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***THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, MOOR  
OF VENICE (1605)***

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**by William Shakespeare**

Styled by LimpidSoft





# CONTENTS

<b>Dramatis Personae</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>ACT I</b>	<b>3</b>
SCENE I . . . . .	3
SCENE II . . . . .	5
SCENE III . . . . .	6
<b>ACT II</b>	<b>11</b>
SCENE I . . . . .	11
SCENE II . . . . .	14
SCENE III . . . . .	14
<b>ACT III</b>	<b>19</b>
SCENE I . . . . .	19
SCENE II . . . . .	19
SCENE III . . . . .	20
SCENE IV . . . . .	25
<b>ACT IV</b>	<b>29</b>
SCENE I . . . . .	29
SCENE II . . . . .	32
SCENE III . . . . .	35
<b>ACT V</b>	<b>37</b>
SCENE I . . . . .	37
SCENE II . . . . .	39

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John Redmond  
Sydney, Australia

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OTHELLO, the Moor, general of the Venetian forces.

DESDEMONA, his wife.

IAGO, ensign to Othello.

EMILIA, his wife, lady-in-waiting to Desdemona.

CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, Venetian Senator, father of Desdemona.

GRATIANO, nobleman of Venice, brother of Brabantio.

LODOVICO, nobleman of Venice, kinsman of Brabantio.

RODERIGO, rejected suitor of Desdemona.

BIANCA, mistress of Cassio.

MONTANO, a Cypriot official.

A Clown in service to Othello.

Senators, Sailors, Messengers, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants



# ACT I

SCENE: VENICE AND CYPRUS

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## SCENE I

---

*Venice. A street. Enter Roderigo and Iago*

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

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

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

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

RODERIGO By heaven, I rather would have been  
his hangman

IAGO Why, there's no remedy

Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself  
Whether I in any just term am affined  
To love the Moor.

RODERIGO I would not follow him then

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

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 color.

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! Signior  
Brabantio, ho!

IAGO Awake! What, ho, Brabantio! Thieves!  
Thieves! Thieves!

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

Thieves! Thieves!

*Brabantio appears above, at a window*

BRABANTIO What is the reason of this terrible  
summons?

What is the matter there?

RODERIGO Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO Are your doors lock'd?

BRABANTIO Why? Wherefore ask you this?

IAGO 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd! For shame, put  
on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say!

BRABANTIO What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO Most reverend signior, do you know  
my voice?

BRABANTIO Not I

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 thou shalt answer; I know  
thee, Roderigo

RODERIGO Sir, I will answer anything

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,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:

If she be in her chamber or your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state

For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper! Call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light! *Exit above*

IAGO Farewell, for I must leave you

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

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

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

However this may gall him with some check,

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

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

Which even now stands in act, that, for their

souls,

Another of his fathom they have none

To lead their business; in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell 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, say'st thou? Who would be a  
 father!  
 How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives  
 me  
 Past thought! What said she to you? Get more  
 tapers.  
 Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think  
 you?

RODERIGO Truly, I think they are

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

RODERIGO Yes, sir, I have indeed

BRABANTIO Call up my brother  
 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  
 I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!  
 And raise some special officers of night.  
 On, good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains.  
*Exeunt*

---

## SCENE II

---

*Another street.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches*

IAGO Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
 To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity  
 Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times  
 I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the  
 ribs.

OTHELLO 'Tis better as it is

IAGO Nay, but he prated  
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
 Against your honor  
 That, with the little godliness I have,  
 I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,  
 Are you fast married? Be assured of this,  
 That the magnifico is much beloved,  
 And hath in his effect a voice potential

As double as the Duke's. He will divorce you,  
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
 The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
 Will give him cable.

OTHELLO Let him do his spite

My services, which I have done the signiory,  
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to  
 know—  
 Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,  
 I shall promulgate— I fetch my life and being  
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
 As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,  
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
 I would not my unhoused free condition  
 Put into circumscription and confine  
 For the sea's worth. But, look! What lights come  
 yond?

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

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

IAGO By Janus, I think no  
*Enter Cassio and certain Officers with torches*

OTHELLO The servants of the Duke? And my  
 lieutenant?  
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
 What is the news?

CASSIO The Duke does greet you, general,  
 And he requires your haste-post-haste  
 appearance,  
 Even on the instant.

OTHELLO What is the matter, think you?

CASSIO Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;  
 It is a business of some heat. The galleys  
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
 This very night at one another's heels;  
 And many of the consuls, raised and met,  
 Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly  
 call'd for,  
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
 The Senate hath sent about three several 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 Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land carack;  
 If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

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

IAGO It is Brabantio

He comes to bad intent.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons*

OTHELLO Holla! Stand there!

RODERIGO Signior, it is the Moor

BRABANTIO Down with him, thief!

*They draw on both sides*

IAGO You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you

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

Good signior, you shall more command with years

Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

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

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense

That thou hast practiced on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weaken motion. I'll have't disputed on;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practicer

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining and the rest.

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO To prison, till fit time

Of law and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

OTHELLO What if I do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,

Whose messengers are here about my side,

Upon some present business of the state

To bring me to him?

FIRST OFFICER 'Tis true, most worthy signior;

The Duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

BRABANTIO How? The Duke in council?

In this time of the night? Bring him away;

Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;

For if such actions may have passage free,

Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

*Exeunt*

---

### SCENE III

---

*A council chamber. The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers attending*

DUKE There is no composition in these news  
That gives them credit.

FIRST SENATOR Indeed they are  
disproportion'd;

My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE And mine, a hundred and forty

SECOND SENATOR And mine, two hundred

But though they jump not on a just account—

As in these cases, where the aim reports,

'Tis oft with difference— yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE Nay, it is possible enough to judgement

I do not so secure me in the error,

But the main article I do approve

In fearful sense.

SAILOR *Within*

FIRST OFFICER A messenger from the galleys

*Enter Sailor*

DUKE Now, what's the business?

SAILOR The Turkish preparation makes for  
Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the state

By Signior Angelo.

DUKE How say you by this change?

FIRST SENATOR This cannot be,

By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant

To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,

And let ourselves again but understand

That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,

For that it stands not in such warlike brace,

But altogether lacks the abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of  
this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskillful

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

FIRST 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 enjoined them with an after fleet.

FIRST SENATOR Ay, so I thought

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

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

FIRST SENATOR He's now in Florence

DUKE Write from us to him, post-post-haste  
dispatch

FIRST SENATOR Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor  
*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers*

DUKE Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
*To Brabantio* I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;  
We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO So did I yours  
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business  
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

DUKE Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO My daughter! O, my daughter!

ALL Dead?

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

DUKE Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding  
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter

After your own sense, yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

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

ALL We are very sorry for't

DUKE *To Othello*

BRABANTIO Nothing, but this is so

OTHELLO Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field,  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magic—  
For such proceeding I am charged withal—  
I won his daughter.

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

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

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

OTHELLO I do beseech you,

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

DUKE Fetch Desdemona hither

OTHELLO Ancient, conduct them; you best know  
 the place

*Exeunt Iago and Attendants*

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

DUKE Say it, Othello

OTHELLO Her father loved me, oft invited me,  
 Still question'd me the story of my life  
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
 That I have pass'd.  
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
 breach,  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe  
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
 And portance in my travels' history;  
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads  
 touch heaven,  
 It was my hint to speak— such was the process—  
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
 Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence,  
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently. I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her tears  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;  
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
 strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.  
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man; she  
 thank'd me,  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:  
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
 And I loved her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.  
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it.  
*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants*

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

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

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

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

DUKE Let me speak like yourself, and lay a  
 sentence  
 Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers  
 Into your favor.  
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes  
 depended.  
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
 What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes,  
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the  
 thief;  
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

BRABANTIO So let the Turk of Cyprus us  
 beguile;  
 We lose it not so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
 These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.  
 But words are words; I never yet did hear  
 That the bruised heart was pierced through the  
 ear.  
 I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of  
 state.

DUKE

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

OTHELLO The tyrant custom, most grave  
 senators,

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  
 These present wars against the Ottomites.  
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
 Due reference of place and exhibition,  
 With such accommodation and besort  
 As levels with her breeding.

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

BRABANTIO I'll not have it so

OTHELLO Nor I

DESDEMONA Nor I

To put my father in impatient thoughts  
 By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,  
 To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
 And let me find a charter in your voice  
 To assist my simpleness.

DUKE What would you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA That I did love the Moor to live  
 with him,  
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
 May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued  
 Even to the very quality of my lord.  
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
 And to his honors and his valiant parts  
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
 The rites for 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 voices  
 Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not  
 To please the palate of my appetite,  
 Nor to comply with heat— the young affects  
 In me defunct— and proper satisfaction;  
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind.  
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you  
 think  
 I will your serious and great business scant  
 For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys  
 Of feather'd Cupid 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. The affair cries haste,  
 And speed must answer't: you must hence  
 tonight.

DESDEMONA Tonight, my lord?

DUKE This night

OTHELLO With all my heart

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

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

DUKE Let it be so  
 Good night to everyone. *To Brabantio* And, noble  
 signior,  
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

FIRST SENATOR Adieu, brave Moor, use  
 Desdemona well

BRABANTIO Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes  
 to see;  
 She has deceived her father, and may thee.  
*Exeunt Duke, Senators, and Officers*

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 matters and direction,  
 To spend with thee. We must obey the time.  
*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona*

RODERIGO Iago!

IAGO What say'st thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO What will I do, thinkest thou?

IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep

RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself

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 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 favor with an usurped beard. I  
say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that  
Desdemona should long continue her love to the  
Moor— put money in thy purse— nor he his to her.  
It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt  
see an answerable sequestration— put but money  
in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their  
wills— fill thy purse with money. The food that to  
him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him  
shortly as acerb as the coloquintida. She must  
change for youth; when she is sated with his  
body, she will find the error of her choice. She  
must have change, she must; therefore put money  
in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do  
it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all

the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail  
vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle  
Venetian 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 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' the morning?

IAGO At my lodging

RODERIGO I'll be with thee betimes

IAGO Go to, farewell

RODERIGO What say you?

IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO I am changed; I'll go sell all my land

IAGO Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;

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

I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's  
light.

*Exit*

## ACT II

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### SCENE I

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*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?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Nothing at all  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

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

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

MONTANO If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are  
drown'd;  
It is impossible to bear it out.  
*Enter a third Gentleman*

THIRD GENTLEMAN News, lads! Our wars are done  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

MONTANO How? Is this true?

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

MONTANO I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor

THIRD GENTLEMAN But this same Cassio,  
though he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

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

THIRD GENTLEMAN Come, let's do so,  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter Cassio*

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

MONTANO I see well shipp'd?

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

*A cry within, "A sail, a sail, a sail!"*

*Enter a fourth Gentleman*

*What noise?*

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

CASSIO My hopes do shape him for the governor  
*Guns heard*

SECOND GENTLEMAN They do discharge their  
shot of courtesy—  
Our friends at least.

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN I shall

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 the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.

*Re-enter second Gentleman*

How now! who has put in?

SECOND GENTLEMAN 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general

CASSIO He has had most favorable and happy speed:  
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
 As having sense of beauty, do omit  
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
 The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO What is she?

CASSIO She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,  
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
 A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,  
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
 And bring all Cyprus comfort.  
*Enter Desdemona, Emilia Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants*  
 O, behold,  
 The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
 Hall 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— But, hark! a sail.  
*A cry within, "A sail, a sail!" Guns heard*

SECOND GENTLEMAN They give their greeting to the citadel;  
 This likewise is a friend.

CASSIO See for the news

*Exit Gentleman*

Good ancient, 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'd have enough.

DESDEMONA Alas, she has no speech

IAGO In faith, too much;  
 I find it still when I have list to sleep.  
 Marry, before your ladyship I grant,  
 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  
 Bells in your parlors, 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 harbor?

IAGO Ay, madam

DESDEMONA I am not merry, but I do beguile  
 The thing I am by seeming otherwise.  
 Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

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

DESDEMONA

Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

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

DESDEMONA Worse and worse

EMILIA How if fair and foolish?

IAGO She never yet was foolish that was fair,  
 For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

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

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

DESDEMONA O heavy ignorance! Thou praisest  
 the worst best praise couldst thou bestow on a  
 deserving woman indeed, one that in the

authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch  
of very malice itself?

IAGO She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,  
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish and yet said, "Now I may";  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind;  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were—

DESDEMONA To do what?

IAGO To suckle fools and chronicle small beer

DESDEMONA

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

CASSIO He speaks home, madam soldier than in  
the scholar.

IAGO *Aside* With as little a web as this will I  
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon  
her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.  
You say true; 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as  
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had  
been better you had not kissed your three fingers  
so oft, which now again you are most apt to play  
the sir in. Very good. Well kissed! an excellent  
courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers  
to your lips?

Would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!  
*Trumpet within*

The Moor! I know his trumpet.

CASSIO 'Tis truly so

DESDEMONA Let's meet him and receive him

CASSIO Lo, where he comes!

*Enter Othello and Attendants*

OTHELLO O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA My dear Othello!

OTHELLO It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

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

OTHELLO Amen to that, sweet powers!

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

IAGO *Aside*

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am.

OTHELLO Come, let us to the castle

News, friends: our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;

I have found great love amongst them. O my  
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,

Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.

Bring thou the master to the citadel;

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect. Come,  
Desdemona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

*Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo*

IAGO Do thou meet me presently at the harbor  
be'st valiant— as they say base men being in love  
have then a nobility in their natures more than is  
native to them— list me.

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

RODERIGO With him? Why, 'tis not possible

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

minds 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 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, the incorporate conclusion.

Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight; for the command, I'll lay't upon you.

Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

RODERIGO Well

IAGO Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio.

So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them, and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

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

IAGO I warrant thee fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

RODERIGO Adieu

IAGO That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too, Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin, But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards, And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd 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 practicing upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused: Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. *Exit*

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## SCENE II

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*A street. Enter a Herald with a proclamation; people following*

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

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## SCENE III

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*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 honorable 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' the clock general cast us thus early for the love of

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

CASSIO She's a most exquisite lady

IAGO And, I'll warrant her, full of game

CASSIO Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature

IAGO What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

CASSIO An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest

IAGO And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

CASSIO She is indeed perfection

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

CASSIO Not tonight, good Iago 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

IAGO If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk tonight already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offense  
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool Roderigo,  
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,  
To Desdemona hath tonight caroused  
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch.  
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honors in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle,  
Have I tonight fluster'd with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle. But here they come.  
If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.  
*Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen;*

*Servants following with wine*

CASSIO 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already

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

IAGO Some wine, ho!

*Sings* "And let me the canakin clink, clink;  
And let me the canakin clink  
A soldier's a man;  
O, 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 expert in his drinking?

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

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 call'd 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 thine auld cloak about thee."  
Some wine, ho!

CASSIO Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other

IAGO Will you hear't again?

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

IAGO It's true, good lieutenant

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

IAGO And so do I too, lieutenant

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

enough, and I speak well enough.

ALL Excellent well

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

MONTANO To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch

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

MONTANO But is he often thus?

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

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

IAGO *Aside to him*  
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— But, hark! What noise?  
*A cry within, "Help, help!"*  
*Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo*

CASSIO 'Zounds! You rogue! You rascal!

MONTANO What's the matter, lieutenant?

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

RODERIGO Beat me!

CASSIO Dost thou prate, rogue? *Strikes 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*  
*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 rings*

Who's that that rings the bell?— Diablo, ho!  
The town will rise. God's will, lieutenant, hold!  
You will be shamed forever.

*Re-enter Othello and Attendants*

OTHELLO What is the matter here?

MONTANO 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the  
death

FAINTS

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, hold, for  
shame!

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

IAGO I do not know  
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 breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds;  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

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

CASSIO I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak

OTHELLO Worthy Montano, you were wont be  
civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
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. If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on,  
And he that is approved in this offense,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

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

IAGO Touch me not so near:  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth  
Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help,  
And Cassio following him with determined  
sword,  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause.  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamor— as it so fell out—  
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath, which till tonight  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—  
For this was brief— I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust, even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report.  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,  
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

OTHELLO I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,  
But never more be officer of mine.

*Re-enter Desdemona, attended*

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

DESDEMONA What's the matter?

OTHELLO All's well now, sweeting; come away  
to bed

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.  
Lead him off. *Exit Montano, attended*  
Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl  
distracted.

Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldiers' life.  
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio*

IAGO What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO Ay, past all surgery

IAGO Marry, heaven forbid!

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

IAGO As I am an honest man, I thought you had  
received some bodily wound; there is more sense  
in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle  
and most false imposition; oft got without merit  
and lost without deserving. You have lost no  
reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such  
a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the  
general again. You are but now cast in his mood,  
a punishment more in policy than in malice; even  
so as one would beat his offenseless 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  
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 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

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

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 watch.

CASSIO Good night, honest Iago

IAGO And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest,  
 Probal to thinking, and indeed the course  
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
 In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful  
 As the free elements. And then for her  
 To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,  
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,  
 His soul is so enfetted to her love,  
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
 Even as her appetite shall play the god  
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain  
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
 As I do now. For whiles this honest fool  
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,  
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,  
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
 And by how much she strives to do him good,  
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,  
 And out of her own goodness make the net  
 That shall enmesh them all.

*Enter Roderigo*

*How now, Roderigo!*

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 cudged; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

IAGO How poor are they that have not patience!  
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,  
 And wit depends on dilatory time.  
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
 And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.  
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.  
 Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;  
 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.  
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.  
 Away, I say. Thou shalt know more hereafter.  
 Nay, get thee gone. *(Exit Roderigo)* Two things  
 are to be done:  
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress—  
 I'll set her on;  
 Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
 Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way;  
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. *Exit*

## ACT III

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### SCENE I

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*Before the castle.*

*Enter Cassio and some Musicians*

CASSIO Masters, play here, I will content your pains; Something that's brief; and bid "Good morrow, general."

*Music*

*Enter Clown*

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

FIRST MUSICIAN How, sir, how?

CLOWN Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

FIRST MUSICIAN Ay, marry, are they, sir

CLOWN O, thereby hangs a tail

FIRST MUSICIAN Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

CLOWN Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know 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.

FIRST MUSICIAN Well, sir, we will not

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

FIRST MUSICIAN We have none such, sir

CLOWN Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away

Go, vanish into air, away! *Exeunt Musicians*

CASSIO Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

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

CASSIO Prithee, keep up thy quillets for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech. Wilt thou do this?

CLOWN She is stirring, sir to notify unto her.

CASSIO Do, good my friend  
*Enter Iago*

In happy time, Iago

IAGO You have not been abed, then?

CASSIO Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife. My suit to her Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

IAGO I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free.

CASSIO I humbly thank you for't  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter Emilia*

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

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

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

CASSIO I am much bound to you  
*Exeunt*

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### SCENE II

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*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

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

GENTLEMEN We'll wait upon your lordship

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## SCENE III

*The garden of 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

As if the cause were his.

DESDEMONA O, that's an honest fellow

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 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

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, at a distance*

EMILIA Madam, here comes my lord

CASSIO Madam, I'll take my leave

DESDEMONA Nay, stay and hear me speak

CASSIO Madam, not now

Unfit for mine own purposes.

DESDEMONA Well, do your discretion

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

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?

OTHELLO I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA Why then tomorrow night, or Tuesday morn,

On Tuesday noon, or night, on Wednesday morn.

I prithee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason—

Save that, they say, the wars must make example

Out of their best— is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What? Michael

Cassio,

That came awooing with you, and so many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly

Hath ta'en your part— to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—

OTHELLO Prithee, no more

I will deny thee nothing.

DESDEMONA Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearful to be granted.

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

DESDEMONA Shall I deny you? No

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

DESDEMONA Emilia, come  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.  
*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia*

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

IAGO My noble lord—

OTHELLO What dost thou say, Iago?

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

OTHELLO He did, from first to last

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  
Is he not honest?

IAGO Honest, my lord?

OTHELLO Honest? Ay, honest

IAGO My lord, for aught I know

OTHELLO What dost thou think?

IAGO Think, my lord?

OTHELLO Think, my lord? By heaven, he echoes  
me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean  
something.  
I heard thee say even now, thou like'st not that,  
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?  
And when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst,  
"Indeed!"  
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'rt full of love and honesty

And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them  
breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;  
For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just  
They're close dilations, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

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

OTHELLO I think so too

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

OTHELLO Certain, men should be what they seem

IAGO Why then I think Cassio's an honest man

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

IAGO Good my lord, pardon me;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and  
false;  
As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so  
pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

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

IAGO I do beseech you—  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not— that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

OTHELLO What dost thou mean?

IAGO Good name in man and woman, dear my  
lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to  
thousands;

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

OTHELLO By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts

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 heaven, 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 it, for now I shall have reason  
 To show the love and duty that I bear you  
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,  
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure.  
 I would not have your free and noble nature  
 Out of self-bounty be abused. Look to't.  
 I know our country disposition well;  
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
 They dare not show their husbands; their best  
 conscience  
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTHELLO Dost thou say so?

IAGO She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your  
 looks,

She loved them most.

OTHELLO And so she did

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

OTHELLO I am bound to thee forever

IAGO I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits

OTHELLO Not a jot, not a jot

IAGO I'faith, I fear it has  
 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  
 Which my thoughts aim 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 disproportion, thoughts unnatural.  
 But pardon me. I do not in position  
 Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear,  
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,  
 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*

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

IAGO *Returning*

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.  
 Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
 For sure he fills it up with great ability,

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
 You shall by that perceive him and his means.  
 Note if your lady strain his entertainment  
 With any strong or vehement importunity;  
 Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,  
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears—  
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am—  
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

OTHELLO Fear not my government

IAGO I once more take my leave

OTHELLO This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
 Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,  
 Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,  
 I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind  
 To 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 vapor of a dungeon,  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great  
 ones:  
 Prerogated are they less than the base;  
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.  
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:  
*Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia*  
 If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!  
 I'll not believe't.

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

OTHELLO I am to blame

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

OTHELLO I have a pain upon my forehead here

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

OTHELLO Your napkin is too little;  
*He puts the handkerchief from him,  
 and she drops it*  
 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 conjured her she should ever keep it,  
 That she reserves it evermore about her  
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
 And give't Iago. What he will do with it  
 Heaven knows, not I;  
 I nothing but to please his fantasy.

*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 the advantage, I being here took't up.  
 Look, here it is.

IAGO A good wench; give it me

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

IAGO *Snatching it*

EMILIA If't 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.  
 Look, where he comes!

*Re-enter Othello*

Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

OTHELLO Ha, ha, false to me?

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

OTHELLO

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

IAGO How now, my lord?

OTHELLO

What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?  
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know't and he's not robb'd at all.

IAGO I am sorry to hear this

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

IAGO Is't possible, my lord?

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

IAGO Is't come to this?

OTHELLO

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

IAGO My noble lord—

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

IAGO O grace! O heaven defend me!

Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?  
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched  
fool,  
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O  
world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence

I'll love no friend sith love breeds such offense.

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

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her topp'd?

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 may have't.

OTHELLO Give me a living reason she's disloyal

IAGO I do not like the office;

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

Cried, "Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!"

OTHELLO O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO Nay, this was but his dream

OTHELLO But this denoted a foregone conclusion  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO And this may help to thicken other proofs  
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTHELLO I'll tear her all to pieces

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

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  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO If it be that—

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

OTHELLO  
O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago,  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.  
'Tis gone.  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow hell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy  
fraught,  
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

IAGO Yet be content

OTHELLO O, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may  
change

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

IAGO Do not rise yet  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,  
You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever. *They rise*

OTHELLO I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

IAGO My friend is dead, 'tis done at your request;  
But let her live.

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

IAGO I am your own forever

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## SCENE IV

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*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's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier  
lies, is 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  
lord on his behalf and hope all will be well.

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

DESDEMONA Where should I lose that  
handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA I know not, madam

DESDEMONA Believe me, I had rather have lost  
my purse  
Full of crusadoes; and, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

EMILIA Is he not jealous?

DESDEMONA Who, he? I think the sun where he  
was born

Drew all such humors from him.

EMILIA Look, where he comes

DESDEMONA I will not leave him now till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.

*Enter Othello*

How is't with you, my lord?

OTHELLO Well, my good lady  
How do you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA Well, my good lord

OTHELLO Give me your hand

DESDEMONA It yet has felt no age nor known no  
sorrow

OTHELLO This argues fruitfulness and liberal  
heart;  
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout,  
For here's a young and sweating devil here  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

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

OTHELLO A liberal hand  
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

DESDEMONA I cannot speak of this

OTHELLO What promise, chuck?

DESDEMONA I have sent to bid Cassio come  
speak with you

OTHELLO I have a salt and sorry rheum offends  
me;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

DESDEMONA Here, my lord

OTHELLO That which I gave you

DESDEMONA I have it not about me

OTHELLO Not?

DESDEMONA No, faith, my lord

OTHELLO That's a fault  
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 number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,  
And it was dyed in mummy which the skillful  
Conserved of maiden's hearts.

DESDEMONA Indeed! is't true?

OTHELLO Most veritable; therefore look to't well

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

OTHELLO Ha! wherefore?

DESDEMONA Why do you speak so startingly  
and rash?

OTHELLO Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'  
the way?

DESDEMONA Heaven bless us!

OTHELLO Say you?

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

OTHELLO How?

DESDEMONA I say, it is not lost

OTHELLO Fetch't, let me see it

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

OTHELLO Fetch me the handkerchief, my mind  
misgives

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

OTHELLO The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA I pray, talk me of Cassio

OTHELLO The handkerchief!

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

OTHELLO The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA In sooth, you are to blame

OTHELLO Away! *Exit*

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. Look you! Cassio and my  
husband.

*Enter Cassio and Iago*

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  
Exist and be a member of his love  
Whom I with all the office of my heart  
Entirely honor. I would not be delay'd.  
If my offense be of such mortal kind  
That nor my service past nor present sorrows  
Nor purposed merit in futurity  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forced content  
And shut myself up in some other course  
To Fortune's alms.

DESDEMONA Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him  
Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.  
So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure  
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient.  
What I can do I will; and more I will  
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

IAGO Is my lord angry?

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

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

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

EMILIA Pray heaven it be state matters, as you  
think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy  
Concerning you.

DESDEMONA Alas the day, I never gave him  
cause!

EMILIA But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous. 'Tis a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

DESDEMONA Heaven keep that monster from  
Othello's mind!

EMILIA Lady, amen

DESDEMONA I will go seek him  
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 reckoning!

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

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

CASSIO Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous  
now  
That this is from some mistress, some  
remembrance.  
No, by my faith, Bianca.

BIANCA Why, whose is it?

CASSIO I know not, sweet  
I like the work well. Ere it be demanded—  
As like enough it will— I'd have it copied.  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

BIANCA Leave you! wherefore?

CASSIO I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

BIANCA Why, I pray you?

CASSIO Not that I love you not

BIANCA But that you do not love me

I pray you, bring me on the way a little,  
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

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

BIANCA 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced

## ACT IV

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### SCENE I

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*Cyprus. Before the castle.  
Enter Othello and Iago*

IAGO Will you think so?

OTHELLO Think so, Iago?

IAGO What,  
To kiss in private?

OTHELLO An unauthorized kiss

IAGO Or to be naked with her friend in bed  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

OTHELLO Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean  
harm!  
It is hypocrisy against the devil.  
They that mean virtuously and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt  
heaven.

IAGO So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

OTHELLO What then?

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

OTHELLO She is protectress of her honor too  
May she give that?

IAGO Her honor is an essence that's not seen;  
They have it very oft that have it not.  
But for the handkerchief—

OTHELLO By heaven, I would most gladly have  
forgot it  
Thou said'st— O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all— he had my handkerchief.

IAGO Ay, what of that?

OTHELLO That's not so good now

IAGO What,  
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?  
Or heard him say— as knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab—

OTHELLO Hath he said anything?

IAGO He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,

No more than he'll unswear.

OTHELLO What hath he said?

IAGO Faith, that he did— I know not what he did

OTHELLO What? what?

IAGO Lie—

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  
labor— first, to be hanged, and then to confess. I  
tremble at it.

Nature would not invest herself in such  
shadowing passion without some instruction. It is  
not words that shakes 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? No, 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 'scuse upon your ecstasy;  
Bade him anon return and here speak with me  
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable  
scorns,  
That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath and is again to cope your wife.  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience,  
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

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 retires*

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

*Re-enter Cassio*

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

CASSIO The worser that you give me the addition  
Whose want even kills me.

IAGO Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianco's power,

How quickly should you speed!

CASSIO Alas, poor caitiff!

OTHELLO Look, how he laughs already!

IAGO I never knew a woman love man so

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

OTHELLO Now he denies it faintly and laughs it  
out

IAGO Do you hear, Cassio?

OTHELLO Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

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

CASSIO Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO Do you triumph, Roman? Do you  
triumph?

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

OTHELLO So, so, so, so

IAGO Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her

CASSIO Prithee, say true

IAGO I am a very villain else

OTHELLO Have you scored me? Well

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

OTHELLO Iago beckons me; now he begins the  
story

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

OTHELLO Crying, "O dear Cassio!" as it were; his  
gesture imports it.

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

OTHELLO Now he tells how she plucked him to  
my chamber that nose of yours, but not that dog I  
shall throw it to.

CASSIO Well, I must leave her company

IAGO Before me! look where she comes

CASSIO 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a  
perfumed one

*Enter Bianca*

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 hobbyhorse. Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

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

OTHELLO By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIANCA An you'll come to supper tonight, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *Exit*

IAGO After her, after her

CASSIO Faith, I must; she'll rail i' 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

OTHELLO *Advancing*

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 woman your wife! She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

OTHELLO I would have him nine years a killing 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 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 condition!

IAGO Ay, too gentle

OTHELLO Nay, that's certain  
O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for, if it touch not you, it comes

near nobody.

OTHELLO I will chop her into messes

IAGO O, 'tis foul in her

OTHELLO With mine officer!

IAGO That's fouler

OTHELLO Get me some poison, Iago, this night 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 by midnight.

OTHELLO Excellent good same?

IAGO Something from Venice, sure

Come from the Duke. And, see your wife is with him.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants*

LODOVICO God save the worthy general!

OTHELLO With all my heart, sir

LODOVICO The Duke and Senators of Venice greet you

*Gives him a letter*

OTHELLO I kiss the instrument of their pleasures  
*Opens the letter, and reads*

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

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

LODOVICO I thank you

IAGO Lives, sir

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

An unkind breech; but you shall make all well.

OTHELLO Are you sure of that?

DESDEMONA My lord?

OTHELLO *Reads*

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

DESDEMONA A most unhappy one

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

OTHELLO Fire and brimstone!

DESDEMONA My lord?

OTHELLO Are you wise?

DESDEMONA What, is he angry?

LODOVICO May be 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 *Going*

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? This the nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid  
virtue  
The shot of accident nor dart of chance  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO He is much changed

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

IAGO He's that he is

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

## SCENE II

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

*Enter Desdemona with Emilia*

DESDEMONA My lord, what is your will?

OTHELLO Pray, chuck, come hither

DESDEMONA What is your pleasure?

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

DESDEMONA What horrible fancy's this?

OTHELLO *To Emilia*

Leave procreants alone and shut the door;  
Cough, or cry "hem," if anybody come.  
Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.  
*Emilia*

DESDEMONA Upon my knees, what doth your  
speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

OTHELLO Why, what art thou?

DESDEMONA Your wife, my lord, your true and  
loyal wife

OTHELLO Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils  
themselves  
Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be  
double-damn'd;  
Swear thou art honest.

DESDEMONA Heaven doth truly know it

OTHELLO Heaven truly knows that thou art false  
as hell

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

OTHELLO O Desdemona! Away! away! away!

DESDEMONA Alas the heavy day! Why do you  
weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?  
If haply you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

OTHELLO Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction, had they rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me  
A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at!  
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well;  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion  
there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,  
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

DESDEMONA I hope my noble lord esteems me  
honest

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

DESDEMONA Alas, what ignorant sin have I  
committed?

OTHELLO Was this fair paper, this most goodly  
book,  
Made to write "whore" upon? What committed?  
Committed? O thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed?  
Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA By heaven, you do me wrong

OTHELLO Are not you a strumpet?

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

OTHELLO What, not a whore?

DESDEMONA No, as I shall be saved

OTHELLO Is't possible?

DESDEMONA O, heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO I cry you mercy then;  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. (*Raises his voice*)  
You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep 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

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

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

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.  
He might have chid me so, for in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

IAGO What's the matter, lady?

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

DESDEMONA Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO What name, fair lady?

DESDEMONA Such as she says my lord did say I was

EMILIA He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink  
Could not have laid such terms upon his 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

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

DESDEMONA It is my wretched fortune

IAGO Beshrew him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

DESDEMONA Nay, heaven doth know

EMILIA I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,

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

IAGO Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible

DESDEMONA If any such there be, heaven  
pardon him!

EMILIA A halter pardon him! And hell gnaw his  
bones!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her  
company?

What place? What time? What form? What  
likelihood?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous  
knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west!

IAGO Speak within door

EMILIA O, fie upon them! Some such squire he  
was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

IAGO You are a fool; go to

DESDEMONA O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him, for by this light of  
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form,

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

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 doth abhor me now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor:

The business of the state does him offense,

And he does chide with you.

DESDEMONA If 'twere no other—

IAGO 'Tis but so, I warrant

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat.

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

*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia*

*Enter Roderigo*

How now, Roderigo!

RODERIGO I do not find that thou dealest justly  
with me

IAGO What in the contrary?

RODERIGO Every day thou daffest me with some  
device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,

keepst from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO Will you hear me, Roderigo?

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

IAGO You charge me most unjustly

RODERIGO With nought but truth means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist. You have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

IAGO Well, go to, very well

RODERIGO Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well. By this hand, I say 'tis very scurvvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

IAGO Very well

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

IAGO You have said now

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

IAGO Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, 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 valor, this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

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

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

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

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

RODERIGO How do you mean, removing of him?

IAGO Why, by making him incapable of Othello's

place; knocking out his brains.

RODERIGO And that you would have me to do?

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

RODERIGO I will hear further reason for this

IAGO And you shall be satisfied

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### SCENE III

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*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 Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship

DESDEMONA Your honor is most welcome

OTHELLO Will you walk, sir?

O— Desdemona—

DESDEMONA My lord?

OTHELLO Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there; look it 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  
He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMILIA Dismiss me?

DESDEMONA It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.  
We must not now displease him.

EMILIA I would you had never seen him!

DESDEMONA So would not I  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns—

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

EMILIA I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed

DESDEMONA All's one

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

EMILIA Come, come, you talk

DESDEMONA My mother had a maid call'd  
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 express'd 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 murmur'd her  
moans,  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the  
stones—  
Lay be these—

*Sings* "Sing willow, 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 call'd my love false love; but what said he  
then?

Sing willow, willow, willow  
If I court moe women,  
you'll couch with moe men—"

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

EMILIA 'Tis neither here nor there

DESDEMONA I have heard it said so

Dost thou in conscience think— tell me, Emilia—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

EMILIA There be some such, no question

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

EMILIA Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I  
might do't as well i' the dark.

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

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

DESDEMONA In troth, I think thou wouldst not

EMILIA In troth, I think I should, and undo't when  
I had done

Marry, I would not do such a thing for a  
joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for  
gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty  
exhibition; but, for the whole world— why, who  
would not make her husband a cuckold to make  
him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

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

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

DESDEMONA I do not think there is any such  
woman

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

# ACT V

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## SCENE I

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

*Enter Cassio*

RODERIGO I know his gait; 'tis he  
*Makes a pass at Cassio*

CASSIO That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;  
I will make proof of thine. *Draws, and wounds Roderigo*

RODERIGO O, I am slain!  
*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit*

CASSIO I am maim'd forever  
*Falls.*  
*Enter Othello*

OTHELLO The voice of Cassio; Iago keeps his word

RODERIGO O, villain that I am!

OTHELLO It is even so

CASSIO O, help, ho! Light! A surgeon!

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

*Exit*

*Enter Lodovico and Gratiano*

CASSIO What, ho! No watch? No passage?  
Murther! Murther!

GRATIANO 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful

CASSIO O, help!

LODOVICO Hark!

RODERIGO O wretched villain!

LODOVICO Two or three groan; it is a heavy night  
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe  
To come in to the cry without more help.

RODERIGO Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death

LODOVICO Hark!

*Re-enter Iago, with a light*

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

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

LODOVICO We do not know

IAGO Did not you hear a cry?

CASSIO Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

IAGO What's the matter?

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

LODOVICO The same indeed; a very valiant fellow

IAGO What are you here that cry so grievously?

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

Give me some help.

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

CASSIO I think that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

IAGO O treacherous villains!  
*To Lodovico and Gratiano* What are you there?  
Come in and give some help.

RODERIGO O, help me here!

CASSIO That's one of them

IAGO O murderous slave! O villain!  
*Stabs Roderigo*

RODERIGO O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

IAGO Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?  
How silent is this town! Ho! Murther! Murther!  
What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

LODOVICO As you shall prove us, praise us

IAGO Signior Lodovico?

LODOVICO He, sir

IAGO I cry you mercy

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  
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

GRATIANO Know him! ay

IAGO Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

GRATIANO I am glad to see you

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

GRATIANO Roderigo!

IAGO He, he, 'tis he  
*the chair*  
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. *To Bianca* For you, mistress,  
Save you your labor. He that lies slain here,  
Cassio,  
Was my dear friend; what malice was between you?

CASSIO None in the world; nor do I know the man

IAGO *To Bianca*  
*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off*  
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?  
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?  
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.  
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her.  
Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use.  
*Enter Emilia*

EMILIA 'Las, what's the matter? What's the matter, husband?

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

EMILIA Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

IAGO This is the fruit of whoring  
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd tonight.  
What, do you shake at that?

BIANCA He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not

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

EMILIA Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIANCA I am no strumpet, but of life as honest  
As you that thus abuse me.

EMILIA As I! foh! fie upon thee!

IAGO Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd  
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.  
Emilia, run you to the citadel,  
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd!  
Will you go on? *Aside* This is the night  
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. *Exeunt*

## SCENE II

*A bedchamber in the castle. Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning.  
Enter Othello*

OTHELLO It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light.  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd  
the rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It must needs wither; I'll smell it on the tree.  
*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 this the last;  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly,  
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO Ay, Desdemona

DESDEMONA Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO Have you pray'd 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 Alas, 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, heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

DESDEMONA Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO Ay, I do

DESDEMONA Then heaven have mercy on me!

OTHELLO Amen, with all my heart!

DESDEMONA  
If you say so, I hope you will not kill me

OTHELLO Hum!

DESDEMONA  
And yet I fear you, for you are fatal then

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I  
know not,  
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTHELLO Think on thy sins

DESDEMONA They are loves I bear to you

OTHELLO Ay, and for that thou diest

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

OTHELLO Peace, and be still!

DESDEMONA I will so

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

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

OTHELLO Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed.

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 makest me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.  
I saw the handkerchief.

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

OTHELLO He hath confess'd

DESDEMONA What, my lord?

OTHELLO That he hath used thee

DESDEMONA How? unlawfully?

OTHELLO Ay

DESDEMONA He will not say so

OTHELLO No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

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

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

DESDEMONA Alas, he is betray'd, 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

EMILIA *Within*

OTHELLO  
at 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*

OTHELLO Who's there?

EMILIA *Within*

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

EMILIA *Within*

That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

OTHELLO I had forgot thee  
Soft, by and by. Let me the curtains draw.  
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, hath kill'd a young Venetian  
Call'd Roderigo.

OTHELLO Roderigo kill'd?  
And Cassio kill'd?

EMILIA No, Cassio is not kill'd

OTHELLO Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DESDEMONA O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

EMILIA Alas, what cry is that?

OTHELLO That? what?

EMILIA Out, and alas! That was my lady's voice  
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

DESDEMONA A guiltless death I die

EMILIA O, who hath done this deed?

DESDEMONA Nobody; I myself  
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! *Dies*

OTHELLO Why, how should she be murder'd?

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 kill'd her.

EMILIA O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil!

OTHELLO She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore

EMILIA Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil

OTHELLO She was false as water

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

OTHELLO Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else  
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

EMILIA My husband?

OTHELLO Thy husband

EMILIA That she was false to wedlock?

OTHELLO Ay, with Cassio  
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 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 that she was false!

OTHELLO He, woman;

I say thy husband. Dost understand the word?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

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

OTHELLO Ha!

EMILIA Do thy worst;

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

OTHELLO Peace, you were best

EMILIA Thou hast not half that power to do me  
harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—  
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder,  
murder!

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others*

MONTANO What is the matter? How now,  
general?

EMILIA O, are you come, Iago? You have done  
well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

GRATIANO What is the matter?

EMILIA Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man  
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false;  
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

IAGO I told him what I thought, and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMILIA But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO I did

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

IAGO With Cassio, mistress

EMILIA I will not charm my tongue; I am bound  
to speak

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed—

ALL O heavens forfend!

EMILIA And your reports have set the murder on

OTHELLO Nay, stare not, masters; it is true indeed

GRATIANO 'Tis a strange truth

MONTANO O monstrous act!

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 kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

OTHELLO

*Rises*

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

Whose breath indeed these hands have newly  
stopp'd.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRATIANO Poor 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 reprobation.

OTHELLO 'Tis pitiful, but yet Iago knows  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed. Cassio confess'd it,

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand,

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

EMILIA O heaven! O heavenly powers!

IAGO 'Zounds! Hold your peace

EMILIA 'Twill out, 'twill

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 offers to stab Emilia*

GRATIANO Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

EMILIA O thou dull Moor! That handkerchief  
thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband,  
For often with a solemn earnestness,  
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

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 murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife?

OTHELLO Are there not stones in heaven  
But what serve for thunder? Precious villain!

*He runs at Iago, but Montano  
disarms him. Iago stabs Emilia*

GRATIANO The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd  
his wife

EMILIA Ay, ay! O, lay me by my mistress' side

GRATIANO He's gone, but his wife's kill'd

MONTANO 'Tis a notorious villain  
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.  
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,  
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,  
For 'tis a damned slave. Exeunt all but Othello  
and Emilia.

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

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

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

GRATIANO *Within*  
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 weapon'd;  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear.  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires. Where should Othello go?  
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd  
wench!

Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?  
Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed slave!  
Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  
O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead!  
O! O! O!

*Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a  
chair, and Officers with Iago, prisoner*

LODOVICO Where is this rash and most  
unfortunate man?

OTHELLO That's he that was Othello

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 kill'd

OTHELLO I am not sorry neither  
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

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

OTHELLO Why, anything;  
An honorable murderer, if you will,  
For nought did I in hate, but all in honor.

LODOVICO This wretch hath part confess'd 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 to have sent this damned villain;  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

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

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

OTHELLO O fool! fool! fool!

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

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

OTHELLO Soft you; a word or two before you go  
I have done the state some service, and they  
know't.  
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you  
speak  
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued  
eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;  
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog  
And smote him, thus. *Stabs himself*

LODOVICO O bloody period!

GRATIANO All that's spoke is marr'd

OTHELLO I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.  
*Falls on the bed, and dies*

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

LODOVICO (*To Iago*)  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;  
This is thy work. The object poisons sight;  
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you. To you, Lord Governor,  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,  
The time, the place, the torture. O, enforce it!  
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *Exeunt*