

# OTHELLO

By William Shakespeare

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Dramatis Personae.

OTHELLO, the Moor, a general in the service of the Duke of Venice.  
DESDEMONA, Wife to Othello, daughter to Brabantio.

IAGO, a villain, Othello's Ensign.  
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

CASSIO, an honourable Lieutenant to Othello.  
BIANCA, a Courtesan, mistress to Cassio.

CLOWN, Servant to Othello.

DUKE of Venice.

BRABANTIO, a Senator, father to Desdemona.  
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio, }  
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio, } two noble Venetians.

RODERIGO, a gulled Gentleman, of Venice.  
MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus.

A HERALD.  
A SAILOR.

1st SENATOR, 2nd SENATOR, Other Senators.  
1st OFFICER, Other Officers.  
1st GENTLEMAN, 2nd GENTLEMAN, 3rd GENTLEMAN, Other Gentlemen.  
1st MUSICIAN, Other Musicians.

MESSENGERS.  
Servants and Attendants.

Scene: the First Act in Venice; during the rest of the play at a seaport in Cyprus.

ACT 1.

Scene 1. Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Roderigo Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

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

Roderigo Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capped to him; and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance  
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;  
And in conclusion,  
Non-suits my mediators. For "Certes," says he  
"I have already chose my officer".  
And what was he?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife,  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,  
Wherein the togged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice  
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election,  
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen, must be belee'd and calmed  
By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster,  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I, God bless the mark, his Moorship's ensign.

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,  
Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself  
Whether I in any just term am affined

To love the Moor.

Roderigo I would not follow him then.

Iago O sir, content you;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For naught but provender; and when he's old, cashiered.  
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are  
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them; and, when they have lined their coats,  
Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul;  
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.  
In following him I follow but myself.  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so for my peculiar end;  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Roderigo What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
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,  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't  
As it may lose some colour.

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

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

Roderigo What ho, Brabantio! Signor Brabantio, ho!

Iago Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves! Thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!  
Thieves, thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO above at a window.

Brabantio What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

Roderigo Signor, is all your family within?

Iago Are your doors locked?

Brabantio Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago Zounds, sir, you're robbed; for shame put on your gown;  
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul.  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.  
Arise, I say.

Brabantio What, have you lost your wits?

Roderigo Most reverend signor, do you know my voice?

Brabantio Not I. What are you?

Roderigo My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio The worser welcome.  
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

Roderigo Sir, sir, sir!

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

Roderigo Patience, good sir.

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

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

Iago   Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans.

Brabantio   What profane wretch art thou?

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

Brabantio   Thou art a villain.

Iago                                You are a senator.

Brabantio   This shalt thou answer; I know thee, Roderigo

Roderigo   Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,  
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent -  
As partly I find it is -that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor -  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That from the sense of all civility  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Trying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.  
If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

Brabantio                               Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper; call up my all people.  
This accident is not unlike my dream;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.  
Light, I say! Light!

[Exit.

Iago                               Farewell, for I must leave you.  
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place  
To be produced, as if I stay I shall,  
Against the Moor; for I do know the state,  
However this may gall him with some check,  
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embarked

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have none  
To lead their business; in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[Exit.

Enter below, BRABANTIO in his nightgown, and SERVANTS with torches.

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

Roderigo Truly I think they are.

Brabantio O heaven! How got she out? O, treason of the blood!  
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act. Is there not charms  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

Roderigo Yes, sir, I have indeed.

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

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

Brabantio Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.  
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and ATTENDANTS with torches.

Iago    Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
          Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' conscience  
          To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity,  
          Sometime, to do me service. Nine or ten times  
          I had thought t'have yerked him here, under the ribs.

Othello   'Tis better as it is.

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

Othello                        Let him do his spite.  
          My services which I have done the signory  
          Shall outtongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know -  
          Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
          I shall promulgate - I fetch my life and being  
          From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
          May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
          As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,  
          But that I love the gentle Desdemona  
          I would not my unhoused free condition  
          Put into circumscription and confine  
          For the seas' worth.

Enter CASSIO and OFFICERS with TORCHES.

          But look, what lights come yond?

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

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

Iago    By Janus, I think no.

Othello   The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

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

Othello                           What is the matter, think you?

Cassio   Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;  
It is a business of some heat: the galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels,  
And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called for.  
When being not at your lodging to be found  
The senate sent about three several quests  
To search you out.

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

[Exit.

Cassio                           Ensign, what makes he here?

Iago    Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land-carrack;  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio   I do not understand.

Iago                            He's married.

Cassio                            To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago    Marry, to -Come, captain, will you go?

Othello                            Have with you.

Cassio   Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, with OFFICERS, and TORCHES.

Iago    It is Brabantio. General, be advised;  
He comes to bad intent.

Othello                            Holla, stand there!

Roderigo   Signor, it is the Moor.







To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,  
And let ourselves again but understand  
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks th' abilities  
That Rhodes is dressed in. If we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

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

1st Officer Here is more news.

Enter a MESSENGER.

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

1st Senator Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Messenger Of thirty sail; and now they do restem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signor Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

Duke 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1st Senator He's now in Florence.

Duke Write from us to him post-posthaste dispatch.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and OFFICERS.

1st Senator Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Duke Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
[To BRABANTIO.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signor.  
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





Duke

Say it, Othello.

Othello Her father loved me, oft invited me,  
Still questioned me the story of my life  
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortune,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it,  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of 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 traveller's history,  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak -such was my process -  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not 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 kisses:  
She swore, i'faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;  
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished  
That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked me,  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and ATTENDANTS.

Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Duke I think this tale would win my daughter too.



But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.  
But words are words: I never yet did hear  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.  
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of state.

Duke The Turk with 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 more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you. You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

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

Duke Why, at her father's.

Brabantio I will not have it so.

Othello Nor I.

Desdemona Nor I; I would not there reside  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
And let me find a charter in your voice  
T'assist my simpleness.

Duke What would you, Desdemona?

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



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

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,  
But to be free and bounteous of 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  
My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

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

1st Senator You must away tonight.

Desdemona Tonight, my Lord?

Duke This night.

Othello With all my heart.

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

Othello So please your grace, my ensign;  
A man he is of honesty and trust.  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

Duke Let it be so.  
Good night to everyone. [To BRABANTIO.] And, noble signor,  
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1st 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 all but OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO and IAGO.]

Othello My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee.

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,

And bring them after in the best advantage.

Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matter, and direction

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.

Roderigo I will incontinently drown myself.

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

Roderigo It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

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

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

Roderigo It cannot be.

Iago It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard. I say put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should 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 bitter as the coloquintida. She must change fo youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a 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.

Roderigo Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

Iago Thou art sure of me. Go, make money. I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted, thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! Go; provide thy money. We will have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.

Roderigo Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago At my lodging.

Roderigo I'll be with thee betimes.

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

Roderigo What say you?

Iago No more of drowning, do you hear?

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

Iago Go to; farewell. Put money enough in your purse.  
[Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;  
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane  
If I would time expend with such a snipe  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,  
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets  
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.  
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 ears  
That he is too familiar with his wife;  
He hath a person and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected, framed to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,  
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose  
As asses are.  
I have't, it is engendered; hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 2.

Scene 1. A Seaport in Cyprus. An open place near the Quay.

Enter MONTANO and two GENTLEMEN.

Montano What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1st Gentleman Nothing at all; it is a high-wrought flood.  
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main  
Descry a sail.

Montano Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.  
If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

2nd Gentleman A segregation of the Turkish fleet;  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,  
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,  
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed Pole.  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

Montano If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned.  
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

3rd Gentleman News, lads! Our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks  
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance  
On most part of the fleet.

Montano How! Is this true?

3rd Gentleman The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesa. Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore; the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

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

3rd Gentleman But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort  
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted,  
With foul and violent tempest.

Montano Pray heaven he be;  
For I have served him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue  
An indistinct regard.

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

Enter CASSIO.

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

Montano Is he well shipped?

Cassio His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approved allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

Shout within "A sail, a sail, a sail!"

Enter a MESSENGER.

Cassio What noise?

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

Cassio My hopes do shape him for the governor.  
[A shot within.

2nd Gentleman They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
Our friends at least.

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

2nd Gentleman I shall.

[Exit.

Montano But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

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

Re-enter 2nd GENTLEMAN.

How now, who has put in?

2nd Gentleman 'Tis one Iago, ensign to the general.

Cassio He's had most favourable and happy speed.  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The guttered rocks and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty do omit  
Their common natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

Montano What is she?

Cassio She that I spake of: our great captain's captain,  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A sennight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, EMILIA, and RODERIGO.

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

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

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

Desdemona O, but I fear -how lost you company?

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

Shout Within "A sail, a sail!"  
But hark, a sail.

[Shot within.

2nd Gentleman They give their greeting to the citadel:  
This likewise is a friend.

Cassio See for the news!

[Exit 2nd GENTLEMAN.

Good ensign, you are welcome.

[To EMILIA.] 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.

[Kisses her.

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

Desdemona Alas, she has no speech.

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

Emilia You have little cause to say so.

Iago Come on, come on; you are pictures out a-doors, bells in your parlours, wildcats in your kitchens, saints in your injuries, devils being

offended, players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Desdemona O fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emilia You shall not write my praise.

Iago No, let me not.

Desdemona What wouldst thou write of me if thou shouldst praise me?

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

Desdemona Come on, assay. There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago Ay, madam.

Desdemona [Aside.] I am not merry, but I do beguile  
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.  
- Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago I am about it, but indeed my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frieze:  
It plucks out brains and all. But my Muse labours,  
And thus she is delivered:  
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Desdemona Well praised. How if she be black and witty?

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

Desdemona Worse and worse.

Emilia How if fair and foolish?

Iago She never yet was foolish, that was fair,  
For even her folly helped her to an heir.

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

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

Desdemona O heavy ignorance! Thou praisest the worst best. But what praise  
couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? One that in the authority of







devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport there should be -again to inflame it and 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? -a knave very voluble, no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming for the better compass of his salt and most hidden loose affection. Why, none; why, none -a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasion, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Roderigo I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most 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! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th' incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight: for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not; I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Roderigo Well.

Iago Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you. Provoke him that he may, for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediment most profitably removed, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

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

Iago I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Roderigo Adieu.

[Exit.

Iago That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;  
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.  
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;  
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;  
Not out of absolute lust -though peradventure  
I stand accountant for as great a sin -  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof  
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife;  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong,  
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb -  
For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too -  
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.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Cyprus. A Street.

Enter a HERALD reading a proclamation.

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

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Cyprus. A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and ATTENDANTS.

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

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

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

[Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA and ATTENDANTS.]

Enter 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, who let us not therefore  
blame. He hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for  
Jove.

Cassio She's a most exquisite lady.

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

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

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

Cassio An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

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

Cassio She is indeed perfection.

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

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

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

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 desire it.

Cassio Where are they?

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

Cassio I'll do't, but it dislikes me.

[Exit.

Iago If I can fasten but one cup upon him  
With that which he hath drunk tonight already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool Roderigo,  
Whom love has turned almost the wrong side out,  
To Desdemona hath tonight caroused  
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch.  
Three else of Cyprus -noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle -  
Have I tonight flustered with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of drunkards  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, and GENTLEMEN.

But here they come.

If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

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

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

Iago Some wine, ho!

[Sings.] And let me the cannikin clink, clink;  
And let me the cannikin clink, clink.  
A soldier's a man,  
Oh, man's life's but a span;  
Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cassio 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander -drink, ho! -are nothing to your English.

Cassio Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cassio To the health of our general!

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

Iago O sweet England!

[Sings.] King Stephen was and a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he called the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree;  
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,  
Then take thy auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cassio 'Fore God, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago Will you hear't again?

Cassio No, for I hold him 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 ensign. 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 ensign, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All 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.

Iago You see this fellow that is gone before:  
He's a soldier fit to stand by Caesar  
And give direction; and do but see his vice:  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him.  
I fear the trust Othello put him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

Montano But is he often thus?

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

Montano It were well  
The general were put in mind of it;  
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago [Aside to RODERIGO.] How now, Roderigo!  
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.  
[Exit RODERIGO.

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

Iago Not I, for this fair island!  
I do love Cassio well, and would do much  
To cure him of this evil -

Cry within "Help, help!"  
But hark, what noise?

Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cassio Zounds, you rogue, you rascal!

Montano What's the matter, lieutenant?

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



Roderigo Beat me?

Cassio Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO.

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

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

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!

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

[A bell rung.

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

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

You'll be ashamed for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and GENTLEMEN with weapons.

Othello What is the matter here?

Montano Zounds, I bleed still.

I am hurt to th' death.

Othello Hold, for your lives!

Iago Hold, ho! Lieutenant, sir; Montano, gentlemen,

Have you forgot all place of sense and duty?

Hold, the general speaks to you. Hold, for shame!

Othello Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven has forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle

From her propriety. What's the matter, masters?

Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak -who began this? On thy love I charge thee.

Iago I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then but now,  
- As if some planet had unwitting men -  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
These legs that brought me to a part of it.

Othello How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cassio I pray you pardon me; I cannot speak.

Othello Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Montano Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,  
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,  
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

Othello Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,  
And passion having my best judgement collied,  
Assays to lead the way. Zounds, if I stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on,  
And he that is approved in this 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,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety?  
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Montano If, partially affined or leagued in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

Iago Touch me not so near;  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth



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. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man, there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood -a punishment more in policy than in malice -even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

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

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

Cassio I know not.

Iago Is't possible?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cassio I have well approved it, sir. I, drunk?

Iago You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blest a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cassio You advise me well.

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

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

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

Cassio Good night, honest Iago.

[Exit.

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  
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  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I then a villain  
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course  
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now; for whiles this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:  
That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
And by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,

And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh 'em 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!  
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.  
Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.  
Content thyself awhile. By th' mass, 'tis morning:  
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.  
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.  
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter.  
Nay, get thee gone.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Two things are to be done:  
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress -  
I'll set her on -  
Myself awhile to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way:  
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[Exit.]

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 3.

Scene 1. Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, MUSICIANS, and CLOWN.

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

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

1st Musician How, sir, how?

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

1st Musician Ay, marry are they, sir.

Clown O, thereby hangs a tail.

1st Musician Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1st Musician Well, sir, we will not.

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

1st Musician We have none such, sir.

Clown Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into air. Away!

[Exeunt MUSICIANS.

Cassio Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

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

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

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

Cassio Do, good my friend.

[Exit CLOWN.

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago You have not been a-bed, then?

Cassio Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.

I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife. My suit to her  
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

Iago I'll send her to you presently;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free.

Cassio                                I humbly thank you for't.  
[Exit IAGO.]

I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia    Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry  
For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it,  
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom  
He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,  
And needs no other suitor but his likings  
To take the safe'st occasion by the front  
To bring you in again.

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

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

Cassio                                I am much bound to you.  
[Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Cyprus. A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and GENTLEMEN.

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

Iago                                Well, my good lord, I'll do't.  
[Exit.]

Othello    This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gentlemen    We'll wait upon your lordship.  
[Exeunt.]



+ + + + +

Scene 3. Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

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

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

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

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

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

Cassio Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,  
That, I being absent and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

Desdemona Do not doubt that. Before Emilia here  
I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it  
To the last article. My lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle everything he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Emilia Madam, here comes my lord.

Cassio Madam, I'll take my leave.

Desdemona Why, stay and hear me speak.

Cassio Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Desdemona Well, do your discretion.  
[Exit CASSIO.]

Iago Ha! I like not that.

Othello What dost thou say?

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

Othello Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

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

Othello I do believe 'twas he.

Desdemona How now, my lord?  
I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Othello Who is't you mean?

Desdemona Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any grace or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,  
I have no judgement in an honest face.  
I prithee call him back.

Othello Went he hence now?

Desdemona Ay, sooth; so humbled  
That he hath left part of his grief with me  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Othello Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Desdemona But shall't be shortly?

Othello The sooner, sweet, for you.

Desdemona Shall't be tonight at supper?

Othello No, not tonight.

Desdemona Tomorrow dinner then?



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

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

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

Othello Why of thy thought, Iago?

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

Othello O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago Indeed!

Othello Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?  
Is he not honest?

Iago Honest, my lord?

Othello Honest? Ay, honest.

Iago My lord, for aught I know.

Othello What dost thou think?

Iago Think, my lord?

Othello "Think, my lord". By heaven, thou echo'st me,  
As if there were some monster in thy thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.  
I heard thee say but 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 cried'st "Indeed",  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

Iago My lord, you know I love you.

Othello I think thou dost,  
And for I know thou art full of love and honesty  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;  
For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just  
They're close dilations, working from the heart,



'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

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

Othello Ha!

Iago O beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But O what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves!

Othello O misery!

Iago Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
Good 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,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous  
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And on the proof, there is no more but this:  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eye thus: not jealous, nor secure.  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abused. Look to't.  
I know our country disposition well:  
In Venice they do let God see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Othello Dost thou say so?

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

Othello And so she did.

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

Othello I am bound to thee 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  
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved;  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion.

Othello I will not.

Iago Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts 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!

Othello And yet, how nature erring from itself -

Iago Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold with you,  
Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends.  
Foh! One may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportions, 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,  
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 [Going.] My lord, I take my leave.

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

Iago [Returning.] 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,  
For sure he fills it up with great ability,  
Yet if you please to hold him off awhile  
You shall by that perceive him and his means.  
Note if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity -  
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
- As worthy cause I have to fear I am -  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Othello Fear not my government.

Iago I once more take my leave.

[Exit.]

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



And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones,  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
When we do quicken.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Look where she comes.  
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself;  
I'll not believe it.

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

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.  
[Taking out a handkerchief.  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

Othello                      Your napkin is too little.  
[She drops the 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.  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token  
- For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it -  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give't Iago.  
What he will do with it, heaven knows, not I:  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago How now, what do you here alone?

Emilia Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago A thing for me? It is a common thing -

Emilia Ha!

Iago To have a foolish wife.

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

Iago What handkerchief?

Emilia What handkerchief!  
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago Hast stol'n it from her?

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

Iago A good wench! Give it me.

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

Iago [Snatching it.] Why, what is that to you?

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

Iago Be not acknown on't.  
I have use for it. Go, leave me.

[Exit EMILIA.]

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

Re-enter OTHELLO.



To hang a doubt on -or woe upon thy life!

Iago My noble lord -

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

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 liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest is not safe.  
I thank you for this profit, and from hence  
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Othello Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.

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

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

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

Othello Would! Nay, I will.

Iago And may. But, how? How satisfied, my lord?  
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,  
Behold her topped?

Othello Death and damnation! O!

Iago It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them, then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
More than their own! What then? How then?

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Othello Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago I do not like the office;  
But sith I am entered in this cause so far -  
Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love -  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.  
There are a kind of men so loose of soul  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.  
One of this kind is Cassio.  
In sleep I heard him say "Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves";  
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,  
Cry "O sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,  
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots  
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sighed and kissed, and then  
Cried "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.

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

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

Iago I know not that; but such a handkerchief -  
I am sure it was your wife's -did I today



Iago                                My friend is dead;  
'Tis done as you request. But let her live.

Othello    Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her, damn her!  
          Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw  
          To furnish me with some swift means of death  
          For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago    I am your own for ever.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN.

Desdemona    Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown    I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Desdemona    Why, man?

Clown    He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Desdemona    Go to; where lodges he?

Clown    To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Desdemona    Can anything be made of this?

Clown    I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Desdemona    Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clown    I will catechize the world for him: that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Desdemona    Seek him; bid him come hither. Tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown    To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[Exit.

Desdemona    Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emilia    I know not, madam.

Desdemona    Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
          Full of crusadoes; and but my noble Moor





Desdemona I have it not about me.

Othello Not?

Desdemona No, faith, my lord.

Othello That's a fault. That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it  
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt  
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't,  
Make it a darling like your precious eye.  
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.

Desdemona Is't possible?

Othello 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it.  
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sewed the work;  
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;  
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful  
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona I'faith, is't true?

Othello Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Desdemona Then would to God that I had never seen it!

Othello Ha, wherefore?

Desdemona Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Othello Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak -is't out o'th' way?

Desdemona Heaven bless us!

Othello Say you?

Desdemona It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Othello How?

Desdemona I say it is not lost.

Othello Fetch't, let me see't.

Desdemona Why, so I can; but I will not now.  
This is a trick to put me from my suit.  
Pray you let Cassio be received again.

Othello Fetch me the handkerchief, my mind misgives.

Desdemona Come, come;  
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Othello The handkerchief!

Desdemona I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Othello The handkerchief!

Desdemona A man that all his time  
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,  
Shared dangers with you -

Othello The handkerchief!

Desdemona I'faith, you are to blame.

Othello Zounds!

[Exit.

Emilia Is not this man jealous?

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;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full  
They belch us.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Look you, Cassio and my husband.

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?

Cassio Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you  
That by your virtuous means I may again



But now I find I had suborned the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

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

Desdemona Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Emilia But jealous souls will not be answered so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they're jealous. It is a monster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Desdemona Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind!

Emilia Lady, amen.

Desdemona I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout.  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cassio I humbly thank your ladyship.  
[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca Save you, friend Cassio!

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

Bianca And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? And lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times!  
O weary reck'ning!

Cassio Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed;  
But I shall in a more convenient time  
Strike off this score of absence.  
[Giving DESDEMONA's handkerchief.]

Sweet Bianca,  
Take me this work out.

Bianca O Cassio, whence came this?





Othello What, what?

Iago Lie.

Othello With her?

Iago With her, on her, what you will.

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

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

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cassio What's the matter?

Iago My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy.  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cassio Rub him about the temples.

Iago No, forbear;  
The lethargy must have his quiet course.  
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while.  
He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit CASSIO.]

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

Othello Dost thou mock me?

Iago I mock you not, by heaven.  
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;  
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked  
May draw with you. There's millions now alive  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.  
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;  
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Othello O, thou art wise, 'tis certain.

Iago Stand you awhile apart;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,  
- A passion most unsuited such a man -  
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuses upon your ecstasy;  
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;  
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns  
That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again, to cope your wife.  
I say but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

Othello Dost thou hear, Iago?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience,  
But -dost thou hear? -most bloody.

Iago That's not amiss;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?  
[OTHELLO withdraws.  
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A huswife that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes. It is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many and be beguiled by one.  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter.

Re-enter CASSIO.



Here he comes.

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

Cassio The worse that you give me the addition  
Whose want even kills me.

Iago Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.  
[Speaking lower.] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,  
How quickly should you speed!

Cassio Alas, poor caitiff!

Othello [Aside.] Look how he laughs already!

Iago I never knew woman love man so.

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

Othello [Aside.] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago Do you hear, Cassio?

Othello [Aside.] Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

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

Cassio Ha, ha, ha!

Othello [Aside.] Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

Cassio I marry her! What, a customer? Prithee bear some charity to my wit:  
do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello [Aside.] So, so, so, so; they laugh that wins.

Iago Faith, the cry goes that you marry her.

Cassio Prithee say true.

Iago I am a very villain else.

Othello [Aside.] Have you scored me? Well.

Cassio This is the monkey's own giving out. She is persuaded I will marry  
her out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Othello [Aside.] 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 falls me thus about my neck.

Othello [Aside.] Crying "O dear Cassio" as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cassio So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello [Aside.] 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.

Enter BIANCA.

Iago Before me, look where she comes!

Cassio 'Tis such another fitchew! Marry, a perfumed one.  
What do you mean by this haunting of me?

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

Cassio How now, my sweet Bianca! How now, how now!

Othello [Aside.] 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 street else.

Iago Will you sup there?

Cassio Faith, I intend so.

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

Cassio Prithee come, will you?

Iago Go to; say no more.

[Exit CASSIO.

Othello [Advancing.] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Othello O, Iago!

Iago And did you see the handkerchief?

Othello Was that mine?

Iago Yours, by this hand. And to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and he hath giv'n 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.

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 touche 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.

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

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

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

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

Othello Excellent good.  
[A trumpet sounds.

What trumpet is that same?

Iago I warrant something from Venice.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and ATTENDANTS.

'Tis Lodovico.

This comes from the duke. See, your wife's with him.

Lodovico God save you, worthy general!

Othello With all my heart, sir.

Lodovico [Giving a letter.]  
The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

Othello I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.  
[Reads.

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

Iago I am very glad to see you, signor.  
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lodovico I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago Lives, sir.

Desdemona Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord  
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Othello Are you sure of that?

Desdemona My lord?

Othello [Reads.] "This fail you not to do, as you will -"

Lodovico He did not call; he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Desdemona A most unhappy one. I would do much  
T'atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Othello Fire and brimstone!

Desdemona My lord?

Othello Are you wise?

Desdemona What, is he angry?

Lodovico Maybe the letter moved him;  
For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Desdemona By my troth, I am glad on't.

Othello Indeed?

Desdemona My lord?

Othello I am glad to see you mad.

Desdemona Why, sweet Othello!

Othello Devil!

[Strikes her.

Desdemona I have not deserved this.

Lodovico My lord, this would not be believed in Venice  
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much.  
Make her amends; she weeps.

Othello O devil, devil!  
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.  
Out of my sight!

Desdemona I will not stay to offend you.

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

Othello Mistress!

Desdemona My lord?

Othello What would you with her, sir?

Lodovico Who? I, my lord?

Othello Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn.  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,  
Very obedient. -Proceed you in your tears. -  
Concerning this, sir -O, well-painted passion! -  
I am commanded home. -Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon. -Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice. -Hence, avaunt!

[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? Is this the noble nature  
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident nor dart of chance  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago He is much changed.

Lodovico Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?

Iago He's that he is. I may not breathe my censure  
What he might be. If what he might he is not,  
I would to heaven he were.

Lodovico What, strike his wife!

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

Lodovico Is it his use?  
Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new create this fault?

Iago Alas, alas!  
It is not honesty in me to speak  
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,  
And his own courses will denote him so,  
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

Lodovico I am sorry that I am deceived in him.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Cyprus. A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Othello You have seen nothing then?

Emilia Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Othello Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

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

Othello What, did they never whisper?

Emilia Never, my lord.

Othello Nor send you out o'th' way?

Emilia Never.

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

Emilia Never, my lord.

Othello That's strange.

Emilia I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse;  
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

Othello Bid her come hither. Go.

[Exit EMILIA.

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets;  
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Desdemona My lord, what is your will?

Othello Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Desdemona What is your pleasure?

Othello Let me see your eyes.  
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.  
Your mystery, your mystery! Nay, dispatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

Desdemona Upon my knee, 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.

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.

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

Othello Ah Desdemona, 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  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,  
I have lost him too.

Othello Had it pleased heaven  
To try me with affliction, had they rained  
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,  
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  
To point his slow unmoving finger at!  
Yet could I bear that to -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  
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!

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,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks,  
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear't. What committed?  
Impudent strumpet!

Desdemona By heaven, you do me wrong.

Othello Are not you a strumpet?

Desdemona No, as I am a Christian.  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Othello What, not a whore?

Desdemona No, as I shall be saved.

Othello Is it possible?

Desdemona O, heaven forgive us!

Othello I cry you mercy then.  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. [Calling.] You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keeps the gate of hell.

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains.  
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit.

Emilia Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?  
How do you, madam? How do you, my good lady?

Desdemona Faith, half asleep.

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

Desdemona With who?

Emilia Why, with my lord, madam.

Desdemona Who is thy lord?

Emilia He that is yours, sweet lady.

Desdemona I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia;  
I cannot weep, nor answers have I none  
But what should go by water. Prithee tonight  
Lay on my bed our wedding sheets, remember;  
And call thy husband hither.

Emilia Here's a change indeed!

[Exit.

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

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

Desdemona I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes  
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:  
He might have chid me so, for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

Iago What is the matter, lady?

Emilia Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Desdemona Am I that name, Iago?

Iago What name, fair lady?

Desdemona Such as she said my lord did say I was?

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

Iago Why did he so?

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

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

Emilia Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be called whore? Would it not make one weep?

Desdemona It is my wretched fortune.

Iago Beshrew him for't!  
How comes this trick upon him?

Desdemona Nay, heaven doth know.

Emilia I will be hanged if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office  
Have not devised this slander; I will be hanged else.

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

Desdemona If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

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

Iago Speak within door.

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

Iago You are a fool; go to.

Desdemona Alas, Iago,  
What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

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

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

Desdemona If 'twere no other -

Iago It is but so, I warrant.

[Trumpets sound.

Hark how these instruments summon you to supper!

The messengers of Venice stays the meat.

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Roderigo I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago What in the contrary?

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

Iago Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Roderigo Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together

Iago You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver Desdemona would half have corrupted a

votarist. You have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago Well, go to, very well.

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

Iago Very well.

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

Iago You have said now.

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

Iago Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Roderigo It hath not appeared.

Iago I grant indeed it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement; but, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever -I mean purpose, courage, and valour -his night show it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Roderigo Well, what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

Iago Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Roderigo Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago O no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Roderigo How do you mean "removing" him?

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

Roderigo And that you would have me to do.

Iago Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups tonight with a harlotry; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high suppertime, and the night grows to waste. About it.

Roderigo I will hear further reason for this.

Iago And you shall be satisfied.  
[Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 3. Cyprus. Another Room in the Castle.

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 Madame, good night. I humbly thank your ladyship.

Desdemona Your honour is most welcome.

Othello Will you walk, sir?  
O, Desdemona!

Desdemona My lord?

Othello Get you to bed on 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.  
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.

Emilia I would you had never seen him!

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

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

Desdemona All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!  
If I do die before, 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,  
And did forsake her. She had a song of willow;  
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,  
And she died singing it. That song tonight  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do  
But to go hang my head all at one side  
And sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee dispatch.

Emilia Shall I go fetch your nightgown?

Desdemona No, unpin me here.  
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia A very handsome man.

Desdemona He speaks well.

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

Desdemona [Sings.]  
The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans,  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,  
Sing willow -

Lay by these: -  
willow, willow. -

Prithee hie thee; he'll come anon. -

[Sings.]

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve -

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

Emilia It's the wind.

Desdemona [Sings.]

I called my love false love, but what said he then?  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch -  
Does that bode weeping?

Emilia 'Tis neither here nor there.

Desdemona I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!  
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

Emilia There be some such, no question.

Desdemona Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia Why, would not you?

Desdemona No, by this heavenly light.

Emilia Nor I neither, by this heavenly light: I might do it 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 In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emilia In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I  
would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for  
gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; -but, for 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 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  
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite -  
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?  
It is so too. And have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well; else let them know  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Desdemona Good night, good night. God me such uses send,  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!  
[Exeunt.]

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++

ACT 5.

Scene 1. Cyprus. A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come.  
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.  
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.  
It makes us or it mars us; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

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

Iago Here, at thy hand. Be bold, and take thy stand.  
[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!

Iago [Aside.] I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him  
As gifts to Desdemona.  
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,  
He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor  
May unfold me to him -there stand I in much peril.  
No, he must die. But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Roderigo I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest!  
[Lunging at CASSIO.

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

[Wounds RODERIGO.

Roderigo O, I am slain!

[IAGO wounds CASSIO in the leg.

[Exit IAGO.

Cassio I am maimed for ever. Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Enter OTHELLO at a distance.

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!

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

[Exit.

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

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

Gratiano 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cassio O, help!

Lodovico Hark!

Roderigo O wretched villain!

Lodovico Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night;  
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe  
To come into the cry without more help.

Roderigo Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO with a light.

Lodovico Hark!

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

Iago Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lodovico We do not know.

Iago Do not you hear a cry?

Cassio Here, here. For heaven's sake, help me!

Iago What's the matter?

Gratiano This is Othello's ensign, 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.

Iago O me, lieutenant! What villains have done this?

Cassio I think the one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

Iago O treacherous villains!  
[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]  
What are you there? Come in and give some help.

Roderigo O help me, there!

Cassio That's one of them.

Iago O murd'rous 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!  
What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

Lodovico As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago Signor Lodovico?

Lodovico He, sir.

Iago I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gratiano Cassio?

Iago How is't, brother?

Cassio My leg is cut in two.

Iago Marry, heaven forbid!  
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca What is the matter, ho? Who is't that cried?

Iago Who is't that cried?

Bianca O my dear Cassio, my sweet Cassio!  
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

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

Cassio No.

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

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

Bianca Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.  
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come,  
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?  
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman  
Roderigo? No? -yes, sure. O heaven, Roderigo!

Gratiano What, of Venice?

Iago Even he, sir. Did you know him?

Gratiano Know him? Ay.

Iago Signor Gratiano, I cry your gentle pardon;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners  
That so neglected you.

Gratiano I am glad to see you.

Iago How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

Gratiano Roderigo!

Iago He, he, 'tis he.

Enter ATTENDANTS with a chair.

O, that's well said, the chair!  
Some good men bear him carefully from hence.  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.  
[To BIANCA.] For you, mistress,  
Save you your labour. -He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cassio None in the world, nor do I know the man.

Iago [To BIANCA.]  
What, look you pale? -O, bear him out o'th'air.  
[CASSIO and the body of RODERIGO are borne off.]

Stay you, good gentlemen. -Look you pale, mistress?  
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?  
[To BIANCA.] Nay, if you stare we shall hear more anon.  
Behold her well; I pray you look upon her.  
Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak  
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia Alas, what is the matter? What is the matter, husband?

Iago Cassio hath here been set on in the dark  
By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scaped.  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.

Emilia Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio!

Iago This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,  
Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.  
[To BIANCA.] What, do you shake at that?

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

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

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? Fie upon thee!

Iago Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.  
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.  
Emilia, run you to the citadel,  
And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.  
Will you go on afore? [Aside.] This is the night  
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.  
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. A Bedchamber in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, with a light. DESDEMONA in 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.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then, put out the light.  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore  
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again;  
It must needs wither. I'll smell thee on the tree.

[Kisses her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more.  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee  
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep;  
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly:  
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona Who's there? Othello?

Othello Ay, Desdemona.

Desdemona Will you come to bed, my lord?

Othello Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?

Desdemona Ay, my lord.

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:  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No -heavens forbend! -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.

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.

Othello Ay, and for that thou diest.

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

Othello Peace, and be still!

Desdemona I will so. What's the matter?

Othello That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee,  
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

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

Othello Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Desdemona Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello Yes, presently.  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Desdemona Then Lord have mercy on me!

Othello I say, amen.

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

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

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

Othello He hath confessed.

Desdemona What, my lord?

Othello That he hath used thee.

Desdemona How? Unlawfully?

Othello Ay.

Desdemona He will not say so.

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



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

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

Desdemona Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone.

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 -

Desdemona But half an hour!

Othello Being done, there is no pause.

Desdemona But while I say one prayer!

Othello It is too late.

[Smothers her.

Desdemona O Lord, Lord, Lord!

Emilia [Within.] My lord, my lord! What, ho! My lord, my lord!

Othello What noise is this? Not dead? Not yet quite dead?  
I that am cruel am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.  
So, so.

Emilia [Within.] What ho! My lord, my lord!

Othello Who's there?

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

Othello Yes, 'tis Emilia. [Calling.] By and by. -She's dead.  
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;  
The noise was high. Ha, no more moving?  
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?  
I think she stirs again. No. What's the best to do?  
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife.  
My wife, my wife! What wife? I have no wife.  
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

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

Othello I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.  
Soft, by and by; let me the curtains draw.

[Draws the bed curtains.

Where art thou?

[Unlocks the door.

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emilia O my good lord, yonder's foul murders done.

Othello What, now?

Emilia But now, my lord.

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

Emilia Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian  
Called Roderigo.

Othello Roderigo killed?  
And Cassio killed?

Emilia No, Cassio is not killed.

Othello Not Cassio killed! Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Desdemona O, falsely, falsely murdered!

Emilia O Lord, what cry is that?

Othello That? What?

Emilia Out and alas, that was my lady's voice!  
[Draws back the bed curtains.

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

Sweet Desdemona, O sweet mistress, speak!

Desdemona A guiltless death I die.

Emilia O, who has done this deed?

Desdemona Nobody -I myself. Farewell.  
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell!

[Dies.

Othello Why, how should she be murdered?

Emilia Alas, who knows?

Othello You heard her say herself it was not I.

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

Othello She's like a liar gone to burning hell:  
'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.

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

Othello She was false as water.

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

Othello Cassio did top her -ask thy husband else.  
O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emilia My husband?

Othello Thy husband.

Emilia That she was false to wedlock?

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

Emilia My husband?

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

Emilia My husband?

Othello What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.

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



My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

All O heavens forbend!

Emilia And your reports have set the murder on.

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

Gratiano 'Tis a strange truth.

Montano O monstrous act!

Emilia Villainy, villainy, villainy!  
I think upon't, I think -I smell't -O villainy!  
I thought so then. I'll kill myself for grief.  
O villainy, villainy!

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

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

Othello O, O, O!

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

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

Othello 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it;  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that 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.

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.

Iago    Be wise, and get you home.

Emilia                                    I will not.

[IAGO draws his sword.

Gratiano                                    Fie,  
    Your sword upon a woman?

Emilia    O thou dull Moor! That handkerchief thou speak'st of  
    I found by fortune, and did give my husband;  
    For often with a solemn earnestness,  
    More than indeed belonged to such a trifle,  
    He begged of me to steal't.

Iago                                        Villainous whore!

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

Iago                                        Filth, thou liest!

Emilia    By heaven I do not; I do not, gentlemen.  
    O murd'rous coxcomb, what should such a fool  
    Do with so good a wife?

Othello                                    Are there no stones in heaven  
    But what serves for the thunder? Precious villain!  
[He runs at IAGO. MONTANO disarms him.  
[IAGO stabs EMILIA and exit.

Gratiano    The woman falls -sure he hath killed his wife.

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

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,  
    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,  
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:  
It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.  
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

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

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

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano What is the matter?

Othello                                Behold, I have a weapon;  
A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day  
That with this little arm and this good sword  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop. But -O vain boast! -  
Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now.  
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt  
And very seamark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear.  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

[He moves to the bed.]

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench,  
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?  
Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed slave!  
Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight;  
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire.  
O Desdemon! Dead Desdemon! Dead! O, O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and IAGO prisoner to OFFICERS.

Lodovico Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

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

Lodovico Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

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.

Othello I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;  
For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.

Lodovico O thou, Othello, that was once so good,  
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee?

Othello Why, anything:  
An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought did I 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.

Cassio Dear general, I never gave you cause.

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

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

Lodovico What, not to pray?

Gratiano Torments will ope your lips.

Othello Well, thou dost best.



Lodovico Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,  
And here another. The one of them imports  
The death of Cassio, to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

Othello O villain!

Cassio Most heathenish and most gross!

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

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

Cassio I found it in my chamber;  
And he himself confessed it but even now  
That there he dropped it for a special purpose  
Which wrought to his desire.

Othello O fool, fool, fool!

Cassio There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch, whereon it came  
That I was cast; and even but now he spake  
- After long seeming dead - Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

Lodovico You must forsake this room and go with us.  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
If there be any cunning cruelty  
That can torment him much and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

Othello Soft you; a word or two before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know't:  
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak



