

THE TRAGEDY OF
OTHELLO, THE MOOR
OF VENICE

[1.1] *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. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.

RODERIGO

Thou told'st me

5

Thou didst hold him in thy hate.

IAGO

Despise me

If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped to him, and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.

10

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, 15
 '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 20
 That never set a squadron in the field
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster – unless the bookish theoretic,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice 25
 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,
 Christian and heathen, must be be-leed and calmed
 By debtor and creditor. This counter-caster 30
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be
 And I, God bless the mark, his Moorship's ancient!

RODERIGO

By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO

Why, there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service:
 Preferment goes by letter and affection 35
 And not by old gradation, where each second

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end,
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate 60
 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.

RODERIGO

What a full fortune does the thicklips owe 65
 If he can carry't thus!

IAGO

Call up her father,

Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen.

RODERIGO

Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

IAGO

Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
 As when by night and negligence the fire 75
 Is spied in populous cities.

RODERIGO

What ho! Brabantio, Signior Brabantio ho!

IAGO

Awake, what ho, Brabantio! thieves, thieves, thieves!
 Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
 Thieves, thieves! 80

BRABANTIO [*appears above*] *at a window.*

BRABANTIO

What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

RODERIGO

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, 90

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: 95

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
 My daughter is not for thee; and now in madness,
 Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
 Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
 To start my quiet? 100

RODERIGO

Sir, sir, sir –

BRABANTIO

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

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!

BRABANTIO What profane wretch art thou?

IAGO I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor
 are now making the beast with two backs. 115

BRABANTIO

Thou art a villain!

IAGO You are a senator!

BRABANTIO

This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo!

RODERIGO

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

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
 Yet for necessity of present life
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him, 155
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
 And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

*Enter BRABANTIO in his night-gown and Servants
 with torches.*

BRABANTIO

It is too true an evil, gone she is,
 And what's to come of my despised time
 Is nought but bitterness. Now Roderigo, 160
 Where didst thou see her? – O unhappy girl! –
 With the Moor, say'st thou? – Who would be a father?
 How didst thou know 'twas she? – O, she deceives me
 Past thought! – What said she to you? – Get more tapers,
 Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you? 165

RODERIGO

Truly I think they are.

BRABANTIO

O heaven, how got she out? O treason of the blood!
 – Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act. – Is there not charms
 By which the property of youth and maidhood 170

BRABANTIO

Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

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

Good signior, you shall more command with years 60

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, 65

Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunned

The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70

Of such a thing as thou? to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weakens motion: I'll have't disputed on, 75

'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist 80

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. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO To prison, till fit time 85

Of law, and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

OTHELLO What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose messengers are here about my side

Upon some present business of the state, 90

To bring me to him?

OFFICER 'Tis true, most worthy signior,

The duke's in council, and your noble self

I am sure is sent for.

BRABANTIO How? the duke in council?

In this time of the night? Bring him away:

Mine's not an idle cause, the duke himself, 95

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own.

For if such actions may have passage free

Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

[1.3] *Enter* DUKE *and* Senators, *set at a table,*
with lights and Attendants.

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

DUKE

Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman. 50
[*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 55
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

DUKE

Why? What's the matter?

BRABANTIO

My daughter, O my daughter!

I SENATOR

Dead?

The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace,
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used 85
 Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speak
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience, 90
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration and what mighty magic –
 For such proceeding I am charged withal –
 I won his daughter.

BRABANTIO A maiden never bold, 95
 Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
 Blushed at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, everything,
 To fall in love with what she feared to look on?
 It is a judgement maimed and most imperfect 100
 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 105

Or with some dram conjured to this effect

He wrought upon her.

DUKE To vouch this is no proof,

Without more certain and more overt test

Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods

Of modern seeming do prefer against him. 110

1 SENATOR

But, Othello, speak:

Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by request and such fair question

As soul to soul affordeth?

OTHELLO I do beseech you, 115

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 120

Even fall upon my life.

DUKE

Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO

Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

And till she come, as truly as to heaven

Exeunt [Iago and] two or three.

I do confess the vices of my blood 125
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love
 And she in mine.

DUKE Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO

Her father loved me, oft invited me,
 Still questioned me the story of my life 130
 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 spake of most disastrous chances, 135
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,
 Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach,
 Of being taken by the insolent foe
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence
 And portance in my travailous history; 140
 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 145
 Do grow beneath their shoulders.

This 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 150
 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 155
 But not intentively. 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, 160
 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, 165
 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: 170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *Attendants*.

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 195

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 200

Which as a guise or step may help these lovers

Into your favour.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone 205

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

BRABANTIO

So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,

We lose it not so long as we can smile;

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 boisterous expedition.

OTHELLO

The tyrant custom, most grave senators, 230
 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 war against the Ottomites. 235
 Most humbly therefore, bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reverence of place, and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding. 240

DUKE

Why, at her father's.

BRABANTIO I'll 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 245
 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 scorn of fortunes 250
 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 honours and his valiant parts
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate, 255
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 260

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 defunct, and proper satisfaction, 265
 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
 When she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
 Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness 270
 My speculative and officed instrument,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm

I SENATOR

Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

Exeunt [Duke, Brabantio, Senators, Officers].

OTHELLO

My life upon her faith. Honest Iago, 295
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 matter and direction 300
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

RODERIGO Iago!

IAGO What sayst thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep. 305

RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself.

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 a 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 gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man! drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse, follow thou the wars, defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor – put money in thy purse – nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration – put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills – fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as acerb as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must. Therefore, put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning – make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a frail vow betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle 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. Go to, farewell. –Do you hear, Roderigo? No
more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO I am changed. I'll sell all my land. *Exit.*

IAGO Go to, farewell, put money enough in your purse.

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 385
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He's 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. 390
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. 395
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 400
As asses are.

CASSIO

She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago, 75
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
 A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms, 80
 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!
 Hail to thee, lady, and the grace of heaven, 85
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand
 Enwheel thee round!

DESDEMONA I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CASSIO

He is not yet arrived, nor know I aught
 But that he's well, and will be shortly here. 90

DESDEMONA

O, but I fear . . . how lost you company?

CASSIO

The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship.
 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.

[*He kisses Emilia.*]

IAGO

Sir, would she give you so much of her lips 100
 As of her tongue she oft bestows on me
 You'd have enough.

DESDEMONA

Alas! she has no speech.

IAGO

In faith, too much!
 I find it still when I have list to sleep.
 Marry, before your ladyship, I grant, 105
 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 doors,
 Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens, 110
 Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
 Players in your housewifery, and housewives in . . .
 Your beds!

DESDEMONA O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

IAGO

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

You rise to play, and go to bed to work. 115

EMILIA

You shall not write my praise.

IAGO No, let me not. [*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 courtesies. You say true, 'tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good, well kissed, and excellent courtesy: 'tis so indeed! Yet again, your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!
(*Trumpets within*)

The Moor! I know his trumpet!

CASSIO

'Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA

Let's meet him and receive him.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

CASSIO

Lo, where he comes!

OTHELLO

O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA

My dear Othello!

180

OTHELLO

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 205
 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; 210
 Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.]

IAGO Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. First

I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

RODERIGO With him? why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me
 with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging
 and telling her fantastical lies – and will she love him still for
 prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed,
 and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the
 blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again
 to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in
 favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties, all which
 the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these required
 conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,
 begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor – very

nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now sir, this granted – as it is a most pregnant and unforced position – who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does?

RODERIGO I cannot believe that in her, she's full of most blest condition.

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

RODERIGO Yes, that I did, but that was but courtesy.

IAGO Lechery, by this hand: an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo: 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.

RODERIGO Well.

IAGO Sir, he's rash and very sudden in choler, and haply with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him that he may, for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true trust 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.

RODERIGO 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.

RODERIGO Adieu.

Exit.

IAGO

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it,
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit. 285
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 290
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..... 295
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 judgement cannot cure; which thing to do, 300

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Micheal Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too— 305
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till used. *Exit.*

[2.2] *Enter Othello's Herald, with a proclamation.*

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

[2.3] *Enter, CASSIO and IAGO.*

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 – whom let us not therefore blame; 15
 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. 20

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 30
 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. 35

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 What, man, 'tis a night of revels, the gallants 40
desire it.

CASSIO Where are they?

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

CASSIO I'll do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

IAGO

If I can fasten but one cup upon him, 45
With that which he hath drunk tonight already
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO and Gentlemen.

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, 65

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! 70

CASSIO 'Fore God, an excellent song! To the health of our general!

IAGO Will you hear't again?

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

IAGO It's true, good lieutenant.

CASSIO For mine own part, no offence to the general nor any
man of quality, 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.

GENTLEMAN Excellent well.

CASSIO Why, very well then; you must not think then
that I am drunk. *Exit.*

MONTANO

To th' platform, masters, come, let's set the watch. 116

IAGO

You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, 120
The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pity of him:

CASSIO A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave
into a twiggen bottle!

RODERIGO Beat me? 145

CASSIO Dost thou prate, rogue?

MONTANO Nay, good lieutenant! I pray you, sir, hold
your hand.

CASSIO Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the
mazzard. 150

MONTANO Come, come, you're drunk.

CASSIO Drunk? *They fight.*

IAGO [*aside to Roderigo*]

Away, I say, go out and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen –

Help ho! Lieutenant! sir – Montano – sir – 155

Help, masters, here's a goodly watch indeed. *A bellrings.*

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

The town will rise, God's will, lieutenant, hold,

You will be shamed for ever!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

OTHELLO

What is the matter here?

MONTANO Zounds, I bleed still; 160

I am hurt to th' death: he dies! [*Lunges at Cassio.*]

OTHELLO Hold, for your lives!

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

Why, how now, ho? From whence ariseth this? 165
 Are we turned Turks? and to ourselves do that
 Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;
 He that stirs next, to carve for his own rage,
 Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion. 170
 Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
 From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
 Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak: who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

IAGO

I do not know, friends all, but now, even now, 175

OTHELLO

How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CASSIO

I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak. 185

OTHELLO

Worthy Montano, you were wont to 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 190

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, 195
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, 200

My blood begins my safer guides to rule
And passion, having my best judgement collid,
Assays to lead the way. Zounds, if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know 205
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approved in this offence,
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, 210
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 215
 Thou art no soldier.

IAGO

Touch me not so near.

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio,
 Yet I persuade myself to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general: 220
 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
 Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause, 225
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue
 Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose, and I returned the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords 230
 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. 235
 More of this matter cannot I report.

OTHELLO I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

But never more be officer of mine. 245

Look if my gentle love be not raised up!

I'll make thee an example.

DESDEMONA

What is the matter, dear?

OTHELLO

All's well now, sweeting,

Come away to bed. – Sir, for your hurts

Myself will be your surgeon. Lead him off. 250

[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.

Exeunt [all but Iago and Cassio.]

IAGO What, are you hurt, lieutenant? 255

CASSIO Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO Marry, God forbid!

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

IAGO As I am an honest man I thought you had received some

bodily wound; there is more of sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving.

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

IAGO What was he that you followed with your sword? 280
What had he done to you?

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 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 some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. 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 blest a disposition that she holds it a vice in her goodness not
to do more than she is requested.

CASSIO You advise me well.

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

CASSIO Good-night, honest Iago. *Exit.*

IAGO

And what's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th'inclining Desdemona to subdue 335
In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful
As the free elements: and then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfettered to her love 340
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! 345
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, 350
 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 pitch³⁵⁵
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

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

IAGO

How poor are they that have not patience! 365
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee

And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio. 370

Though other things grow fair against the sun

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe;

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

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee, go where thou art billeted, 375

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. *Exit Roderigo.*

Two things are to be done:

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,

I'll set her on.

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart 380

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way!

Dull not device by coldness and delay! *Exit.*

[3.3] *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, 5

For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

EMILIA

Madam, here comes my lord.

CASSIO

Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

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. *Exit Cassio.*

IAGO Ha, I like not that.

OTHELLO

What dost thou say? 35

IAGO

Nothing, my lord; or if – I know not what.

OTHELLO

Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO

Cassio, my lord? no, sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guilty-like
Seeing you coming.

OTHELLO I do believe 'twas he. 40

DESDEMONA

How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTHELLO

Who is't you mean?

DESDEMONA

Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord, 45

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 judgement in an honest face. 50

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. 55

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; 60

On Tuesday, noon or night; on Wednesday morn!

I prithee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days: i'faith, he's penitent,

And yet his trespass, in our common reason

– Save that they say the wars must make examples 65

Out of their 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 70

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, 75

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 80
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed
 It shall be full of poise and difficult weight
 And fearful to be granted.

OTHELLO I will deny thee nothing.
 Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself. 85

DESDEMONA
 Shall I deny you? No, farewell, my lord.

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

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

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

OTHELLO
 Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul 90
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
 Chaos is come again.

IAGO
 My noble lord –

OTHELLO What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO
 Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
 Know of your love?

OTHELLO He did, from first to last. 95
 Why dost thou ask?

IAGO

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

OTHELLO Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO

O yes, and went between us very oft. 100

IAGO

Indeed?

OTHELLO

Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

IAGO

Honest, my lord?

OTHELLO

Honest? Ay, honest. 105

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 110

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something,

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
 In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed?' 115
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me
 Show me thy thought.

IAGO My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO

I think thou dost. 120

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.
 For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just 125
 They're close delations, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

IAGO For Michael Cassio,

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

OTHELLO

I think so too.

IAGO Men should be what they seem,
 Or those that be not, would they might seem none. 130

OTHELLO

Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO

Why then I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO

Nay, yet there's more in this:

I prithee speak to me, as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of thoughts 135

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 140

Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days and in session sit

With meditations lawful?

OTHELLO

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago, 145

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 150

Shapes faults that are not – that your wisdom

From one that so imperfectly conceits

OTHELLO

O misery!

IAGO

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
 But riches fineless is as poor as winter 175
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy.

OTHELLO

Why — why is this?
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy 180
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufflicate and blown surmises, 185
 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 190
 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! 195

IAGO

I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof:
 Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio. 200
 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 205
 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, 210
 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 215
 For too much loving you.

OTHELLO

I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO

I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTHELLO

Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO

I'faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke 220

Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved;

I am to pray you not to strain my speech

To grosser issues nor to larger reach

Than to suspicion.

OTHELLO

I will not.

IAGO

Should you do so, my lord, 225

My speech should fall into such vile success

As my thoughts aimed not at: Cassio's my worthy friend.

My lord, I see you're moved.

OTHELLO

No, not much moved.

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO

Long live she so; and long live you to think so. 230

OTHELLO

And yet how nature, erring from itself –

IAGO

Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold with you,

Not to affect many proposed matches

Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
 Whereto we see, in all things, nature tends – 235
 Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
 But pardon me, I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgement, 240
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And happily repent.

OTHELLO Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
 Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

IAGO

My lord, I take my leave.

OTHELLO Why did I marry? 245

This honest creature doubtless
 Sees and knows more – much more – than he unfolds.

IAGO

My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
 To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time;
 Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place, 250
 For sure he fills it up with great ability,
 Yet if you please to hold him off a while
 You shall by that perceive him, and his means:
 Note if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity, 255
 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 honour.

OTHELLO

Fear not my government. 260

IAGO

I once more take my leave. *Exit.*

OTHELLO

This fellow's of exceeding honesty
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, 265
 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 – 270
 She's gone, I am abused, and my relief
 Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon 275
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones,

Prerogativèd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death –
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us 280
 When we do quicken.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Look where she comes:

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

DESDEMONA How now, my dear Othello?
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 By you invited, do attend your presence. 285

OTHELLO
 I am to blame.

DESDEMONA Why do you speak so faintly?
 Are you not well?

OTHELLO
 I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

DESDEMONA
 Faith, that's with watching, 'twill away again.
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour 290
 It will be well.

OTHELLO Your napkin is too little.

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

DESDEMONA

I am very sorry that you are not well.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

EMILIA

I am glad I have found this napkin,
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor. 295
 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 300
 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 – 305

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?

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste 330
 But with a little art upon the blood
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.

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 335
 Which thou owedst yesterday.

OTHELLO Ha! Ha! false to me?

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

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

IAGO How now, my lord? 340

OTHELLO

What sense had I of her stolen 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 stolen, 345
 Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.

IAGO

I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO

I had been happy if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known. O now for ever 350
 Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed 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, 355
 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 clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell: Othello's occupation's gone. 360

IAGO

Is't possible? my lord?

OTHELLO

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
 Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof,
 [Catching hold of him]
 Or by the worth of man's eternal soul
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog 365
 Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO

Is't come to this?

OTHELLO

Make me to see't, or at the least so prove it
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

IAGO

My noble lord – 370

OTHELLO

If thou dost slander her and torture me
Never pray more, abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add 375
Greater than that!

IAGO

O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God buy you, take mine office. O wretched fool
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world, 380
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTHELLO

Nay, stay, thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO

I should be wise, for honesty's a fool 385
And loses that it works for.

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 410
 Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

OTHELLO

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO

I do not like the office.
 But sith I am entered in this cause so far,
 Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love, 415
 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. 420
 In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves,'
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
 Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard
 As if he plucked up kisses by the roots 425
 That grew upon my lips, lay his leg o'er my thigh,
 And sigh, and kiss, and then cry 'Cursed fate
 That gave thee to the Moor!'

OTHELLO

O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO

Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO

But this denoted a foregone conclusion. 430

IAGO

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream,
And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTHELLO

I'll tear her all to pieces!

IAGO

Nay, yet be wise, yet we see nothing done, 435
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO

I gave her such a one, 'twas my first gift.

IAGO

I know not that, but such a handkerchief, 440
I am sure it was your wife's, did I today
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO

If it be that—

IAGO

If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTHELLO

O that the slave had forty thousand lives! 445
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, 450
 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
 To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
 For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

IAGO Yet be content!

OTHELLO

O blood, blood, blood! *Othello kneels.*

IAGO

Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may change. 455

OTHELLO

Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea
 Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er keeps retiring ebb but keeps due on
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont:
 Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace 460
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up. Now by yond marble heaven
 In the due reverence of a sacred vow
 I here engage my words.

IAGO Do not rise yet. *Iago kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above, 466
 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 470
 And to obey shall be in me remorse
 What bloody business ever.

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 475
 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 480
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO I am your own for ever. *Exeunt.*

[3.4] *Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA.

DESDEMONA

Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA

I know not, madam.

DESDEMONA

Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse 25
 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 30
 Drew all such humours 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. 35

OTHELLO
 Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA
 It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO
 This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:
 Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
 A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, 40

Much castigation, exercise devout,
 For here's a young and sweating devil, here,
 That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
 A frank one.

DESDEMONA You may indeed say so,
 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart. 45

OTHELLO
 A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands
 But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

DESDEMONA
 I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your promise.

OTHELLO
 What promise, chuck?

DESDEMONA
 I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. 50

OTHELLO
 I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me,
 Lend me thy handkerchief.

DESDEMONA
 Here, my lord.

OTHELLO
 That which I gave you.

DESDEMONA
 I have it not about me. 55

OTHELLO
 Not?

DESDEMONA
 No, faith, my lord.

Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

DESDEMONA

Then would to God that I had never seen't!

OTHELLO

Ha! wherefore?

80

DESDEMONA

Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

OTHELLO

Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o'the way?

DESDEMONA

Heaven bless us!

OTHELLO

Say you?

DESDEMONA

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

85

OTHELLO

How?

DESDEMONA

I say it is not lost.

OTHELLO

Fetch't, let me see't.

DESDEMONA

Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit.

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

90

OTHELLO

Fetch me the handkerchief, my mind misgives.

DESDEMONA

Come, come,

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

OTHELLO

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTHELLO

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA A man that all his time 95

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you –

OTHELLO

The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA I' faith, you are to blame.

OTHELLO

Zounds! *Exit.*

EMILIA

Is not this man jealous? 100

DESDEMONA

I ne'er saw this before,
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

EMILIA

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food: 105
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.
Look you, Cassio and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

IAGO

There is no other way, 'tis she must do't,
And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

DESDEMONA

How now, good Cassio, what's the news with you? 110

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 honour. I would not be delayed. 115

DESDEMONA Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio,

My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him 125
Were he in favour as in humour 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: 130
What I can do I will, and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

IAGO

Is my lord angry?

EMILIA

He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

IAGO

Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon 135
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air
 And like the devil, from his very arm,
 Puffed his own brother – and can he be angry?
 Something of moment then. I will go meet him,
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. 140

DESDEMONA

I prithee do so. (*Exit [Iago.]*) Something sure of state
 Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
 Hath puddled his clear spirit.
 Nay, we must think men are not gods
 Nor of them look for such observancy 150
 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.

EMILIA Pray heaven it be 155
 State matters, as you think, and no conception
 Nor no jealous toy, concerning you.

DESDEMONA

Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

EMILIA

But jealous souls will not be answered so:

They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160

But jealous for they're jealous. It is a monster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DESDEMONA

Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

EMILIA

Lady, amen.

DESDEMONA

I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here about, 165

If I do find him fit I'll move your suit

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

CASSIO

I humbly thank your ladyship.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia. Enter BIANCA.

BIANCA

Save you, friend Cassio!

CASSIO

What make you from home?

How is't with you, my most fair Bianca? 170

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIANCA

And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours

More tedious than the dial, eight score times! 175

O weary reckoning!

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

IAGO

So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief – 10

OTHELLO

What then?

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that? 15

IAGO

Her honour 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 said'st – O, it comes o'er my memory 20
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?

Work on,
 My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught, 45
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
 All guiltless, meet reproach. – What ho! my lord!
 My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

CASSIO

What's the matter?

IAGO

How now, Cassio?
 My lord is fallen into an epilepsy; 50
 This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

CASSIO

Rub him about the temples.

IAGO

No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course,
 If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs; 55
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
 He will recover straight. When he is gone
 I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cassio.]

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

OTHELLO

Dost thou mock me?

IAGO

I mock you? no, by heaven! 60

Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

OTHELLO

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

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

Did he confess it?

IAGO

Good sir, be a man, 65

Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you. There's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.

OTHELLO

O, thou art wise, 'tis certain.

IAGO

Stand you a while apart, 75

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief

– A passion most unsuited such a man –

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away

And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy, 80

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 85
 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? 90
 I will be found most cunning in my patience
 But – dost thou hear? – most bloody.

IAGO That's not amiss,
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
 [*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that by selling her desires 95
 Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio – as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 To beguile many and be beguiled by one.
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes. 100

Enter CASSIO.

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

CASSIO I marry! What, a customer! prithee bear some charity to my
 wit, do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

IAGO Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

CASSIO Prithee say true! 125

IAGO I am a very villain else.

OTHELLO Have you stored 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. 130

OTHELLO Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.

CASSIO She was here even now, she haunts me in every
 place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with
 certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble and,
 by this hand, falls me thus about my neck – 135

OTHELLO Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture
 imports it.

CASSIO So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so shakes
 and pulls me! Ha, ha, ha!

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 hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't!

CASSIO How now, my sweet Bianca, how now, how now? 155

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. *Exit.*

IAGO After her, after her!

CASSIO Faith, I must, she'll rail in the streets else. 160

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.

CASSIO Prithee come, will you? 165

IAGO Go to, say no more. *Exit Cassio.*

OTHELLO How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTHELLO O Iago!

IAGO And did you see the handkerchief? 170

OTHELLO Was that mine?

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

OTHELLO I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman, a
fair woman, 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. 190

IAGO Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago
– O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

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

OTHELLO I will chop her into messes! Cuckold me!

IAGO O, 'tis foul in her.

OTHELLO With mine officer!

IAGO That's fouler. 200

OTHELLO Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll not
 expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty
 unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.

IAGO Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed –
 even the bed she hath contaminated. 205

OTHELLO Good, good, the justice of it pleases; very good!

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

OTHELLO Excellent good. *A trumpet within.* What trumpet is
 that same?

IAGO I warrant something from Venice.

'Tis Lodovico, this, comes from the duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA *and Attendants.*

LODOVICO God save you, worthy general. 215

OTHELLO With all my heart, sir.

LODOVICO

The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

OTHELLO

I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the letter and reads.*]

DESDEMONA

And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO

I am very glad to see you, signior. 220

Welcome to Cyprus.

LODOVICO

I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO

Lives, sir.

DESDEMONA

Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well – 225

OTHELLO

Are you sure of that?

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO [Reads.]

This fail you not to do, as you will –

LODOVICO

He did not call, he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio? 230

DESDEMONA

A most unhappy one: I would do much

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

OTHELLO

Fire and brimstone!

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

Are you wise?

DESDEMONA

OTHELLO

Mistress!

DESDEMONA

My lord? 250

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, 255

Very obedient. – Proceed you in your tears. –

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

I am commanded home. – Get you away.

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

And will return to Venice. – Hence, avaunt! – 260

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight I do entreat that
we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys! *Exit.*

LODOVICO

Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all in all sufficient? This the nature 265

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 270

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

I would to heaven he were!

LODOVICO What! strike his wife!

IAGO

Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

LODOVICO Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood 275

And new-create this fault?

IAGO Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

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

And his own courses will denote him so

That I may save my speech. Do but go after 280

And mark how he continues.

LODOVICO

I am sorry that I am deceived in him. *Exeunt.*

[4.2] *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. 5

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. 10

OTHELLO

That's strange.

EMILIA

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other

Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head 15

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. *Exit Emilia.*

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd 20
 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.

DESDEMONA

My lord, what is your will?

OTHELLO Pray, chuck, come hither.

DESDEMONA

What is your pleasure?

OTHELLO Let me see your eyes. 25

Look in my face.

DESDEMONA What horrible fancy's this?

OTHELLO *[to Emilia]*

Some of your function, mistress,
 Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
 Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come. 29
 Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch! *Exit Emilia.*

DESDEMONA

Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words

But not the words.

OTHELLO

Why, what art thou?

DESDEMONA

Your wife, my lord: your true and loyal wife. 35

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!

DESDEMONA

Heaven doth truly know it.

OTHELLO

Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell. 40

DESDEMONA

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

OTHELLO

Ah, Desdemon, away, away, away!

DESDEMONA

Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect 45

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him

Why, I have lost him too.

OTHELLO

Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction, had they rained

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head, 50
 Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
 The fixed figure for the time of scorn 55
 To point his slow and moving finger at!
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
 But there where I have garnered up my heart,
 Where either I must live or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs 60
 Or else dries up – to be discarded thence!
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
 Ay, here look, grim as hell! 65

DESDEMONA

I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO

O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

DESDEMONA

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTHELLO

Was this fair paper, this most goodly book
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
 Committed? O thou public commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks 75
 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 80
 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 85

From any hated 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!

EMILIA

He called her whore. A beggar in his drink
 Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

IAGO

Why did he so?

DESDEMONA

I do not know; I am sure I am none such. 125

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, 130

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'll be hanged else! 135

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 140

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 145

Even from the east to th' west.

IAGO

Speak within doors.

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

O God, Iago, 150

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, 155

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, 160
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
 And his unkindness may defeat my life
 But never taint my love. I cannot say where:
 It does abhor me now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn 165
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO

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

DESDEMONA

If 'twere no other –

IAGO 'Tis but so, I warrant. 170

[*Trumpets.*]

Hark how these instruments summon to supper:
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat,
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

[4.3] *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 honour is most welcome.

OTHELLO

Will you walk, sir?

O, Desdemona –

DESDEMONA

My lord?

OTHELLO

Get you to bed

5

On th' instant, I will be returned forthwith.

Dismiss your attendant there: look't be done.

DESDEMONA

I will, my lord.

Exeunt Othello, Lodovico and Attendants.

EMILIA

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

DESDEMONA

He says he will return incontinent,

10

And hath commanded me to go to bed

And bid 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. 15

EMILIA

Ay. – Would you had never seen him!

DESDEMONA

So would not I: my love doth so approve him
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns
– Prithee unpin me – have grace and favour.

EMILIA

I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed. 20

DESDEMONA

All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me
In one of these 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 25
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 night-gown?

DESDEMONA No, unpin me here.

EMILIA This Lodovico is a proper man. A very hand some
man. 35

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 [*Sings.*]

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow: 40

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,
Sing willow, willow, willow.

[*Speaks.*] Lay by these.

Willow, willow –

[*Speaks.*] Prithee hie thee: he'll come anon.

Sing all a green willow must be my garland. 50

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve –

[*Speaks.*] Nay, that's not next. Hark, who is't that knocks?

EMILIA

It's the wind.

DESDEMONA [*Sings.*]

I called my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow: 55

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.
 [*Speaks.*] 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 – 60
 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: 65
 I might do't as well i'th' dark.

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA

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

DESDEMONA Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA By my troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had
 done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-
 ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats,

nor caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world? ud's pity, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DESDEMONA

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world!

EMILIA Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and
having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your 80
own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DESDEMONA I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA Yes, a dozen, and as many to th' vantage as would
store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults 85
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, 90
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 95
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? 100
 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 usage send
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! *Exeunt.*

[5.1] *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. 5

RODERIGO

Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

IAGO

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

[*Retires.*]

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. 10

IAGO

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 15
 Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him
 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 20
 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!

[Makes a thrust at Cassio.]

CASSIO

That thrust had been mine enemy indeed
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st: 25
 I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.]

RODERIGO

O, I am slain!

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

CASSIO

I am maimed for ever! Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter OTHELLO.

OTHELLO

The voice of Cassio. Iago keeps his word.

RODERIGO

O, villain that I am!

OTHELLO

It is even so.

CASSIO

O, help ho! light! a surgeon! 30

OTHELLO

'Tis he. O brave Iago, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
 Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come.
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted, 35
 Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted. *Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.

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? 50

GRATIANO

This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LODOVICO

The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

IAGO

What are you here that cry so grievously?

CASSIO

Iago? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

55

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!

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

RODERIGO

O, help me here!

60

CASSIO

That's one of them.

IAGO

O murderous slave! O villain!

[*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!

How is't, brother?

Know him? Ay.

IAGO [to Bianca]

What, look you pale? – O, bear him out o’th’ air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. – Look you pale, mistress? 105

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 ’Las, what’s the matter? 110

What’s the matter, husband?

IAGO

Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo and fellows that are ’scaped:

He’s almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

EMILIA

Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio! 115

IAGO

This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.

What, do you shake at that?

BIANCA

He supped at my house, but I therefore shake not.

IAGO

O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

EMILIA

O fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIANCA

I am no strumpet

But of life as honest as you, that thus

Abuse me.

EMILIA

As I? Foh, fie upon thee!

IAGO

Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale. 125

Emilia, run you to the citadel

And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.

– Will you go on afore? – This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

Exeunt.

[5.2] *Enter* OTHELLO, *with a light*. DESDEMONA *in her bed*

[*asleep*].

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: 5

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore
 Should I repent me. But once put out thy light, 10
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume: when I have plucked the rose
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the tree; 15
 O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! Once more, once more:
 Be thus when thou art dead and I will kill thee
 And love thee after. Once more, and that's the last.

He [smells, then] kisses her.

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20
 But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly,
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA

Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO Ay, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA

Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO

Have you prayed tonight, Desdemon?

DESDEMONA Ay, my lord. 25

OTHELLO

If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

DESDEMONA

Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTHELLO

Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by. 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heaven forfend, I would not kill thy soul.

DESDEMONA

Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA Then, heaven,

Have mercy on me!

OTHELLO Amen, with all my heart.

DESDEMONA

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me. 35

OTHELLO Hum!

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. 40

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 45

They do not point on me.

OTHELLO Peace, and be still.

DESDEMONA

I will. So: what's the matter?

OTHELLO That handkerchief

Which I so loved and gave thee, thou gavest

To Cassio.

DESDEMONA No, by my life and soul:

Send for the man and ask him.

OTHELLO Sweet soul, take heed, 50

Take heed of perjury. Thou art on thy death-bed.

DESDEMONA

I? – 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 55

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DESDEMONA

Then Lord have mercy on me.

OTHELLO I say amen.

DESDEMONA

OTHELLO Had all his hairs been lives

 My great revenge had stomach for them all.

DESDEMONA

 Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone. 75

OTHELLO

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

DESDEMONA

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

OTHELLO

 Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA

 Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight!

OTHELLO

 Nay, if you strive – 80

DESDEMONA

 But half an hour!

OTHELLO Being done, there is no pause –

DESDEMONA

 But while I say one prayer!

OTHELLO It is too late.

DESDEMONA

 O Lord! Lord! Lord! [*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? 85

 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!

OTHELLO Who's there?

EMILIA [*within*]

O good my lord, I'd speak a word with you.

OTHELLO

Yes. 'Tis Emilia. [*to Emilia.*] By and by. – She's dead. 90

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death,

The noise was high. Ha, no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?

I think she stirs again. No – what's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife. 95

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 yawn at alteration.

EMILIA [*within*] I do beseech you 100

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? What's the matter with thee now?

[*He unlocks the door.*]

[*She draws the bed-curtains.*]

Help, help, ho, help! O lady, speak again,

Sweet Desdemona, O sweet mistress, speak! 120

DESDEMONA

A guiltless death I die.

EMILIA O, who hath done

This deed?

DESDEMONA Nobody. I myself. Farewell.

Commend me to my kind lord – O, farewell! *She dies.*

OTHELLO

Why, how should she be murdered?

EMILIA Alas, who knows?

OTHELLO

You heard her say herself it was not I. 125

EMILIA

She said so; I must needs report the truth.

OTHELLO

She's like a liar gone to burning hell:

'Twas I that killed her.

EMILIA O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

OTHELLO

She turned to folly, and she was a whore. 130

EMILIA

Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTHELLO

She was false as water.

My husband say she was false?

OTHELLO

He, woman;

I say thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend thy husband, honest, honest Iago. 150

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!

OTHELLO

Ha!

EMILIA

Do thy worst: 155

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven

Than thou wast worthy her.

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 160

[*He threatens her with his sword.*]

– 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 165
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

GRATIANO

What is the matter?

EMILIA

Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false,
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain. 170
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. 175

EMILIA

You told a lie, an odious, damned lie!
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie!
She false with Cassio? Did you say with Cassio?

IAGO

With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

EMILIA

I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak: 180
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.
And your reports have set the murder on.

OTHELLO

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

GRATIANO

'Tis a strange truth. 185

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! 190

IAGO

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

EMILIA

Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak.

'Tis proper I obey him – but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home. 194

OTHELLO

O! O! O! *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.

OTHELLO

O, she was foul.

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped; 200

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, 205
 Yea, curse his better angel from his side
 And fall to reprobance.

OTHELLO

'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
 A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it, 210
 And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand,
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token
 My father gave my mother. 215

EMILIA

O God, O heavenly God!

IAGO

Zounds, 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. 220

IAGO

Be wise, and get you home.

EMILIA

I will not. [*Iago tries to stab Emilia.*]

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 225
 – 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! 230
 O murderous coxcomb, what should such a fool
 Do with so good a wife?

[*Othello runs at Iago. Iago stabs his wife.*]

OTHELLO Are there no stones in heaven

But what serves for the thunder? Precious villain!

GRATIANO

The woman falls, sure he hath killed his wife. 234

EMILIA

Ay, ay; O lay me by my mistress' side. *Exit Iago.*

GRATIANO

He's gone, but his wife's killed.

MONTANO

'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon
 Which I have here recovered from the Moor;
 Come, guard the door without, let him not pass
 But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain, 240
 For 'tis a damned slave. *Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*

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

EMILIA What did thy song bode, lady?
 Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan 245
 And die in music. [*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. *She dies.*

OTHELLO
 I have another weapon in this chamber, 250
 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, 255
 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 260

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 265

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?

Now: how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench, 270

Pale as thy smock. When we shall meet at compt

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,

Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed slave!

Whip me, ye devils, 275

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon. Dead! O, O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, *Officers with* IAGO, *prisoner, and*
CASSIO *in a chair.*

LODOVICO

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man? 280

OTHELLO

That's he that was Othello? here I am.

LODOVICO

Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

OTHELLO

I look down towards his feet, but that's a fable.

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

[*Wounds Iago.*]

LODOVICO

Wrench his sword from him.

IAGO I bleed, sir, but not killed. 285

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,

Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,

What shall be said to thee?

OTHELLO

Why, anything; 290

An honourable murderer, if you will,

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

LODOVICO

This wretch hath part confessed his villainy.

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

OTHELLO

Ay.

295

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.

300

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 befallen,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,

And here another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio, to be undertook

By Roderigo.

OTHELLO

O villain!

CASSIO Most heathenish and most gross! 310

LODOVICO

Now here's another discontented paper
 Found in his pocket too, and this, it seems,
 Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villain
 But that, belike, Iago in the nick
 Came in, and satisfied him.

OTHELLO

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

CASSIO I found it in my chamber,
 And he himself confessed but even now
 That there he dropped it for a special purpose 320
 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, 325
 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, 330
 If there be any cunning cruelty
 That can torment him much and hold him long,
 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away. 335

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, 340
 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 Indian, threw a pearl away 345
 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, 350
 Where a malignant and a turbanned Turk

Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
 I took by th' throat the circumcised dog
 And smote him – thus! *He stabs himself.*

LODOVICO

O bloody period!

GRATIANO All that's spoke is marred. 355

OTHELLO

I kissed thee ere I killed thee: no way but this,
 Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.
[Kisses Desdemona, and] dies.

CASSIO

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

LODOVICO *[to Iago]* O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea, 360
 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 to you. To you, lord governor, 365
 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. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.