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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare’s plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of “taking up Shakespeare,” finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare’s works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library
Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare’s plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare’s plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of Hamlet, two of King Lear, Henry V, Romeo and Juliet, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare’s text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed “improper” and “indecent” for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See The Tempest, 1.2: “Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee…”). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from Othello: “[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]”), half-square brackets (for example, from Henry V: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your
right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest ⟨soldier⟩ Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.
In Venice, at the start of *Othello*, the soldier Iago announces his hatred for his commander, Othello, a Moor. Othello has promoted Cassio, not Iago, to be his lieutenant.

Iago crudely informs Brabantio, Desdemona’s father, that Othello and Desdemona have eloped. Before the Venetian Senate, Brabantio accuses Othello of bewitching Desdemona. The Senators wish to send Othello to Cyprus, which is under threat from Turkey. They bring Desdemona before them. She tells of her love for Othello, and the marriage stands. The Senate agrees to let her join Othello in Cyprus.

In Cyprus, Iago continues to plot against Othello and Cassio. He lures Cassio into a drunken fight, for which Cassio loses his new rank; Cassio, at Iago’s urging, then begs Desdemona to intervene. Iago uses this and other ploys—misinterpreted conversations, insinuations, and a lost handkerchief—to convince Othello that Desdemona and Cassio are lovers. Othello goes mad with jealousy and later smothers Desdemona on their marriage bed, only to learn of Iago’s treachery. He then kills himself.
Characters in the Play

OTHELLO, a Moorish general in the Venetian army
DESDEMONA, a Venetian lady
BRABANTIO, a Venetian senator, father to Desdemona

IAGO, Othello’s standard-bearer, or “ancient”
EMILIA, Iago’s wife and Desdemona’s attendant

CASSIO, Othello’s second-in-command, or lieutenant
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman

Duke of Venice
LODOVICO  }
GRATIANO  } \textit{Venetian gentlemen, kinsmen to Brabantio}
Venetian senators

MONTANO, an official in Cyprus
BIANCA, a woman in Cyprus in love with Cassio
Clown, a comic servant to Othello and Desdemona
Gentlemen of Cyprus
Sailors

Servants, Attendants, Officers, Messengers, Herald, Musicians, Torchbearers.
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’ll not hear me!

RODERIGO

If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

IAGO  Thou toldst me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

RODERIGO

Despise me

If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped 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 stuffed 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,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damned 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 (togèd) consuls can propose
As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th’ election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christened and heathen, must be beleed and
By debitor and creditor. This countercaster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God) bless the mark, his Moorship’s ancient.
By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
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 th’ first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.
I would not follow him, then.
O, sir, content you.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master’s ass,
For naught but provender, and when he’s old, cashiered.
Whip me such honest knaves! Others there are
Who, trimmed 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.
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 complement 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.

FTLN 0072
What a (full) fortune does the (thick-lips) owe
If he can carry ’t thus!

FTLN 0074
Call up her father.

FTLN 0075
Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight,

FTLN 0076
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,

FTLN 0077
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,

FTLN 0078
Plague him with flies. Though that his joy be joy,

FTLN 0079
Yet throw such chances of vexation on ’t

FTLN 0080
As it may lose some color.

FTLN 0081
Here is her father’s house. I’ll call aloud.

FTLN 0082
Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell

FTLN 0083
As when, by night and negligence, the fire

FTLN 0084
Is spied in populous cities.

FTLN 0085
What ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

FTLN 0086
Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves, thieves!

"Enter Brabantio, above."

BRABANTIO

What is the reason of this terrible summons?

RODERIGO

What is the matter there?

IAGO

Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO

Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO

Why, wherefore ask you this?

IAGO

〈Zounds, sir, you’re robbed. 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 tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say!

BRABANTIO

What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO

Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO

Not I. What are you?

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 distemp’ring draughts,

Upon malicious 〈bravery〉 dost thou come

To start my quiet.

RODERIGO

Sir, sir, sir—

BRABANTIO

But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in 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 jennets for germans.

What profane wretch art thou?

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

Thou art a villain.

You are a senator.

This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,

[If ’t be your pleasure and most wise consent—
As partly I find it is—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o’ th’ 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
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!
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!
He exits.  
IAGO, \[to Roderigo\] Farewell, for I must leave you.
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be procted, as if I stay I shall,
Against the Moor. For I do know the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he’s embarked
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stands 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 \(\text{pains,}\)
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 raisèd search,
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.  
He exits.

Enter Brabantio \(\text{in his nightgown,}\) with Servants and Torches.

BRABANTIO
It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what’s to come of my despisèd time
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, 180
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, sayst 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. 190
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?
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? 200
RODERIGO
I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.
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 will deserve your pains.

They exit.
Scene 2

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

IAGO

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ th’ conscience
To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity
(Sometimes) to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought t’ have yerked 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 Honor,
That with the little godliness I have
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 or 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
Shall out-tongue his complaints. ’Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
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 reached. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousèd free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea’s worth. But look, what lights come yond?
IAGO

Those are the raisèd 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, with ⟨Officers, and⟩ 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,
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 called for.
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

OTHELLO  ’Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house
And go with you.  \[He exits.\]

CASSIO  Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO

Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land carrack.
If it prove lawful prize, he’s made forever.

CASSIO  I do not understand.
IAGO    He’s married.

To who?

[Reenter Othello.]

CASSIO

Come, captain, will you go?

OTHELLO    Have with you.

CASSIO

Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

IAGO

It is Brabantio. General, be advised,

He comes to bad intent.

OTHELLO    Holla, stand there!

RODERIGO    Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO    Down with him, thief!

[They draw their swords.]

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.

BRABANTIO

O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?

Damned 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 curlèd (darlings) of our nation,

Would ever have, t’ 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 practiced on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weakens 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 practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

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.—Whither will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

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

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?

’Tis true, most worthy signior.
The Duke’s in council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

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,
Bondslaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

They exit.
Scene 3

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

DUKE, [reading a paper]
There’s no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

FIRST SENATOR, [reading a paper]
Indeed, they are disproportioned.

DUKE
And mine, a hundred forty.

SECOND SENATOR, [reading a paper]
And mine, two hundred.

DUKE
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.

DUKE
Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

DUKE
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

SAILOR, within
What ho, what ho, what ho!

Enter Sailor.

OFFICER  A messenger from the galleys.

DUKE  Now, what’s the business?

SAILOR
The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.

DUKE
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
Th’ 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 th’ abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in—if we make thought of
this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless.]

Nay, in all confidence, he’s not for Rhodes.
Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

The Ottomites, Reverend and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

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

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.

’Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
He’s now in Florence.
Write from us to him.
Post-post-haste. Dispatch.
FIRST SENATOR
Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

DUKE

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

To Brabantio.
I did not see you. Welcome, gentle signior.

We lacked 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 floodgate and o’erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

Why, what’s the matter?

My daughter! O, my daughter!

Dead?

Ay, to me.

She is abused, stol’n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so prepost’rously to err—
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense—
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE

Whoe’er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus 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.
Othello

ACT 1. SC. 3

ftln 0413  brabantio  humbly i thank your grace.

ftln 0414  duke, 'to othello'

ftln 0415  all  we are very sorry for 't.

ftln 0416  to othello

ftln 0417  brabantio  nothing, but this is so.

ftln 0418  most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

ftln 0419  my very noble and approved good masters:

ftln 0420  that i have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

ftln 0421  it is most true; true i have married her.

ftln 0422  the very head and front of my offending

ftln 0423  hath this extent, no more. rude am i in my speech,

ftln 0424  and little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;

ftln 0425  for since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

ftln 0426  till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

ftln 0427  their dearest action in the tented field,

ftln 0428  and little of this great world can i speak

ftln 0429  more than pertains to feats of (broil) and battle.

ftln 0430  and therefore little shall i grace my cause

ftln 0431  in speaking for myself. yet, by your gracious

ftln 0432  patience,

ftln 0433  i will a round unvarnished tale deliver

ftln 0434  of my whole course of love—what drugs, what

ftln 0435  charms,

ftln 0436  what conjuration, and what mighty magic

ftln 0437  (for such proceeding i am charged withal)

ftln 0438  i won his daughter.

ftln 0439  brabantio  a maiden never bold,

ftln 0440  of spirit so still and quiet that her motion

ftln 0441  blushed at herself. and she, in spite of nature,

ftln 0442  of years, of country, credit, everything,

ftln 0443  to fall in love with what she feared to look on!

ftln 0444  it is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
Othello

ACT 1. SC. 3

That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o’er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

To vouch this is no proof
Without more wider and more <overt> test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid’s affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
[The trust, the office I do hold of you,]
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Fetch Desdemona hither.

Ancient, conduct them. You best know the place.

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

Say it, Othello.

Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned 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 th’ very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth ’scapes i’ th’ imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my traveler’s 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 my process—
And of the cannibals that each (other) eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads (Do grow) beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
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 (intently.) I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. 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 wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked
me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
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, Attendants.

DUKE
I think this tale would win my daughter, too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best.
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

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
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 showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

BRABANTIO
God be with you! I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs.  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor.  
I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child,  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

DUKE

Let me speak like yourself and lay a sentence,  
Which as a grise or step may help these lovers  
〈Into your favor.〉  
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mock’ry makes.  
The robbed 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.  
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 piercèd through the  
〈ear.〉  
I humbly beseech you, proceed to th’ affairs of state.
DUKE  The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes
for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is
best known to you. And though we have there a
substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a
sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer
voice on you. You must therefore be content to
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this
more stubborn and boist'rous 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 agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
This 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

Why, at her father’s.

BRABANTIO  I will not have it so.

OTHELLO  Nor I.

DESDEMONA  Nor would I there reside

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
T’ assist my simpleness.

DUKE  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 honors 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 why I love him are bereft me  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

OTHELLO Let her have your voice.

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\(^\dagger\) 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  
\(<\text{For}>\) she is with me. No, when light-winged toys  
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness  
My speculative and officed \(<\text{instruments,}>\)  
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.

DUKE  
Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going. Th’ affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer it.

FIRST \(^\dagger\) SENATOR You must away tonight.

OTHELLO With all my heart.

DUKE  
At nine i’ th’ morning here we’ll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind  
And he shall our commission bring to you,  
\(<\text{With}>\) such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you.
So please your Grace, my ancient.

A man he is of honesty and trust.

To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With what else needful your good Grace shall think.

To be sent after me.

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.

Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see.

She has deceived her father, and may thee. He exits.

My life upon her faith!

«The Duke, the Senators, Cassio, and Officers exit.»

Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee.

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.

(Othello and Desdemona) exit.

What sayst thou, noble heart?

What will I do, think’st thou?

Why, go to bed and sleep.

I will incontinently drown myself.

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

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.

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 prepost'rous
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.

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 favor 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 in
her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration
—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are
cchangeable 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.
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 be not too hard for my
wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her.
Therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself!
It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be
hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned
and go without her.
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 retell 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 tomorrow. Adieu.
RODERIGO Where shall we meet i’ th’ morning?
IAGO At my lodging.
RODERIGO I’ll be with thee betimes.
IAGO Go to, farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?
RODERIGO What say you?
IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?
RODERIGO I am changed.
IAGO Go to, farewell. Put money enough in your
purse.>
IAGO

He exits.

RODERIGO

I’ll sell all my land.] He exits.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.

For I mine own gained 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

’Has done my office. I know not if ’t be true,

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do as if for surety. 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 th’ nose

As asses are.

I have ’t. It is engendered. Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world’s light.

〈He exits.〉

ACT 1. SC. 3
Scene 1

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

MONTANO

What from the cape can you discern at sea?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Nothing at all. It is a high-wrought 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 ruffianed 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 th’ ever-fixèd pole.

I never did like molestation view

On the enchafèd flood.

MONTANO  If that the Turkish fleet

Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned.

It is impossible to bear it out.
Enter a (third) Gentleman.

THIRD GENTLEMAN News, lads! Our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack 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.

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 (heaven) 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 th’ aerial blue
An indistinct regard.]

〈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 defense against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
MONTANO  Is he well shipped?
CASSIO  His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

"Voices cry within. "A sail, a sail, a sail!"

Enter a Messenger.

CASSIO  What noise?

MESSENGER  The town is empty; on the brow o' th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry "A sail!"

CASSIO  My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

A shot.

SECOND GENTLEMAN  They do discharge their shot of courtesy.
Our friends, at least.
CASSIO  I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
SECOND GENTLEMAN  I shall.
He exits.

MONTANO  But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?
CASSIO  Most fortunately. He hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame,
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Enter (Second) Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?
Act 2. Scene 1

SECOND GENTLEMAN

'Tis one Iago, ancient to the General.

CASSIO

'Has had most favorable and happy speed!

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered rocks and congregated sands
(Traitors ensteeped 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?

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 sennight'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 renewed fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.

O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

[He kneels.]

Hail to thee, lady, and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

[He rises.]

DESDEMONA

I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell 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?
CASSIO

The great contention of sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.

Within “A sail, a sail!” [A shot.]
But hark, a sail!

SECOND GENTLEMAN

They give their greeting to the citadel.
This likewise is a friend.
CASSIO

See for the news.

Good ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding
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 would have enough.

DESERMONA

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.

EMILIA

You have little cause to say so.

IAGO

Come on, come on! You are pictures out of door,
bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,
saints in your injuries, devils being offended, players
in your huswifery, and huswives in your beds.

DESERMONA

Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer.

IAGO

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

EMILIA

You shall not write my praise.
No, let me not. What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise me?

O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't, For I am nothing if not critical.

Come on, assay.—There’s one gone to the harbor?

Ay, madam.

I am not merry, but I do beguile

The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

I am about it, but indeed my invention comes

from my pate as birdlime does from frieze: it

plucks out brains and all. But my muse labors, and

thus she is delivered:

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one’s for use, the other useth it.

Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She’ll find a white that shall her blackness ⟨hit.⟩

Worse and worse.

How if fair and foolish?

She never yet was foolish that was fair,

For even her folly helped her to an heir.

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

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,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lacked gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said “Now I may,”
She that being angered, 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—
To do what?

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 counselor?

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 such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, 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
Othello

ACT 2. SC. 1

Trumpets within.

CASSIO  'Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA  Let’s meet him and receive him.

CASSIO  Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

O, my fair warrior!

My dear 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 wakened death,
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell’s from heaven! If it were now to die,
’Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

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

Amen to that, sweet powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content.
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
That e’er our hearts shall make!

O, you are well tuned now,
But I’ll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Come. Let us to the castle.—

News, friends! Our wars are done. The Turks are drowned.
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.

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.

"All but Iago and Roderigo" exit.

IAGO, "to a departing Attendant" Do thou meet me presently

at the harbor. "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.

With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

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 favor, 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

abor the Moor. Very nature will instruct her in it

and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir,

this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced

position—who stands so 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-out of occasions, that 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.

I cannot believe that in her. She’s full of most blessed condition.

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

Yes, that I did. But that was but courtesy. Lechery, by this hand! An index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th’ incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight. For the command, I’ll lay ’t upon you. Cassio knows you not. I’ll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Well.

Sir, he’s rash and very sudden in choler,
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.

IAGO I will do this, if you 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.

He exits.

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe ’t. That she loves him, ’tis apt and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he’ll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too, Not out of absolute lust (though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leaped 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 evened with him, wife for wife, Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace 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 (nightcap) too),
Othello

ACT 2. SC. 2/3

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Othello’s Herald with a proclamation.

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 addition 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!

He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

OTHELLO

Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight.
Let’s teach ourselves that honorable stop Not to outsport discretion.

CASSIO

Iago hath direction what to do,
But notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to ’t.
OTHHELLO
Othello is most honest.

Michael, goodnight. Tomorrow 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.—
Goodnight.

(Othello and Desdemona) exit, "with Attendants."

CASSIO
Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.

IAGO Not this hour, lieutenant. 'Tis not yet ten o' th' 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 to 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.

IAGO O, they are our friends! But one cup; I'll drink for you.
Othello

ACT 2. SC. 3

IAGO

CASSIO

I have drunk but one cup tonight, 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

Where are they?

CASSIO

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

CASSIO

I’ll do ’t, but it dislikes me. He exits.

IAGO

If I can fasten but one cup upon him
With that which he hath drunk tonight already,
He’ll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress’ dog. Now my sick fool
Roderigo,

Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath tonight caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he’s to watch.

Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits
That hold their honors in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,

Have I tonight flustered with flowing cups;
And they watch too. Now, ’mongst this flock of
drunkards

Am I [to put] our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.

If consequence do but approve my dream,

My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen, [followed by
Servants 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 cannikin clink, clink,
And let me the cannikin clink.
A soldier's a man,
O, man's life's but a span,
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

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 exquisite 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.

Cassio To the health of our general!

Montano I am for it, lieutenant, and I’ll do you justice.

Iago O sweet England!

Sings.

King Stephen was and—a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear;
With that he called the tailor toun.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
’Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thy auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cassio Fore God, 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 offense to the General,
nor any man of quality—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. 〈God〉
         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 I speak well enough.
MONTANO
       To th’ platform, masters. Come, let’s set the watch.
       〈Gentlemen exit.〉
IAGO, 〈to Montano〉
       You see this fellow that is gone before?
       He’s 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 th’ 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?
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 Roderigo  How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the Lieutenant, go.  (Roderigo exits.)

MONTANO  And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an engraffed 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—  ("Help, help!" within.)
But hark! What noise?

Enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

CASSIO  (Zounds,) you rogue, you rascal!
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?  (He hits Roderigo.)
MONTANO  Nay, good lieutenant. 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.)

IAGO, aside to Roderigo  Away, I say! Go out and cry a mutiny.
(Roderigo exits.)

Nay, good lieutenant.—(God's will,) gentlemen!—
Help, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—(sir)—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!
( A bell is rung.)
FTLN 1291  Who’s that which rings the bell? Diablo, ho!
FTLN 1292  The town will rise. 〈God’s will,〉 lieutenant, 〈hold!〉
FTLN 1293  You 〈will be shamed〉 forever.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

FTLN 1294  OTHHELLO  What is the matter here?
FTLN 1295  MONTANO  〈Zounds,〉 I bleed
FTLN 1296  still.
FTLN 1297  I am hurt to th’ death. He dies! 〈He attacks Cassio.〉
FTLN 1298  OTHHELLO  Hold, for your lives!
FTLN 1299  IAGO  Hold, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—
FTLN 1300  gentlemen—
FTLN 1301  Have you forgot all 〈sense of place〉 and duty?
FTLN 1302  Hold! The General speaks to you. Hold, for shame!

Othello

FTLN 1303  Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?
FTLN 1304  Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
FTLN 1305  Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
FTLN 1306  For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!
FTLN 1307  He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
FTLN 1308  Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
FTLN 1309  Silence that dreadful bell. It frights the isle
FTLN 1310  From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
FTLN 1311  Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
FTLN 1312  Speak. Who began this? On thy love, I charge thee.

IAGO

FTLN 1313  I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,
FTLN 1314  In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
FTLN 1315  Divesting them for bed; and then but now,
FTLN 1316  As if some planet had unwitted men,
FTLN 1317  Swords out, and tilting one at other’s 〈breast,〉
FTLN 1318  In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
FTLN 1319  Any beginning to this peevish odds,
FTLN 1320  And would in action glorious I had lost
FTLN 1321  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
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.

OTHELLO

Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. (Zounds, if I) 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 offense,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war
Yet wild, the people’s hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard 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

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 offense to Michael Cassio.
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. [Thus] it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

[Pointing to Montano.]

Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause.
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamor—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I returned [the] rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords
And Cassio high in oath, which till tonight
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,
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.

OTHETELLO

I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee,
But nevermore be officer of mine.
Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle love be not raised up!
I’ll make thee an example.

What is the matter, dear?

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 soldier’s life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

"All but Iago and Cassio," exit.

What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Ay, past all surgery.

Marry, God forbid!

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

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 offenseless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again and he’s yours.

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?
CASSIO I know not.
IAGO Is ’t possible?
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 〈so〉 befallen. But
since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.
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 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: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and [denotement] of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her. Importune her 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.

You advise me well.

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

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).

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

Good night, honest Iago.

And what’s he, then, that says I play the villain, When this advice is free I give and honest, Probable to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For ’tis most easy Th’ inclining Desdemona to subdue 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 redeem’d sin— His soul is so enfettered 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!
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 fortune,
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.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, 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 tonight exceedingly
well cudgeled, 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.

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.
Dost not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Content thyself awhile. ’By th’ 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.  

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.

He exits.
Scene 1
Enter Cassio with Musicians.

CASSIO
Masters, play here (I will content your pains)
Something that’s brief; and bid “Good morrow,
genral.”

They play.

्Enter the Clown.

CLOWN Why masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they speak i’ th’ nose thus?

MUSICIAN How, sir, how?

CLOWN Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

MUSICIAN Ay, marry, are they, sir.

CLOWN O, thereby hangs a tail.

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.

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.

MUSICIAN We have none such, sir.

CLOWN Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I’ll
away. Go, vanish into air, away!

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Othello  

ACT 3. SC. 1

Musicians exit.

CASSIO  Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?  

CLOWN  No, I hear not your honest friend. I hear you.

CASSIO  Pray thee, keep up thy quillets.  

CLOWN  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 favor of speech. Wilt thou do this?

CASSIO  She is stirring, sir. If she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

CLOWN  Do, good my friend.  

CASSIO  Clown exits.  

Enter Iago.

IAGO  You have not been abed, 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 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.  

IAGO  exits. 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.

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,
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.]
〈They exit.〉

Scene 2
Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

OTHELLO
These letters give, Iago, to the pilot
And by him do my duties to the Senate.
[He gives Iago some papers.]
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?
GENTLEMEN
〈We〉 wait upon your Lordship.
〈They exit.〉
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 cause were his.

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 farther off
Than in a politic distance.

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’l perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest:
I’l watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I’l intermingle everything he does
With Cassio’s suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,
Enter Othello and Iago.

EMILIA Madam, here comes my lord.
CASSIO Madam, I’ll take my leave.
DESDEMONA Why, stay, and hear me speak.
CASSIO Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease, unfit for mine own purposes.
DESDEMONA Well, do your discretion. Cassio exits.

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 guiltylike, seeing your coming.
OTHELLO I do believe ’twas he.
DESDEMONA How now, my lord?
IAGO 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, I have no judgment in an honest face. I prithee call him back.
OTHELLO Went he hence now?
DESDEMONA  
(Yes, faith,) 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 Desdemon. Some other time.

DESDEMONA

But shall ’t be shortly?

OTHELLO     The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA

Shall ’t be tonight at supper?

OTHELLO    No, not tonight.

DESDEMONA    Tomorrow dinner, then?

OTHELLO    I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA

Why then tomorrow 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 example
Out of her best—is not almost a fault
T’ incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mamm’ring 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! (By ’r Lady,) I could do much—

Othello

Prithee, no more. Let him come when he will;
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.

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

Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.
Farewell, my Desdemona. I’ll come to thee straight.
Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you.
Whate’er you be, I am obedient.

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

My noble lord—

What dost thou say, Iago?
Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady, know of your love?
When you wooed my lady, know of your love?
He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

Why of thy thought, Iago?
I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

O yes, and went between us very oft.
Othello

ACT 3, SC. 3

OTHELLO

Inde? 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, thou echo’st me as if there were some monster in thy thought. Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.

IAGO

I heard thee say even now, thou lik’st not that, When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like? And when I told thee he was of my counsel, I heard thee say, “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.

OTHELLO

I think thou dost;

And for I know thou ’rt full of love and honesty And weigh’st thy words before thou giv’st them breath, Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

I think so too.
IAGO    Men should be what they seem;
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.
IAGO    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.
       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 that breast so
       pure
       (But some) uncleanly apprehensions
       Keep leets and law days and in sessions sit
       With meditations lawful?
OTHELLO    Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
       If thou but think’st him wronged and mak’st his ear
       A stranger to thy thoughts.
IAGO    I do beseech you,
       Though I perchance am vicious in my guess—
       As, I confess, it is my nature’s plague
       To spy into abuses, and (oft) my jealousy
       Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom
       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, and wisdom,
       To let you know my thoughts.
IAGO

What dost thou mean?

Othello

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
Rob me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

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

Ha?

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!

O misery!

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 (God,) the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No. To be once in doubt
Is (once) to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate 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
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy.

IAGO
I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With framer 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 eyes thus, not jealous nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused. Look to 't.
I know our country disposition well.
In Venice they do let (God) 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 seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

OTHELLO    And so she did.

IAGO    Why, go to, then!
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel 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 dashed your spirits.

Othello Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved.

Iago I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Iago I will not.

Othello 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.

Othello My lord, I see you're moved.

Iago No, not much moved.

Othello 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 proposèd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Where we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! One may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul 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.
Othello

ACT 3. SC. 3

IAGO, [beginning to exit] My lord, I take my leave.

OTHELLO

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

IAGO, [returning]

My lord, I would I might entreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time.
Although 'tis 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 meantime,
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 Honor.

OTHELLO    Farewell, farewell!
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

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This fellow’s of exceeding honesty,
And knows all (qualities) with a learnèd 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 prey 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,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others’ uses. Yet ’tis the plague (of) great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base.
’Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Look where she comes.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, heaven (mocks) itself!
I’ll not believe ’t.
How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
I am to blame.
Why do you speak so faintly? Are you not well?
I have a pain upon my forehead, here.
(Faith,) that’s with watching. ’Twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard; within this hour
It will be well.
Your napkin is too little.
Let it alone.
Come, I’ll go in with you.

I am very sorry that you are not well.
(Desdemona and Desdemona) exit.

I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooed 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.
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
You have 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
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 th’ advantage I, being here, took ’t up.
Look, here ’tis.
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 is that to you?
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 acknowledge on ’t.

I have use for it. Go, leave me.  

Emilia exits.

I will in Cassio’s lodging lose this napkin
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.

[The Moor already changes with my poison:]

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulfur.

Enter Othello.

I did say so.

Look where he comes. Not poppy nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Ha, ha, false to me?

Why, how now, general? No more of that!

Avaunt! Begone! Thou hast set me on the rack.

I swear ’tis better to be much abused
Than but to know ’t a little.

How now, my lord?

What sense had I (of) her stol’n hours of lust?

I saw ’t not, thought it not; it harmed not me.

I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry.

I found not Cassio’s kisses on her lips.

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stol’n,

Let him not know ’t, and he’s not robbed at all.

I am sorry to hear this.
I had been happy if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the pluméd troops and the big wars
That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th’ ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th’ immortal Jove’s dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello’s occupation’s gone!

Is ’t possible, my lord?
Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore!
Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof,
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath.

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!

My noble lord—

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.

O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?
God b’ wi’ you. Take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That (liv’st) to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world:
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I’ll love no friend, sith love breeds such offense.

Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.
I should be wise; for honesty’s a fool
And loses that it works for.
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,
I’ll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

I see you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Would? Nay, and I will.
And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the (supervisor,) grossly gape on,
Behold her topped?

Death and damnation! O!

It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where’s satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth
Will give you satisfaction, you might have 't.

OTHELLO
Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO  I do not like the office,
But sith I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked 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. 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!" then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg
O'er my thigh, and sighed, and kissed, and then
Cried "Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!"

OTHELLO
O monstrous! Monstrous!
Nay, this was but his dream.

IAGO  Nay, this was but his

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?

IAGO

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 today

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

If it be that—

If it be that, or any that was hers,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

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 the hollow hell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

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

For ’tis of aspics’ tongues!

Yet be content.

O, blood, blood, blood!

Patience, I say. Your mind (perhaps) may change.

Never, [Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace

Shall ne’er look back, ne’er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up. (He kneels.) Now by yond marble

heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words.

Iago kneels.

They rise.

Othello

Iago

Do not rise yet. \(Iago \text{kneels.}\)

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 wronged 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.
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, 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.

They exit.

Scene 4

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 me 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.

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?

CLOWN   I will catechize 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.

Clown exits.

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 humors from him.

EMILIA   Look where he

comes.

Enter Othello.

DESDEMONA

I will not leave him now till Cassio

Be called to him.—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.  40

OTHELLO

Give me your hand. ['He takes her hand.'] This hand
is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA

It (yet has) felt no age nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.

Desdemona: 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.  50

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.  55

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.  60

OTHELLO

That which I gave you.

DESDEMONA  I have it not about me.

OTHELLO  Not?
DESDEMONA No, 〈faith,〉 my lord.

OTHELLO That’s a fault. That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give.
She was a charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it, ’Twould make her amiable and subdue my father Entirely to her love. But if she lost it, Or made a gift of it, my father’s eye Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me, And bid me, when my fate would have me wived, To give it her. I did so; and take heed on ’t, Make it a darling like your precious eye. 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 sybil that had numbered in the world The sun to course two hundred compasses, In her prophetic fury sewed the work. The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk, And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful Conserved of maidens’ hearts.

DESDEMONA 〈I’ faith,〉 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 ’t out o’ th’ way?

DESDEMONA 〈Heaven〉 bless us!

OTHELLO Say you?
DESDEMONA

FTLN 2245 It is not lost, but what an if it were?

FTLN 2246 OTHELLO How?

FTLN 2247 DESDEMONA I say it is not lost.

FTLN 2248 OTHELLO Fetch ’t. Let me see ’t!

DESDEMONA

FTLN 2249 Why, so I can. But I will not now.

FTLN 2250 This is a trick to put me from my suit.

FTLN 2251 Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

OTHELLO

FTLN 2252 Fetch me the handkerchief! "Aside." My mind

misgives.

FTLN 2253

DESDEMONA Come, come.

FTLN 2254 You’ll never meet a more sufficient man.

FTLN 2255

OTHELLO

FTLN 2256 The handkerchief!

FTLN 2257 ⟨DESDEMONA I pray, talk me of Cassio.

FTLN 2258 OTHELLO The handkerchief!⟩

FTLN 2259 DESDEMONA A man that all his time

FTLN 2260 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

FTLN 2261 Shared dangers with you—

FTLN 2262 OTHELLO

FTLN 2263 DESDEMONA ⟨I’ faith,⟩ you are to blame.

FTLN 2264 OTHELLO ⟨Zounds!⟩ Othello exits.

FTLN 2265 EMILIA Is not this man jealous?

FTLN 2266 DESDEMONA I ne’er saw this before.

FTLN 2267 Sure, there’s some wonder in this handkerchief!

FTLN 2268 I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMILIA

FTLN 2269 ’Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

FTLN 2270 They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

FTLN 2271 They eat us hungerly, and when they are full

FTLN 2272 They belch us.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

FTLN 2273 Look you—Cassio and my husband.
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
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honor. I would not be delayed.
If my offense 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
To fortune’s alms.

Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune.
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him
Were he in favor as in humor altered.
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
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

IAGO

Is my lord angry?

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
Puffed his own brother—and is he angry?
Something of moment then. I will go meet him.
There’s matter in ’t indeed if he be angry.

DESDEMONA
I prithee do so. He exits.

Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice
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 endues
Our other healthful members even to a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits 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 suborned the witness,
And he’s indicted falsely.

Pray heaven it be
State matters, as you think, and no conception
Nor no jealous toy concerning you.

Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

But jealous souls will not be answered so.
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they’re jealous. It is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Heaven keep (that) monster from Othello’s mind!
Lady, amen.
DESDEMONA
FTLN 2335 I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout.
FTLN 2336 If I do find him fit, I’ll move your suit
FTLN 2337 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
FTLN 2338 CASSIO I humbly thank your Ladyship.

(Desdemona and Emilia) exit.

Enter Bianca.

BIANCA
FTLN 2339 ’Save you, friend Cassio!
FTLN 2340 CASSIO What make you from home?
FTLN 2341 How is ’t with you, my most fair Bianca?
FTLN 2342 (I’ faith,) sweet love, I was coming to your house.
FTLN 2343 BIANCA
FTLN 2344 And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
FTLN 2345 What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights,
FTLN 2346 Eightscore eight hours, and lovers’ absent hours
FTLN 2347 More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
FTLN 2348 O weary reck’ning!
FTLN 2349 CASSIO Pardon me, Bianca.
FTLN 2350 I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed,
FTLN 2351 But I shall in a more continuative time
FTLN 2352 Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

(‘Giving her Desdemona’s handkerchief.’)

FTLN 2353 Take me this work out.
FTLN 2354 BIANCA O, Cassio, whence came this?
FTLN 2355 This is some token from a newer friend.
FTLN 2356 To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
FTLN 2357 Is ’t come to this? Well, well.
FTLN 2358 CASSIO Go to, woman!
FTLN 2359 Throw your vile guesses in the devil’s teeth,
FTLN 2360 From whence you have them. You are jealous now
FTLN 2361 That this is from some mistress, some remembrance.
FTLN 2362 No, (by my faith,) Bianca.
Othello

ACT 3. SC. 4

FTLN 2364 BIANCA Why, whose is it? 215
CASSIO

FTLN 2365 I know not neither. I found it in my chamber.

FTLN 2366 I like the work well. Ere it be demanded,

FTLN 2367 As like enough it will, I would have it copied.

FTLN 2368 Take it, and do ’t, and leave me for this time.

FTLN 2369 BIANCA Leave you? Wherefore?
CASSIO

FTLN 2370 I do attend here on the General,

FTLN 2371 And think it no addition, nor my wish,

FTLN 2372 To have him see me womaned.

FTLN 2373 BIANCA Why, I pray you?

FTLN 2374 CASSIO Not that I love you not.] 225

FTLN 2375 BIANCA But that you do not love me!

FTLN 2376 I pray you bring me on the way a little,

FTLN 2377 And say if I shall see you soon at night.

CASSIO

FTLN 2378 ’Tis but a little way that I can bring you,

FTLN 2379 For I attend here. But I’ll see you soon. 230

BIANCA

FTLN 2380 ’Tis very good. I must be circumstances.

(They exit.)
Scene 1

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

OTHELLO

    An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

OTHELLO

    Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

OTHELLO

    It is hypocrisy against the devil!

OTHELLO

    They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

OTHELLO

    The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

IAGO

    If they do nothing, ’tis a venial slip.

OTHELLO

    But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

IAGO

    What then?

IAGO

    Why then, ’tis hers, my lord, and being hers,

OTHELLO

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

OTHELLO

    She is protectress of her honor, too.

IAGO

    May she give that?
IAGO

Her honor is an essence that’s not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not.

But for the handkerchief—

OTHELLO

By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou saidst—O, it comes o’er my memory

As doth the raven o’er the infectious 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,

Convincèd or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab)—

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?

IAGO

Lie—

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—〈Zounds,〉 that’s

fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief.

[To confess and be hanged for his labor.

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
Othello

ACT 4. SC. 1

He falls in a trance.

IAGO Work on, words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips—is 't possible? Confess—handkerchief—O, devil!]

CASSIO 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 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. (Cassio exits.)

OTHELLO How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head? Dost thou mock me?

IAGO I mock you not, by heaven! Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

OTHELLO A hornèd 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 improper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch
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'erwhelm'd with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away
And laid good 'scuses 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're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

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 withdraws."

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A huswife 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 restrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad,
And his unbookish jealousy must (construe)
Poor Cassio’s smiles, gestures, and light behaviors
Quite in the wrong.—How do you, 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.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca’s (power,)
How quickly should you speed!

CASSIO, [laughing] Alas, poor caitiff!

IAGO Look how he laughs already!

IAGO I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO
Alas, poor rogue, I think (i’ faith) she loves me.

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.

IAGO
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 wins.
IAGO
   ⟨Faith,⟩ the cry goes that you marry her.
CASSIO   Prithee say true!
IAGO    I am a very villain else.
OTHELLO  Have you scored me? Well.
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. ⟨By this hand, she falls⟩ thus about my
         neck!
CASSIO    Crying, “O dear Cassio,” as it were; his
         gesture imports it.
OTHELLO   Now he tells how she plucked him to my
         chamber.—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that
         dog I shall throw it to.
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 know not who
left it there! This is some minx’s token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobbyhorse. Wheresoever you had it, I’ll take out no work on ’t.

CASSIO

How now, my sweet Bianca? How now? How now? 175

OTHELLO

By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIANCA If you’ll come to supper tonight you may. If you will not, come when you are next prepared for. She exits.

IAGO After her, after her! 180

CASSIO 〈Faith,〉 I must. She’ll rail in the streets 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. 185

CASSIO Prithee come. Will you?

IAGO Go to; say no more. 〈Cassio exits.〉

OTHELLO, 〈coming forward〉 How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? 190

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 giv’n it his whore.〉] 195

OTHELLO I would have him nine years a-killing! A fine woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman!

IAGO Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO Ay, let her rot and perish and be damned tonight, 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!

IAGO   She’s the worse for all this.

OTHELLO  O, a thousand, a 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.

IAGO   I will chop her into messes! Cuckold me?

OTHELLO  O, ’tis foul in her.

IAGO   With mine officer!

IAGO   That’s fouler.

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.  \(A\) \textit{trumpet sounds.}\)

What trumpet is that same?

IAGO   I warrant something from Venice.

\textit{Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.}\n
’Tis Lodovico. This comes from the Duke.

See, your wife’s with him.

LODOVICO  \(God\) save you, worthy general.
Othello

ACT 4. SC. 1

LODOVICO

The Duke and the Senators of Venice greet you.

[He hands Othello a paper.]

OTHELLO

With all my heart, sir.

I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

And what’s the news, good cousin Lodovico?

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

I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Lives, sir.

Cousin, there’s fall’n between him and my lord

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Are you sure of that?

My lord?

“This fail you not to do, as you will”—

He did not call; he’s busy in the paper.

Is there division ’twixt my lord and Cassio?

A most unhappy one. I would do much

’T atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Fire and brimstone!

Are you wise?

What, is he angry?

May be the letter moved him.

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

Deputing Cassio in his government.

(By my troth,) I am glad on ’t.
Othello

ACT 4. SC. 1

DESDEMONA   My lord?

OTHELLO   Indeed?

DESDEMONA   Why, sweet Othello!

OTHELLO, [striking her]  Devil!

DESDEMONA   I have not deserved this.

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.

[She begins to leave.]

LODOVICO   Truly (an) obedient lady.

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

OTHELLO   Mistress.

DESDEMONA, [turning back]  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!

Desdemona exits.]

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!  

_He exits._

**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?

**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**

'Thath, that was not so well. Yet would I knew  
That stroke would prove the worst.

**LODOVICO**

Is it his use?

**IAGO**

Or did the letters work upon his blood  
And new-create this fault?

**LODOVICO**

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.

_They exit._
Scene 2

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’ th’ way?

Emilia  Never.

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

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.

Othello  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.

Othello  Bid her come hither. Go.

Emilia  She says enough. Yet she’s a simple bawd
      That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
      A closet lock and key of villainous secrets.

      And yet she’ll kneel and pray. I have seen her do ’t.
Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

DESMOdNA  My lord, what is your will?

OTHELLO  Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DESMoNA  What is your pleasure?

OTHELLO  Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.

DESMoNA  What horrible fancy’s this?

OTHELLO  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.

     Emilia exits.

DESMoNA, 〈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?

DESMoNA  Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

OTHELLO  Come, swear it. Damn thyself,

     Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

     Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double

     damned.

     Swear thou art honest.

DESMoNA  Heaven doth truly know it.

OTHELLO  Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

DESMoNA, 〈standing〉

     To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

OTHELLO  Ah, Desdemon, away, away, away!

DESMoNA  Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?
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,
I have lost him too.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OTHELLO</th>
<th>Had it pleased heaven</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To try me with affliction, had they rained</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I should have found in some place of my soul</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A drop of patience. But alas, to make me</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>(A) fixèd figure for the time of scorn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To point his slow (unmoving) finger at—</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But there where I have garnered up my heart,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Where either I must live or bear no life,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fountain from the which my current runs</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Or else dries up—to be discarded thence,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To knot and gender in—turn thy complexion there,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ay, [there] look grim as hell.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DESDEMONA</th>
<th>I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OTHELLO</th>
<th>O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>That quicken even with blowing! O thou weed,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who art so lovely fair, and smell’st so sweet</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(ne’er) been born!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| DESDEMONA | Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OTHELLO</th>
<th>Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Made to write “whore” upon? What committed?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| [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 hushed within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear 't. What committed?

(impudent strumpet!)

Desdemona: By heaven, you do me wrong!

Othello: Are not you 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?

Desdemona: O, heaven forgive us!

I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter
And keeps the gate of hell—you, you, ay, you!
We have done our course. There’s money for your
pains.

I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel.

He exits.

Emilia: Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

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?  115
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.  120
I cannot weep, nor answers have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee, tonight
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets. Remember.
And call thy husband hither.

EMILIA  Here’s a change indeed.  She exits.
DESDEMONA

'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.  125
How have I been behaved that he might stick
The small’st opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Iago and Emilia.

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.

IAGO  What is 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 said my lord did say I was.

EMILIA

He called her “whore.” A beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.
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 called “whore”? Would it not make one  
weep?

DESDEMONA     It is my wretched fortune.
IAGO

Beshrew him for ’t! How comes this trick upon him?
DESDEMONA     Nay, heaven doth know.
EMILIA

I will be hanged if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devised this slander. I will be hanged 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?
The Moor’s abused by some most villainous knave, 
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.  
O heaven, that such companions thou ’dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked through the world,  
Even from the east to th’ west!
IAGO     Speak within door.
EMILIA
   O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
   That turned your wit the seamy side without
   And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO
   You are a fool. Go to!

DESDEMONA
   Alas, 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,
   And ever will—though he do shake me off
   To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
   Comfort forswear me! [She stands. Unkindness may do much,
   And his unkindness may defeat my life,
   But never taint my love. I cannot say “whore”—
   It does abhor me now I speak the word.
   To do the act that might the addition earn,
   Not the world’s mass of vanity could make me.]

IAGO
   I pray you be content. ’Tis but his humor.
   The business of the state does him offense,
   [And he does chide with you.]

DESDEMONA
   If ’twere no other—

IAGO
   It is but so, I warrant.

   [Trumpets sound.]

Hark how these instruments summon to supper.
The messengers of Venice stays the meat.
Go in and weep not. All things shall be well.

Desdemona and Emilia exit.
Enter Roderigo.

RODERIGO

Iago, I do not find
That thou deal’st justly with me.

IAGO

What in the contrary?

RODERIGO

Every day thou daff’st me with some device,
Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now,
keep’st from me all conveniency than suppliest me
with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no
longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up
in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO

Will you hear me, Roderigo?

RODERIGO

(Faith,) I have heard too much, and your
words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO

You charge me most unjustly.

RODERIGO

With naught 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 votaress. You have told me she hath
received them, and returned me expectations and
comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I
find none.

IAGO

Well, go to! Very well.

RODERIGO

“Very well.” “Go to!” I cannot go to, man,
nor ’tis not very well! (By this hand, I say ’tis very)
scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped 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.

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 do build on thee a better opinion
than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo.
Thou hast taken against me a most just exception,
but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy
affair.
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 valor—this night show
it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona,
take me from this world with treachery and
device engines for my life.
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.
RODERIGO   How do you mean, removing 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
suppers tonight with a harlotry, and thither will I go to
him. He knows not yet of his honorable 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 supper time, and the night grows to waste. About it!

RODERIGO  I will hear further reason for this.
IAGO  And you shall be satisfied.

They exit.

Scene 3

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 Honor is most welcome.

OTHELLO

Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona—

DESDEMONA  My lord?

OTHELLO  Get you to bed on th’ instant. I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there. Look ´t be done.

DESDEMONA  I will, my lord.

[All but Desdemona and Emilia] exit.

EMILIA

How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

DESDEMONA

He says he will return incontinent,
And 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 favor (in them.)

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 called Barbary.
   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 expressed her fortune,
   And she died singing it. That song tonight
   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 Barbary. Prithee, dispatch.

EMILIA  Shall I go fetch your nightgown?

DESDEMONA  No, unpin me here.

EMILIA  This Lodovico is a proper man.

DESDEMONA  A very handsome man.

DESDEMONA  He speaks well.

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 murmured her moans,

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones—

Lay by these.

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Prithee hie thee! He’ll come anon.

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?

EMILIA It’s the wind.

DESDEMONA

[I called 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. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

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!

EMILIA Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.

I might do ’t as well i’ th’ dark.

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
DESDEMONA In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
EMILIA In troth, I think I should, and undo ’t when I had done ⟨it.⟩ Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for the whole world—⟨'Uds pity!⟩ Who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for ’t. Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong for the whole world!

EMILIA Why, the wrong is but a wrong i’ th’ world; and, having the world for your labor, ’tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

I do not think there is any such woman.
EMILIA Yes, a dozen; and as many to th’ vantage as would store the world they played for.

[But I do think it is their husbands’ faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us. Or say they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite.
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace, Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know Their wives have sense like them. They see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is. And doth affection breed it? I think it doth. Is ’t frailty that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well. Else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.]

DESDEMONA

Good night, good night. (God) me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

They exit.
**ACT 5**

**Scene 1**

*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.

*He moves aside.*

**RODERIGO**

I have no great devotion to the deed,

And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.

’Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword! He dies.

*He draws his sword.*

**IAGO,** *aside*

I have rubbed 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 bobbed from him

223
As gifts to Desdemona.
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly. And besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him. There stand I in much peril.
No, he must die. (Be ’t) so. I (hear) him coming.

Enter Cassio.

RODERIGO
I know his gait. ’Tis he!—Villain, thou diest!

[He thrusts 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.

[He draws, and stabs Roderigo.]

RODERIGO
O, I am slain!

[Roderigo falls.]

Iago stabs Cassio in the leg, and exits.

CASSIO
I am maimed forever! Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Enter Othello.

OTHELLO
The voice of Cassio! Iago keeps his word.

O, villain that I am!

RODERIGO
O, help ho! Light! A surgeon!

OTHELLO, aside
It is even so.

CASSIO
O, help ho! Light! A surgeon!

OTHELLO, aside
’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.
Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

CASSIO
What ho! No watch? No passage? Murder, murder!

GRATIANO
'Tis some mischance. The voice is very direful.

CASSIO
O, help!

LODOVICO
Hark!

RODERIGO
O wretched villain!

LODOVICO
Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night.
These may be counterfeits. Let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

RODERIGO
Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago (with a light.)

LODOVICO
Hark!

GRATIANO
Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
weapons.

IAGO
Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries 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?

GRATIANO, (to Lodovico)
This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LODOVICO
The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

IAGO, (to Cassio)
What are you here that cry so grievously?
CASSIO
    Iago? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains.
    Give me some help!
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, [to Roderigo]
    O murd’rous slave! O villain!
    [He stabs Roderigo.]
RODERIGO
    O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!
IAGO
    Kill men i’ th’ dark?—Where be these bloody thieves?
    How silent is this town! Ho, murder, murder!—
    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!
    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,

IAGO

My sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

IAGO

O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

CASSIO

No.

GRATIANO

I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

[IAGO

Lend me a garter. So.—O for a chair
To bear him easily hence!]

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. [Peering at Roderigo.] 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?

GRATIANO

Know him? Ay.

IAGO

Signior Gratiano? I cry your 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.

I’ll fetch the General’s surgeon.— For you, mistress,

Save you your labor.—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’ th’ air.

«Cassio, in the chair, and Roderigo are carried off.»

«To Gratiano and Lodovico.»  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.

〈Enter Emilia.〉

EMILIA

Alas, what is the matter? What is 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 fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.

«To Bianca.»  What, do you shake at that?
Scene 2

*Enter Othello (with a light,) and Desdemona in her bed.*

**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,
Thou cunning’st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light reume. When I have plucked (the) rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again.
It needs must wither. I’ll smell [it] on the tree.
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! ['He kisses her.'] One
more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after. One more, and [this] the last.

So sweet was ne’er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow’s heavenly:
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESMONDA

Who’s there? Othello?

OTHELLO Ay, Desmonda.

DESMONDA Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO Have you prayed tonight, Desmonda?

DESMONDA Ay, my lord.

OTHELLO If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

DESMONDA Alack, my lord,
What may you mean by that?

OTHELLO Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unpreparèd spirit.

No, [heaven] forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

DESMONDA Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO Ay, I do.

DESMONDA Then heaven have mercy on me.

OTHELLO Amen, with all my heart.

DESMONDA If you say [so,] I hope you will not kill me.

OTHELLO Humh.
DESDEMONA

And yet I fear you, for you’re 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.

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 gav’st 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.

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!
DESDEMONA
And have you mercy, too. I never did
Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio
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 (mak’st) 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.

OTHELLO
He hath confessed.

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 stopped.

DESDEMONA
O, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

OTHELLO
Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

DESDEMONA
Alas, he is betrayed, 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!
Desdemona

Othello

Desdemona

Othello

Desdemona

But half an hour!

[Othello

Desdemona

But while I say one prayer!

Othello

It is too late.

(He) smothers her.

Emilia, [within]

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.

Emilia, within

What, ho! My lord, my lord!

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.

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 th’ affrighted globe

〈Should〉 yawning at alteration.

Emilia, 〈within〉

I do beseech you

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.—
    Where art thou?

Enter Emilia.

What's the matter with thee now?

OTHELLO
What? Now?

EMILIA
    O, my good lord, yonder’s foul murders done.

OTHELLO
    But now, my lord.

EMILIA
    It is the very error of the moon.
    She comes more nearer Earth than she was wont
    And makes men mad.

OTHELLO
    Cassio, my lord, hath killed
    A young Venetian called Roderigo.

EMILIA
    Roderigo killed? And Cassio killed?

OTHELLO
    No, Cassio is not killed.

OTHELLO
    Not Cassio killed? Then murder’s out of tune,
    And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DESDEMONA
    O falsely, falsely murdered.

EMILIA
    What is that cry?

OTHELLO
    That? What?

EMILIA
    Out, and alas, that was my lady’s voice!
    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

ACT 5. SC. 2

OTHELLO
  Why, how should she be murdered?

EMILIA  Alas, who
  knows?

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!

EMILIA
  ’Twas I that killed her.

OTHELLO
  O, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil!

EMILIA
  She turned 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
  That she was false. O, she was heavenly true!

OTHELLO
  Cassio did top her. Ask thy husband else.

OTHELLO
  O, I were damned 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. Had she been true,
  If heaven would make me such another world
  Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
  I’d not have sold her for it.

EMILIA
  My husband?

OTHELLO
  Ay, ’twas he that told me on her first.
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

OTHELLO
What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy husband.

EMILIA
O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say she was false?

OTHELLO
He, woman.

EMILIA
If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! He lies to th’ heart!
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

[He draws his sword.]

EMILIA
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTHELLO
Hah?

EMILIA
Do thy worst!

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 killed 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.
Act 5. Scene 2

Gratiano. What is the matter?

Emilia, to Iago

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, damnèd lie!

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!

She false with Cassio? Did you say with Cassio?

Iago

With Cassio, mistress. Go to! Charm your tongue.

Emilia

I will not charm my tongue. I am bound to speak.

[My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

All. O heavens forfend!

Emilia, to Iago

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!

Emilia

Villainy, villainy, villainy!

I think upon 't, I think! I smell 't! O villainy!

I thought so then. I'll kill myself for grief!

O villainy! Villainy!

Iago

What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.
Othello

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!  \textit{Othello falls on the bed.}\  

EMILIA     Nay, lay thee down, and roar!
   For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
   That e'er did lift up eye.

IAGO, \textit{standing}     O, she was foul!—

O, she was foul!—
I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath indeed these hands have newly
   stopped.
I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRATIANO
   Poor Desdemon, I am glad thy father's dead.
   Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
   Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
   This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
   Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
   And fall to reprobance.

'\textit{Tis pitiful. But yet Iago knows}
   That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
   A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it,
   And she did gratify his amorous works
   With that recognition 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.

EMILIA  O \langle God!\rangle O heavenly \langle God!\rangle
IAGO  \langle Zounds,\rangle 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.

\textit{He draws his sword.}
EMILIA
   I will not.  

GRATIANO
   Fie, your sword upon a woman!

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 belonged to such a trifle),
   He begged of me to steal ’t.

IAGO
   Villainous 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!
   O murd’rous coxcomb, what should such a fool
   Do with so good a wife?

OTHELLO
   Are there no stones in heaven
   But what serves for the thunder?—Precious villain!
   \textit{The Moor runs at Iago \textit{but is disarmed.} \textit{Iago kills his wife.}}

GRATIANO
   The woman falls! Sure he hath killed his wife.

EMILIA
   Ay, ay! O, lay me by my mistress’ side. \textit{Iago exits.}

GRATIANO
   He’s gone, but his wife’s killed.

MONTANO
   ’Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon
   Which I have \textit{here} recovered 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 damnèd slave.
   \textit{Montano and Gratiano} exit.

OTHELLO
   I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honor 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.

[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, alas, I die.  

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.

[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 weaponed.
Here is my journey’s end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed? ’Tis a lost fear.
Man but a rush against Othello’s breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

“He looks toward the bed.”

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred 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 cursèd, cursèd slave!—

Whip me, you devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

 Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulfur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemon! Dead, Desdemon! Dead! O, O!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio ⟨in a chair,⟩ Montano, and Iago, with 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 brought forward.”

OTHELLO

I look down towards his feet; but that’s a fable.—

If that thou be’st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

“He stabs Iago.”

LODOVICO  Wrench his sword from him.

“Othello is disarmed.”

IAGO  I bleed, sir, but not killed.

OTHELLO

I am not sorry neither. I’d have thee live,

For in my sense ’tis happiness to die.

LODOVICO

O thou Othello, that ⟨wert⟩ once so good,

Fall’n in the practice of a ⟨damnèd⟩ slave,

What shall be said to thee?
OTHELLO Why, anything. 345

An honorable murderer, if you will,
For naught I did in hate, but all in honor.

LODOVICO

This wretch hath part confessed his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio’s death?

OTHELLO Ay. 350

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?

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 shows papers. 365

The one of them imports The death of Cassio, to be undertook
By Roderigo.

OTHELLO O villain!

CASSIO Most heathenish and most gross.

LODOVICO Now here’s another discontented paper
Found in his pocket, too; and this it seems
Roderigo meant t’ have sent this damnèd villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

OTHELLO O, thou pernicious caitiff!— 375
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife’s?

CASSIO I found it in my chamber.
And he himself confessed it but even now,
That there he dropped 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.
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 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,
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,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this.
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbanned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by th’ throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him, thus. (He stabs himself.)

LODOVICO O bloody period!
GRATIANO All that is spoke is marred.

O RHELLO, [to Desdemona]
I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. (He) 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,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. [To Cassio.] To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain.
The time, the place, the torture, O, enforce it.
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

They exit.