

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
Othello: The Moore of Venice

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) needs no introduction. He is considered by many to be the greatest writer who ever lived. He wrote 37 plays in addition to a sonnet sequence and other poems. *Othello* is believed to have been written in 1603.

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, shouldst know of this.
Iago: 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Roderigo: 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, 10
Off-capp'd to him: 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
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician, 20
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practise,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof 30
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.
 Roderigo: By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
 Iago: Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of service,
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affined 40
 To love the Moor.
 Roderigo: 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: 50
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them and when they have lined their coats
 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; 60
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
 Roderigo: What a full fortune does the thicklips owe
 If he can carry't thus!
 Iago: Call up her father, 70
 Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
 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.
 Roderigo: 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. 80

Roderigo: What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago: Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio appears above, at a window

Roderigo: What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Roderigo: Signior, is all your family within?

Iago: Are your doors lock'd?

Brabantio: Why, wherefore ask you this? 90

Iago ' Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is topping 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.

Brabantio: What, have you lost your wits?

Roderigo: Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Brabantio: Not I what are you? 100

Roderigo: My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio: The worser welcome:

I have charged 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 distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Roderigo: Sir, sir, sir,—

Brabantio: But thou must needs be sure 110

My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo: Patience, good sir.

Brabantio: What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Roderigo: 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 and you think we are ruffians,
you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your
nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for
germans. 120

Brabantio: 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.

Brabantio: Thou art a villain.

Iago: You are—a senator.

Brabantio: This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Roderigo: Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent, 130

As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,

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,

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, 140

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 and wheeling stranger

Of here and everywhere. 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.

Brabantio: Strike on the tinder, ho! 150

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 above

Iago: Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—

Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,

However this may gall him with some cheque,

Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd 160

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,

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 the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

170

Exit

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches

Brabantio: It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
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 she deceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers:
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Roderigo: Truly, I think they are.

Brabantio: 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. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

180

Roderigo: Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Brabantio: Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

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

190

Brabantio: 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

SCENE II. Another Street

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches

Iago: Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Othello: '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, 10
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico 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.

Othello: Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory 20
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, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted 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 unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond? 30

Iago: Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Othello: 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.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches

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

Cassio: The duke does greet you, general, 40
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Othello: What is the matter, think you?

Cassio: Something from Cyprus as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys

Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, raised 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 guests
To search you out.

50

Othello: 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Exit

Cassio: Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago: 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cassio: I do not understand.
Iago: He's married.
Cassio: To who?

60

Re-enter Othello

Iago: Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Othello: Have with you.
Cassio: Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago: It is Brabantio. General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons

Othello: Holla! stand there!
Roderigo: Signior, it is the Moor.
Brabantio: Down with him, thief!
[They draw on both sides]
Iago: You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
Othello: Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

70

Brabantio: 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 shunned
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

80

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.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion: I'll have't 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.

90

Othello: 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?

Brabantio: To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

100

Othello: 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?

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

110

Brabantio: 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 shall our statesmen be.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending

Duke of Venice: There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

First Senator: Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke of Venice: And mine, a hundred and forty.

Second Senator: And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

10

Duke of Venice: 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!

First Officer: A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor

Duke of Venice: Now, what's the business?

Sailor: The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

20

Duke of Venice: How say you by this change?

First Senator: This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: '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 bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
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 unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

30

Duke of Venice: Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

First Officer: Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger: The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoined them with an after fleet.

40

First Senator: Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Messenger: Of thirty sail: and now they do restem
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 of Venice: 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Senator: He's now in Florence.

50

Duke of Venice: Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Senator: Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers

Duke of Venice: Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[To Brabantio]: I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.

Brabantio: So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised 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.

60

Duke of Venice: Why, what's the matter?

Brabantio: My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Senators: Dead?

Brabantio: Ay, to me;

She is abused, 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.

70

Duke of Venice: Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled 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.

Brabantio: 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.

80

Duke Of Venice: Senator

We are very sorry for't.

Duke Of Venice: [*To Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Brabantio: Nothing, but this is so.

Othello: Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her: 90

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action 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 patience, 100
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 charged withal,
I won his daughter.

Brabantio: 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, everything, 110
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 practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke Of Venice: To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test 120
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Senator: 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?

Othello: I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father: 130

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 Of Venice: Fetch Desdemona hither.

Othello: 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, 140
And she in mine.

Duke Of Venice: Say it, Othello.

Othello: Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field 150
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres 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. This to hear 160
Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
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 intentively: I did consent, 170
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 loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story. 180
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants

Duke Of Venice: 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. 190

Brabantio: 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?

Desdemona: 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 200
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.

Brabantio: God be wi' 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: 210
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 Of Venice: Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
 Which, as a guise or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour.
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended 220
 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 preserved 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.

Brabantio: So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile. 230
 He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
 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 bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke Of Venice: 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 240
 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 with this more stubborn and boisterous
 expedition.

Othello: The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnise
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness, and do undertake 250
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife.
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke Of Venice: If you please,
 Be't at her father's.

Brabantio: I'll not have it so.

Othello: Nor I.

Desdemona: Nor I; I would not there reside, 260
 To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,

To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke Of Venice: What would You, Desdemona?

Desdemona: That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honour 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.

270

Othello: Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction.
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend 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 seal with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
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!

280

290

Duke Of Venice: Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Senator: You must away to-night.

Desdemona: Tonight, my lord?

Duke Of Venice: This night.

Othello: With all my heart.

300

Duke Of Venice: 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.

Othello: So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honest and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

310

Duke Of Venice: Let it be so.

Good night to everyone.[*To Brabantio.*]

And, noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Senator: Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

Brabantio: Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

Exeunt Duke Of Venice, Senators, Officers

Othello My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee:

320

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her:

And bring them after in the best advantage.

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

Roderigo: Iago,—

Iago: What say'st thou, noble heart?

Roderigo: What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago: Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Roderigo: I will incontinently drown myself.

330

Iago: If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why,
thou silly gentleman!

Roderigo: It is silliness to live when to live is torment; 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 distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never
found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would
drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity
with a baboon.

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

340

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 sterile 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 unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion. 350

Roderigo: It cannot be.

Iago: It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed 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 money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money 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 answerable sequestration:—put but money in thy purse. 360
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 and a supersubtle Venetian 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. 370

Roderigo: 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, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! Go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo: Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago: At my lodging.

Roderigo: I'll be with thee betimes. 380

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

Roderigo: What say you?

Iago: No more of drowning, do you hear?

Roderigo: I am changed: I'll go sell all my land.

Exit

Iago: 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, 390

Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
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
In double knavery—How, how? Let's 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, framed 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.

400

Exit

ACT II

SCENE I. A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen

Montano: What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gentleman: Nothing at all: it is a highwrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Montano: 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?

Second Gentleman: A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

10

Montano: If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd:
It is impossible they bear it out.

20

Enter a Third Gentleman

Third Gentleman: News, lads! 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.

Montano: How! is this true?

Third Gentleman: The ship is here put in,

A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

30

Montano: I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gentleman: 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.

Montano: Pray heavens he be;

For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, 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.

40

Third Gentleman: Come, let's do so:

For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio

Cassio: Thanks, you 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 us him on a dangerous sea.

50

Montano: Is he well shipp'd?

Cassio: His bark is stoutly timber'd, his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure. [*A cry within "A sail, a sail, a sail!"*]

Enter a fourth Gentleman

Cassio: What noise?

Fourth Gentleman: The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

Cassio: My hopes do shape him for the governor. [*Guns heard*]

Second Gentlemen: They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least. 60

Cassio: I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Second Gentleman: I shall. **[Exit]**

Montano: But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

Cassio: Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener. 70

Re-enter Second Gentleman

How now! who has put in?

Second Gentleman: 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cassio: 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, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Montano: What is she? 80

Cassio: 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'night'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!

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants

O, behold, 90
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!

Desdemona: I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cassio: He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
But that he's well and will be shortly here.

Desdemona: O, but I fear—How lost you company? 100
Cassio: The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.
[*Within*] 'A sail, a sail!' [*Guns heard*]
Second Gentleman: They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.
Cassio: See for the news.

Exit Second Gentleman

Good ancient, you are welcome.
[Kissing Emilia] Welcome, mistress.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding 110
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.
Iago: Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'll have enough.
Desdemona: 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. 120
Emilia: You have little cause to say so.
Iago: Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives' in your beds.
Desdemona: O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago: Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.
Emilia: You shall not write my praise.
Iago: No, let me not. 130
Desdemona: What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst
praise me?
Iago: O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.
Desdemona: Come on assay. There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago: Ay, madam.
Desdemona: I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iago: I am about it; but indeed my invention 140
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.

Desdemona: Well praised! 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.

Desdemona: Worse and worse.

Emilia: How if fair and foolish? 150

Iago: She never yet was foolish that was fair;
 For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Desdemona: 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.

Desdemona: O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise
 couldst 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?

Iago: She that was ever fair and never proud, 160
 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,— 170

Desdemona: To do what?

Iago: To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Desdemona: O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him,
 Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a
 most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cassio: 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 thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if 180
 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. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so,
 indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes
 for your sake! [*Trumpet within*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cassio: 'Tis truly so.

Desdemona: Let's meet him and receive him.

Cassio: Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants

Othello: O my fair warrior!

Desdemona: My dear Othello! 190

Othello: 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 200
Succeeds in unknown fate.

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

Othello: 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 [*They Kiss*]
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago: [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now! 210
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Othello: Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers: 220
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.

Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants

Iago [*To an attendant*]: Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. [*To Roderigo*] 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

tonight watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Roderigo: With him? Why, 'tis not possible. 230

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 240 unforced position—who stands so eminent 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 slipper and subtle knave, a finder 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 look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Roderigo: I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago: Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been 250 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?

Roderigo: 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. Villanous 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 260 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 his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Roderigo: Well.

Iago: Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply 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 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; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity. 270

Roderigo: 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.

Roderigo: 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; 280
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'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong 290
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
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—
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 confused: 300
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

Exit

SCENE II. Cyprus: A Street

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following

Herald: It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere 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 nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

Exit All

SCENE III. Cyprus: The Citadel

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants

Othello: Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

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

Othello: Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. [*To Desdemona*]
Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.

10

Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants. Enter Iago

Cassio: Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

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

Cassio: She's a most exquisite lady.

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

Cassio: Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

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

Cassio: An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago: And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cassio: She is indeed perfection.

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

Cassio: Not tonight, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking:
I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of
entertainment.

20

30

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

Cassio: I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified 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.

Cassio: Where are they?

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

Cassio: I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

Exit

Iago: If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already, 40
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
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 of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards, 50
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,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen [*Servants following with wine.*]

Cassio: 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Montano: Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago: Some wine, ho! [*Sings*]

“And let me the canakin clink, clink;

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!

Cassio: 'Fore God, 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.

Cassio: 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 Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
pottle can be filled. 70

Cassio: To the health of our general!

Montano: I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago: O sweet England! [*He sings*]

“King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree: 80
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

Some wine, ho!

Cassio: Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago: Will you hear't again?

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

Iago: It's true, good lieutenant.

Cassio: For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality, 90
—I hope to be saved.

Iago: And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cassio: 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: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and
speak well enough.

Gentlemen: Excellent well.

Cassio: Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. 100

Exit

Montano: 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.

Montano: But is he often thus? 110

Iago 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Montano: 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 [*Aside to him*]: How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. 120

Exit Roderigo

Montano: And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

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

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo

Cassio: Zounds! You rogue! you rascal! 130

Montano: What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cassio: A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Roderigo: Beat me!

Cassio: Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking Roderigo*]

Montano: Nay, good lieutenant. [*Restraining him.*] I pray you, sir, hold your
hand.

Cassio: Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazard.

Montano: Come, come, you're drunk.

Cassio: Drunk? [*They fight*] 140

Iago [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny.

Exit Roderigo

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed! [*A bell rings*]
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed forever.

Enter Othello and Attendants

Othello: What is the matter here?

Montano: 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death. [*He thrusts at Cassio.*]

Othello: Hold, for your lives! 150

Iago: Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir—Montano,—gentlemen,—
 Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
 Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

Othello: 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
 Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
 Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle 160
 From her propriety. 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, and in terms like bride and groom
 Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
 As if some planet had unwitted men—
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds; 170
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Othello: How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
 Cassio: I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Othello: 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 180
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Montano: 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 be sometimes a vice,
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin
 When violence assails us. 190

Othello: Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
 And passion, having my best judgment collid,
 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 approved in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me. What! in a town of war, 200
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
 'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?
 Montano: If partially affined, or leagued 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; 210
 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 determined sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman [*indicating Montano*]
 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, 220
 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 cannot I report:
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, 230
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.
 Othello: 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 raised up!
I'll make thee an example. 240

Desdemona: What's the matter?

Othello: All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:

Lead him off. [*Montano 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 waked with strife.

Exit all but Iago and Cassio

Iago: What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cassio: Ay, past all surgery. 250

Iago: Marry, heaven forbid!

Cassio: Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have
lost the immortal part 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 sense 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, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as
one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to
him again, and he's yours. 260

Cassio: 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? 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?

Cassio: I know not.

Iago: Is't possible? 270

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

Iago: Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cassio: 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 moraler: 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. 280

Cassio: 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.

Cassio: I have well approved it, sir. I am drunk!

Iago: You or any man living may be drunk! at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: 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 help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, 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 worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 290

Cassio: You advise me well.

Iago: I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness. 300

Cassio: 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.

Cassio: 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 to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue 310
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. 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,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! 320
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for whiles 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 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.

330

Enter Roderigo

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo: I do follow here in the chase, 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 again 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 awhile. 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.

340

350

Exit Roderigo

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 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 chamber of Othello and Desdemona

Enter Cassio and some Musicians

Cassio: Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [*They play.*]

Enter Clown

Clown: Why masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i'
the nose thus?

First Musician: How, sir, how!

Clown: Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Musician: Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown: O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Musician: Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown: 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,
for love's sake, to make no more noise with it. 10

First Musician: Well, sir, we will not.

Clown: 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.

First Musician: We have none such, sir.

Clown: Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air;
away!

Exit Musicians

Cassio: Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown: No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you. 20

Cassio: Prithee, keep up thy quilllets. 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?

Clown: She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cassio: Do, good my friend.

Exit Clown

Enter Iago

In happy time, Iago.

Iago: You have not been a-bed, then?

Cassio: Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her 30

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.

Cassio: I humbly thank you for't.

Exit Iago

I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia

Emilia: Good morrow, good Lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well. 40
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.

Cassio: Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done, 50
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emilia: Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cassio: I am much bound to you

Exeunt

SCENE II: A room in the citadel

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen

Othello: These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

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

Othello: This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?
Gentleman: We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt

SCENE III: The garden of the citadel

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia

Desdemona: Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emilia: Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his. 10

Desdemona: O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cassio: Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Desdemona: I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a polite distance. 20

Cassio: 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.

Desdemona: 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 30
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 everything 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]

Emilia: Madam, here comes my lord.

Cassio: Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desdemona: Why, stay, and hear me speak. 40

Cassio: Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Desdemona: Well, do your discretion.

Exit Cassio

Iago: Ha! I like not that.
Othello: What dost thou say?
Iago: Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Othello: 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. 50
Othello: I do believe 'twas he.
Desdemona: How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Othello: Who is't you mean?
Desdemona: 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, 60
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.
Othello: Went he hence now?
Desdemona: Ay, sooth; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Othello: Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Desdemona: But shall't be shortly?
Othello: The sooner, sweet, for you.
Desdemona: Shall't be to-night at supper? 70
Othello: No, not to-night.
Desdemona: To-morrow dinner, then?
Othello: I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Desdemona: Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I prithee, 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 80
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
To incur a private cheque. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello, I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so 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,—
Othello: Prithee, no more: let him come when he will; 90
I will deny thee nothing.

Desdemona: 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 a 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 poise and difficult weight
And fearful to be granted.

Othello: I will deny thee nothing: 100
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Desdemona: Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Othello: Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee straight.

Desdemona: Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

Exit Desdemona and Emilia

Othello: 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— 110

Othello: What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago: Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Othello: He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago: But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Othello: Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago: I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello: O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago: Indeed? 120

Othello: Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago: Honest, my lord!

Othello: Honest, ay, honest.

Iago: My lord, for aught I know.

Othello: What dost thou think?

Iago: Think, my lord?

Othello: "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 something: 130
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst 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.

Othello: I think thou dost; 140
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest 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 delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

Iago: For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Othello: I think so too. 150

Iago: Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Othello: Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago: Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Othello: Nay, yet there's more in this.
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago: Good my lord, pardon me: 160
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?

Othello: Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts. 170

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—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would 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.

180

Othello: 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:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello: By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

190

Iago: You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Othello: Ha!

Iago: O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on; 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!

Othello: O misery!

200

Iago: Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless 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!

Othello: Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a lie of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. '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:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw

210

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; 220
 And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago: I am glad of it; 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, be abused; look to't: 230
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Othello: Dost thou say so?

Iago: She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
 She loved them most.

Othello: And so she did.

Iago: Why, go to then; 240
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up close as oak-
 He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.

Othello: I am bound to thee forever.

Iago: I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Othello: Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago: I' faith, I fear it has. 250
 I hope you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved:
 I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion.

Othello: 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're moved.

Othello: No, not much moved: 260
 I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago: Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Othello: 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,
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.

270

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

Iago [*Going*]: My lord, I take my leave.

Othello: Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

280

Iago: [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
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 awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
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.

290

Othello: Fear not my government.

Iago: I once more take my leave.

Exit

Othello: This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To pray at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—
She's gone. I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

300

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; 310
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague 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't.
Desdemona: How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Othello: I am to blame. 320
Desdemona: Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Othello: I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Desdemona: 'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
[*She offers her handkerchief.*]
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Othello: Your napkin is too little:
[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.*]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you. 330
Desdemona: I am very sorry that you are not well.

Exit Othello and Desdemona

Emilia: [*Picking up the handkerchief*] 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 conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago. What he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I; 340
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago

Iago: How now! what do you here alone?
Emilia: Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago: A thing for me? it is a common thing—

Emilia: Ha!

Iago: To have a foolish wife.

Emilia: O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago: What handkerchief?

Emilia: What handkerchief? 350

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago: Hast stol'n it from her?

Emilia: No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence.
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago: A good wench; give it me.

Emilia: What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago [*Snatching it*]: Why, what's that to you? 360

Emilia: If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago: Be not acknown on 't.

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. 370
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:
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Enter Othello

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Othello: Ha! ha! false to me? 380

Iago: Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Othello: Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.

Iago: How now, my lord!

Othello: What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't 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 stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

390

Iago: I am sorry to hear this.

Othello: I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, 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 dead clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

400

Iago: Is't possible, my lord?

Othello: Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof:
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath!

410

Iago: Is't come to this?

Othello: Make me to see't; 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,—

Othello: If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

420

Iago: O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool.
That livest 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, sith love breeds such offence. 430

Othello: Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest.

Iago: I should be wise, for honesty's a fool
 And loses that it works for.

Othello: 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 begrimed and black
 As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, 440
 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?

Othello: Would? Nay, I will.

Iago: And may: but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on—
 Behold her topp'd?

Othello: Death and damnation! O!

Iago: It were a tedious difficulty, I think, 450
 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, 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, 460
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

Othello: Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago: I do not like the office.
 But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
 Prick'd to't 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: 470
 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
Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!'

Othello: O monstrous! monstrous! 480

Iago: Nay, this was but his dream.

Othello: But this denoted a foregone conclusion:

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago: And this may help to thicken other proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello: 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?

490

Othello: 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.

Othello: If it be that—

Iago: If it be that, or any that was hers,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Othello: 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 do I blow to heaven.

'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

500

Iago: Yet be content.

Othello: O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago: Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Othello: Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,

510

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 and wide revenge

Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,

[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred vow

I here engage my words.

Iago: Do not rise yet. [*Kneels*] 520
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise*]
Othello: I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't: 530
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.
Othello: 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 forever.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Before the Citadel.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown

Desdemona: Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clown: I dare not say he lies anywhere.
Desdemona: Why, man?
Clown: He's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.
Desdemona: Go to: where lodges he?
Clown: To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Desdemona: Can anything be made of this?
Clown: 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 mine own throat.
Desdemona: Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report? 10
Clown: I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by
them answer.
Desdemona: Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord
on his behalf, and hope all will be well.
Clown: To do this is within the compass of man's wit: and therefore I will
attempt the doing it.

Exit

Desdemona: Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emilia: I know not, madam.

Desdemona: Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes: 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.

Emilia: Is he not jealous?

Desdemona: Who, he? I think the sun where he was born

Drew all such humours from him.

Emilia: Look, where he comes.

Desdemona: I will not leave him now till Cassio

Be call'd to him.

20

Enter Othello

How is't with you, my lord

Othello: Well, my good lady. [*Aside*]

O, hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Desdemona: Well, my good lord.

Othello: Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona: It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello: 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;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Desdemona: You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello: A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Desdemona: I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Othello: What promise, chuck?

Desdemona: I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Othello: I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Desdemona: Here, my lord.

Othello: That which I gave you.

Desdemona: I have it not about me.

Othello: Not?

Desdemona: No, indeed, my lord.

Othello: That is a fault.

That handkerchief

30

40

50

Did an Egyptian to my mother give; 60
 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 gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathed 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 on't;
 Make it a darling like your precious eye; 70
 To lose't or give't away were such perdition
 As nothing else could match.

Desdemona: Is't possible?
 Othello: 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
 A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
 And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
 Conserved of maidens' hearts. 80

Desdemona: Indeed! is't true?
 Othello: Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
 Desdemona: Then would to God that I had never seen't!
 Othello: Ha! wherefore?
 Desdemona: Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
 Othello: Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?
 Desdemona: Heaven bless us!
 Othello: Say you?
 Desdemona: It is not lost; but what an if it were?
 Othello: How! 90
 Desdemona: I say, it is not lost.
 Othello: Fetch't, let me see't.
 Desdemona: Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
 This is a trick to put me from my suit:
 Pray you, let Cassio be received again.
 Othello: Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
 Desdemona: Come, come;
 You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
 Othello: The handkerchief!
 Desdemona: I pray, talk me of Cassio. 100
 Othello: The handkerchief!
 Desdemona: A man that all his time
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
 Shared dangers with you,—
 Othello: The handkerchief!

Desdemona: In sooth, you are to blame.
Othello: Away!

Exit Othello

Emilia: Is not this man jealous?

Desdemona: I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief: 110
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emilia: 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
To eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband!

Enter Cassio and Iago

Iago [*To Cassio*]: There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Desdemona: How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cassio: Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again 120

Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purposed 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 forced content,

And shut myself up in some other course, 130

To fortune's alms.

Desdemona: 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 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

For my free speech! you must awhile be patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will 140

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago: Is my lord angry?

Emilia: 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,
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. 150
Desdemona: I prithee, do so.

Exit Iago

Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practise
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods, 160
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emilia: Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Desdemona: Alas the day! I never gave him cause. 170

Emilia: 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.

Desdemona: Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emilia: Lady, amen.

Desdemona: 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.

Cassio: I humbly thank your ladyship. 180

Exit Desdemona and Emilia

Enter Bianca

Bianca: Save you, friend Cassio!

Cassio: What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bianca: 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!

Cassio: Pardon me, Bianca: 190
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief*]
Take me this work out.

Bianca: O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio: Go to, woman! 200
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.

Bianca: Why, whose is it?

Cassio: 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.

Bianca: Leave you! wherefore? 210

Cassio: I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bianca: Why, I pray you?

Cassio: Not that I love you not.

Bianca: 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.

Cassio: 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon. 220

Bianca: 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. Cyprus. Before the Citadel

Enter Othello and Iago

Iago: Will you think so?

Othello: Think so, Iago!

Iago: What,

To kiss in private?

Othello: An unauthorized kiss.

Iago: Or to be naked with her friend in bed

An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Othello: Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

10

Iago: So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.

But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Othello: What then?

Iago: Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Othello: 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:

ut, for the handkerchief,—

20

Othello: By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou said'st, it comes o'er my memory,

As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago: Ay, what of that?

Othello: 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, cannot choose

But they must blab—

30

Othello; Hath he said anything?

Iago: He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,

No more than he'll unswear.

Othello: What hath he said?

Iago: 'Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.

Othello: What? what?

40

Iago: Lie—

Othello: With her?

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

Othello: Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour; —first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil!—*[Falls in a trance]*

Iago: Work on, 50
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio

How now, Cassio!
Cassio: What's the matter?
Iago: My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cassio: Rub him about the temples.
Iago: No, forbear; 60
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?
Othello: Dost thou mock me?
Iago: I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man! 70
Othello: 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.
Othello: Did he confess it?
Iago: Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock, 80
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Othello: O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago: Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed 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 promised. Do but encave yourself,

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

That dwell in every region of his face;

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.

90

100

Othello: 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 stands apart*]

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 beguiled by one:

He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain

From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

110

Enter Cassio

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;

And his unbookish jealousy must construe

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behavior,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cassio: The worser that you give me the addition

Whose want even kills me.

Iago: Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.

[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianco's power,

How quickly should you speed!

Cassio: Alas, poor caitiff!

Othello [*aside*]: Look, how he laughs already!

Iago: I never knew woman love man so.

Cassio: Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

120

Othello: Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
Iago: Do you hear, Cassio?
Othello: Now he importunes him
 To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.
Iago: She gives it out that you shall marry her. 130
 Do you intend it?
Cassio: Ha, ha, ha!
Othello: Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?
Cassio: I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit:
 do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Othello: So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.
Iago: 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.
Cassio: Prithee, say true.
Iago: I am a very villain else.
Othello: Have you scored me? Well. 140
Cassio: 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.
Othello: Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
Cassio: 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 the
 bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—
 [*He embraces Iago*]
Othello: Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were: his gesture imports it.
Cassio: So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me:
 ha, ha, ha!
Othello: Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose 150
 of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.
Cassio: Well, I must leave her company.
Iago: Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter Bianca

Cassio: 'Tis such another fitchew! marry a perfumed one. What do you mean by
 this haunting of me?
Bianca: 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 work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in
 your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token,
 and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: 160
 wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.
Cassio: How now, my sweet Bianca! how now? how now?
Othello: By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!
Bianca: An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when
 you are next prepared for.

Exit Bianca

Iago: After her, after her.
Cassio: 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.
Iago: Will you sup there?
Cassio: 'Faith, I intend so.
Iago: Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you. 170
Cassio: Prithee, come; will you?
Iago: Go to; say no more.

Exit Cassio

Othello [*Advancing*]: How shall I murder him, Iago?
Iago: Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?
Othello: O Iago!
Iago: And did you see the handkerchief?
Othello: 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.
Othello: I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! 180
a sweet woman!
Iago: Nay, you must forget that.
Othello: 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. 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.
Othello: Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an
admirable musician: O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of
so high and plenteous wit and invention! 190
Iago: She's the worse for all this.
Othello: O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!
Iago: Ay, too gentle.
Othello: 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.
Othello: I will chop her into messes: cuckold me?
Iago: O, 'tis foul in her.
Othello: With mine officer!
Iago: That's fouler. 200
Othello: 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.
Othello: Good, good! The justice of it pleases. Very good.
Iago: And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.
Othello: Excellent good. [*A trumpet within*] 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

Lodovico: Save you, worthy general!

Othello: With all my heart, sir.

210

Lodovico [*Gives him a letter*]: The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

Othello: I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*He opens the letter, and reads.*]

Desdemona: And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago: I am very glad to see you, signior

 Welcome to Cyprus.

Lodovico: I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago: Lives, sir.

Desdemona: Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

 An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othello: Are you sure of that?

220

Desdemona: My lord?

Othello [*Reads*]: "This fail you not to do, as you will—"

Lodovico: He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

 Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Desdemona: A most unhappy one: I would do much

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

Othello: Fire and brimstone!

Desdemona: My lord?

Othello: Are you wise?

Desdemona: What, is he angry?

230

Lodovico: May be the letter moved him;

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

 Deputing Cassio in his government.

Desdemona: Trust me, I am glad on't.

Othello: Indeed!

Desdemona: My lord?

Othello: I am glad to see you mad.

Desdemona: Why, sweet Othello,—

Othello: [*Striking her*] Devil!

Desdemona: I have not deserved this.

240

Lodovico: My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

 Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much.

 Make her amends; she weeps.

Othello: O devil, devil!

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

 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

 Out of my sight!

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

Lodovico: Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 250

Othello: Mistress!

Desdemona [*Returning*]: My lord?

Othello: What would you with her, sir?

Lodovico: Who, I, my lord?

Othello: 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!

260

Exit Desdemona

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

Exit Othello

Lodovico: Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce?

270

Iago: He is much changed.

Lodovico: Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago: He's 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!

Lodovico: What, strike his wife!

Iago: 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!

Lodovico: Is it his use?

280

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this 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.

Lodovico: I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A room in the citadel

Enter Othello and Emilia

Othello: You have seen nothing then?

Emilia: Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Othello: Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia: But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Othello: What, did they never whisper?

Emilia: Never, my lord.

Othello: Nor send you out o' the way?

Emilia: Never.

Othello: To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing? 10

Emilia: Never, my lord.

Othello: That's strange.

Emilia: 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 have 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. 20

Othello: 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 villanous secrets
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia

Desdemona: My lord, what is your will?

Othello: Pray, chuck, come hither.

Desdemona: What is your pleasure?

Othello: Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face. 30

Desdemona: What horrible fancy's this?

Othello: [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough, or cry 'hem,' if anybody come:
Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch.

Exit Emilia

Desdemona [*Kneeling*]: Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words.
But not the words.

Othello: Why, what art thou?

Desdemona: Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife. 40

Othello: 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.

Desdemona: Heaven doth truly know it.

Othello: Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Desdemona: To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

Othello: O Desdemona! away! away! away!

Desdemona: Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep? 50
Am I the motive 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.

Othello: Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had they 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, 60
I should have found in some place 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!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
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 70
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Desdemona: I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Othello: 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 hadst
ne'er been born!

Desdemona: Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? 80

Othello: 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! 90
Impudent strumpet!

Desdemona: By heaven, you do me wrong.

Othello: Are you not a strumpet?

Desdemona: 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.

Othello: What, not a whore?

Desdemona: No, as I shall be saved.

Othello: Is't possible? 100

Desdemona: O, heaven forgive us!

Othello: I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*] You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Enter Emilia

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains.
[*He gives her money.*] I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

Exit Othello

Emilia: Alas, what does this gentleman conceive? 110

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

Desdemona: 'Faith, half asleep.

Emilia: Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Desdemona: With who?

Emilia: Why, with my lord, madam.

Desdemona: Who is thy lord?

Emilia: He that is yours, sweet lady.

Desdemona: I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, tonight
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.

120

Emilia: Here's a change indeed!

Exit Emilia

Desdemona: 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia with Iago

Iago: What is your pleasure, madam?

How is't with you?

Desdemona: 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.

130

Iago: What's the matter, lady?

Emilia: Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her.

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Desdemona: Am I that name, Iago?

Iago: What name, fair lady?

Desdemona: Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emilia: He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

140

Iago: Why did he so?

Desdemona: I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago: Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Emilia: Hath 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?

Desdemona: It is my wretched fortune.

Iago: Beshrew him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

150

Desdemona: Nay, heaven doth know.

Emilia: I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
 Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago: Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Desdemona: If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emilia: A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
 Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
 What place? what time? what form? what likelihood? 160
 The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
 Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
 O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
 And put in every honest hand a whip
 To lash the rascals naked through the world
 Even from the east to the west!

Iago: Speak within door.

Emilia: O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor. 170

Iago: You are a fool; go to.

Desdemona: O good Iago,
 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. 180
 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. [*She rises.*]

Iago: I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour:
 The business of the state does him offence, 190
 And he does chide with you.

Desdemona: If 'twere no other—

Iago: 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets within*]
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat;
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

Exit Desdemona and Emilia

Enter Roderigo

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo: I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago: What in the contrary?

Roderigo: Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest 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. 200

Iago: Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Roderigo: 'Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago: You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo: 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 hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none. 210

Iago: Well; go to; very well.

Roderigo: Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago: Very well.

Roderigo: 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 solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you. 220

Iago: You have said now?

Roderigo: Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago: Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant to 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.

Roderigo: 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 in 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 enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life. 230

Roderigo 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.

Roderigo: Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona 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. 240

Roderigo: How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago: Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Roderigo: And that you would have me to do?

Iago: Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his horrible 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 necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supertime, and the night grows to waste: about it.

250

Roderigo: I will hear further reason for this.

Iago: And you shall be satisfied.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Another room In the citadel

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia and Attendants

Lodovico: I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Othello: O, pardon me: 'twill do me good to walk.

Lodovico: Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Desdemona: Your honour is most welcome.

Othello: Will you walk, sir?

O,—Desdemona,—

Desdemona: My lord?

Othello: Get you to bed on the instant.

I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there. Look it be done.

Desdemona: I will, my lord.

10

Exit Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants

Emilia: How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Desdemona: He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emilia: Dismiss me?

Desdemona: It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

Emilia: I would you had never seen him!

Desdemona: So would not I my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns—

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

[*Emilia prepares Desdemona for bed.*]

20

Emilia: I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Desdemona: All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emilia: Come, come you talk.

Desdemona: My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
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 all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

30

Emilia: Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Desdemona: No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia: A very handsome man.

Desdemona: He speaks well.

40

Emilia: I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine
for a touch of his nether lip.

Desdemona [*Singing*]:

“The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow:
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, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;”

Lay by these: [*Singing*]

“Sing willow, willow, willow—”

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—

[*Singing*] “Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve—”

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

50

Emilia: It's the wind.

Desdemona [*Singing*]: “I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men!”

So, get thee gone; good night Ate eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

60

Emilia: 'Tis neither here nor there.

Desdemona: 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?

Emilia: There be some such, no question.

Desdemona: Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
 Emilia: Why, would not you?
 Desdemona: No, by this heavenly light! 70
 Emilia: Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
 I might do't as well i' the dark.
 Desdemona: Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
 Emilia: The world's a huge thing: it is a great price.
 For a small vice.
 Desdemona: In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
 Emilia: In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would
 not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for
 gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole 80
 world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him
 a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.
 Desdemona: Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
 For the whole world.
 Emilia: 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.
 Desdemona: I do not think there is any such woman.
 Emilia: Yes, a dozen; and as many
 To the vantage as would store the world they played for.
 But I do think it is their husbands' faults 90
 If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
 Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
 Or scant our former having in despite;
 Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
 Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do
 When they change us for others? Is it sport? 100
 I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
 I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
 It is so too: and have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
 Then let them use us well: else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.
 Desdemona: Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. Cyprus. 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.

Roderigo: Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago: Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[Iago stands aside, while Roderigo conceals himself.]

Roderigo: I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons: 10

'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago: I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. 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,

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life 20

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

Roderigo: I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest! *[Makes a pass at Cassio]*

Cassio: That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st

I will make proof of thine. *[Draws, and wounds Roderigo]*

Roderigo: O, I am slain! *[He falls]*

[Iago, from behind, wounds Cassio in the leg, and exits.]

Cassio: I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! *[He falls.]*

Enter Othello

Othello: The voice of Cassio! Iago keeps his word. 30

Roderigo: O, villain that I am!

Othello: It is even so.

Cassio: O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Othello: '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 unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

Exit Othello

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano

Cassio: What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder! 40

Gratiano: 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cassio: O, help!

Lodovico: Hark!

Roderigo: O wretched villain!

Lodovico: Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

[They remain near the entrance.]

Roderigo: Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lodovico: Hark!

Enter Iago, with a light.

Gratiano: Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons. 50

Iago: Who's there? whose noise is this that ones on murder?

Lodovico: We do not know.

Iago: Did not you hear a cry?

Cassio: Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago: What's the matter? *[He moves toward Cassio.]*

Gratiano *[to Lodovico]*: This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lodovico *[to Gratiano]*: The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago: What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cassio: Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help. 60

Iago: O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cassio: I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

Iago: O treacherous villains! *[To Lodovico and Gratiano]*

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

Roderigo: O, help me here!

Cassio: That's one of them.

Iago: O murderous slave! O villain! *[He stabs Roderigo.]*

Roderigo: O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago: Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?— 70
How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
[*To Lodovico and Gratiano*] What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lodovico: As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago: Signior Lodovico?
Lodovico: He, sir.
Iago: I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gratiano: Cassio?
Iago: How is't, brother!
Cassio: My leg is cut in two.
Iago: Marry, heaven forbid! 80
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca

Bianca: What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
Iago: Who is't that cried!
Bianca: 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 magled you?
Cassio: No.
Gratiano: I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago: Lend me a garter. [*He applies a tourniquet.*]So. O,—for a chair, 90
To bear him easily hence!
Bianca: Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Iago: Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience awhile, 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.
Gratiano: What, of Venice?
Iago: Even he, sir; did you know him? 100
Gratiano: Know him? Ay.
Iago: Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon.
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gratiano: I am glad to see you.
Iago: How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!
Gratiano: Roderigo!
Iago: He, he 'tis he. [*A chair is brought in.*]
O, that's well said; the chair!
Some good man bear him carefully from hence; 110
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.

[*To Bianca*] For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?

Cassio: 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 Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen. 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.

120

Enter Emilia

Emilia: '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 scaped:

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emilia: Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago: This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd tonight.

[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?

130

Bianca: He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago: O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emilia: Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bianca: I am no strumpet; but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

Emilia: As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago: Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on? I pray.

[*Aside*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

140

Exeunt

SCENE II. A bedchamber in the citadel

[*Desdemona in bed asleep, a light burning*]

Enter Othello

Othello: It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
 Let me not name it 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.
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, 10
 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 the rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again.
 It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.
 [Kissing her] Ah 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, 20
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona: Who's there? Othello?
 Othello: Ay. Desdemona.
 Desdemona: Will you come to bed, my lord?
 Othello: Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
 Desdemona: Ay, my lord.
 Othello: If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight. 30

Desdemona: Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?
 Othello: Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
 No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

Desdemona: Talk you of killing?
 Othello: Ay, I do.
 Desdemona: Then heaven
 Have mercy on me!
 Othello: Amen, with all my heart!

Desdemona: If you say so, I hope you will not kill me. 40
 Othello: Hum!
 Desdemona: 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.
 Othello: Think on thy sins.

Desdemona: They are loves I bear to you.

Othello: Ay, and for that thou diest.

Desdemona: That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame: 50
 These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.

Othello: Peace, and be still!

Desdemona: I will so. What's the matter?

Othello: That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
 Thou gavest to Cassio.

Desdemona: No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man, and ask him.

Othello: Sweet soul, take heed,
 Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed. 60

Desdemona: Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello: 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.

Desdemona: Then Lord have mercy on me!

Othello: I say, amen.

Desdemona: And have you mercy too! I never did
 Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio 70
 But with such general warranty of heaven
 As I might love: I never gave him token.

Othello: By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
 O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
 And makest me call what I intend to do
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
 I saw the handkerchief.

Desdemona: He found it then;
 I never gave it him: send for him hither;
 Let him confess a truth. 80

Othello: He hath confess'd.

Desdemona: What, my lord?

Othello: That he hath used thee.

Desdemona: How? unlawfully?

Othello: Ay.

Desdemona: He will not say so.

Othello: No, his mouth is stopp'd;
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Desdemona: O! my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

Othello: Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all. 90

Desdemona: Alas! he is betray'd and I undone. [*She weeps.*]

Othello: Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Desdemona: O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Othello: Down, strumpet!

Desdemona: Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

Othello: Nay, if you strive—

Desdemona: But half an hour!

Othello: Being done, there is no pause.

Desdemona: But while I say one prayer! 100

Othello: It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emilia [*at the door*]: My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

Othello: 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. [*He smothers her.*]

Emilia [*Within*]: What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Othello: Who's there?

Emilia [*Within*]: O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Othello: Yes: 'tis Emilia.—By and by.—She's dead.
 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.— 110
 The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
 Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?—
 I think she stirs again:—no. What's best to do?
 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.

Emilia [*Within*]: I do beseech you 120
 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Othello: I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia.—
 Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.—
 [*He closes the bed curtains and unlocks the door.*]
 Where art thou?

Enter Emilia

What's the matter with thee now?
 Emilia: O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done!
 Othello; What, now?
 Emilia: But now, my lord.

Othello: It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad. 130

Emilia: Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
 Call'd Roderigo.

Othello: Roderigo kill'd?
 And Cassio kill'd?

Emilia: No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Othello: Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Desdemona: O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emilia: Alas, what cry is that? 140

Othello: That? What?

Emilia: Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice. [*She opens the bed-curtains.*]
 Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
 Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Desdemona: A guiltless death I die.

Emilia: O, who hath done this deed?

Desdemona: Nobody; I myself. Farewell
 Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*She Dies*]

Othello: Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emilia; Alas, who knows? 150

Othello: You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emilia: She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Othello: She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
 'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emilia: O, the more angel she,
 And you the blacker devil!

Othello: She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emilia: Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Othello: She was false as water.

Emilia: Thou art rash as fire, to say 160
 That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Othello: Cassio did top 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.

Emilia: My husband?

Othello: Thy husband.

Emilia: That she was false to wedlock?

Othello: Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
 If heaven would make me such another world 170
 Of one entire and Perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it.

Emilia: My husband?

Othello: Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
 An honest man he is, and hates the slime
 That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emilia: My husband?
Othello: What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.
Emilia: O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false? 180
Othello: He, woman;
 I say thy husband. Dost understand the word?
 My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emilia: 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.
Othello: Ha!
Emilia: Do thy worst!
 This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
 Than thou wast worthy her. 190
Othello: Peace, you were best.
Emilia: Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
 As I have to be hurt. 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 hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago

Montano: What is the matter? How now, general!
Emilia: O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
 That men must lay their murders on your neck. 200
Gratiano: What is the matter?
Emilia: 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.
Emilia: But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago: I did.
Emilia: You told a lie, an odious, damned lie;
 Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie. 210
 She false with Cassio?—did you say with Cassio?
Iago: With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
Emilia: I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
 My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All: O heavens forfend!

Emilia: And your reports have set the murder on.

Othello: Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gratiano: 'Tis a strange truth.

Montano: O monstrous act! 220

Emilia: Villany, villany, villany!
 I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villany!—
 I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—
 O villany, villany!

Iago: What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emilia: Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
 Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Othello: O! O! O! [*He falls on the bed.*]

Emilia: Nay, lay thee down and roar; 230
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
 That e'er did lift up eye.

Othello [Rising]: O, she was foul!
 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.

Gratiano: 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, 240
 Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobation.

Othello: '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. 250

Emilia: O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago: Come, hold your peace.

Emilia: 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace?
 No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
 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.

Emilia: I will not. [*Iago threatens Emilia with his sword.*]

Gratiano: Fie!
 Your sword upon a woman? 260

Emilia: 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: Villanous whore!

Emilia: She give it Cassio? no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago: Filth, thou liest!

Emilia: By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen. 270
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Othello: Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago; Montano disarms Othello; Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia.*]

Gratiano: The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emilia: Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Exit Iago

Gratiano: He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Montano: '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. 280

Exeunt Montano and Gratiano

Othello: I am not valiant neither,
But ever puny whipster gets my sword:
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emilia: What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan.
And die in music. 290
[*She sings.*] Willow, willow, willow,—
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*She Dies.*]

Othello: I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:—
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gratiano [*Within*]: If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear.
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Othello: Look in upon me then and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee. 300

Enter Gratiano

Gratiano: What is the matter?

Othello: 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 control 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, 310
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. [*Gratiano steps back.*]
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? [*He turns to Desdemona.*]
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 slave!
Whip me, ye devils, 320
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!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

**Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, Iago
[as a prisoner] and Officers**

Lodovico: Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Othello: That's he that was Othello. Here I am.

Lodovico: Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

[*Iago is led forward.*]

Othello: I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.

If that thou best a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*He wounds Iago*] 330

Lodovico: Wrench his sword from him. [*Othello is disarmed.*]

Iago: I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Othello: I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lodovico: O thou Othello, thou wert once so good,
 Fall'n in the practise of a damned slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Othello: Why, any thing:
 An honourable murderer, if you will;
 For nought I did in hate, but all in honour. 340

Lodovico: This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Othello: Ay.

Cassio: Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Othello: I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
 Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago: Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
 From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lodovico: What, not to pray? 350

Gratiano: Torments will ope your lips.

Othello: Well, thou dost best.

Lodovico: 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. [*He produces letters.*] The one of them imports
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo.

Othello: O villain!

Cassio: Most heathenish and most gross! 360

Lodovico: 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.

Othello: O thou pernicious caitiff!—
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?

Cassio: I found it in my chamber:
 And he himself confess'd but even now 370
 That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
 Which wrought to his desire.

Othello: O fool! fool! fool!

Cassio: 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.

Lodovico [*To Othello*]: You must forsake this room, and go with us: 380
 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.

Othello: Soft you; a word or two before you go.
 I have done the state some service, and they know't.
 No more of that. I pray you, in your letters, 390
 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 loved 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 Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 400
 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 traduced the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus. [*He stabs himself.*]

Lodovico: O bloody period!

Gratiano: All that's spoke is marr'd.

Othello: I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but this;
 Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. 410
 [*He kisses Desdemona, falls on the bed, and dies.*]

Cassio: This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
 For he was great of heart.

Lodovico [*To Iago*]: O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
 This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
 Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house, [*The bed curtains are drawn.*]
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain; 420
 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