified by  
report?  
*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is,  
make questions, and by them answer.<sup>50)</sup>  
*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I  
have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all  
will be well.  
*Clo.* To do this, is within the compass of man's  
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*]

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief,  
Emilia?  
*Emil.* I know not, madam.  
*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of cruzadoes.<sup>51)</sup> And, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.  
*Emil.* Is he not jealous?  
*Des.* Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,  
Drew all such humours from him.  
*Emil.* Look, where he comes.  
*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be call'd to him. — How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

*Oth.* Well, my good lady: — [*aside*] O, hardness  
to dissemble! —  
How do you, Desdemona?  
*Des.* Well, my good lord.  
*Oth.* Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my  
lady.  
*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.  
*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart; —  
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;<sup>52)</sup>  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.  
*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.  
*Oth.* A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is — hands, not hearts.  
*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.  
*Oth.* What promise, chuck?  
*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.  
*Oth.* I have a salt and sullen rheum<sup>53)</sup> offends me;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.  
*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.  
*Des.* I have it not about me.  
*Oth.* Not?  
*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.  
*Oth.* That is a fault:  
That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she  
kept it,  
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt  
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,  
As nothing else could match.  
*Des.* Is it possible?  
*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it;  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to make two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:  
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;  
And it was died in mummy,<sup>54)</sup> which the skilful  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.  
*Des.* Indeed! is't true?  
*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to't well.  
*Des.* Then 'would to heaven, that I had never  
seen it.  
*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?  
*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash?<sup>55)</sup>  
*Oth.* Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the  
way?  
*Des.* Heaven bless us!  
*Oth.* Say you?  
*Des.* It is not lost; But what an if it were?  
*Oth.* Ha!  
*Des.* I say, it is not lost.  
*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see it.  
*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;  
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;  
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.  
*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.  
*Des.* Come, come;  
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.  
*Oth.* The handkerchief, —  
*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.  
*Oth.* The handkerchief, —  
*Des.* A man that, all his time,  
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;  
Shar'd dangers with you; —  
*Oth.* The handkerchief, —  
*Des.* In sooth,  
You are to blame.  
*Oth.* Away! [*Exit OTHELLO.*]  
*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?  
*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.  
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.  
*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,  
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.  
*Des.* How now, good Cassio? what's the news  
with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,  
That, by your virtuous means, I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,  
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.<sup>56)</sup>

*Des.* Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favour,<sup>57)</sup> as in humour, alter'd.  
So help me, every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best,  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,<sup>58)</sup>  
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.  
*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence, but now,  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.  
*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;<sup>59)</sup>  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother; — And can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;  
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so. — Something, sure, of state, —  
[*Exit IAGO.*]  
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,<sup>60)</sup>  
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 induces<sup>61)</sup>  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense  
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal. —<sup>62)</sup> Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)<sup>63)</sup>  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find, I had soborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.  
*Emil.* Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think:  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day! I never gave him cause.  
*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.  
*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!  
*Emil.* Lady, amen.  
*Des.* I will go seek him. — Cassio, walk hereabout:  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.  
*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.  
[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter BIANCA.

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!  
*Cas.* What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.  
*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,



More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall in a more continuatè time,<sup>64</sup>  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[Giving her *DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.*  
Take me this work out.<sup>65</sup>

*Bian.* O, Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:  
Is it come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Woman, go to!<sup>66</sup>  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance;  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?  
*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?  
*Cas.* Not that I love you not.  
*Bian.* But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,  
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.<sup>67</sup>  
[Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

*Iago.* Will you think so?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago?

*Iago.* What,  
To kiss in private?

*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,  
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?  
It is hypocrisy against the devil:<sup>1</sup>

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, —

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,  
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too;  
May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen;  
They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief, —

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot  
it: —

Thou said'st, — O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all, —<sup>2</sup> he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good, now.  
*Iago.* What, if I had said, I had seen him do you  
wrong?

Or heard him say, — As knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them,<sup>3</sup> cannot choose  
But they must blab — —

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?  
*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?  
*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did, — I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie — —

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her! — We say, lie on  
her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's ful-  
some. — Handkerchief, — confessions, — handker-  
chief. — To confess, and be hanged<sup>4</sup> for his lab-  
our. — First, to be hanged, and then to confess: —  
I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself  
in such shadowing passion, without some instruction.<sup>5</sup>  
It is not words that shake me thus: — Pish! —  
Noses, ears, and lips: — Is it possible? — Con-  
fess! — Handkerchief! — O devil! —

[Falls into a Trance.

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless meet reproach. — What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello! — How now, Cassio?

*Cas.* What is the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you. —

[Exit CASSIO.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven:

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a populous city,  
And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,

May draw with you: there's millions now alive,

That nightly lie in those improper beds,<sup>6</sup>

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,<sup>7</sup>

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;

And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.<sup>8</sup>

Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man.)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,<sup>9</sup>

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;

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For I will make him tell the tale anew, —  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiss;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?  
[OTHELLO withdraws.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,  
That dotes on Cassio, — as 'tis the strumpet's plague,  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one; —  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter. — Here he comes: —

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
And his unbookish jealousy<sup>10</sup> must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,  
Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worse, that you give me the addition,  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[Speaking lower.

How quickly should you speed?

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think 'faith, she loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.  
[Aside.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall marry her:  
Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?<sup>11</sup>  
[Aside.

*Cas.* I marry her! — what? a customer!<sup>12</sup> I  
pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think  
it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so: They laugh that win. [Aside.

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

*Cas.* 'Pr'ythee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me?<sup>13</sup> Well. [Aside.

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is  
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love  
and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.  
[Aside.

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in  
every place. I was, the other day, talking on the  
sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes  
this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my  
neck; —

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture  
imports it. [Aside.

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so  
hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! —

*Oth.* Now he tells, how she plucked him to my  
chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that  
dog I shall throw it to. [Aside.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew!<sup>14</sup> marry, a per-  
fumed one. — What do you mean by this haunting  
of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What  
did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave  
me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must  
take out the whole work? A likely piece of work,  
that you should find it in your chamber, and not  
know who left it there! This is some mix's token,  
and I must take out the work? There, — give it  
your hobby horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take  
out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca? how now?  
how now?

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!  
[Aside.

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may:  
an you will not, come when you are next prepared  
for. [Exit.

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would  
very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* 'Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.

*Oth.* How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O, Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand: and to see how he  
prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it  
him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing: —  
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned  
to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is  
turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.<sup>15</sup>

O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might  
lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is: — So  
delicate with her needle! — An admirable mus-  
ician! — O, she will sing the savageness out of a  
bear! — Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand, a thousand times: — And  
then, of so gentle a condition!<sup>16</sup>

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it,  
Iago! — O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give  
her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it  
comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes: — Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night: — I'll  
not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty  
unprovide my mind again: — this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her  
bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very  
good.

*Iago.* And, for Cassio, — let me be his undertaker.  
You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.

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*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?  
*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,  
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

*Lod.* 'Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior;  
Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord  
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* This fail you not to do, as you will —

*Lod.* He did not call: he's busy in the paper.

*Des.* A most unhappy one; I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lod.* 'May be, the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil!

*Des.* I have not deserv'd this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil! devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, (18)

Each drop she falls (19) would prove a crocodile: —

Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady: —

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress —

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish, that I would make her

turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say, — obedient, —

Very obedient: — Proceed you in your tears. —

Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion!

I am commanded home: — Get you away:

I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice; — Hence, avaunt!

*Exit* DESDEMONA.

Cassio shall have my place. And, — sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and mon-

keys! *Exit.*

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call — all-in-all sufficient? — This the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be, — if, what he might, he is not, —

I would to heaven, he were.

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I

knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create his fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas,

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

## A Room in the Castle.

*Enter* OTHELLO and EMILIA.

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o'the way?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

nothing?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither: — go. —

[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough; — yet she's a simple bawd,

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:

And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter* EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress; [To EMILIA.]

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry — hem, if any body come;

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-

damn'd,

Swear — thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am

I false?

*Oth.* O Desdemona! — away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day! — Why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect,

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at, —

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart; (20)

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

'To knot and gender in! — turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;

Ay, there, look grim as hell! (21)

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay; as summer-flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee. — 'Would, thou had'st

ne'er been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed!

Committed! — O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds. — What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it; What committed!

Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other foul unlawful touch,

Be — not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,

That married with Othello. — You, mistress,

*Re-enter* EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your

pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit.]

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive? —

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* 'Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia:

I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,

But what should go by water. 'Pr'ythee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, — remember; —

And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change, indeed.

[Exit.]

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

*Re-enter* EMILIA, with IAGO.

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it

with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,

As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet. (22)

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

*Emil.* Has she forsook so many noble matches,

Her father, and her country, and her friends,

To be call'd — whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,

Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd, else.



What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: —  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will, — though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement, — love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;  
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might the addition earn,  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;  
The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other, —  
*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant you. [Trumpets.  
Hark how these instruments summon to supper!  
And the great messengers of Venice stay:  
Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.  
*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou dost't me with some device,  
*Iago.* and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st  
from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the  
least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer  
endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in  
peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words,  
and performances, are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself  
out of my means. The jewels you have had  
from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have  
corrupted a votarist: You have told me — she has  
received them, and returned me expectations and  
comforts of sudden respect and acquittance;<sup>26</sup> but  
I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor  
'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very  
scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make  
myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me  
my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent  
my unlawful solicitations; if not, assure yourself, I  
will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest  
intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and  
even, from this instant, do build on thee a better  
opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo:  
Thou hast taken against me a most just  
exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most  
directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and  
your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.  
But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed,  
which I have greater reason to believe now than  
ever, — I mean, purpose, courage, and valour, —

this night show it: if thou the next night following  
enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world  
with treachery, and devise engines for my life.<sup>27</sup>)

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason, and  
compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from  
Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desde-  
mona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes  
away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode  
be lingered here by some accident; wherein none  
can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean — removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's  
place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a  
right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither  
will I go to him; — he knows not yet of his hon-  
ourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence,  
(which I will fashion to fall out between twelve  
and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I  
will be near to second your attempt, and he shall  
fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it,  
but go along with me; I will show you such a ne-  
cessity in his death, that you shall think yourself  
bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-  
time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,  
and Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no  
further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your  
ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir? —

O, — Desdemona, — —

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be re-  
turned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look,  
it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.]

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return incontinent;

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would, you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I; my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, —  
'Pr'ythee, unpin me, — have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on  
the bed.

*Des.* All's one: — Good father! how foolish are  
our minds! —

If I do die before thee, 'pr'ythee, shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd — Barbara;  
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,<sup>28</sup>)

And did forsake her: she had a song of — willow,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head<sup>29</sup>) all at one side,  
And sing it, like poor Barbara. 'Pr'ythee, despatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here. —

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* And he speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice, who would have  
walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his  
nether lip.

I.

*Des.* The poor soul<sup>30</sup>) sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow; [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd

her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd

the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

'Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon. —

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve, —

Nay, that's not next. — Hark! who is it that knocks?

*Emil.* It is the wind.

*Des.* I call'd my love, false love;<sup>31</sup>) but what said  
he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping.

*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I have heard it said so. — O, these men,  
these men! —

Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i'the dark.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price  
for a small vice.

*Des.* Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

*Emil.* By my troth, I think I should; and undo't,  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a  
thing for a joint-ring;<sup>32</sup>) 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.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for  
the whole world.

*Emil.* 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.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many  
To the vantage,<sup>33</sup>) as would store the world they  
play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,

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

And pour out 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<sup>34</sup>) in despite;

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

Yet we have 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 to.<sup>35</sup>)

*Des.* Good night, good night: Heaven me such  
usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will  
he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

[*Retires to a little distance.*]

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons: —

'Tis but a man gone: — forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*]

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the  
sense,

And he grows angry.<sup>1</sup>) Now whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,<sup>2</sup>)

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life,

That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die: — But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he; — Villain, thou diest.

[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.*]

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou think'st;

I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*]

*Rod.* O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in  
the leg,<sup>3</sup>) and exit.*]

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever: — Help, ho! murder!  
murder!

[*Falls.*]



Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: — Iago keeps his word.  
Rod. O, villain, that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.  
Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he; — O brave Iago, honest, and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!  
Thou teachest me, — Minion, your dear lies dead,  
And your fate lies apace: — Strumpet, I come:  
Forth of my heart<sup>4)</sup> those charms, thine eyes, are  
blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.  
[Exit OTHELLO.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?<sup>5)</sup> murder!  
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.  
Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!  
Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans; — it is a heavy night:<sup>6)</sup>  
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe  
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!  
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and  
weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries  
on murder?<sup>7)</sup>

Lod. We do not know.  
Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.  
Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.  
Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?  
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.  
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! —  
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]  
Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.  
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[IAGO STABS RODERIGO.]  
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog! —

O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i'the dark! — Where be these  
bloody thieves? —

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!  
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.  
Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.  
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt  
By villains.

Gra. Cassio?  
Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.  
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! —

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?  
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! — Cassio, may you  
suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?  
Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to  
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So. — O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints: — O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury. —

Patience a while, good Cassio. — Come, come;  
Lend me a light. — Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,  
Roderigo? no: — Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?  
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.  
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.  
Iago. How do you, Cassio? — O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!  
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: — O, that's well said; —

the chair: — [A Chair brought in.]  
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. — For you, mistress,  
[To BIANCA.]

Save you your labour. — He that lies slain here,  
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?  
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To BIANCA.] What, look you pale? — O bear  
him out o'the air.

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.]  
Stay you, good gentlemen. —<sup>8)</sup> Look you pale,  
mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? —  
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon: —

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;  
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter,  
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,  
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.  
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. — 'Pr'ythee,  
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night: —  
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore  
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.  
Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,  
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fye upon thee!  
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
dress'd: —

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale. —  
Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd. —  
Will you go on, I pray? This is the night, [Aside]

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.<sup>9)</sup>  
[Exit]

XXXVII.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in Bed, asleep.  
A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, —  
Let me not name it<sup>10)</sup> to you, you chaste stars! —  
It is the cause. — Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his Sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light:<sup>11)</sup>

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me: — but once put out thine,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd  
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither: — I'll smell it on the tree. —

[Kissing her.]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! — One more, one more. —

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after: — One more, and this the last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;

It strikes, where it doth love. — She wakes —  
Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.  
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?  
Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?  
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No, — Heaven forefend. — I would not kill thy  
soul.<sup>12)</sup>

Des. Talk you of killing?  
Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven  
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!  
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!  
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I  
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.  
Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.  
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving. —  
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!  
Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and  
gave thee,  
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;  
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath,  
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.  
Des. And have you mercy too! — I never did  
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his  
hand.

O perjurd woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do, —  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:<sup>13)</sup>

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;  
I never gave it him: — Send for him hither,  
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.  
Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee.  
Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.  
Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.<sup>14)</sup>

Des. My fear interprets then, — What, is he dead?  
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.  
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my  
face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.  
Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.  
Oth. Nay, if you strive, —

Des. But half an hour.  
Oth. Being done,  
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.  
Oth. It is too late.<sup>15)</sup> [He smothers her.]

Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho! my  
lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? — Not dead! not yet  
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain. —  
So, so.

Emil. [Within.] What ho, my lord! my lord!  
Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord, I would speak  
a word with you.

Oth. Yes; — 'tis Emilia: — by and by. — She's  
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;  
The noise was high. — Ha! no more moving?  
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?  
I think, she stirs again: — No. — What's the best?  
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:  
My wife! my wife! what wife? — I have no wife:  
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Within.] I do beseech you, I may speak  
with you.

O, good my lord!  
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia: —  
Soft, — by and by: — Let me the curtains draw. —  
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
[Unlocks the Door.]

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Enter EMILIA.

*Emil.* O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

*Oth.* What? now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord!

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;  
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd — Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd?

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice: —  
Help! help, ho! help! — O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done  
This deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell:  
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so; I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.<sup>16)</sup>

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.<sup>17)</sup>

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy  
husband.

*Emil.* O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with  
love! —<sup>18)</sup>

My husband say, that she was false?

*Oth.* He, woman;

I say, thy husband; Dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.* Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,

Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt.<sup>19)</sup> O gull! O dolt!  
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed, —  
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives: — Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter! — How now, general?  
*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him, she was false?  
*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie: —

She false with Cassio! — Did you say with Cassio?  
*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your  
tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound  
to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

*All.* O heavens forfend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villainy, villainy, villainy! —  
I think upon't, — I think, — I smell't; — O villainy!

I thought so then; —<sup>20)</sup> I'll kill myself for grief. —  
O villainy, villainy!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you  
home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;  
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [*Hanging over his Wife.*]

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar:  
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul! — [*Rising.*]  
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopp'd;

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:  
And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;

It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!  
*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out; — I hold my peace,  
sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal<sup>21)</sup> as the air;  
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

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*Emil.* I will not.  
[*IAGO offers to stab his Wife.*  
Fye!

*Gra.* Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou  
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;  
For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)

He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villainous whore!  
*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,  
And I did give't my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest.  
By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:

O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife?

[*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.*  
*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
But what serve for the thunder? —<sup>22)</sup> Precious  
villain!

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side!

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,  
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,  
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,  
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*  
*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
But every puny whipster gets my sword: —  
But why should honour outlive honesty?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady?  
Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,  
And die in music; — *Willow, willow, willow.* —  
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;  
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;  
So speaking as I think, I die, — I die. [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber,  
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper; —<sup>23)</sup>  
O, here it is: — Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee  
dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter?  
*Oth.* Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,  
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop: — But, O vain boast!  
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now. —  
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires; — Where should Othello go? —  
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!  
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?  
Even like thy chastity. —  
O cursed, cursed slave! — Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! —  
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?  
Dead? O! O! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a  
Chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate  
man?

*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet; —<sup>24)</sup> but that's  
a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.  
[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.  
*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;  
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou, Othello, that was once so good,  
Fall'n in the practice<sup>25)</sup> of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:  
An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.  
*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.  
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: What you know, you  
know:  
From this time forth I never will speak word.  
*Lod.* What? not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.  
*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.  
*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
And here, another: the one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!  
*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!  
*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain:  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff! —  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's?  
*Cas.* I found it in my chamber:  
And he himself confess'd, but even now,  
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.  
*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!  
*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter, —  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead, — Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.  
*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us;  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave, —  
If there be any cunning cruelty,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state: — Come, bring him away.

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*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two, before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they  
know it;

No more of that: — I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you  
speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe; <sup>26)</sup> of one, whose subdu'd  
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:  
And say, besides, — that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him — thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.* All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee; — No way  
but this, [*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;  
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* O Spartan dog, <sup>27)</sup>  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To IAGO.*]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight; —

Let it be hid. — Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you. — To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure <sup>28)</sup> of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture, — O enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]