

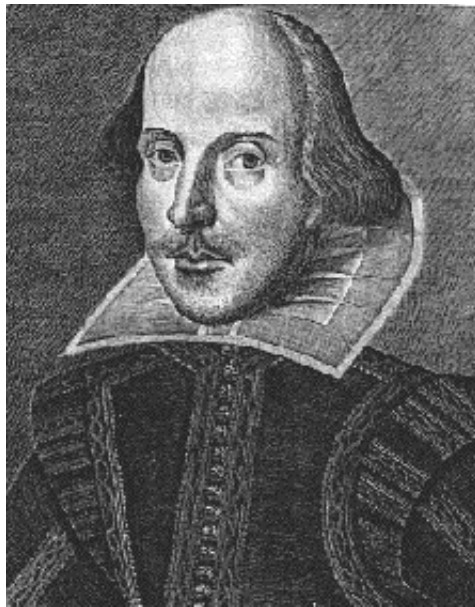
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Othello, the Moore of Venice.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice

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Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.*
 3 *Rodorigo.*
 4 Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
 5 That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
 6 As if y strings were thine, should'st know of this.
 7 *Ia.* But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
 8 Of such a matter, abhorre me.
 9 *Rodo.* Thou told'st me,
 10 Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.
 11 *Iago.* Despise me
 12 If I do not. Three Great- ones of the Cittie,
 13 (In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
 14 Off- capt to him: and by the faith of man
 15 I know my price, I am worth no worsse a place.
 16 But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
 17 Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
 18 Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
 19 Non- suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
 20 I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
 21 For- sooth, a great Arithmatician,
 22 One *Michaell Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
 23 (A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
 24 That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
 25 Nor the deuision of a Battaile knowes
 26 More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
 27 Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
 28 As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
 29 Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th' election;
 30 And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
 31 At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
 32 Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be- leed, and calm'd
 33 By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter- caster,
 34 He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
 35 And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.
 36 *Rod.* By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
 37 *Iago.* Why, there's no remedie.
 38 'Tis the cursse of Seruice;
 39 Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,

40 And not by old gradation, where each second
 41 Stood Heire to'th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
 42 Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
 43 To loue the *Moore*?
 44 *Rod.* I would not follow him then.
 45 *Iago.* O Sir content you.
 46 I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.
 47 We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
 48 Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
 49 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
 50 That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
 51 Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
 52 For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Casheer'd.
 53 Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
 54 Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
 55 Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselues,
 56 And throwing but showes of Seruice on their Lords
 57 Doe well thriue by them.
 58 And when they haue lin'd their Coates
 59 Doe themselues Homage.
 60 These Fellowes haue some soule,
 61 And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
 62 It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
 63 Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
 64 In following him, I follow but my selfe.
 65 Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
 66 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 67 For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
 68 The natiue act, and figure of my heart
 69 In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
 70 But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
 71 For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.
 72 *Rod.* What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
 73 If he can carry't thus?
 74 *Iago.* Call vp her Father:
 75 Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
 76 Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
 77 And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
 78 Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
 79 Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
 80 As it may loose some colour.
 81 *Rodo.* Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.
 82 *Iago.* Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
 83 As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
 84 Is spied in populus Citties.
 85 *Rodo.* What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

86 *Iago.* Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
 87 Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
 88 Theeues, Theeues.
 89 *Bra.* *Aboue.* What is the reason of this terrible
 90 Summons? What is the matter there?
 91 *Rodo.* Signior is all your Familie within?
 92 *Iago.* Are your Doores lock'd?
 93 *Bra.* Why? Wherefore ask you this?
 94 *Iago.* Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne, [ss4
 95 Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
 96 Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
 97 Is tugging your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
 98 Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
 99 Or else the deuill will make a Grand- sire of you.
 100 Arise I say.
 101 *Bra.* What, haue you lost your wits?
 102 *Rod.* Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?
 103 *Bra.* Not I: what are you?
 104 *Rod.* My name is *Rodorigo*.
 105 *Bra.* The worsser welcome:
 106 I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
 107 In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,
 108 My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
 109 (Being full of Supper, and distemping draughtes)
 110 Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come
 111 To start my quiet.
 112 *Rod.* Sir, Sir, Sir.
 113 *Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,
 114 My spirits and my place haue in their power
 115 To make this bitter to thee.
 116 *Rodo.* Patience good Sir.
 117 *Bra.* What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
 118 This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.
 119 *Rodo.* Most graue *Brabantio*,
 120 In simple and pure soule, I come to you.
 121 *Ia.* Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
 122 if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
 123 and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daugh-ter
 124 couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Ne-phewes
 125 neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens:
 126 and Gennets for Germaines.
 127 *Bra.* What prophane wretch art thou?
 128 *Ia.* I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-ter
 129 and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.
 130 *Bra.* Thou art a Villaine.
 131 *Iago.* You are a Senator.

132 *Bra.* This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodorigo.*
 133 *Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
 134 If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
 135 (As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
 136 At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night
 137 Transported with no worse nor better guard,
 138 But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
 139 To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:
 140 If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
 141 We then haue done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
 142 But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
 143 We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleuee
 144 That from the sence of all Ciuilitie,
 145 I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
 146 Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
 147 I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
 148 Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
 149 In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
 150 Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.
 151 If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
 152 Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
 153 For thus deluding you.
 154 *Bra.* Strike on the Tinder, ho:
 155 Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
 156 This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
 157 Beleeefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
 158 Light, I say, light. *Exit.*
 159 *Iag.* Farewell: for I must leaue you.
 160 It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
 161 To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall.)
 162 Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
 163 (How euer this may gall him with some checke)
 164 Cannot with safetie cast- him. For he's embark'd
 165 With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
 166 (Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
 167 Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
 168 To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
 169 Though I do hate him as I do hell paines,
 170 Yet, for necessitie of present life,
 171 I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
 172 (Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
 173 Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
 174 And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*
 175 *Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.*
 176 *Bra.* It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
 177 And what's to come of my despised time,

178 Is naught but bitterness. Now *Rodorigo*,
 179 Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
 180 With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
 181 How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
 182 Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers.
 183 Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
 184 *Rodo.* Truely I thinke they are.
 185 *Bra.* Oh Heauen: how got she out?
 186 Oh treason of the blood.
 187 Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
 188 By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
 189 By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
 190 May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,
 191 Of some such thing?
 192 *Rod.* Yes Sir: I haue indeed.
 193 *Bra.* Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
 194 Some one way, some another. Doe you know
 195 Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
 196 *Rod.* I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
 197 To get good Guard, and go along with me.
 198 *Bra.* Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,
 199 (I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
 200 And raise some speciall Officers of might:
 201 On good *Rodorigo*, I will deserue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

203 *Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.*
 204 *Ia.* Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
 205 Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th' conscience
 206 To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
 207 Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
 208 I had thought t'haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes.
 209 *Othello.* 'Tis better as it is.
 210 *Iago.* Nay but he prated,
 211 And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes
 212 Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
 213 I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
 214 Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
 215 That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
 216 And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
 217 As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
 218 Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance, [ss4v
 219 The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)

220 Will giue him Cable.
 221 *Othel.* Let him do his spight;
 222 My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
 223 Shall out- tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
 224 Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
 225 I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
 226 From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
 227 May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
 228 As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
 229 But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
 230 I would not my vnoused free condition
 231 Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
 232 For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?
 233 *Enter Cassio, with Torches.*
 234 *Iago.* Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
 235 You were best go in.
 236 *Othel.* Not I: I must be found.
 237 My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
 238 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
 239 *Iago.* By *Ianus*, I thinke no.
 240 *Othel.* The Seruants of the Dukes?
 241 And my Lieutenant?
 242 The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
 243 What is the Newes?
 244 *Cassio.* The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
 245 And he requires your haste, Post- haste appearance,
 246 Euen on the instant.
 247 *Othello.* What is the matter, thinke you?
 248 *Cassio.* Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
 249 It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
 250 Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
 251 This very night, at one anothers heeles:
 252 And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
 253 Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
 254 When being not at your Lodging to be found,
 255 The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,
 256 To search you out.
 257 *Othel.* 'Tis well I am found by you:
 258 I will but spend a word here in the house,
 259 And goe with you.
 260 *Cassio.* Aunciant, what makes he heere?
 261 *Iago.* Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
 262 If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.
 263 *Cassio.* I do not vnderstand.
 264 *Iago.* He's married.
 265 *Cassio.* To who?

266 *Iago*. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you go?
 267 *Othel*. Haue with you.
 268 *Cassio*. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.
 269 *Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.*
 270 *Iago*. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
 271 He comes to bad intent.
 272 *Othello*. Holla, stand there.
 273 *Rodo*. Signior, it is the Moore.
 274 *Bra*. Downe with him, Theefe.
 275 *Iago*. You, *Rodorigo*? Come Sir, I am for you.
 276 *Othe*. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
 277 rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
 278 yeares, then with your Weapons.
 279 *Bra*. Oh thou foule Theefe,
 280 Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
 281 Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her
 282 For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
 283 (If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
 284 Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
 285 So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
 286 The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
 287 Would euer haue (t' encurre a generall mocke)
 288 Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
 289 Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
 290 Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
 291 That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
 292 Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
 293 That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,
 294 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
 295 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
 296 For an abuser of the World, a practiser
 297 Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
 298 Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
 299 Subdue him, at his perill.
 300 *Othe*. Hold your hands
 301 Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
 302 Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
 303 Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
 304 To answere this your charge?
 305 *Bra*. To Prison, till fit time
 306 Of Law, and course of direct Session
 307 Call thee to answer.
 308 *Othe*. What if I do obey?
 309 How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
 310 Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
 311 Vpon some present businesse of the State,

312 To bring me to him.
 313 *Officer.* 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
 314 The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
 315 I am sure is sent for.
 316 *Bra.* How? The Duke in Counsell?
 317 In this time of the night? Bring him away;
 318 Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
 319 Or any of my Brothers of the State,
 320 Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
 321 For if such Actions may haue passage free,
 322 Bond- slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt*

Scaena Tertia.

324 *Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.*
 325 *Duke.* There's no composition in this Newes,
 326 That giues them Credite.
 327 *1.Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;
 328 My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.
 329 *Duke.* And mine a Hundred fortie.
 330 *2.Sena.* And mine two Hundred:
 331 But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
 332 (As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
 333 'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
 334 A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.
 335 *Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
 336 I do not so secure me in the Error,
 337 But the maine Article I do approue
 338 In fearefull sense.
 339 *Saylor within.* What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.
 340 *Enter Saylor.* [ss5
 341 *Officer.* A Messenger from the Gallies.
 342 *Duke.* Now? What's the busnesse?
 343 *Sailor.* The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
 344 So was I bid report here to the State,
 345 By Signior *Angelo.*
 346 *Duke.* How say you by this change?
 347 *1.Sen.* This cannot be
 348 By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
 349 To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
 350 Th' importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
 351 And let our selues againe but vnderstand,
 352 That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
 353 So may he with more facile question beare it,

354 For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
 355 But altogether lackes th' abilities
 356 That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
 357 We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
 358 To leaue that latest, which concernes him first,
 359 Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
 360 To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.
 361 *Duke.* Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
 362 *Officer.* Here is more Newes.
 363 *Enter a Messenger.*
 364 *Messen.* The *Ottamites*, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
 365 Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
 366 Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.
 367 *1.Sen.* I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?
 368 *Mess.* Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re- stem
 369 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
 370 Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
 371 Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
 372 With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
 373 And prayes you to beleeeue him.
 374 *Duke.* 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
 375 *Marcus Luccicos* is not he in Towne?
 376 *1.Sen.* He's now in Florence.
 377 *Duke.* Write from vs,
 378 To him, Post, Post- haste, dispatch.
 379 *1.Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.
 380 *Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,*
 381 *and Officers.*
 382 *Duke.* Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
 383 Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.
 384 I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
 385 We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.
 386 *Bra.* So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
 387 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of busnesse
 388 Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
 389 Take hold on me. For my perticular grieffe
 390 Is of so flood- gate, and ore- bearing Nature,
 391 That it engluts, and swallowes other sorrowes,
 392 And it is still it selfe.
 393 *Duke.* Why? What's the matter?
 394 *Bra.* My Daughter: oh my Daughter!
 395 *Sen.* Dead?
 396 *Bra.* I, to me.
 397 She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
 398 By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
 399 For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,

400 (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)

401 Sans witch- craft could not.

402 *Duke.* Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding

403 Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,

404 And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,

405 You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,

406 After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son

407 Stood in your Action.

408 *Bra.* Humbly I thanke your Grace,

409 Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes

410 Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires

411 Hath hither brought.

412 *All.* We are verie sorry for't.

413 *Duke.* What in your owne part, can you say to this?

414 *Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

415 *Othe.* Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,

416 My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;

417 That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,

418 It is most true: true I haue married her;

419 The verie head, and front of my offending,

420 Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,

421 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;

422 For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,

423 Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd

424 Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:

425 And little of this great world can I speake,

426 More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,

427 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,

428 In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)

429 I will a round vn- varnish'd Tale deliuer,

430 Of my whole course of Loue.

431 What Drugges, what Charmes,

432 What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,

433 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)

434 I won his Daughter.

435 *Bra.* A Maiden, neuer bold:

436 Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion

437 Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,

438 Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing

439 To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;

440 It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.

441 That will confesse Perfection so could erre

442 Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen

443 To find out practises of cunning hell

444 Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,

445 That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,

446 Or with some Dram, (coniu'r'd to this effect)
 447 He wrought vpon her.
 448 To vouch this, is no prooffe,
 449 Without more wider, and more ouer Test
 450 Then these thin habits, and poore likely- hoods
 451 Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.
 452 *Sen.* But *Othello*, speake,
 453 Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
 454 Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
 455 Or came it by request, and such faire question
 456 As soule, to soule affordeth?
 457 *Othel.* I do beseech you,
 458 Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
 459 And let her speake of me before her Father;
 460 If you do finde me foule, in her report,
 461 The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
 462 Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
 463 Euen fall vpon my life.
 464 *Duke.* Fetch *Desdemona* hither.
 465 *Othe.* Aunciant, conduct them:
 466 You best know the place.
 467 And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,
 468 I do confesse the vices of my blood,
 469 So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present [ss5v
 470 How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
 471 And she in mine.
 472 *Duke.* Say it *Othello*.
 473 *Othe.* Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
 474 Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
 475 From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
 476 That I haue past.
 477 I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
 478 Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
 479 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
 480 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
 481 Of haire- breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
 482 Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
 483 And sold to slauery. Of my redemption thence,
 484 And portance in my Trauellours historie.
 485 Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
 486 Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
 487 It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
 488 And of the Canibals that each others eate,
 489 The *Antropophage*, and men whose heads
 490 Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
 491 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:

492 But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
 493 Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
 494 She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
 495 Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
 496 Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
 497 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 498 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
 499 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 500 But not instinctiuely: I did consent,
 501 And often did beguile her of her teares,
 502 When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
 503 That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
 504 She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
 505 She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
 506 'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
 507 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 508 That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
 509 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
 510 I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
 511 And that would woee her. Vpon this hint I spake,
 512 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
 513 And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.
 514 This onely is the witch- craft I haue vs'd.
 515 Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.
 516 *Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.*
 517 *Duke.* I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
 518 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
 519 Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
 520 Then their bare hands.
 521 *Bra.* I pray you heare her speake?
 522 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
 523 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 524 Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
 525 Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
 526 Where most you owe obedience?
 527 *Des.* My Noble Father,
 528 I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
 529 To you I am bound for life, and education:
 530 My life and education both do learne me,
 531 How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
 532 I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
 533 And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
 534 To you, preferring you before her Father:
 535 So much I challenge, that I may professe
 536 Due to the Moore my Lord.
 537 *Bra.* God be with you: I haue done.

538 Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
 539 I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
 540 Come hither Moore;
 541 I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
 542 Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
 543 I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
 544 I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
 545 For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
 546 To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
 547 *Duke.* Let me speake like your selfe:
 548 And lay a Sentence,
 549 Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
 550 When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
 551 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 552 To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
 553 Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
 554 What cannot be preseru'd, when Fortune takes:
 555 Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
 556 The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
 557 He robs himselfe, that spends a bootlesse grieve.
 558 *Bra.* So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
 559 We loose it not so long as we can smile:
 560 He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
 561 But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
 562 But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
 563 That to pay grieve, must of poore Patience borrow.
 564 These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
 565 Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
 566 But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
 567 That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
 568 I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.
 569 *Duke.* The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
 570 makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
 571 best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substi-tute
 572 of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
 573 soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer
 574 voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber
 575 the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-borne,
 576 and boystrous expedition.
 577 *Othe.* The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,
 578 Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
 579 My thrice- driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
 580 A Naturall and prompt Alacratie,
 581 I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake
 582 This present Warres against the *Ottamites*.
 583 Most humbly therefore bending to your State,

584 I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
 585 Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
 586 With such Accomodation and besort
 587 As leuels with her breeding.
 588 *Duke.* Why at her Fathers?
 589 *Bra.* I will not haue it so.
 590 *Othe.* Nor I.
 591 *Des.* Nor would I there recide,
 592 To put my Father in impatient thoughts
 593 By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
 594 To my vnfoldng, lend your prosperous eare,
 595 And let me finde a Charter in your voice
 596 T' assist my simplenesse.
 597 *Duke.* What would you *Desdemona*?
 598 *Des.* That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
 599 My downe- right violence, and storme of Fortunes, [ss6
 600 May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
 601 Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
 602 I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
 603 And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
 604 Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
 605 So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
 606 A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
 607 The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
 608 And I a heauie interim shall support
 609 By his deere absence. Let me go with him.
 610 *Othe.* Let her haue your voice.
 611 Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
 612 To please the pallate of my Appetite:
 613 Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
 614 In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
 615 But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
 616 And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
 617 I will your serious and great businesse scant
 618 When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
 619 Of feather'd *Cupid*, seele with wanton dulnesse
 620 My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:
 621 That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
 622 Let House- wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
 623 And all indigne, and base aduersities,
 624 Make head against my Estimation.
 625 *Duke.* Be it as you shall priuately determine,
 626 Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries hast:
 627 And speed must answer it.
 628 *Sen.* You must away to night.
 629 *Othe.* With all my heart.

630 *Duke.* At nine i'th' morning, here wee'l meete againe.
 631 *Othello,* leaue some Officer behind
 632 And he shall our Commission bring to you:
 633 And such things else of qualitie and respect
 634 As doth import you.
 635 *Othe.* So please your Grace, my Ancient,
 636 A man he is of honesty and trust:
 637 To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
 638 With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
 639 To be sent after me.
 640 *Duke.* Let it be so:
 641 Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
 642 If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
 643 Your Son- in- law is farre more Faire then Blacke.
 644 *Sen.* Adieu braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.
 645 *Bra.* Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
 646 She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*
 647 *Othe.* My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago,*
 648 My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee:
 649 I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
 650 And bring them after in the best aduantage.
 651 Come *Desdemona,* I haue but an houre
 652 Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
 653 To spend with thee. We must obey the time. *Exit.*
 654 *Rod. Iago.*
 655 *Iago.* What saist thou Noble heart?
 656 *Rod.* What will I do, think'st thou?
 657 *Iago.* Why go to bed and sleepe.
 658 *Rod.* I will incontinently drowne my selfe.
 659 *Iago.* If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why
 660 thou silly Gentleman?
 661 *Rod.* It is sillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment:
 662 and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
 663 our Physition.
 664 *Iago.* Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world
 665 for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish
 666 betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that
 667 knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
 668 drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would
 669 change my Humanity with a Baboone.
 670 *Rod.* What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
 671 to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.
 672 *Iago.* Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are
 673 thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
 674 our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net-tels,
 675 or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede vp Time:

676 Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with
 677 many: either to haue it sterrill with idlenesse, or manu-red
 678 with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable au-thoritie
 679 of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
 680 had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensu-alitie,
 681 the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would
 682 conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we
 683 haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
 684 Stings, or vnbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
 685 call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

686 *Rod.* It cannot be.

687 *Iago.* It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission
 688 of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown
 689 Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend,
 690 and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of
 691 perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee
 692 then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
 693 Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say
 694 put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona*
 695 should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
 696 thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-ment
 697 in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Seque-stration,
 698 put but Money in thy purse. These Moores
 699 are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money.
 700 The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts,
 701 shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She
 702 must change for youth: when she is sated with his body
 703 she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-ney
 704 in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do
 705 it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-ney
 706 thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be-twixt
 707 an erring Barbarian, and super- subtle Venetian be
 708 not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
 709 shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drow-ning
 710 thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra-ther
 711 to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
 712 drown'd, and go without her.

713 *Rodo.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
 714 the issue?

715 *Iago.* Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue
 716 told thee often, and I re- tell thee againe, and againe, I
 717 hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
 718 reason. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, against
 719 him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
 720 pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the
 721 Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go,

722 prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor-row.
 723 Adieu.
 724 *Rod.* Where shall we meete i'th' morning?
 725 *Iago.* At my Lodging.
 726 *Rod.* Ile be with thee betimes.
 727 *Iago.* Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?
 728 *Rod.* Ile sell all my Land. *Exit.*
 729 *Iago.* Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
 730 For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
 731 If I would time expend with such Snipe, [ss6v
 732 But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
 733 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 734 She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
 735 But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
 736 Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
 737 The better shall my purpose worke on him:
 738 *Cassio's* a proper man: Let me see now,
 739 To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
 740 In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
 741 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eares,
 742 That he is too familiar with his wife:
 743 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
 744 To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
 745 The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
 746 That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
 747 And will as tenderly be lead by'th' Nose
 748 As Asses are:
 749 I hau't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
 750 Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

752 *Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.*
 753 *Mon.* What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?
 754 1. *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
 755 I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
 756 Descry a Saile.
 757 *Mon.* Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
 758 A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
 759 If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,
 760 What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
 761 Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?
 762 2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
 763 For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,

764 The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
 765 The winde- shak'd- Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
 766 Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
 767 And quench the Guards of th' euer- fixed Pole:
 768 I neuer did like mollestation view
 769 On the enchafed Flood.
 770 *Men.* If that the Turkish Fleete
 771 Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
 772 It is impossible to beare it out.
 773 *Enter a Gentleman.*
 774 3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
 775 The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
 776 That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
 777 Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance
 778 On most part of their Fleet.
 779 *Mon.* How? Is this true?
 780 3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Verennessa*, *Michael Cassio*
 781 Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
 782 Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
 783 And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.
 784 *Mon.* I am glad on't:
 785 'Tis a worthy Gouvernour.
 786 3 But this same *Cassio*, though he speake of comfort,
 787 Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
 788 And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
 789 With fowle and violent Tempest.
 790 *Mon.* Pray Heauens he be:
 791 For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
 792 Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea- side (hoa)
 793 As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
 794 As to throw- out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
 795 Euen till we make the Maine, and th' Eriall blew,
 796 An indistinct regard.
 797 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;
 798 For euery Minute is expectancie
 799 Of more Arriuancie.
 800 *Enter Cassio.*
 801 *Cassi.* Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
 802 That so approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
 803 Giue him defence against the Elements,
 804 For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.
 805 *Mon.* Is he well ship'd?
 806 *Cassio.* His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
 807 Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
 808 Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
 809 Stand in bold Cure.

810 *Within.* A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.
 811 *Cassio.* What noise?
 812 *Gent.* The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
 813 Stand rankes of People and they cry, a Saile.
 814 *Cassio.* My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernor.
 815 *Gent.* They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
 816 Our Friends, at least.
 817 *Cassio.* I pray you Sir, go forth,
 818 And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.
 819 *Gent.* I shall. *Exit.*
 820 *Mon.* But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
 821 *Cassio.* Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
 822 That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
 823 One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
 824 And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
 825 Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.
 826 *Enter Gentleman.*
 827 How now? Who ha's put in?
 828 *Gent.* 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.
 829 *Cassio.* Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
 830 Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,
 831 The gutter'd- Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
 832 Traitors ensteep'd, to enclodge the guiltlesse Keele,
 833 As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit
 834 Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
 835 The Diuine *Desdemona*.
 836 *Mon.* What is she?
 837 *Cassio.* She that I spake of:
 838 Our great Captains Captaine,
 839 Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
 840 Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
 841 A Senights speed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
 842 And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
 843 That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
 844 Make loues quicke pants in *Desdemonaes* Armes,
 845 Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.
 846 *Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Aemilia.*
 847 Oh behold,
 848 The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
 849 You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
 850 Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
 851 Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
 852 Enwheelee thee round.
 853 *Des.* I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,
 854 What tydings can you tell of my Lord? [tt1
 855 *Cas.* He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought

856 But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.
 857 *Des.* Oh, but I feare:
 858 How lost you company?
 859 *Cassio.* The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
 860 Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.
 861 *Within.* A Saile, a Saile.
 862 *Gent.* They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
 863 This likewise is a Friend.
 864 *Cassio.* See for the Newes:
 865 Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
 866 Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
 867 That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
 868 That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie.
 869 *Iago.* Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
 870 As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
 871 You would haue enough.
 872 *Des.* Alas: she ha's no speech.
 873 *Iago.* Infaith too much:
 874 I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.
 875 Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
 876 She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
 877 And chides with thinking.
 878 *Aemil.* You haue little cause to say so.
 879 *Iago.* Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
 880 doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde- Cats in your Kit-chens:
 881 Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended:
 882 Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your
 883 Beds.
 884 *Des.* Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.
 885 *Iago.* Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
 886 You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.
 887 *Aemil.* You shall not write my praise.
 888 *Iago.* No, let me not.
 889 *Desde.* What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
 890 praise me?
 891 *Iago.* Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
 892 For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
 893 *Des.* Come on, assay.
 894 There's one gone to the Harbour?
 895 *Iago.* I Madam.
 896 *Des.* I am not merry: but I do beguile
 897 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
 898 Come, how would'st thou praise me?
 899 *Iago.* I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
 900 from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
 901 out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she

902 is deliuer'd.
 903 *If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,*
 904 *The ones for vse, the other vseth it.*
 905 *Des.* Well prais'd:
 906 How if she be Blacke and Witty?
 907 *Iago.* *If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,*
 908 *She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.*
 909 *Des.* Worse, and worse.
 910 *Aemil.* How if Faire, and Foolish?
 911 *Iago.* *She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,*
 912 *For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.*
 913 *Desde.* These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
 914 laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
 915 for her that's Foule, and Foolish.
 916 *Iago.* *There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,*
 917 *But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise- ones do.*
 918 *Desde.* Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
 919 best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-uing
 920 woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her
 921 merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it
 922 selfe.
 923 *Iago.* *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
 924 *Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:*
 925 *Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,*
 926 *Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.*
 927 *She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,*
 928 *Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:*
 929 *She that in wisdom neuer was so fraile,*
 930 *To change the Cods- head for the Salmons taile:*
 931 *She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,*
 932 *See Suitors following, and not looke behind:*
 933 *She was a wight, (if euer such wightes were)*
 934 *Des.* To do what?
 935 *Iago.* *To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*
 936 *Desde.* Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
 937 not learne of him *Aemillia*, though he be thy husband.
 938 How say you (*Cassio*) is he not a most prophane, and li-berall
 939 Counsailor?
 940 *Cassio.* He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish
 941 him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
 942 *Iago.* He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis-per.
 943 With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
 944 a Fly as *Cassio*. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee
 945 in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
 946 If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan-trie,
 947 it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fin-gers

948 so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
 949 the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curt-sie:
 950 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
 951 lippes? Would they were Cluster- pipes for your
 952 sake.
 953 The Moore I know his Trumpet.
 954 *Cassio.* 'Tis truely so.
 955 *Des.* Let's meete him, and recieue him.
 956 *Cassio.* Loe, where he comes.
 957 *Enter Othello, and Attendants.*
 958 *Oth.* O, my faire Warriour.
 959 *Des.* My deere *Othello.*
 960 *Oth.* It giues me wonder great, as my content
 961 To see you heere before me.
 962 Oh my Soules Ioy:
 963 If after euery Tempest, come such Calmes,
 964 May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
 965 And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
 966 *Olympus* high: and duck againe as low,
 967 As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
 968 'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
 969 My Soule hath her content so absolute,
 970 That not another comfort like to this,
 971 Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.
 972 *Des.* The Heauens forbid
 973 But that our Loues
 974 And Comforts should encrease
 975 Euen as our dayes do grow.
 976 *Oth.* Amen to that (sweet Powers)
 977 I cannot speake enough of this content,
 978 It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.
 979 And this, and this the greatest discords be
 980 That ere our hearts shall make.
 981 *Iago.* Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe
 982 the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am. [tt1v
 983 *Oth.* Come: let vs to the Castle.
 984 Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
 985 The Turkes are drown'd.
 986 How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
 987 (Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
 988 I haue found great loue among'st them. Oh my Sweet,
 989 I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
 990 In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
 991 Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
 992 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
 993 He is a good one, and his worthynesse

994 Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
 995 Once more well met at Cyprus.
 996 *Exit Othello and Desdemona.*
 997 *Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
 998 Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men
 999 being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
 1000 more then is natiue to them) list- me; the Lieutenant to
 1001 night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
 1002 thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in loue with him.
 1003 *Rod.* With him? Why, 'tis not possible.
 1004 *Iago.* Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-structed.
 1005 Marke me with what violence she first lou'd
 1006 the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall
 1007 lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet
 1008 heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
 1009 shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
 1010 is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
 1011 game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
 1012 Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners,
 1013 and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now
 1014 for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
 1015 tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
 1016 gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil
 1017 instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
 1018 Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn-forc'd
 1019 position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
 1020 this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no
 1021 further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme
 1022 of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
 1023 of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
 1024 why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occa-sion:
 1025 that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad-uantages,
 1026 though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe.
 1027 A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
 1028 and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
 1029 mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
 1030 woman hath found him already.
 1031 *Rodo.* I cannot beleeeue that in her, she's full of most
 1032 bless'd condition.
 1033 *Iago.* Bless'd figges- end. The Wine she drinkes is
 1034 made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would
 1035 neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou
 1036 not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not
 1037 marke that?
 1038 *Rod.* Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.
 1039 *Iago.* Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure

1040 prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
 1041 They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
 1042 embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when
 1043 these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
 1044 comes the Master, and maine exercise, th' incorporate
 1045 conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
 1046 brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
 1047 the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you
 1048 not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-casion
 1049 to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
 1050 tainting his discipline, or from what other course
 1051 you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-nister.
 1052 *Rod.* Well.
 1053 *Iago.* Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
 1054 happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
 1055 euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
 1056 Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-gaine,
 1057 but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you
 1058 haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I
 1059 shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment
 1060 most profitably remoued, without the which there were
 1061 no expectation of our prosperitie.
 1062 *Rodo.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-tunity.
 1063 *Iago.* I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the
 1064 Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare-well.
 1065 *Rodo.* Adieu. *Exit.*
 1066 *Iago.* That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleeu't:
 1067 That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
 1068 The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
 1069 Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
 1070 And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Desdemona*
 1071 A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
 1072 Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
 1073 I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
 1074 But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
 1075 For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
 1076 Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
 1077 Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
 1078 And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
 1079 Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wife.
 1080 Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
 1081 At least into a Ielouzie so strong
 1082 That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 1083 If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
 1084 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 1085 Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,

1089 Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
 1090 (For I feare *Cassio* with my Night- Cape too)
 1091 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
 1092 For making him egregiously an Asse,
 1093 And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
 1094 Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
 1095 Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

1097 *Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.*
 1098 *Herald.* It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Vali-ant
 1099 Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd,
 1100 importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete:
 1101 euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
 1102 some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
 1103 Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-ficiall
 1104 Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
 1105 much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-ces
 1106 are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this [tt2
 1107 present houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
 1108 Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othel-lo.*
 1109 *Exit.*
 1110 *Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.*
 1111 *Othe.* Good *Michael,* looke you to the guard to night.
 1112 Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,
 1113 Not to out- sport discretion.
 1114 *Cas. Iago,* hath direction what to do.
 1115 But notwithstanding with my personall eye
 1116 Will I looke to't.
 1117 *Othe. Iago,* is most honest:
 1118 *Michael,* goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
 1119 Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
 1120 The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
 1121 That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you.
 1122 Goodnight. *Exit.*
 1123 *Enter Iago.*
 1124 *Cas.* Welcome *Iago:* we must to the Watch.
 1125 *Iago.* Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
 1126 o'th' clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the
 1127 loue of his *Desdemona:* Who, let vs not therefore blame;
 1128 he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
 1129 she is sport for *Ioue.*
 1130 *Cas.* She's a most exquisite Lady.

1131 *Iago.* And Ile warrant her, full of Game.
 1132 *Cas.* Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature.
 1133 *Iago.* What an eye she ha's?
 1134 Me thinkes it sounds a parley to prouocation.
 1135 *Cas.* An inuiting eye:
 1136 And yet me thinkes right modest.
 1137 *Iago.* And when she speakes,
 1138 Is it not an Alarum to Loue?
 1139 *Cas.* She is indeed perfection.
 1140 *Iago.* Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu-tenant,
 1141 I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a
 1142 brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-sure
 1143 to the health of blacke *Othello*.
 1144 *Cas.* Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore,
 1145 and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wish
 1146 Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter-tainment.
 1148 *Iago.* Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
 1149 drinke for you.
 1150 *Cassio.* I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
 1151 was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
 1152 it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
 1153 dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.
 1154 *Iago.* What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-lants
 1155 desire it.
 1156 *Cas.* Where are they?
 1157 *Iago.* Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.
 1158 *Cas.* Ile do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*
 1159 *Iago.* If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him
 1160 With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
 1161 He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
 1162 As my yong Mistris dogge.
 1163 Now my sicke Foole *Rodorigo*,
 1164 Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 1165 To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.
 1166 Potations, pottle- deepe; and he's to watch.
 1167 Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
 1168 (That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
 1169 The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)
 1170 Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
 1171 And they Watch too.
 1172 Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
 1173 Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action
 1174 That may offend the Isle. But here they come.
 1175 *Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.*
 1176 If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
 1177 My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

1178 *Cas.* 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already.
 1179 *Mon.* Good- faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a
 1180 Souldier.
 1181 *Iago.* Some Wine hoa.
 1182 *And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:*
 1183 *And let me the Cannakin clinke.*
 1184 *A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,*
 1185 *Why then let a Souldier drinke.*
 1186 Some Wine Boyes.
 1187 *Cas.* 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.
 1188 *Iago.* I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
 1189 most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,
 1190 and your swag- belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are
 1191 nothing to your English.
 1192 *Cassio.* Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drin-king?
 1194 *Iago.* Why, he drinke you with facillitie, your Dane
 1195 dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Al-maine.
 1196 He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
 1197 Pottle can be fill'd.
 1198 *Cas.* To the health of our Generall.
 1199 *Mon.* I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice.
 1200 *Iago.* Oh sweet England.
 1201 *King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,*
 1202 *His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,*
 1203 *He held them Six pence all to deere,*
 1204 *With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:*
 1205 *He was a wight of high Renowne,*
 1206 *And thou art but of low degree:*
 1207 *'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,*
 1208 *And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.*
 1209 Some Wine hoa.
 1210 *Cassio.* Why this is a more exquisite Song then the o-ther.
 1212 *Iago.* Will you heare't againe?
 1213 *Cas.* No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,
 1214 that do's those things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and
 1215 there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must
 1216 not be saued.
 1217 *Iago.* It's true, good Lieutenant.
 1218 *Cas.* For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
 1219 nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.
 1220 *Iago.* And so do I too Lieutenant.
 1221 *Cassio.* I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The
 1222 Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue
 1223 no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our
 1224 sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not
 1225 thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this

1226 is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke
 1227 now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.
 1228 *Gent.* Excellent well.
 1229 *Cas.* Why very well then: you must not thinke then,
 1230 that I am drunke. *Exit.*
 1231 *Monta.* To th' Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the
 1232 Watch.
 1233 *Iago.* You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
 1234 He's a Souldier, fit to stand by *Caesar*,
 1235 And giue direction. And do but see his vice,
 1236 'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox, [tt2v
 1237 The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pittie of him:
 1238 I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
 1239 On some odde time of his infirmitie
 1240 Will shake this Island.
 1241 *Mont.* But is he often thus?
 1242 *Iago.* 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
 1243 He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
 1244 If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.
 1245 *Mont.* It were well
 1246 The Generall were put in mind of it:
 1247 Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
 1248 Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Cassio*,
 1249 And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?
 1250 *Enter Rodorigo.*
 1251 *Iago.* How now *Rodorigo*?
 1252 I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
 1253 *Mon.* And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
 1254 Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
 1255 With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
 1256 It were an honest Action, to say so
 1257 To the Moore.
 1258 *Iago.* Not I, for this faire Island,
 1259 I do loue *Cassio* well: and would do much
 1260 To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?
 1261 *Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.*
 1262 *Cas.* You Rogue: you Rascall.
 1263 *Mon.* What's the matter Lieutenant?
 1264 *Cas.* A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
 1265 Knaue in to a Twiggen- Bottle.
 1266 *Rod.* Beate me?
 1267 *Cas.* Dost thou prate, Rogue?
 1268 *Mon.* Nay, good Lieutenant:
 1269 I pray you Sir, hold your hand.
 1270 *Cassio.* Let me go (Sir)
 1271 Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

1272 *Mon.* Come, come: you're drunke.
 1273 *Cassio.* Drunke?
 1274 *Iago.* Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
 1275 Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
 1276 Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
 1277 Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
 1278 Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
 1279 The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
 1280 You'le be asham'd for euer.
 1281 *Enter Othello, and Attendants.*
 1282 *Othe.* What is the matter heere?
 1283 *Mon.* I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.
 1284 *Othe.* Hold for your liues.
 1285 *Iag.* Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
 1286 Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
 1287 Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.
 1288 *Oth.* Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
 1289 Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that
 1290 Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
 1291 For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
 1292 He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
 1293 Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
 1294 Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
 1295 From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
 1296 Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with greeuing,
 1297 Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?
 1298 *Iago.* I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
 1299 In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
 1300 Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
 1301 (As if some Planet had vnwitted men)
 1302 Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
 1303 In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
 1304 Any begining to this peeuish oddes.
 1305 And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
 1306 Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
 1307 *Othe.* How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?
 1308 *Cas.* I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
 1309 *Othe.* Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be ciuill:
 1310 The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth
 1311 The world hath noted. And your name is great
 1312 In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
 1313 That you vnlace your reputation thus,
 1314 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 1315 Of a night- brawler? Giue me answer to it.
 1316 *Mon.* Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
 1317 Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,

1318 While I spare speech which something now offends me.
 1319 Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
 1320 By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
 1321 Vnlesse selfe- charitie be sometimes a vice,
 1322 And to defend our selues, it be a sinne
 1323 When violence assailes vs.
 1324 *Othe.* Now by Heauen,
 1325 My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
 1326 And passion (hauing my best iudgement collid)
 1327 Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
 1328 Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
 1329 Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
 1330 How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
 1331 And he that is approu'd in this offence,
 1332 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 1333 Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
 1334 Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim- full of feare,
 1335 To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?
 1336 In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
 1337 'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?
 1338 *Mon.* If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
 1339 Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,
 1340 Thou art no Souldier.
 1341 *Iago.* Touch me not so neere,
 1342 I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
 1343 Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio*.
 1344 Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
 1345 Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
 1346 *Montano* and my selfe being in speech,
 1347 There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
 1348 And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
 1349 To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
 1350 Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pause:
 1351 My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
 1352 Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 1353 The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
 1354 Out- ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
 1355 For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
 1356 And *Cassio* high in oath: Which till to night
 1357 I nere might say before. When I came backe
 1358 (For this was briefe) I found them close together
 1359 At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were
 1360 When you your selfe did part them.
 1361 More of this matter cannot I report,
 1362 But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,
 1363 Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,

1364 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 1365 Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleue receiu'd
 1366 From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
 1367 Which patience could not passe. [tt3
 1368 *Othe*. I know *Iago*
 1369 Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
 1370 Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
 1371 But neuer more be Officer of mine.
 1372 *Enter Desdemona attended*.
 1373 Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
 1374 Ile make thee an example.
 1375 *Des*. What is the matter (Deere?)
 1376 *Othe*. All's well, Sweeting:
 1377 Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
 1378 My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
 1379 *Iago*, looke with care about the Towne,
 1380 And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
 1381 Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
 1382 To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. *Exit*.
 1383 *Iago*. What are you hurt Lieutenant?
 1384 *Cas*. I, past all Surgery.
 1385 *Iago*. Marry Heauen forbid.
 1386 *Cas*. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue
 1387 lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of
 1388 myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation,
 1389 *Iago*, my Reputation.
 1390 *Iago*. As I am an honest man I had thought you had
 1391 receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
 1392 then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
 1393 imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-seruing.
 1394 You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you
 1395 repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
 1396 more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are
 1397 but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli-cie,
 1398 then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of-fencelesse
 1399 dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
 1400 him againe, and he's yours.
 1401 *Cas*. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue
 1402 so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
 1403 indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
 1404 squabble? Swagger? Sweare? And discourse Fustian
 1405 with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
 1406 Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call
 1407 thee Diuell.
 1408 *Iago*. What was he that you follow'd with your
 1409 Sword? What had he done to you?

1410 *Cas.* I know not.
 1411 *Iago.* Is't possible?
 1412 *Cas.* I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-stinctly:
 1413 a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
 1414 men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale a-way
 1415 their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance,
 1416 reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.
 1417 *Iago.* Why? But you are now well enough: how
 1418 came you thus recouered?
 1419 *Cas.* It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue
 1420 place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me
 1421 another to make me frankly despise my selfe.
 1422 *Iago.* Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the
 1423 Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands
 1424 I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as
 1425 it is, mend it for your owne good.
 1426 *Cas.* I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell
 1427 me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*,
 1428 such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-sible
 1429 man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh
 1430 strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnbless'd, and the Ingre-dient
 1431 is a diuell.
 1432 *Iago.* Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar
 1433 Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it.
 1434 And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue
 1435 you.
 1436 *Cassio.* I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?
 1437 *Iago.* You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a
 1438 time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's
 1439 Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect,
 1440 for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the
 1441 Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts
 1442 and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impor-tune
 1443 her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is
 1444 of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition,
 1445 she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more
 1446 then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene
 1447 you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my
 1448 Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of
 1449 your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.
 1450 *Cassio.* You aduise me well.
 1451 *Iago.* I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest
 1452 kindnesse.
 1453 *Cassio.* I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mor-ning,
 1454 I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to vndertake
 1455 for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

1456 *Iago*. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
 1457 must to the Watch.
 1458 *Cassio*. Good night, honest *Iago*.
 1459 *Exit Cassio*.
 1460 *Iago*. And what's he then,
 1461 That saies I play the Villaine?
 1462 When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,
 1463 Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
 1464 To win the Moore againe.
 1465 For 'tis most easie
 1466 Th' inclyning *Desdemona* to subdue
 1467 In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull
 1468 As the free Elements. And then for her
 1469 To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
 1470 All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:
 1471 His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue,
 1472 That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,
 1473 Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,
 1474 With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
 1475 To Counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course,
 1476 Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
 1477 When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,
 1478 They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
 1479 As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
 1480 Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
 1481 And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
 1482 Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
 1483 That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
 1484 And by how much she striues to do him good,
 1485 She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
 1486 So will I turne her vertue into pitch.
 1487 And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
 1488 That shall en- mash them all.
 1489 How now *Rodorigo*?
 1490 *Enter Rodorigo*.
 1491 *Rodorigo*. I do follow heere in the Chace, not
 1492 like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the
 1493 Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night
 1494 exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue [tt3v
 1495 will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines;
 1496 And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-terne
 1497 againe to Venice.
 1498 *Iago*. How poore are they that haue not Patience?
 1499 What wound did euer heale but by degrees?
 1500 Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft
 1501 And Wit depends on dilatory time:

1502 Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
 1503 And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*:
 1504 Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
 1505 Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:
 1506 Content thy selfe, a- while. Introth 'tis Morning;
 1507 Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.
 1508 Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
 1509 Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:
 1510 Nay get thee gone. *Exit Roderigo*.
 1511 Two things are to be done:
 1512 My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistris:
 1513 Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
 1514 And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde
 1515 Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
 1516 Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay. *Exit*.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

1518 *Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.*
 1519 *Cassio*. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
 1520 Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.
 1521 *Clo*. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Na-ples,
 1522 that they speake i'th' Nose thus?
 1523 *Mus*. How Sir? how?
 1524 *Clo*. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?
 1525 *Mus*. I marry are they sir.
 1526 *Clo*. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.
 1527 *Mus*. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?
 1528 *Clow*. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
 1529 know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Ge-nerall
 1530 so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues
 1531 sake to make no more noise with it.
 1532 *Mus*. Well Sir, we will not.
 1533 *Clo*. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard,
 1534 too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Ge-nerall
 1535 do's not greatly care.
 1536 *Mus*. We haue none such, sir.
 1537 *Clow*. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile
 1538 away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mu*.
 1539 *Cassio*. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?
 1540 *Clo*. No, I heare not your honest Friend:
 1541 I heare you.
 1542 *Cassio*. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore
 1543 peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends

1544 the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* en-treats
 1545 her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?
 1546 *Clo.* She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall
 1547 seeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*
 1548 *Enter Iago.*
 1549 In happy time, *Iago.*
 1550 *Iago.* You haue not bin a- bed then?
 1551 *Cassio.* Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
 1552 I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife:
 1553 My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*
 1554 Procure me some accesse.
 1555 *Iago.* Ile send her to you presently:
 1556 And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
 1557 Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse
 1558 May be more free. *Exit*
 1559 *Cassio.* I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew
 1560 A Florentine more kinde, and honest.
 1561 *Enter Aemilia.*
 1562 *Aemil.* Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie
 1563 For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
 1564 The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
 1565 And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
 1566 That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
 1567 And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome
 1568 He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you
 1569 And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
 1570 To bring you in againe.
 1571 *Cassio.* Yet I beseech you,
 1572 If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
 1573 Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse
 1574 With *Desdemon* alone.
 1575 *Aemil.* Pray you come in:
 1576 I will bestow you where you shall haue time
 1577 To speake your bosome freely.
 1578 *Cassio.* I am much bound to you.

Scoena Secunda.

1580 *Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*
 1581 *Othe.* These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot,
 1582 And by him do my duties to the Senate:
 1583 That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
 1584 Repaire there to mee.
 1585 *Iago.* Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

1586 *Oth.* This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?
 1587 *Gent.* Well waite vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt*

Scoena Tertia.

1589 *Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Aemilia.*
 1590 *Des.* Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do
 1591 All my abilities in thy behalfe.
 1592 *Aemil.* Good Madam do:
 1593 I warrant it grieues my Husband,
 1594 As if the cause were his.
 1595 *Des.* Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio*
 1596 But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
 1597 As friendly as you were.
 1598 *Cassio.* Bounteous Madam,
 1599 What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
 1600 He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.
 1601 *Des.* I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:
 1602 You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
 1603 He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
 1604 Then in a politique distance.
 1605 *Cassio.* I, but Lady,
 1606 That policie may either last so long,
 1607 Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,
 1608 Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
 1609 That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
 1610 My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.
 1611 *Des.* Do not doubt that: before *Aemilia* here, [tt4
 1612 I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
 1613 If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it
 1614 To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,
 1615 Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
 1616 His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
 1617 Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
 1618 With *Cassio's* suite: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
 1619 For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
 1620 Then giue thy cause away.
 1621 *Enter Othello, and Iago.*
 1622 *Aemil.* Madam, heere comes my Lord.
 1623 *Cassio.* Madam, Ile take my leaue.
 1624 *Des.* Why stay, and heare me speake.
 1625 *Cassio.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
 1626 Vnfit for mine owne purposes.
 1627 *Des.* Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*

1628 *Iago.* Hah? I like not that.
 1629 *Othel.* What dost thou say?
 1630 *Iago.* Nothing my Lord; or if— I know not what.
 1631 *Othel.* Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?
 1632 *Iago.* *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
 1633 That he would steale away so guilty- like,
 1634 Seeing your comming.
 1635 *Oth.* I do beleuee 'twas he.
 1636 *Des.* How now my Lord?
 1637 I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
 1638 A man that languishes in your displeasure.
 1639 *Oth.* Who is't you meane?
 1640 *Des.* Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,
 1641 If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
 1642 His present reconciliation take.
 1643 For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
 1644 That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
 1645 I haue no iudgement in an honest face.
 1646 I prythee call him backe.
 1647 *Oth.* Went he hence now?
 1648 *Des.* I sooth; so humbled,
 1649 That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
 1650 To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.
 1651 *Othel.* Not now (*sweet Desdemon*) some other time.
 1652 *Des.* But shall't be shortly?
 1653 *Oth.* The sooner (*Sweet*) for you.
 1654 *Des.* Shall't be to night, at Supper?
 1655 *Oth.* No, not to night.
 1656 *Des.* To morrow Dinner then?
 1657 *Oth.* I shall not dine at home:
 1658 I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.
 1659 *Des.* Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
 1660 On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
 1661 I prythee name the time, but let it not
 1662 Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
 1663 And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
 1664 (*Saue* that they say the warres must make example)
 1665 Out of her best, is not almost a fault
 1666 T' encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?
 1667 Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
 1668 What you would aske me, that I should deny,
 1669 Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,
 1670 That came a woing with you? and so many a time
 1671 (*When* I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)
 1672 Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do
 1673 To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

1674 *Oth.* Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
 1675 I will deny thee nothing.
 1676 *Des.* Why, this is not a Boone:
 1677 'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,
 1678 Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
 1679 Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
 1680 To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite
 1681 Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
 1682 It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
 1683 And fearefull to be granted.
 1684 *Oth.* I will deny thee nothing.
 1685 Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 1686 To leaue me but a little to my selfe.
 1687 *Des.* Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
 1688 *Oth.* Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee strait.
 1689 *Des.* *Aemilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
 1690 What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
 1691 *Oth.* Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
 1692 But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
 1693 Chaos is come againe.
 1694 *Iago.* My Noble Lord.
 1695 *Oth.* What dost thou say, *Iago*?
 1696 *Iago.* Did *Michael Cassio*
 1697 When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?
 1698 *Oth.* He did, from first to last:
 1699 Why dost thou aske?
 1700 *Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
 1701 No further harme.
 1702 *Oth.* Why of thy thought, *Iago*?
 1703 *Iago.* I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.
 1704 *Oth.* O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.
 1705 *Iago.* Indeed?
 1706 *Oth.* Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
 1707 Is he not honest?
 1708 *Iago.* Honest, my Lord?
 1709 *Oth.* Honest? I, Honest.
 1710 *Iago.* My Lord, for ought I know.
 1711 *Oth.* What do'st thou thinke?
 1712 *Iago.* Thinke, my Lord?
 1713 *Oth.* Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
 1714 As if there were some Monster in thy thought
 1715 Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:
 1716 I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,
 1717 When *Cassio* left my wife. What didd'st not like?
 1718 And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
 1719 Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, *Indeede*?

1720 And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
 1721 As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine
 1722 Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,
 1723 Shew me thy thought.
 1724 *Iago.* My Lord, you know I loue you.
 1725 *Oth.* I thinke thou do'st:
 1726 And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,
 1727 And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,
 1728 Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
 1729 For such things in a false disloyall Knaue
 1730 Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,
 1731 They're close dilations, working from the heart,
 1732 That Passion cannot rule.
 1733 *Iago.* For *Michael Cassio*,
 1734 I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.
 1735 *Oth.* I thinke so too.
 1736 *Iago.* Men should be what they seeme,
 1737 Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.
 1738 *Oth.* Certaine, men should be what they seeme.
 1739 *Iago.* Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.
 1740 *Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this?
 1741 I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
 1742 As thou dost ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts [tt4v
 1743 The worst of words.
 1744 *Iago.* Good my Lord pardon me,
 1745 Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
 1746 I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
 1747 Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce?
 1748 As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
 1749 Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
 1750 Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions
 1751 Keepe Leetes, and Law- dayes, and in Sessions sit
 1752 With meditations lawfull?
 1753 *Oth.* Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
 1754 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
 1755 A stranger to thy Thoughts.
 1756 *Iago.* I do beseech you,
 1757 Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
 1758 (As I confesse it is my Natures plague
 1759 To spy into Abuses, and of my ieaousie
 1760 Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
 1761 From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
 1762 Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
 1763 Out of his scattering, and vnsure obseruance:
 1764 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 1765 Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,

1766 To let you know my thoughts.
 1767 *Oth.* What dost thou meane?
 1768 *Iago.* Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
 1769 Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
 1770 Who steales my purse, steales trash:
 1771 'Tis something, nothing;
 1772 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
 1773 But he that filches from me my good Name,
 1774 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 1775 And makes me poore indeed.
 1776 *Oth.* Ile know thy Thoughts.
 1777 *Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
 1778 Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.
 1779 *Oth.* Ha?
 1780 *Iago.* Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,
 1781 It is the greene- ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
 1782 The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
 1783 Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
 1784 But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
 1785 Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?
 1786 *Oth.* O miserie.
 1787 *Iago.* Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
 1788 But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
 1789 To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
 1790 Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
 1791 From Iealousie.
 1792 *Oth.* Why? why is this?
 1793 Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Iealousie;
 1794 To follow still the changes of the Moone
 1795 With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
 1796 Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
 1797 When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
 1798 To such exufflicate, and blow'd Surmises,
 1799 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
 1800 To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
 1801 Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
 1802 Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
 1803 Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
 1804 The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
 1805 For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
 1806 Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
 1807 And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,
 1808 Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie.
 1809 *Ia.* I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
 1810 To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
 1811 With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)

1812 Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe:
 1813 Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,
 1814 Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
 1815 I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
 1816 Out of selfe- Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
 1817 I know our Country disposition well:
 1818 In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks
 1819 They dare not shew their Husbands.
 1820 Their best Conscience,
 1821 Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.
 1822 *Oth.* Dost thou say so?
 1823 *Iago.* She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
 1824 And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
 1825 She lou'd them most.
 1826 *Oth.* And so she did.
 1827 *Iago.* Why go too then:
 1828 Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
 1829 To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
 1830 He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
 1831 But I am much too blame:
 1832 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 1833 For too much louing you.
 1834 *Oth.* I am bound to thee for euer.
 1835 *Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:
 1836 *Oth.* Not a iot, not a iot.
 1837 *Iago.* Trust me, I feare it has:
 1838 I hope you will consider what is spoke
 1839 Comes from your Loue.
 1840 But I do see y'are mou'd:
 1841 I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
 1842 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 1843 Then to Suspition.
 1844 *Oth.* I will not.
 1845 *Iago.* Should you do so (my Lord)
 1846 My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
 1847 Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
 1848 *Cassio's* my worthy Friend:
 1849 My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.
 1850 *Oth.* No, not much mou'd:
 1851 I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.
 1852 *Iago.* Long liue she so;
 1853 And long liue you to thinke so.
 1854 *Oth.* And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.
 1855 *Iago.* I, there's the point:
 1856 As (to be bold with you)
 1857 Not to affect many proposed Matches

1858 Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
 1859 Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
 1860 Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
 1861 Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
 1862 But (pardon me) I do not in position
 1863 Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
 1864 Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
 1865 May fal to match you with her Country formes,
 1866 And happily repent.
 1867 *Oth.* Farewell, farewell:
 1868 If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
 1869 Set on thy wife to obserue.
 1870 Leaue me *Iago*.
 1871 *Iago.* My Lord, I take my leaue.
 1872 *Othel.* Why did I marry?
 1873 This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
 1874 Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes. [tt5
 1875 *Iago.* My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
 1876 To scan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
 1877 Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;
 1878 For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;
 1879 Yet if you please, to him off a- while:
 1880 You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
 1881 Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
 1882 With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
 1883 Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
 1884 Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
 1885 (As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
 1886 And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.
 1887 *Oth.* Feare not my gouernment.
 1888 *Iago.* I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*
 1889 *Oth.* This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 1890 And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
 1891 Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
 1892 Though that her Iesses were my deere heart- strings,
 1893 I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
 1894 To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
 1895 And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation
 1896 That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
 1897 Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
 1898 Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
 1899 Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
 1900 That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
 1901 And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
 1902 And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
 1903 Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue

1904 For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great- ones,
 1905 Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,
 1906 'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death:
 1907 Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
 1908 When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:
 1909 *Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.*
 1910 If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
 1911 Ile not beleeeue't.
 1912 *Des.* How now, my deere *Othello*?
 1913 Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
 1914 By you inuited, do attend your presence.
 1915 *Oth.* I am too blame.
 1916 *Des.* Why do you speake so faintly?
 1917 Are you not well?
 1918 *Oth.* I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.
 1919 *Des.* Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
 1920 Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
 1921 It will be well.
 1922 *Oth.* Your Napkin is too little:
 1923 Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*
 1924 *Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.
 1925 *Aemil.* I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
 1926 This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
 1927 My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
 1928 Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,
 1929 (For he coniu'r'd her, she should euer keepe it)
 1930 That she reserues it euermore about her,
 1931 To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
 1932 And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it
 1933 Heauen knowes, not I:
 1934 I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.
 1935 *Enter Iago.*
 1936 *Iago.* How now? What do you heere alone?
 1937 *Aemil.* Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.
 1938 *Iago.* You haue a thing for me?
 1939 It is a common thing—
 1940 *Aemil.* Hah?
 1941 *Iago.* To haue a foolish wife.
 1942 *Aemil.* Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
 1943 For that same Handkerchiefe.
 1944 *Iago.* What Handkerchiefe?
 1945 *Aemil.* What Handkerchiefe?
 1946 Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
 1947 That which so often you did bid me steale.
 1948 *Iago.* Hast stolne it from her?
 1949 *Aemil.* No: but she let it drop by negligence,

1950 And to th' aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
 1951 Looke, heere 'tis.
 1952 *Iago.* A good wench, giue it me.
 1953 *Aemil.* What will you do with't, that you haue bene
 1954 so earnest to haue me filch it?
 1955 *Iago.* Why, what is that to you?
 1956 *Aemil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,
 1957 Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
 1958 When she shall lacke it.
 1959 *Iago.* Be not acknowne on't:
 1960 I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit Aemil.*
 1961 I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,
 1962 And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
 1963 Are to the iealious, confirmations strong,
 1964 As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
 1965 The Moore already changes with my poyson:
 1966 Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
 1967 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
 1968 But with a little acte vpon the blood,
 1969 Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.
 1970 *Enter Othello.*
 1971 Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
 1972 Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
 1973 Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
 1974 Which thou owd'st yesterday.
 1975 *Oth.* Ha, ha, false to mee?
 1976 *Iago.* Why how now Generall? No more of that.
 1977 *Oth.* Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
 1978 I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
 1979 Then but to know't a little.
 1980 *Iago.* How now, my Lord?
 1981 *Oth.* What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
 1982 I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
 1983 I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
 1984 I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes:
 1985 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
 1986 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
 1987 *Iago.* I am sorry to heare this?
 1988 *Oth.* I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
 1989 Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
 1990 So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
 1991 Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
 1992 Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
 1993 That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
 1994 Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
 1995 The Spirit- stirring Drum, th' Eare- piercing Fife,

1996 The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
 1997 Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
 1998 And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
 1999 Th' immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
 2000 Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.
 2001 *Iago*. Is't possible my Lord?
 2002 *Oth*. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
 2003 Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular prooffe, [tt5v
 2004 Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
 2005 Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog
 2006 Then answer my wak'd wrath.
 2007 *Iago*. Is't come to this?
 2008 *Oth*. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
 2009 That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
 2010 To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.
 2011 *Iago*. My Noble Lord.
 2012 *Oth*. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 2013 Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
 2014 On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
 2015 Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
 2016 For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
 2017 Greater then that.
 2018 *Iago*. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
 2019 Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
 2020 God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
 2021 That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
 2022 Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
 2023 To be direct and honest, is not safe.
 2024 I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
 2025 Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.
 2026 *Oth*. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.
 2027 *Iago*. I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,
 2028 And looses that it workes for.
 2029 *Oth*. By the World,
 2030 I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
 2031 I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
 2032 Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
 2033 As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
 2034 As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
 2035 Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
 2036 Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.
 2037 *Iago*. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
 2038 I do repent me, that I put it to you.
 2039 You would be satisfied?
 2040 *Oth*. Would? Nay, and I will.
 2041 *Iago*. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?

2042 Would you the super- vision grossely gape on?
 2043 Behold her top'd?
 2044 *Oth.* Death, and damnation. Oh!
 2045 *Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
 2046 To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
 2047 If euer mortall eyes do see them boulder
 2048 More then their owne. What then? How then?
 2049 What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
 2050 It is impossible you should see this,
 2051 Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
 2052 As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
 2053 As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
 2054 If imputation, and strong circumstances,
 2055 Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
 2056 Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.
 2057 *Oth.* Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.
 2058 *Iago.* I do not like the Office.
 2059 But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
 2060 (Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
 2061 I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
 2062 And being troubled with a raging tooth,
 2063 I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
 2064 So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
 2065 Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:
 2066 In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
 2067 Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
 2068 And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
 2069 Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
 2070 As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
 2071 That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
 2072 And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
 2073 That gaue thee to the Moore.
 2074 *Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!
 2075 *Iago.* Nay, this was but his Dreame.
 2076 *Oth.* But this denoted a fore- gone conclusion,
 2077 'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
 2078 *Iago.* And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
 2079 That do demonstrate thinly.
 2080 *Oth.* Ile teare her all to peeces.
 2081 *Iago.* Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
 2082 She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
 2083 Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
 2084 Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?
 2085 *Oth.* I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.
 2086 *Iago.* I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
 2087 (I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day

2088 See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.
 2089 *Oth.* If it be that.
 2090 *Iago.* If it be that, or any, it was here.
 2091 It speakes against her with the other proofes.
 2092 *Othel.* O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
 2093 One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
 2094 Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
 2095 All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
 2096 Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
 2097 Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
 2098 To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
 2099 For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.
 2100 *Iago.* Yet be content.
 2101 *Oth.* Oh blood, blood, blood.
 2102 *Iago.* Patience I say: your minde may change.
 2103 *Oth.* Neuer *Iago.* Like to the Ponticke Sea,
 2104 Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
 2105 Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
 2106 To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
 2107 Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
 2108 Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
 2109 Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
 2110 Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
 2111 In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
 2112 I heere engage my words.
 2113 *Iago.* Do not rise yet:
 2114 Witnesse you euer- burning Lights aboue,
 2115 You Elements, that clip vs round about,
 2116 Witnesse that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
 2117 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 2118 To wrong'd *Othello's* Seruice. Let him command,
 2119 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 2120 What bloody businesse euer.
 2121 *Oth.* I greet thy loue,
 2122 Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
 2123 And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
 2124 Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
 2125 That *Cassio's* not aliue.
 2126 *Iago.* My Friend is dead:
 2127 'Tis done at your Request.
 2128 But let her liue.
 2129 *Oth.* Damne her lewde Minx:
 2130 O damne her, damne her.
 2131 Come go with me a- part, I will withdraw
 2132 To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
 2133 For the faire Diuell.

2134 Now art thou my Lieutenant.
 2135 *Iago*. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt*. [tt6

Scaena Quarta.

2137 *Enter Desdemona, Aemilia, and Clown.*
 2138 *Des*. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
 2139 lyes?
 2140 *Clow*. I dare not say he lies any where.
 2141 *Des*. Why man?
 2142 *Clo*. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes,
 2143 'tis stabbing.
 2144 *Des*. Go too: where lodges he?
 2145 *Clo*. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where
 2146 I lye.
 2147 *Des*. Can any thing be made of this?
 2148 *Clo*. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-uisse
 2149 a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were
 2150 to lye in mine owne throat.
 2151 *Des*. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-port?
 2153 *Clo*. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
 2154 Questions, and by them answer.
 2155 *Des*. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I
 2156 haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will
 2157 be well.
 2158 *Clo*. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,
 2159 and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo*.
 2160 *Des*. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Ae-milia*?
 2162 *Aemil*. I know not Madam.
 2163 *Des*. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse
 2164 Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
 2165 Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
 2166 As iealous Creatures are, it were enough
 2167 To put him to ill- thinking.
 2168 *Aemil*. Is he not iealous?
 2169 *Des*. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
 2170 Drew all such humors from him.
 2171 *Aemil*. Looke where he comes.
 2172 *Enter Othello*.
 2173 *Des*. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be
 2174 Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?
 2175 *Oth*. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!
 2176 How do you, *Desdemona*?
 2177 *Des*. Well, my good Lord.

2178 *Oth.* Giue me your hand.
 2179 This hand is moist, my Lady.
 2180 *Des.* It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
 2181 *Oth.* This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:
 2182 Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires
 2183 A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
 2184 Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,
 2185 For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere
 2186 That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
 2187 A franke one.
 2188 *Des.* You may (indeed) say so:
 2189 For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
 2190 *Oth.* A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
 2191 But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.
 2192 *Des.* I cannot speake of this:
 2193 Come, now your promise.
 2194 *Oth.* What promise, Chucke?
 2195 *Des.* I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
 2196 *Oth.* I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
 2197 Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.
 2198 *Des.* Heere my Lord.
 2199 *Oth.* That which I gaue you.
 2200 *Des.* I haue it not about me.
 2201 *Oth.* Not?
 2202 *Des.* No indeed, my Lord.
 2203 *Oth.* That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
 2204 Did an Aegyptian to my Mother giue:
 2205 She was a Charmer, and could almost read
 2206 The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
 2207 'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
 2208 Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
 2209 Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
 2210 Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
 2211 After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
 2212 And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)
 2213 To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,
 2214 Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
 2215 To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
 2216 As nothing else could match.
 2217 *Des.* Is't possible?
 2218 *Oth.* 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
 2219 A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
 2220 The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
 2221 In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:
 2222 The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
 2223 And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull

2224 Conseru'd of Maidens hearts.
 2225 *Des.* Indeed? Is't true?
 2226 *Oth.* Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.
 2227 *Des.* Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?
 2228 *Oth.* Ha? wherefore?
 2229 *Des.* Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?
 2230 *Oth.* Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?
 2231 *Des.* Blesse vs.
 2232 *Oth.* Say you?
 2233 *Des.* It is not lost: but what and if it were?
 2234 *Oth.* How?
 2235 *Des.* I say it is not lost.
 2236 *Oth.* Fetcht, let me see't.
 2237 *Des.* Why so I can: but I will not now:
 2238 This is a tricke to put me from my suite,
 2239 Pray you let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.
 2240 *Oth.* Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
 2241 My minde mis- giues.
 2242 *Des.* Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more suffici-ent
 2243 man.
 2244 *Oth.* The Handkerchiefe.
 2245 *Des.* A man that all his time
 2246 Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
 2247 Shar'd dangers with you.
 2248 *Oth.* The Handkerchiefe.
 2249 *Des.* Insooth, you are too blame.
 2250 *Oth.* Away. *Exit Othello.*
 2251 *Aemil.* Is not this man iealous?
 2252 *Des.* I neu'r saw this before.
 2253 Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
 2254 I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.
 2255 *Aemil.* 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:
 2256 They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
 2257 They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
 2258 They belch vs.
 2259 *Enter Iago, and Cassio.*
 2260 Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.
 2261 *Iago.* There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
 2262 And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her. [tt6v
 2263 *Des.* How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with
 2264 you?
 2265 *Cassio.* Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
 2266 That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
 2267 Exist, and be a member of his loue,
 2268 Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
 2269 Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.

2270 If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
 2271 That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,
 2272 Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
 2273 Can ransome me into his loue againe,
 2274 But to know so, must be my benefit:
 2275 So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
 2276 And shut my selfe vp in some other course
 2277 To Fortunes Almes.
 2278 *Des.* Alas (thrice- gentle *Cassio*)
 2279 My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
 2280 My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
 2281 Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
 2282 So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,
 2283 As I haue spoken for you all my best,
 2284 And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
 2285 For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
 2286 What I can do, I will: and more I will
 2287 Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.
 2288 *Iago.* Is my Lord angry?
 2289 *Aemil.* He went hence but now:
 2290 And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.
 2291 *Iago.* Can he be angry? I haue seen the Cannon
 2292 When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
 2293 And like the Diuell from his very Arme
 2294 Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
 2295 Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
 2296 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*
 2297 *Des.* I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
 2298 Either from Venice, or some vnatch'd practise
 2299 Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
 2300 Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
 2301 Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
 2302 Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so.
 2303 For let our finger ake, and it endues
 2304 Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense
 2305 Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
 2306 Nor of them looke for such obseruancie
 2307 As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Aemilia*,
 2308 I was (vnhandsome Warriour, as I am)
 2309 Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:
 2310 But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witsse,
 2311 And he's Indited falsely.
 2312 *Aemil.* Pray heauen it bee
 2313 State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
 2314 Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.
 2315 *Des.* Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

2316 *Aemil.* But Iealous soules will not be answer'd so;
 2317 They are not euer iealous for the cause,
 2318 But iealous, for they're iealous. It is a Monster
 2319 Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.
 2320 *Des.* Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.
 2321 *Aemil.* Lady, Amen.
 2322 *Des.* I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about:
 2323 If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
 2324 And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. *Exit*
 2325 *Cas.* I humbly thanke your Ladyship.
 2326 *Enter Bianca.*
 2327 *Bian.* 'Sawe you (Friend *Cassio*.)
 2328 *Cassio.* What make you from home?
 2329 How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*?
 2330 Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.
 2331 *Bian.* And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.
 2332 What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
 2333 Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres
 2334 More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
 2335 Oh weary reck'ning.
 2336 *Cassio.* Pardon me, *Bianca*:
 2337 I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
 2338 But I shall in a more continuate time
 2339 Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*
 2340 Take me this worke out.
 2341 *Bianca.* Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
 2342 This is some Token from a newer Friend,
 2343 To the felt- Absence: now I feele a Cause:
 2344 Is't come to this? Well, well.
 2345 *Cassio.* Go too, woman:
 2346 Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth,
 2347 From whence you haue them. You are iealous now,
 2348 That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
 2349 No, in good troth *Bianca*.
 2350 *Bian.* Why, who's is it?
 2351 *Cassio.* I know not neither:
 2352 I found it in my Chamber,
 2353 I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
 2354 (As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
 2355 Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.
 2356 *Bian.* Leaue you? Wherefore?
 2357 *Cassio.* I do attend heere on the Generall,
 2358 And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
 2359 To haue him see me woman'd.
 2360 *Bian.* Why, I pray you?
 2361 *Cassio.* Not that I loue you not.

2362 *Bian.* But that you do not loue me.
 2363 I pray you bring me on the way a little,
 2364 And say, if I shall see you soone at night?
 2365 *Cassio.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
 2366 For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.
 2367 *Bian.* 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.
 2368 *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

2370 *Enter Othello, and Iago.*
 2371 *Iago.* Will you thinke so?
 2372 *Oth.* Thinke so, *Iago*?
 2373 *Iago.* What, to kisse in priuate?
 2374 *Oth.* An vnauthoriz'd kisse?
 2375 *Iago.* Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
 2376 An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?
 2377 *Oth.* Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
 2378 It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:
 2379 They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
 2380 The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.
 2381 *Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:
 2382 But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.
 2383 *Oth.* What then?
 2384 *Iago.* Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
 2385 She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.
 2386 *Oth.* She is Protectresse of her honor too:
 2387 May she giue that? [vv1
 2388 *Iago.* Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,
 2389 They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
 2390 But for the Handkerchiefe.
 2391 *Othe.* By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
 2392 Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
 2393 As doth the Rauens o're the infectious house:
 2394 Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.
 2395 *Iago.* I: what of that?
 2396 *Othe.* That's not so good now.
 2397 *Iag.* What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
 2398 Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad,
 2399 Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,
 2400 Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,
 2401 Conuinc'd or supply'd them, cannot chuse
 2402 But they must blab.)
 2403 *Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

2404 *Iago.* He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
 2405 No more then he'le vn- sweare.
 2406 *Oth.* What hath he said?
 2407 *Iago.* Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
 2408 *Othe.* What? What?
 2409 *Iago.* Lye.
 2410 *Oth.* With her?
 2411 *Iago.* With her? On her: what you will.
 2412 *Othe.* Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,
 2413 when they be- lye- her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
 2414 Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con-fesse,
 2415 and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
 2416 and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
 2417 inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some
 2418 Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
 2419 Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Hand-kerchiefe?
 2420 O diuell. *Falls in a Traunce.*
 2421 *Iago.* Worke on,
 2422 My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
 2423 And many worthy, and chaste Dames euen thus,
 2424 (All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
 2425 My Lord, I say: *Othello.*
 2426 *Enter Cassio.*
 2427 How now *Cassio*?
 2428 *Cas.* What's the matter?
 2429 *Iago.* My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
 2430 This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.
 2431 *Cas.* Rub him about the Temples.
 2432 *Iago.* The Lethargie must haue his quyet course:
 2433 If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
 2434 Breakes out to sauage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
 2435 Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
 2436 He will recouer straight: when he is gone,
 2437 I would on great occasion, speake with you.
 2438 How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?
 2439 *Othe.* Dost thou mocke me?
 2440 *Iago.* I mocke you not, by Heauen:
 2441 Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.
 2442 *Othe.* A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.
 2443 *Iago.* Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
 2444 And many a ciuill Monster.
 2445 *Othe.* Did he confesse it?
 2446 *Iago.* Good Sir, be a man:
 2447 Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
 2448 May draw with you. There's Millions now aliuie,
 2449 That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,

2450 Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
 2451 Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch- mock,
 2452 To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;
 2453 And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
 2454 And knowing what I am, I know what she shallbe.
 2455 *Oth.* Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.
 2456 *Iago.* Stand you a while apart,
 2457 Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
 2458 Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grieffe
 2459 (A passion most resulting such a man)
 2460 *Cassio* came hither: I shifted him away,
 2461 And layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,
 2462 Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
 2463 The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
 2464 And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
 2465 That dwell in eury Region of his face.
 2466 For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
 2467 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 2468 He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
 2469 I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
 2470 Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,
 2471 And nothing of a man.
 2472 *Othe.* Do'st thou heare, *Iago*,
 2473 I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
 2474 But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.
 2475 *Iago.* That's not amisse,
 2476 But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
 2477 Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
 2478 A Huswife that by selling her desires
 2479 Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
 2480 That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
 2481 To be- guile many, and be be- guil'd by one)
 2482 He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine
 2483 From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.
 2484 *Enter Cassio.*
 2485 As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad:
 2486 And his vnbookish Ielousie must conserue
 2487 Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaiours
 2488 Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
 2489 *Cas.* The worser, that you giue me the addition,
 2490 Whose want euen killes me.
 2491 *Iago.* Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
 2492 Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
 2493 How quickly should you speed?
 2494 *Cas.* Alas poore Caitiffe.
 2495 *Oth.* Looke how he laughes already.

2496 *Iago.* I neuer knew woman loue man so.
 2497 *Cas.* Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.
 2498 *Oth.* Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.
 2499 *Iago.* Do you heare *Cassio*?
 2500 *Oth.* Now he importunes him
 2501 To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.
 2502 *Iago.* She giues it out, that you shall marry her.
 2503 Do you intend it?
 2504 *Cas.* Ha, ha, ha.
 2505 *Oth.* Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?
 2506 *Cas.* I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
 2507 Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
 2508 So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.
 2509 *Oth.* So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.
 2510 *Iago.* Why the cry goes, that you marry her.
 2511 *Cas.* Prythee say true.
 2512 *Iago.* I am a very Villaine else.
 2513 *Oth.* Haue you scoar'd me? Well.
 2514 *Cas.* This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
 2515 She is perswaded I will marry her
 2516 Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise. [vvlv
 2517 *Oth.* *Iago* becomes me: now he begins the story.
 2518 *Cassio.* She was heere euen now: she haunts me in e-uery
 2519 place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke
 2520 with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the
 2521 Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.
 2522 *Oth.* Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his iesture im-ports
 2523 it.
 2524 *Cassio.* So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
 2525 So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.
 2526 *Oth.* Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Cham-ber:
 2527 oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I
 2528 shall throw it to.
 2529 *Cassio.* Well, I must leaue her companie.
 2530 *Iago.* Before me: looke where she comes.
 2531 *Enter Bianca.*
 2532 *Cas.* 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
 2533 What do you meane by this haunting of me?
 2534 *Bian.* Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what
 2535 did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue
 2536 me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take
 2537 out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should
 2538 finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.
 2539 This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?
 2540 There, giue it your Hobbey- horse, wheresoeuer you had
 2541 it, Ile take out no worke on't.

2542 *Cassio*. How now, my sweete *Bianca*?
 2543 How now? How now?
 2544 *Othe*. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.
 2545 *Bian*. If you'le come to supper to night you may, if
 2546 you will not come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*
 2547 *Iago*. After her: after her.
 2548 *Cas*. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.
 2549 *Iago*. Will you sup there?
 2550 *Cassio*. Yes, I intend so.
 2551 *Iago*. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would ve-ry
 2552 faine speake with you.
 2553 *Cas*. Prythee come: will you?
 2554 *Iago*. Go too; say no more.
 2555 *Oth*. How shall I murther him, *Iago*.
 2556 *Iago*. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?
 2557 *Oth*. Oh, *Iago*.
 2558 *Iago*. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?
 2559 *Oth*. Was that mine?
 2560 *Iago*. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes
 2561 the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him and, he
 2562 hath giu'n it his whore.
 2563 *Oth*. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:
 2564 A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?
 2565 *Iago*. Nay, you must forget that.
 2566 *Othello*. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to
 2567 night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to
 2568 stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world
 2569 hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Em-perours
 2570 side, and command him Taskes.
 2571 *Iago*. Nay, that's not your way.
 2572 *Othe*. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate
 2573 with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will
 2574 sing the Sauagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plen-teous
 2575 wit, and inuention?
 2576 *Iago*. She's the worse for all this.
 2577 *Othe*. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
 2578 And then of so gentle a condition?
 2579 *Iago*. I too gentle.
 2580 *Othe*. Nay that's certaine:
 2581 But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it
 2582 *Iago*.
 2583 *Iago*. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her
 2584 pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere
 2585 no body.
 2586 *Oth*. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?
 2587 *Iago*. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

2588 *Oth.* With mine Officer?
 2589 *Iago.* That's fouler.
 2590 *Othe.* Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not
 2591 expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnpro-uide
 2592 my mind againe: this night *Iago*.
 2593 *Iago.* Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
 2594 Euen the bed she hath contaminated.
 2595 *Oth.* Good, good:
 2596 The Iustice of it pleases: very good.
 2597 *Iago.* And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker:
 2598 You shall heare more by midnight.
 2599 *Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.*
 2600 *Othe.* Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?
 2601 *Iago.* I warrant something from Venice,
 2602 'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke.
 2603 See, your wife's with him.
 2604 *Lodo.* Saue you worthy Generall.
 2605 *Othe.* With all my heart Sir.
 2606 *Lod.* The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.
 2607 *Othe.* I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.
 2608 *Des.* And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*
 2609 *Iago.* I am very glad to see you Signior:
 2610 Welcome to Cyprus.
 2611 *Lod.* I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?
 2612 *Iago.* Liues Sir,
 2613 *Des.* Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,
 2614 An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.
 2615 *Othe.* Are you sure of that?
 2616 *Des.* My Lord?
 2617 *Othe.* This faile you not to do, as you will—
 2618 *Lod.* He did not call: he's busie in the paper,
 2619 Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?
 2620 *Des.* A most vnhappy one: I would do much
 2621 T' attone, them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.
 2622 *Oth.* Fire, and brimestone.
 2623 *Des.* My Lord.
 2624 *Oth.* Are you wise?
 2625 *Des.* What is he angrie?
 2626 *Lod.* May be the Letter mou'd him.
 2627 For as I thinke, they do command him home,
 2628 Deputing *Cassio* in his Gouernment.
 2629 *Des.* Trust me, I am glad on't.
 2630 *Othe.* Indeed?
 2631 *Des.* My Lord?
 2632 *Othe.* I am glad to see you mad.
 2633 *Des.* Why, sweete *Othello*?

2634 *Othe.* Diuell.
 2635 *Des.* I haue not deseru'd this.
 2636 *Lod.* My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,
 2637 Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
 2638 Make her amends: she weepes.
 2639 *Othe.* Oh diuell, diuell:
 2640 If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
 2641 Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:
 2642 Out of my sight.
 2643 *Des.* I will not stay to offend you.
 2644 *Lod.* Truely obedient Lady:
 2645 I do beseech your Lordship call her backe. [vv2
 2646 *Othe.* Mistris.
 2647 *Des.* My Lord.
 2648 *Othe.* What would you with her, Sir?
 2649 *Lod.* Who I, my Lord?
 2650 *Othe.* I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
 2651 Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
 2652 And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
 2653 And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
 2654 Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
 2655 Concerning this Sir, (oh well- painted passion)
 2656 I am commanded home: get you away:
 2657 Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
 2658 And will returne to Venice. Hence, au aunt:
 2659 *Cassio* shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
 2660 I do entreat, that we may sup together.
 2661 You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
 2662 Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
 2663 *Lod.* Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
 2664 Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
 2665 Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
 2666 The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
 2667 Could neither graze, nor pierce?
 2668 *Iago.* He is much chang'd.
 2669 *Lod.* Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?
 2670 *Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
 2671 What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
 2672 I would to heauen he were.
 2673 *Lod.* What? Strike his wife?
 2674 *Iago.* 'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
 2675 That stroke would proue the worst.
 2676 *Lod.* Is it his vse?
 2677 Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
 2678 And new create his fault?
 2679 *Iago.* Alas, alas:

2680 It is not honestie in me to speake
 2681 What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
 2682 And his owne courses will denote him so,
 2683 That I may saue my speech: do but go after
 2684 And marke how he continues.
 2685 *Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

2687 *Enter Othello and Aemilia.*
 2688 *Othe.* You haue seene nothing then?
 2689 *Aemil.* Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.
 2690 *Othe.* Yes, you haue seene *Cassio*, and she together.
 2691 *Aemi.* But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
 2692 Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.
 2693 *Othe.* What? Did they neuer whisper?
 2694 *Aemil.* Neuer my Lord.
 2695 *Othe.* Nor send you out o'th' way?
 2696 *Aemil.* Neuer.
 2697 *Othe.* To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-(thing?
 2698 *Aemil.* Neuer my Lord.
 2699 *Othe.* That's strange.
 2700 *Aemil.* I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
 2701 Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
 2702 Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
 2703 If any wretch haue put this in your head,
 2704 Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,
 2705 For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 2706 There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
 2707 Is foule as Slander.
 2708 *Othe.* Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Aemilia.*
 2709 She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
 2710 That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
 2711 A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
 2712 And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.
 2713 *Enter Desdemona, and Aemilia.*
 2714 *Des.* My Lord, what is your will?
 2715 *Othe.* Pray you Chucke come hither.
 2716 *Des.* What is your pleasure?
 2717 *Oth.* Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.
 2718 *Des.* What horrible Fancie's this?
 2719 *Othe.* Some of your Function Mistris:
 2720 Leau Procreants alone, and shut the doore:
 2721 Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:

2722 Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch. *Exit Aemi.*
 2723 *Des.* Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
 2724 I vnderstand a Fury in your words.
 2725 *Othe.* Why? What art thou?
 2726 *Des.* Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
 2727 *Othello.* Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
 2728 being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should
 2729 feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare
 2730 thou art honest.
 2731 *Des.* Heauen doth truely know it.
 2732 *Othe.* Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
 2733 *Des.* To whom my Lord?
 2734 With whom? How am I false?
 2735 *Othe.* Ah *Desdemon*, away, away, away.
 2736 *Des.* Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
 2737 Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?
 2738 If happely you my Father do suspect,
 2739 An Instrument of this your calling backe,
 2740 Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,
 2741 I haue lost him too.
 2742 *Othe.* Had it pleas'd Heauen,
 2743 To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
 2744 All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare- head:
 2745 Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.
 2746 Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,
 2747 I should haue found in some place of my Soule
 2748 A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
 2749 The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
 2750 To point his slow, and mouing finger at.
 2751 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
 2752 But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
 2753 Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
 2754 The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
 2755 Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
 2756 Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
 2757 To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
 2758 Patience, thou young and Rose- lip'd Cherubin,
 2759 I heere looke grim as hell.
 2760 *Des.* I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.
 2761 *Othe.* Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
 2762 That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
 2763 Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
 2764 That the Sense akes at thee,
 2765 Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.
 2766 *Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?
 2767 *Othe.* Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke

2768 Made to write Whore vpon? What committed, [vv2v
 2769 Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
 2770 I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
 2771 That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
 2772 Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
 2773 Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
 2774 The budy winde that kisses all it meetes,
 2775 Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
 2776 And will not hear't. What committed?
 2777 *Des.* By Heauen you do me wrong.
 2778 *Othe.* Are not you a Strumpet?
 2779 *Des.* No, as I am a Christian.
 2780 If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
 2781 From any other foule vnlawfull touch
 2782 Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
 2783 *Othe.* What, not a Whore?
 2784 *Des.* No, as I shall be sau'd.
 2785 *Othe.* Is't possible?
 2786 *Des.* Oh Heauen forgiue vs.
 2787 *Othe.* I cry you mercy then.
 2788 I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
 2789 That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,
 2790 *Enter Aemilia.*
 2791 That haue the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
 2792 And keeps the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
 2793 We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
 2794 I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*
 2795 *Aemil.* Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
 2796 How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
 2797 *Des.* Faith, halfe a sleepe.
 2798 *Aemi.* Good Madam,
 2799 What's the matter with my Lord?
 2800 *Des.* With who?
 2801 *Aemil.* Why, with my Lord, Madam?
 2802 *Des.* Who is thy Lord?
 2803 *Aemil.* He that is yours, sweet Lady.
 2804 *Des.* I haue none: do not talke to me, *Aemilia*,
 2805 I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
 2806 But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
 2807 Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
 2808 And call thy husband hither.
 2809 *Aemil.* Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*
 2810 *Des.* 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
 2811 How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
 2812 The small'st opinion on my least misvse?
 2813 *Enter Iago, and Aemilia.*

2814 *Iago.* What is your pleasure Madam?
 2815 How is't with you?
 2816 *Des.* I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
 2817 Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
 2818 He might haue chid me so; for in good faith
 2819 I am a Child to chiding.
 2820 *Iago.* What is the matter Lady?
 2821 *Aemil.* Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
 2822 Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her
 2823 That true hearts cannot beare it.
 2824 *Des.* Am I that name, *Iago*?
 2825 *Iago.* What name, (faire Lady?)
 2826 *Des.* Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
 2827 *Aemil.* He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
 2828 Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.
 2829 *Iago.* Why did he so?
 2830 *Des.* I do not know: I am sure I am none such.
 2831 *Iago.* Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
 2832 *Aemil.* Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
 2833 Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
 2834 To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
 2835 *Des.* It is my wretched Fortune.
 2836 *Iago.* Beshrew him for't:
 2837 How comes this Tricke vpon him?
 2838 *Des.* Nay, Heauen doth know.
 2839 *Aemi.* I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
 2840 Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
 2841 Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
 2842 Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
 2843 *Iago.* Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
 2844 *Des.* If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
 2845 *Aemil.* A halter pardon him:
 2846 And hell gnaw his bones.
 2847 Why should he call her Whore?
 2848 Who keepes her companie?
 2849 What Place? What Time?
 2850 What Forme? What liklyhood?
 2851 The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
 2852 Some base notorious Knaue, some scury Fellow.
 2853 Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,
 2854 And put in euery honest hand a whip
 2855 To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
 2856 Euen from the East to th' West.
 2857 *Iago.* Speake within doore.
 2858 *Aemil.* Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
 2859 That turn'd your wit, the seamy- side without,

2860 And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
 2861 *Iago.* You are a Foole: go too.
 2862 *Des.* Alas *Iago*,
 2863 What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
 2864 Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
 2865 I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
 2866 If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,
 2867 Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
 2868 Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
 2869 Delighted them: or any other Forme.
 2870 Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
 2871 And euer will, (though he do shake me off
 2872 To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
 2873 Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
 2874 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
 2875 But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
 2876 It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
 2877 To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
 2878 Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.
 2879 *Iago.* I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
 2880 The businesse of the State do's him offence.
 2881 *Des.* If 'twere no other.
 2882 *Iago.* It is but so, I warrant,
 2883 Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
 2884 The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
 2885 Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.
 2886 *Exeunt Desdemona and Aemilia.*
 2887 *Enter Rodorigo.*
 2888 How now *Rodorigo*?
 2889 *Rod.* I do not finde
 2890 That thou deal'st iustly with me.
 2891 *Iago.* What in the contrarie?
 2892 *Rodori.* Euery day thou dafts me with some deuise
 2893 *Iago*, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
 2894 me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-uantage
 2895 of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
 2896 am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
 2897 haue foolishly suffred.
 2898 *Iago.* Will you heare me *Rodorigo*? [vv3
 2899 *Rodori.* I haue heard too much: and your words and
 2900 Performances are no kin together.
 2901 *Iago.* You charge me most vniustly.
 2902 *Rodo.* With naught but truth: I haue wasted my
 2903 selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from
 2904 me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a
 2905 Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them,

2906 and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
 2907 respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.
 2908 *Iago.* Well, go too: very well.
 2909 *Rod.* Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor
 2910 'tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to
 2911 finde my selfe fopt in it.
 2912 *Iago.* Very well.
 2913 *Rodor.* I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my
 2914 selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my
 2915 Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw-full
 2916 solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke
 2917 satisfaction of you.
 2918 *Iago.* You haue said now.
 2919 *Rodo.* I: and said nothing but what I protest intend-ment
 2920 of doing.
 2921 *Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and
 2922 euen from this instant do build on thee a better o-pinion
 2923 then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*.
 2924 Thou hast taken against me a most iust excepti-on:
 2925 but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy
 2926 Affaire.
 2927 *Rod.* It hath not appeer'd.
 2928 *Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and
 2929 your suspicion is not without wit and iudgement.
 2930 But *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which
 2931 I haue greater reason to beleue now then euer (I
 2932 meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night
 2933 shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not
 2934 *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treache-rie,
 2935 and devise Engines for my life.
 2936 *Rod.* Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com-passe?
 2937 *Iago.* Sir, there is especiall Commission come from
 2938 Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.
 2939 *Rod.* Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
 2940 returne againe to Venice.
 2941 *Iago.* Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh
 2942 away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his a-bode
 2943 be lingred heere by some accident. Where-in
 2944 none can be so determinate, as the remouing of
 2945 *Cassio*.
 2946 *Rod.* How do you meane remouing him?
 2947 *Iago.* Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's*
 2948 place: knocking out his braines.
 2949 *Rod.* And that you would haue me to do.
 2950 *Iago.* I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a
 2951 right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither
 2952

2953 will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable
 2954 Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which
 2955 I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one)
 2956 you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere
 2957 to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene
 2958 vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with
 2959 me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that
 2960 you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It
 2961 is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast.
 2962 About it.
 2963 *Rod.* I will heare further reason for this.
 2964 *Iago.* And you shalbe satisfi'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

2966 *Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Aemilia,*
 2967 *and Atendants.*
 2968 *Lod.* I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.
 2969 *Oth.* Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.
 2970 *Lodoui.* Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your
 2971 Ladyship.
 2972 *Des.* Your Honour is most welcome.
 2973 *Oth.* Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona.*
 2974 *Des.* My Lord.
 2975 *Othello.* Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re-turn'd
 2976 forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't
 2977 be done. *Exit.*
 2978 *Des.* I will my Lord.
 2979 *Aem.* How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.
 2980 *Des.* He saies he will returne incontinent,
 2981 And hath commanded me to go to bed,
 2982 And bid me to dismisse you.
 2983 *Aemi.* Dismisse me?
 2984 *Des.* It was his bidding: therefore good *Aemilia,*
 2985 Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
 2986 We must not now displease him.
 2987 *Aemil.* I, would you had neuer seene him.
 2988 *Des.* So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
 2989 That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
 2990 (Prythee vn- pin me) haue grace and fauour.
 2991 *Aemi.* I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.
 2992 *Des.* All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
 2993 If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
 2994 In one of these same Sheetes.

2995 *Aemil.* Come, come: you talke.
 2996 *Des.* My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
 2997 She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
 2998 And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
 2999 An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,
 3000 And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
 3001 Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
 3002 But to go hang my head all at one side
 3003 And sing it like poore *Barbarie*: prythee dispatch.
 3004 *Aemi.* Shall I go fetch your Night- gowne?
 3005 *Des.* No, vn- pin me here,
 3006 This *Lodouico* is a proper man.
 3007 *Aemil.* A very handsome man.
 3008 *Des.* He speakes well.
 3009 *Aemil.* I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
 3010 barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
 3011 *Des.* *The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.*
 3012 *Sing all a greene Willough:*
 3013 *Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,*
 3014 *Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.*
 3015 *The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes*
 3016 *Sing Willough, &c.*
 3017 *Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,*
 3018 *Sing Willough, &c.* (Lay by these)
 3019 *Willough, Willough.* (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
 3020 *Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.*
 3021 *Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.*
 3022 (Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?)
 3023 *Aemil.* It's the wind.
 3024 *Des.* *I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?*
 3025 *Sing Willough, &c.*
 3026 *If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.* [vv3v
 3027 So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
 3028 Doth that boade weeping?
 3029 *Aemil.* 'Tis neyther heere, nor there.
 3030 *Des.* I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
 3031 Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Aemilia*)
 3032 That there be women do abuse their husbands
 3033 In such grosse kinde?
 3034 *Aemil.* There be some such, no question.
 3035 *Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
 3036 *Aemil.* Why, would not you?
 3037 *Des.* No, by this Heauenly light.
 3038 *Aemil.* Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
 3039 I might doo't as well i'th' darke.
 3040 *Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?

3041 *Aemil.* The world's a huge thing:
3042 It is a great price, for a small vice.
3043 *Des.* Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.
3044 *Aemil.* Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
3045 I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
3046 ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
3047 Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
3048 all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-band
3049 a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
3050 ture Purgatory for't.
3051 *Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
3052 For the whole world.
3053 *Aemil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world;
3054 and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
3055 your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
3056 *Des.* I do not thinke there is any such woman.
3057 *Aemil.* Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th' vantage, as
3058 would store the world they plaid for.
3059 But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
3060 If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
3061 And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
3062 Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
3063 Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
3064 Or scant our former hauing in despight)
3065 Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
3066 Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
3067 Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
3068 And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
3069 As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
3070 When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
3071 I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
3072 I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
3073 It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
3074 Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
3075 Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
3076 The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.
3077 *Des.* Good night, good night:
3078 Heauen me such vses send,
3079 Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

3081 *Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.*
 3082 *Iago.* Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
 3083 Straight will he come:
 3084 Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
 3085 Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
 3086 It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
 3087 And fixe most firme thy Resolution.
 3088 *Rod.* Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.
 3089 *Iago.* Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.
 3090 *Rod.* I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
 3091 And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
 3092 'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.
 3093 *Iago.* I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
 3094 And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
 3095 Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
 3096 Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,
 3097 He calles me to a restitution large
 3098 Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
 3099 As Guifts to *Desdemona*.
 3100 It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,
 3101 He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
 3102 That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
 3103 May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
 3104 No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.
 3105 *Enter Cassio.*
 3106 *Rod.* I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.
 3107 *Cas.* That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,
 3108 But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
 3109 I will make prooffe of thine.
 3110 *Rod.* Oh, I am slaine.
 3111 *Cassio.* I am maym'd for euer:
 3112 Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.
 3113 *Enter Othello.*
 3114 *Oth.* The voyce of *Cassio*. *Iago* keepes his word.
 3115 *Rod.* O Villaine that I am.
 3116 *Oth.* It is euen so.
 3117 *Cas.* Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
 3118 *Oth.* 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,
 3119 That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
 3120 Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
 3121 And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
 3122 For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
 3123 Thy Bed lust- stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.
 3124 *Exit Othello.*

3125 *Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.*
 3126 *Cas.* What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
 3127 Murther, Murther.
 3128 *Gra.* 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.
 3129 *Cas.* Oh helpe.
 3130 *Lodo.* Hearke.
 3131 *Rod.* Oh wretched Villaine.
 3132 *Lod.* Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
 3133 These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vn safe
 3134 To come into the cry, without more helpe.
 3135 *Rod.* Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.
 3136 *Enter Iago.*
 3137 *Lod.* Hearke.
 3138 *Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
 3139 Weapons.
 3140 *Iago.* Who's there?
 3141 Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?
 3142 *Lodo.* We do not know.
 3143 *Iago.* Do not you heere a cry?
 3144 *Cas.* Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.
 3145 *Iago.* What's the matter?
 3146 *Gra.* This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.
 3147 *Lodo.* The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.
 3148 *Iago.* What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?
 3149 *Cas.* *Iago?* Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
 3150 Giue me some helpe.
 3151 *Iago.* O mee, Lieutenant!
 3152 What Villaines haue done this?
 3153 *Cas.* I thinke that one of them is heereabout. [vv4
 3154 And cannot make away.
 3155 *Iago.* Oh treacherous Villaines:
 3156 What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.
 3157 *Rod.* O helpe me there.
 3158 *Cassio.* That's one of them.
 3159 *Iago.* Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!
 3160 *Rod.* O damn'd *Iago!* O inhumane Dogge!
 3161 *Iago.* Kill men i'th' darke?
 3162 Where be these bloody Theeues?
 3163 How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
 3164 What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
 3165 *Lod.* As you shall proue vs, praise vs.
 3166 *Iago.* Signior *Lodouico?*
 3167 *Lod.* He Sir.
 3168 *Iago.* I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.
 3169 *Gra.* *Cassio?*
 3170 *Iago.* How is't Brother?

3171 *Cas.* My Legge is cut in two.
 3172 *Iago.* Marry heauen forbid:
 3173 Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.
 3174 *Enter Bianca.*
 3175 *Bian.* What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
 3176 *Iago.* Who is't that cry'd?
 3177 *Bian.* Oh my deere *Cassio*,
 3178 My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.
 3179 *Iago.* O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect
 3180 Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?
 3181 *Cas.* No.
 3182 *Gra.* I am sorry to finde you thus;
 3183 I haue beene to seeke you.
 3184 *Iago.* Lend me a Garter. So: — Oh for a Chaire
 3185 To beare him easily hence.
 3186 *Bian.* Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.
 3187 *Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
 3188 To be a party in this Iniurie.
 3189 Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come;
 3190 Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
 3191 Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
 3192 *Rodorigo*? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.
 3193 *Gra.* What, of Venice?
 3194 *Iago.* Euen he Sir: Did you know him?
 3195 *Gra.* Know him? I.
 3196 *Iago.* Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
 3197 These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
 3198 That so neglected you.
 3199 *Gra.* I am glad to see you.
 3200 *Iago.* How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
 3201 *Gra.* *Rodorigo*?
 3202 *Iago.* He, he, 'tis he:
 3203 Oh that's well said, the Chaire.
 3204 Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
 3205 Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
 3206 Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)
 3207 Was my deere friend. What malice was between you.
 3208 *Cas.* None in the world: nor do I know the man?
 3209 *Iago.* What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.
 3210 Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?
 3211 Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?
 3212 Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.
 3213 Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:
 3214 Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
 3215 Though tongues were out of vse.
 3216 *Aemil.* Alas, what is the matter?

3217 What is the matter, Husband?
 3218 *Iago.* *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke
 3219 By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:
 3220 He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
 3221 *Aemil.* Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.
 3222 *Iago.* This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Aemilia*,
 3223 Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.
 3224 What, do you shake at that?
 3225 *Bian.* He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
 3226 *Iago.* O did he so? I charge you go with me.
 3227 *Aemil.* Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.
 3228 *Bian.* I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
 3229 As you that thus abuse me.
 3230 *Aemil.* As I? Fie vpon thee.
 3231 *Iago.* Kinde Gentlemen:
 3232 Let's go see poore *Cassio* drest.
 3233 Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.
 3234 *Aemilia*, run you to the Cittadell,
 3235 And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
 3236 Will you go on afore? This is the night
 3237 That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scoena Secunda.

3239 *Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.*
 3240 *Oth.* It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
 3241 Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
 3242 It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
 3243 Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
 3244 And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:
 3245 Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:
 3246 Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
 3247 If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
 3248 I can againe thy former light restore,
 3249 Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
 3250 Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
 3251 I know not where is that *Promethaeon* heate
 3252 That can thy Light re- Lume.
 3253 When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,
 3254 I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
 3255 It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
 3256 Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
 3257 Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
 3258 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

3259 And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
 3260 So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
 3261 But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
 3262 It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.
 3263 *Des.* Who's there? *Othello*?
 3264 *Othel.* I *Desdemona*.
 3265 *Des.* Will you come to bed, my Lord?
 3266 *Oth.* Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemon*?
 3267 *Des.* I my Lord.
 3268 *Oth.* If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
 3269 Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
 3270 Solicite for it straight.
 3271 *Des.* Alacke, my Lord,
 3272 What may you meane by that?
 3273 *Oth.* Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
 3274 I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
 3275 No, Heauens fore- fend) I would not kill thy Soule.
 3276 *Des.* Talke you of killing?
 3277 *Oth.* I, I do.
 3278 *Des.* Then Heauen haue mercy on mee. [vv4v
 3279 *Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.
 3280 *Des.* If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
 3281 *Oth.* Humh.
 3282 *Des.* And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
 3283 When your eyes rowle so.
 3284 Why I should feare, I know not,
 3285 Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
 3286 *Oth.* Thinke on thy sinnes.
 3287 *Des.* They are Loues I beare to you.
 3288 *Oth.* I, and for that thou dy'st.
 3289 *Des.* That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
 3290 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether- lip?
 3291 Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
 3292 These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
 3293 They do not point on me.
 3294 *Oth.* Peace, and be still.
 3295 *Des.* I will so: What's the matter?
 3296 *Oth.* That Handkerchiefe
 3297 Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.
 3298 *Des.* No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
 3299 And aske him.
 3300 *Oth.* Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
 3301 Thou art on thy death- bed.
 3302 *Des.* I, but not yet to dye.
 3303 *Oth.* Presently.
 3304 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:

3305 For to deny each Article with Oath,
 3306 Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
 3307 That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
 3308 *Des.* O Heauen haue mercy on me.
 3309 *Oth.* I say, Amen.
 3310 *Des.* And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
 3311 Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
 3312 But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
 3313 As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
 3314 *Oth.* By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
 3315 O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
 3316 And makes me call, what I intend to do,
 3317 A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
 3318 I saw the Handkerchiefe.
 3319 *Des.* He found it then:
 3320 I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
 3321 Let him confesse a truth.
 3322 *Oth.* He hath confest.
 3323 *Des.* What, my Lord?
 3324 *Oth.* That he hath vs'd thee.
 3325 *Des.* How? vnlawfully?
 3326 *Oth.* I.
 3327 *Des.* He will not say so.
 3328 *Oth.* No: his mouth is stopp'd:
 3329 Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
 3330 *Des.* Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
 3331 *Oth.* Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
 3332 Had stomacke for them all.
 3333 *Des.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
 3334 *Oth.* Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
 3335 *Des.* O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
 3336 *Oth.* Downe Strumpet.
 3337 *Des.* Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
 3338 *Oth.* Nay, if you striue.
 3339 *Des.* But halfe an houre.
 3340 *Oth.* Being done, there is no pawse.
 3341 *Des.* But while I say one prayer.
 3342 *Oth.* It is too late. *Smother* her.
 3343 *Aemilia at the doore.*
 3344 *Aemil.* My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
 3345 My Lord, my Lord.
 3346 *Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 3347 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
 3348 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
 3349 So, so.
 3350 *Aemil. within.* What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

3351 *Oth.* Who's there?
 3352 *Aemil.* Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
 3353 with you.
 3354 *Oth.* Yes: 'Tis *Aemilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
 3355 'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:
 3356 The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
 3357 Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
 3358 I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
 3359 If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
 3360 My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
 3361 Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
 3362 Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
 3363 Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th' affrighted Globe
 3364 Did yawne at Alteration.
 3365 *Aemil.* I do beseech you
 3366 That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
 3367 *Oth.* I had forgot thee: oh come in *Aemilia*.
 3368 Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
 3369 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
 3370 *Enter Aemilia*.
 3371 *Aemil.* Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
 3372 done.
 3373 *Oth.* What? now?
 3374 *Aemil.* But now, my Lord.
 3375 *Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,
 3376 She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
 3377 And makes men mad.
 3378 *Aemil.* *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
 3379 A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.
 3380 *Oth.* *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
 3381 *Aemil.* No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
 3382 *Oth.* Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
 3383 And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.
 3384 *Des.* O falsely, falsely murder'd.
 3385 *Aemil.* Alas! what cry is that?
 3386 *Oth.* That? What?
 3387 *Aemil.* Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
 3388 Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
 3389 Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.
 3390 *Des.* A guiltlesse death, I dye.
 3391 *Aemil.* Oh who hath done this deed?
 3392 *Des.* No body: I my selfe, farewell:
 3393 Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
 3394 *Oth.* Why, how should she be mured?
 3395 *Aemil.* Alas: who knowes?
 3396 *Oth.* You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

3397 *Aemil.* She said so: I must needs report the truth.
 3398 *Oth.* She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
 3399 'Twas I that kill'd her.
 3400 *Aemil.* Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-er
 3401 Diuell.
 3402 *Oth.* She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
 3403 *Aemil.* Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.
 3404 *Oth.* She was false as water.
 3405 *Aemil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say
 3406 That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.
 3407 *Oth.* *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.
 3408 O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
 3409 But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
 3410 To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all. [vv5
 3411 *Aemil.* My Husband?
 3412 *Oth.* Thy Husband.
 3413 *Aemil.* That she was false to Wedlocke?
 3414 *Oth.* I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,
 3415 If Heauen would make me such another world,
 3416 Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
 3417 I'd not haue sold her for it.
 3418 *Aemil.* My Husband?
 3419 *Oth.* I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
 3420 An honest man he is, and hates the slime
 3421 That stickes on filthy deeds.
 3422 *Aemil.* My Husband?
 3423 *Oth.* What needs this itterance, Woman?
 3424 I say, thy Husband.
 3425 *Aemil.* Oh Mistris,
 3426 Villany hath made mockes with loue:
 3427 My Husband say she was false?
 3428 *Oth.* He, Woman;
 3429 I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?
 3430 My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago*.
 3431 *Aemil.* If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
 3432 Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th' heart,
 3433 She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.
 3434 *Oth.* Hah?
 3435 *Aemil.* Do thy worst:
 3436 This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
 3437 Then thou was't worthy her.
 3438 *Oth.* Peace, you were best.
 3439 *Aemil.* Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
 3440 As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
 3441 As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
 3442 (I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,

3443 Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
 3444 The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.
 3445 *Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.*
 3446 *Mon.* What is the matter? How now Generall?
 3447 *Aemil.* Oh, are you come, *Iago:* you haue done well,
 3448 That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.
 3449 *Gra.* What is the matter?
 3450 *Aemil.* Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
 3451 He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
 3452 I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
 3453 Speake, for my heart is full.
 3454 *Iago.* I told him what I thought,
 3455 And told no more
 3456 Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.
 3457 *Aemil.* But did you euer tell him,
 3458 She was false?
 3459 *Iago.* I did.
 3460 *Aemil.* You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
 3461 Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
 3462 Shee false with *Cassio*?
 3463 Did you say with *Cassio*?
 3464 *Iago.* With *Cassio*, Mistris?
 3465 Go too, charme your tongue.
 3466 *Emil.* I will not charme my Tongue;
 3467 I am bound to speake,
 3468 My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.
 3469 *All.* Oh Heauens, forefend.
 3470 *Emil.* And your reports haue set the Murder on.
 3471 *Othello.* Nay stare not Masters,
 3472 It is true indeede.
 3473 *Gra.* 'Tis a strange Truth.
 3474 *Mont.* O monstrous Acte.
 3475 *Emil.* Villany, villany, villany:
 3476 I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:
 3477 I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
 3478 O villany! villany!
 3479 *Iago.* What, are you mad?
 3480 I charge you get you home.
 3481 *Emil.* Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:
 3482 'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
 3483 Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
 3484 *Oth.* Oh, oh, oh.
 3485 *Emil.* Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
 3486 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
 3487 That ere did lift vp eye.
 3488 *Oth.* Oh she was fowle!

3489 I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
 3490 Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
 3491 I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.
 3492 *Gra.* Poore *Desdemon*:
 3493 I am glad thy Father's dead,
 3494 Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
 3495 Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
 3496 This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
 3497 Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
 3498 And fall to Reprobance.
 3499 *Oth.* 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
 3500 That she with *Cassio*, hath the Act of shame
 3501 A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
 3502 And she did gratifie his amorous workes
 3503 With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
 3504 Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:
 3505 It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
 3506 My Father gaue my Mother.
 3507 *Emil.* Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!
 3508 *Iago.* Come, hold your peace.
 3509 *Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
 3510 No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
 3511 Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
 3512 All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.
 3513 *Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.
 3514 *Emil.* I will not.
 3515 *Gra.* Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
 3516 *Emil.* Oh thou dull Moore,
 3517 That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
 3518 I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
 3519 For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
 3520 (More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
 3521 He begg'd of me, to steale't.
 3522 *Iago.* Villanous Whore.
 3523 *Emil.* She giue it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
 3524 And I did giu't my Husband.
 3525 *Iago.* Filth, thou lyeest.
 3526 *Emil.* By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
 3527 Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
 3528 Do with so good a wife?
 3529 *Oth.* Are there no stones in Heauen,
 3530 But what serues for the Thunder?
 3531 Precious Villaine.
 3532 *Gra.* The woman falles:
 3533 Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
 3534 *Emil.* I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.

3535 *Gra.* Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
 3536 *Mon.* 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
 3537 Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
 3538 Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
 3539 But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
 3540 For 'tis a damned Slaue. *Exit.* [vv5v
 3541 *Oth.* I am not valiant neither:
 3542 But euery Punie whipster gets my Sword.
 3543 But why should Honor out- liue Honesty?
 3544 Let it go all.
 3545 *Aemil.* What did thy Song boad Lady?
 3546 Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
 3547 And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
 3548 Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
 3549 So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
 3550 So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.
 3551 *Oth.* I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
 3552 It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
 3553 Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.
 3554 *Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
 3555 Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
 3556 *Oth.* Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
 3557 Or naked as I am I will assault thee.
 3558 *Gra.* What is the matter?
 3559 *Othel.* Behold, I haue a weapon:
 3560 A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
 3561 Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
 3562 That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
 3563 I haue made my way through more impediments
 3564 Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
 3565 Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
 3566 Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
 3567 Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
 3568 And verie Sea- marke of my vtmost Saile.
 3569 Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
 3570 Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
 3571 And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
 3572 Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill- Starr'd wench,
 3573 Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
 3574 This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
 3575 And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
 3576 Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
 3577 Whip me ye Diuels,
 3578 From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
 3579 Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
 3580 Wash me in steepe- downe gulfes of Liquid fire.

3581 Oh *Desdemon*! dead *Desdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!
 3582 Enter *Lodouico*, *Cassio*, *Montano*, and *Iago*,
 3583 with *Officers*.
 3584 *Lod.* Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?
 3585 *Oth.* That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.
 3586 *Lod.* Where is that Viper?
 3587 Bring the Villaine forth.
 3588 *Oth.* I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
 3589 If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.
 3590 *Lod.* Wrench his Sword from him.
 3591 *Iago.* I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
 3592 *Othel.* I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
 3593 For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.
 3594 *Lod.* Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,
 3595 Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
 3596 What shall be saide to thee.
 3597 *Oth.* Why any thing:
 3598 An honourable Murderer, if you will:
 3599 For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
 3600 *Lod.* This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
 3601 Did you and he consent in *Cassio*'s death.
 3602 *Oth.* I.
 3603 *Cas.* Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.
 3604 *Oth.* I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon:
 3605 Will you, I pray, demand that demy- Diuell,
 3606 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.
 3607 *Iag.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
 3608 From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.
 3609 *Lod.* What? not to pray?
 3610 *Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.
 3611 *Oth.* Well, thou dost best.
 3612 *Lod.* Sir,
 3613 You shall vnderstand what hath befalne,
 3614 (Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
 3615 Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,
 3616 And heere another, the one of them imports
 3617 The death of *Cassio*, to be vndertooke
 3618 By *Rodorigo*.
 3619 *Oth.* O Villaine!
 3620 *Cassio.* Most Heathenish, and most grosse.
 3621 *Lod.* Now, heere's another discontented paper
 3622 Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
 3623 *Rodorigo* meant t'haue sent this damned villaine:
 3624 But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
 3625 Came in, and satisfi'd him.
 3626 *Oth.* Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;

3627 How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
 3628 That was my wiues?
 3629 *Cassio*. I found it in my Chamber:
 3630 And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
 3631 That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
 3632 Which wrought to his desire.
 3633 *Othel*. O Foole, foole, foole!
 3634 *Cassio*. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
 3635 How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
 3636 Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
 3637 That I was cast: and euen but now he spake
 3638 (After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
 3639 *Iago* set him on.
 3640 *Lod*. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
 3641 Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
 3642 And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
 3643 If there be any cunning Crueltie,
 3644 That can torment him much, and hold him long,
 3645 It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
 3646 Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
 3647 To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.
 3648 *Oth*. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
 3649 I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
 3650 No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
 3651 When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
 3652 Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
 3653 Nor set downe ought in malice.
 3654 Then must you speake,
 3655 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
 3656 Of one, not easily Iealious, but being wrought,
 3657 Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
 3658 (Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
 3659 Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
 3660 Albeit vn- vsed to the melting moode,
 3661 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
 3662 Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
 3663 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 3664 Where a malignant, and a Turbond- Turke
 3665 Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
 3666 I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,
 3667 And smoate him, thus.
 3668 *Lod*. Oh bloody period.
 3669 *Gra*. All that is spoke, is marr'd.
 3670 *Oth*. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
 3671 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse. *Dyes* [vv6
 3672 *Cas*. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:

3673 For he was great of heart.
 3674 *Lod.* Oh Sparton Dogge:
 3675 More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
 3676 Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
 3677 This is thy worke:
 3678 The Obiect poysons Sight,
 3679 Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
 3680 And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
 3681 For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,
 3682 Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
 3683 The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
 3684 My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
 3685 This heaueie Act, with heaueie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

3687 **The Names of the Actors.**
 3688 **Othello, *the Moore.***
 3689 **Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.***
 3690 **Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.***
 3691 **Iago, *a Villaine.***
 3692 **Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.***
 3693 **Duke of Venice.**
 3694 **Senators.**
 3695 **Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.***
 3696 **Gentlemen of Cyprus.**
 3697 **Lodouico, *and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.***
 3698 **Saylors.**
 3699 **Clowne.**
 3700 **Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.***
 3701 **Aemilia, *Wife to Iago.***
 3702 **Bianca, *a Curtezan.***
 3703 **THE TRAGEDIE OF**
Othello, the Moore of Venice.
