

Othello

ACT I

Scene 1 *Enter Roderigo and Iago.*

RODERIGO

Tush, never tell me! I take it unkindly

IAGO

But you'll not hear me!

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

RODERIGO

Thou toldst me thou didst hold hate in him.

IAGO

I do. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,

RODERIGO

By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

IAGO

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation.

RODERIGO

I would not follow him.

IAGO O, sir, content you.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
For, sir, it is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.
In following him, I follow but myself.
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so for my peculiar end.

RODERIGO

What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry 't thus!

IAGO Call up her father.

Rouse him.

Plague him with flies.

RODERIGO

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

IAGO

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

RODERIGO

What ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

IAGO

Awake! What ho, Brabantio!

Enter Brabantio, above.

BRABANTIO

What is the reason of this terrible summons?

RODERIGO

Is all your family within?

IAGO

Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO Why ask you this?

IAGO

Zounds, sir, you're robbed.

You have lost half your soul.

BRABANTIO Have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO

Do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO Not I. What are you?

RODERIGO

My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO The worser welcome.

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee.

RODERIGO Sir,

BRABANTIO

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

RODERIGO

Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO What tell'st thou me of robbing?

RODERIGO

In simple and pure soul I come to you—

IAGO We come to do you service and you think
we are ruffians.

BRABANTIO What profane wretch art thou?

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

BRABANTIO Thou art a villain.

IAGO You are a senator.

BRABANTIO I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO

Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' th' night,

Transported with no worse nor better guard

But with a knave of common hire, a lascivious

Moor: If this be known to you,

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.

But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke.
Your daughter hath made a gross revolt,
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO Strike on the tinder, ho!

Call up all my people.
This accident is not unlike my dream.
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light!

He exits.

IAGO, *to Roderigo* Farewell, for I must leave you.

It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be producted, as if I stay I shall,
Against the Moor. Though I do hate him
I must show out a flag and sign of love
So, farewell. *He exits.*

Enter Brabantio in his nightgown, with Servants and Torches.

BRABANTIO

It is too true an evil. Gone she is. Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?

O, she deceives me

Are they married, think you?

RODERIGO Truly, I think they are.

BRABANTIO

O heaven! How got she out? O treason of the
blood!

—Is there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

RODERIGO Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO

Call up my brother. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

RODERIGO

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

BRABANTIO

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

Scene 2

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

IAGO Brabantio prated

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms

Against your Honor, he is much beloved,
And hath a voice potential
As double the Duke's. He will divorce you
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law will give him cable.

OTHELLO Let him do his spite.

My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. I am
From men of royal siege, and
I love the gentle Desdemona,
But look, what lights come yond?

IAGO

Him and his friends.

You best go in.

OTHELLO I must be found.

My title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO I think no.

Enter Cassio, with Officers, and Torches.

OTHELLO What is the news?

CASSIO The Duke requires your haste on the
instant.

OTHELLO What is the matter?

CASSIO

Something from Cyprus, The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night: You have been hotly
called for.

OTHELLO I will go with you.

He exits.

CASSIO What makes he here?

IAGO He's married.

CASSIO To who?

IAGO to—

Reenter Othello.

Captain, will you go?

OTHELLO Have with you.

CASSIO

Here comes another troop

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches

IAGO

It is Brabantio!

OTHELLO Stand there!

RODERIGO It is the Moor.

BRABANTIO Down with him, thief!

They draw their swords.

OTHELLO

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

BRABANTIO

Thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?

Thou art, thou hast enchanted her!
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, happy, and
So opposite to marriage, she would
Run from such a thing as thou;
thou hast practiced on her with foul charms,
I therefore apprehend thee
An abuser of the world and a practicer
Of inhibited arts
Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO Hold your hands,
Whither will I go

To answer this your charge?

BRABANTIO To prison

OTHELLO What if I do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Upon some present business of the state?

OFFICER 'Tis true, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

BRABANTIO The Duke in council?

In this time of the night? The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as their own.
They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

DUKE, *reading a paper*

There's no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

SECOND SENATOR, *reading a paper*

They all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE

Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Enter Sailor.

OFFICER A messenger from the galleys.

DUKE Now, what's the business?

SAILOR

The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

He exits.

DUKE

How say you by this change?

FIRST SENATOR This cannot be,

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze.

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

OFFICER Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

The Ottomites, Reverend and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of
Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

FIRST SENATOR

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

MESSENGER

Of thirty sail; and now they do restem
Their backward course, bearing with frank
appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

He exits.

DUKE 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

FIRST SENATOR

He's now in Florence.

DUKE Write from us to him.

Post-post-haste. Dispatch.

FIRST SENATOR

Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

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

DUKE

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

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

We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO

So did I yours. Neither my place nor aught I
heard of business

Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the
general care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief.

DUKE Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO My daughter!

FIRST SENATOR Dead?

BRABANTIO Ay, to me.

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
Sans witchcraft.

DUKE

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

BRABANTIO

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

ALL We are very sorry for 't.

DUKE, *to Othello*

What, in your own part, can you say to this?

BRABANTIO Nothing, but this is so.

OTHELLO

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true I have married her.
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love—what drugs, what
charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal)
I won his daughter.

BRABANTIO A maiden never bold,

Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself. And she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature. I therefore vouch
again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the
blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

DUKE To vouch this is no proof

Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

FIRST SENATOR But, Othello, speak:

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

OTHELLO I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,

The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO

Ancient, conduct them. You best know the place.
Iago and Attendants exit.
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO

Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year—the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady. Let her witness it.
Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

DUKE

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

BRABANTIO I pray you hear her speak.

Where most you owe obedience?

DESDEMONA My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound for life and education.
But here's my husband.
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

BRABANTIO Come hither, Moor.

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.

DUKE

Let me speak and help these lovers
Into your favor.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone

Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

BRABANTIO

So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.

DUKE The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the
place is best known to you.

OTHELLO

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

DUKE Why, at her father's.

BRABANTIO I will not have it so.

OTHELLO Nor I.

DUKE What would you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA

That I love the Moor to live with him
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord.
Let me go with him.

OTHELLO Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

DUKE

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

FIRST SENATOR You must away tonight.

OTHELLO With all my heart.

DUKE

At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind
And he shall our commission bring to you,

OTHELLO A man he is of honesty and trust.

To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall
think to be sent after me.

DUKE Let it be so.

To Brabantio. And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

BRABANTIO

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

He exits.

OTHELLO

My life upon her faith!
*The Duke, the Senators, Cassio, and Officers
exit.*

Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee.

I prithee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Othello and Desdemona exit.

RODERIGO Iago—

IAGO What sayst thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

RODERIGO It is silliness to live, when to live is
torment.

IAGO O, villainous! I have looked upon the world
for four times seven years, and I never found
man that knew how to love himself.

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

IAGO Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are
thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the
which our wills are gardeners. If the balance of our
lives had not one scale of reason to poise
another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our
natures would conduct us to most prepost'rous
conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging
motions—whereof I take this that you call love to
be a sect, or scion.

RODERIGO It cannot be.

IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a
permission of the will. Come, be a man! Drown
thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I have
professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to
thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness.
I could never better stead thee than now. Put money
in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should
long continue her love to the Moor—put money in
thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent
commencement in her, and thou shalt see an
answerable sequestration. These Moors are
changeable in their wills. If thou wilt
needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than

drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

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

IAGO Thou art sure of me. I have told thee often, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him.

RODERIGO Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

IAGO At my lodging.

RODERIGO I'll be with thee betimes.

IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO I am changed.

He exits.

IAGO

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

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Enter a third Gentleman.

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

MONTANO

How? Is this true?

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

MONTANO

I am glad on 't. 'Tis a worthy governor.

THIRD GENTLEMAN

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

MONTANO Pray heaven he be;

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

Enter Cassio.

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

Enter a Messenger.

CASSIO What noise?

MESSENGER

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

CASSIO

My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

A shot.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

They do discharge their shot of courtesy.

MONTANO

But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

CASSIO

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

Enter Second Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

'Tis one Iago, ancient to the General.

CASSIO

'Has had most favorable and happy speed!
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO What is she?

CASSIO

Great Jove, Othello guard,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Hail to thee, lady, and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.

He rises.

DESDEMONA I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell of my lord?

CASSIO

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

Within "A sail, a sail!" A shot.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

They give their greeting to the citadel.

CASSIO See for the news.

Second Gentleman exits.

Good ancient, you are welcome. Welcome,
mistress.

He kisses Emilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

IAGO

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

DESDEMONA

Alas, she has no speech!

IAGO In faith, too much.

I find it still when I have list to sleep.

Marry, before your Ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart

And chides with thinking.

EMILIA You have little cause to say so.

IAGO Come on, come on! You are pictures out of
door, bells in your parlors, wildcats in your
kitchens,

saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
players

in your huswifery, and huswives in your beds.

DESDEMONA Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer.

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

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

EMILIA You shall not write my praise.

IAGO No, let me not.

DESDEMONA

What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise
me?

IAGO O, gentle lady, do not put me to 't,

For I am nothing if not critical.

DESDEMONA, *aside*

I am not merry, but I do beguile

The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—

Cassio takes Desdemona's hand.

IAGO, *aside* He takes her by the palm. Ay, well
said, whisper. With as little a web as this will I
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon
her, do. I will give thee in thine own courtship. You
say true, 'tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip
you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you
had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now
again

you are most apt to play the sir in.

Trumpets within.

The Moor. I know his trumpet.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

OTHELLO

O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come
such calms, may the winds blow till they have
wakened death, and let the laboring bark climb
hills of seas

Olympus high, and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear

My soul hath her content so absolute

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA The heavens forbid

But that our loves and comforts should increase

Even as our days do grow!

IAGO, *aside* O, you are well tuned now,

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,

As honest as I am.

OTHELLO News, friends! Our wars are done. The
Turks are drowned. I prithee, good Iago, go to the
bay and disembark my coffers.

All but Iago and Roderigo exit.

IAGO, *to a departing Attendant To Roderigo.*

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

RODERIGO With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties, all which the Moor is defective in. Very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does?

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

IAGO The wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand?

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

IAGO Lechery, by this hand! They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! But, sir, be you ruled by me. Watch you tonight. For the command, I'll lay 't upon you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

RODERIGO Well.

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

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

He exits.

IAGO

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe 't.
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit.
Now, I do love her too, not out of absolute lust
But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat—the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my
inwards,
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife,
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. I'll have our Michael
Cassio on the hip, Abuse him to the Moor in the
rank garb (For I fear Cassio with my nightcap
too),
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward
me For making him egregiously an ass
And practicing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused.
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.
He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Othello's Herald with a proclamation.

HERALD It is Othello's pleasure,
So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed
All offices are open, and there is full liberty of
feasting from this present hour of five till the bell
have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of
Cyprus and our noble general, Othello!

He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

OTHELLO

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

CASSIO

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

OTHELLO Iago is most honest.

Michael, goodnight. Tomorrow with your
earliest
Let me have speech with you. *To Desdemona.*
Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Goodnight.

Othello and Desdemona exit, with Attendants.

Enter Iago.

CASSIO

Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.

IAGO Not this hour, lieutenant. 'Tis not yet ten o' th' clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona—who let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and

she is sport for Jove.

CASSIO She's a most exquisite lady.

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

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

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

CASSIO An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

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

CASSIO She is indeed perfection.

IAGO Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a

measure to the health of black Othello.

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

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

CASSIO I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO What, man! 'Tis a night of revels. The gallants desire it.

CASSIO Where are they?

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

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

He exits.

IAGO

If I can fasten but one cup upon him
With that which he hath drunk tonight already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress' dog. Now my sick fool
Roderigo, whom love hath turned almost the
wrong side out, to Desdemona hath tonight
caroused potations pottle-deep; and he's to
watch.

Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits
That hold their honors in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I tonight flustered with flowing cups;
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.

*Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen,
followed by Servants with wine.*

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

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

IAGO Some wine, ho!

*Sings: And let me the cannikin clink, clink,
And let me the cannikin clink.*

*A soldier's a man, O, man's life's but a span,
Why, then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

CASSIO 'Fore God, an excellent song.

IAGO I learned it in England, where indeed they are

most potent in potting. Your Dane, your
German, and your swag-bellied Hollander
—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

CASSIO Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

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

CASSIO To the health of our general!

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

IAGO O sweet England!

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

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

Some wine, ho!

CASSIO 'Fore God, this is a more exquisite song than the other!

IAGO Will you hear 't again?

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

IAGO It's true, good lieutenant.

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

IAGO And so do I too, lieutenant.

CASSIO Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The

Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this. Let's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now. I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

GENTLEMEN Excellent well.

CASSIO Why, very well then. You must not think then that I am drunk.

He exits.

MONTANO

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

Gentlemen exit.

IAGO, *to Montano*

You see this fellow that is gone before?

He's a soldier fit to stand by Caesar

And give direction; and do but see his vice.

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him.

I fear the trust Othello puts him in,

On some odd time of his infirmity,

Will shake this island.

MONTANO But is he often thus?

IAGO 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

He'll watch the horologe a double set

If drink rock not his cradle.

MONTANO It were well

The General were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio

And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

IAGO, *aside to Roderigo* How now, Roderigo?

I pray you, after the Lieutenant, go.

Roderigo exits.

MONTANO

And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an engrafted infirmity.

If were an honest action to say so to the Moor.

IAGO Not I, for this fair island.

I do love Cassio well and would do much

To cure him of this evil—

"Help, help!" within.

But hark! What noise?

Enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

CASSIO Zounds, you rogue, you rascal!

MONTANO What's the matter, lieutenant?

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

RODERIGO Beat me?

CASSIO Dost thou prate, rogue?

He hits Roderigo.

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

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

MONTANO Come, come, you're drunk.

CASSIO Drunk?

They fight.

IAGO, *aside to Roderigo*

Away, I say! Go out and cry a mutiny.

Roderigo exits.

Nay, good lieutenant.—God's will, gentlemen!—

Help, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir—

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

A bell is rung.

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

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

You will be shamed forever.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

OTHELLO

What is the matter here?

MONTANO Zounds, I bleed still.

I am hurt to th' death. He dies!

He attacks Cassio.

OTHELLO Hold, for your lives!

IAGO

Hold, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—

gentlemen—Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? Hold! The General speaks to you.

Hold, for shame!

OTHELLO

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

IAGO

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

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

CASSIO I pray you pardon me; I cannot speak.

OTHELLO

Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil.
What's the matter that you unlace your
reputation thus, and spend your rich opinion for
the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

MONTANO Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.

Your officer Iago can inform you,
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me, unless self-charity be sometimes a
vice, and to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

OTHELLO Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offense,

IAGO Touch me not so near.

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio.
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Thus it is, general:

Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined
sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Pointing to Montano.

Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause.

I heard the clink and fall of swords
And Cassio high in oath, which till tonight
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.

OTHELLO I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Cassio, I love thee, but nevermore be officer of
mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

OTHELLO

Iago, look with care about the town
And silence those whom this vile brawl
distracted.—
Come, Desdemona. 'Tis the soldier's life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
All but Iago and Cassio exit.

IAGO What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO Marry, God forbid!

CASSIO O, I have lost my reputation!

IAGO As I am an honest man, I thought you had
received some bodily wound. There is more sense
in that than in reputation. What, man, there are
ways

to recover the General again!

CASSIO I will rather sue to be despised than to
deceive so good a commander with so slight, so
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.

IAGO What was he that you followed with your
sword?

CASSIO I know not. I remember a mass of things,
but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing
wherefore--

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

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

IAGO Come, you are too severe a moraler.

CASSIO I will ask him for my place again; he
shall tell me I am a drunkard!

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

CASSIO I have well approved it,
sir.—I drunk!

IAGO I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's

wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her. Importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

CASSIO You advise me well.

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

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

IAGO You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant.

I
must to the watch.

CASSIO Good night, honest Iago.

Cassio exits.

IAGO

And what's he, then, that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit. She's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course
Directly to his good? For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear:
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

Enter Roderigo

How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO I do follow here in the chase, not like a

hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent, I have been tonight exceedingly well cudged, and I think the issue will be I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

IAGO How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft, and wit depends on dilatory time.

Content thyself awhile. By th' Mass, 'tis morning!

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

He exits.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Cassio. Enter Iago.

CASSIO In happy time, Iago.

IAGO You have not been abed, then?

CASSIO Why, no. I have made bold, Iago,

To send in to your wife. My suit to her

Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona

Procure me some access.

IAGO I'll send her to you presently,

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

CASSIO I humbly thank you for 't. *Iago exits.*

I never knew a Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

EMILIA

Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry

For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.

The General and his wife are talking of it,

And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus

But he protests he loves you

And needs no other suitor but his likings

To bring you in again.

CASSIO

Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemon alone.

EMILIA Pray you come in.

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

OTHELLO

These letters give, Iago, to the pilot

And by him do my duties to the Senate.

He gives Iago some papers.
That done, I will be walking on the works.
Repair there to me.
IAGO Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.
They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

DESDEMONA
Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
EMILIA
Good madam, do. I warrant it grieves my
husband
DESDEMONA
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
CASSIO Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.
DESDEMONA You do love my lord;
You have known him long;
CASSIO Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
My general will forget my love and service.
DESDEMONA Do not doubt that. Before Emilia
here, I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it

Enter Othello and Iago.

EMILIA Madam, here comes my lord.
CASSIO Madam, I'll take my leave.
DESDEMONA Why, stay, and hear me speak.
CASSIO Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
DESDEMONA Well, do your discretion.
Cassio exits.
IAGO Ha, I like not that.
OTHELLO What dost thou say?
IAGO
Nothing, my lord;
OTHELLO
Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
IAGO
No, sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guiltylike,
Seeing your coming.
OTHELLO I do believe 'twas he.
DESDEMONA How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,

OTHELLO Who is 't you mean?
DESDEMONA
Why, your lieutenant, Cassio.
OTHELLO Went he hence now?
DESDEMONA Yes,
Good love, call him back.
OTHELLO
Not now, sweet Desdemona. Some other time.
DESDEMONA
But shall 't be shortly?
OTHELLO The sooner, sweet, for you.
DESDEMONA Shall 't be tonight at supper?
OTHELLO No, not tonight.
DESDEMONA Tomorrow dinner, then?
OTHELLO I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
DESDEMONA
Why then tomorrow night, or Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday noon or night; on Wednesday morn.
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days.
OTHELLO
Prithee, no more. Let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
DESDEMONA
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
OTHELLO I will deny thee nothing!
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
DESDEMONA
Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.
OTHELLO
Farewell, my Desdemona. I'll come to thee
straight.
DESDEMONA
Emilia, come. I am obedient.
Desdemona and Emilia exit.
OTHELLO
Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
IAGO Did Michael Cassio,
When you wooed my lady, know of your love?
OTHELLO
He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?
IAGO But for a satisfaction of my thought,
OTHELLO Why of thy thought, Iago?
IAGO
I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO
O yes, and went between us very oft.
OTHELLO Is he not honest?
IAGO Honest, my lord?
OTHELLO Honest—ay, honest.
IAGO My lord, for aught I know.
OTHELLO What dost thou think?
IAGO Think, my lord?
OTHELLO
By heaven, thou echo'st me
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown. And didst contract and
purse thy brow together. As if thou then hadst
shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
IAGO My lord, you know I love you.
OTHELLO I think thou dost;
And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty
IAGO Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
OTHELLO Certain, men should be what they
seem.
Nay, yet there's more in this.
IAGO Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Why, say they are vile and false—
OTHELLO
Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged and mak'st his ear
IAGO It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
OTHELLO What dost thou mean?
IAGO Good name in man and woman, dear my
lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
OTHELLO By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
IAGO You cannot, if my heart were in your hand.
OTHELLO Ha?
IAGO O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
OTHELLO O misery!
IAGO Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
OTHELLO Why, why is this?
'Tis not to make me jealous to say my wife is
fair, -No, Iago, I'll see before I doubt; when I
doubt, prove; and on the proof, there is no more
but this: away at once with love or jealousy.
IAGO
I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit.
OTHELLO Dost thou say so?
IAGO She did deceive her father, marrying you,
And when she seemed to shake and fear your
looks, she loved them most.
OTHELLO And so she did.
IAGO Why, go to, then!
OTHELLO I am bound to thee forever.
IAGO I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved.
OTHELLO No, not much moved.
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
IAGO
Long live she so! And long live you to think so!
OTHELLO
And yet, how nature erring from itself—
IAGO
Ay, there's the point
OTHELLO Farewell, farewell!
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
IAGO, *beginning to exit* My lord, I take my leave.
OTHELLO
Why did I marry? IAGO, *returning*
My lord, I would I might entreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place—
For sure he fills it up with great ability—
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.
OTHELLO Fear not my government.
IAGO I once more take my leave.
He exits.
OTHELLO
This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear
heartstrings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.
She's gone, I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. Look where she comes.
Enter Desdemona and Emilia.
If she be false, heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe 't.
DESDEMONA How now, my dear Othello?
OTHELLO I am to blame.
DESDEMONA

Why do you speak so faintly? Are you not well?
OTHELLO I have a pain upon my forehead, here.
DESDEMONA

Faith, that's with watching.

OTHELLO Your napkin is too little.

Let it alone.

The handkerchief falls, unnoticed.

Come, I'll go in with you.

Othello and Desdemona exit.

EMILIA, *picking up the handkerchief*

I am glad I have found this napkin.

This was her first remembrance from the Moor.

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Wooped me to steal it. And give 't Iago. What he will do with it

Enter Iago.

IAGO How now? What do you here alone?

EMILIA Do not you chide. I have a thing for you.

IAGO

You have a thing for me? It is a common thing—

EMILIA

What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

IAGO What handkerchief?

EMILIA—Why, that the Moor first gave to
Desdemona,

That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO Hast stol'n it from her?

EMILIA

No, faith, she let it drop by negligence,

IAGO A good wench! Give it me.

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

IAGO, *snatching it* Why, what is that to you?

EMILIA

Give 't me again.

IAGO Be not acknown on 't.

I have use for it. Go, leave me.

Emilia exits.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin

And let him find it.

Enter Othello.

I did say so.

Look where he comes.

OTHELLO Ha, ha, false to me?

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

OTHELLO

Thou hast set me on the rack.

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than but to know 't a little.

IAGO How now, my lord?

OTHELLO

What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust

IAGO I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO

I had been happy if the general camp,

Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

IAGO Is 't possible, my lord?

OTHELLO

Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore!

Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof,

IAGO Is 't come to this?

OTHELLO

Make me to see 't, or at the least so prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop

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

IAGO My noble lord—

OTHELLO

If thou dost slander her and torture me,

Never pray more.

IAGO O grace! O heaven forgive me!

OTHELLO Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO

I should be wise; for honesty's a fool

And loses that it works for.

OTHELLO By the world,

I think my wife be honest and think she is not.

I think that thou art just and think thou art not.

IAGO

I see you are eaten up with passion.

OTHELLO Would? Nay, and I will.

IAGO

And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord?

OTHELLO Death and damnation! O!

IAGO

It is impossible you should see this,

But yet I say,

If imputation and strong circumstances

Which lead directly to the door of truth

Will give you satisfaction, you might have 't.

OTHELLO

Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO I lay with Cassio lately,

In sleep I heard him say "Sweet Desdemona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves."

Cry "O sweet creature!" then kiss me hard,

As if he plucked up kisses by the roots

That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg

O'er my thigh, "Cursèd fate that gave thee to the
Moor!"

OTHELLO O monstrous! Monstrous!

IAGO Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

IAGO

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

OTHELLO I'll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO

Nay, but be wise. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO

I gave her such a one. 'Twas my first gift.

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

Look here, Iago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!

IAGO Yet be content. Patience, I say. Your mind
perhaps may change.

OTHELLO

Never, Iago. *He kneels.* Now by yond marble
heaven, in the due reverence of a sacred vow, I
here engage my words.

IAGO Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

They rise.

OTHELLO I greet thy love

Not with vain thanks but with acceptance
bounteous,

IAGO My friend is dead.

'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

OTHELLO Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her,
damn her!

Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO I am your own forever.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

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

CLOWN I dare not say he lies anywhere.

DESDEMONA Why, man?

CLOWN He's a soldier, and for me to say a
soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Clown exits.

DESDEMONA

Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA I know not, madam.

DESDEMONA

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

EMILIA Is he not jealous?

DESDEMONA

Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humors from him.

EMILIA Look where he comes.

Enter Othello.

DESDEMONA

I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be called to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

OTHELLO

Well, my good lady. *Aside.* O, hardness to
dissemble!—How do you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA Well, my good lord.

OTHELLO

Give me your hand. *He takes her hand.* This hand
is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA

It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO

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

DESDEMONA You may indeed say so,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTHELLO

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

DESDEMONA

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

OTHELLO What promise, chuck?

DESDEMONA

I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

OTHELLO

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

DESDEMONA Here, my lord.

OTHELLO That which I gave you.
DESDEMONA I have it not about me.
OTHELLO Not?
DESDEMONA No, faith, my lord.
OTHELLO That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she
kept it, 'twould make her amiable and subdue my
father entirely to her love. But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should
hunt after new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me
wived, To give it her. I did so; and
take heed on 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye.
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
DESDEMONA Is 't possible?
OTHELLO 'Tis true. There's magic in the web of
it.
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.
DESDEMONA
Then would to God that I had never seen 't!
OTHELLO Ha? Wherefore?
DESDEMONA
Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
OTHELLO
Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak, is 't out o' th' way?
DESDEMONA Heaven bless us!
OTHELLO Say you?
DESDEMONA It is not lost, but what an if it were?
OTHELLO How?
DESDEMONA I say it is not lost.
OTHELLO Fetch 't. Let me see 't!
DESDEMONA
Why, so I can. But I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit.
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.
OTHELLO
Fetch me the handkerchief! *Aside.*
My mind misgives.
DESDEMONA A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shared dangers with you—
OTHELLO The handkerchief!
DESDEMONA I' faith, you are to blame.

OTHELLO Zounds!
Othello exits.
EMILIA Is not this man jealous?
DESDEMONA I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief!
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
EMILIA
'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.
Enter Iago and Cassio.
Look you—Cassio and my husband.
IAGO, *to Cassio*
There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't,
And, lo, the happiness! Go and importune her.
DESDEMONA How now, good Cassio, what's the
news with you?
CASSIO
If my offense be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Can ransom me into his love again.
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course
To fortune's alms.
DESDEMONA Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune.
My lord is not my lord at the moment.
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.
IAGO Is my lord angry?
EMILIA He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
IAGO
Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother—and is he angry?
DESDEMONA I prithee do so.
He exits.
Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
EMILIA Pray heaven it be
State matters, as you think, and no conception
Nor no jealous toy concerning you.
DESDEMONA
Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

EMILIA

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

DESDEMONA

Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

EMILIA Lady, amen.

DESDEMONA

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

CASSIO I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Desdemona and Emilia exit.

Enter Bianca.

BIANCA 'Save you, friend Cassio!

CASSIO What make you from home?

How is 't with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

BIANCA

And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? Seven days and
nights,
Eightscore eight hours, and lovers' absent hours
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?

CASSIO Pardon me, Bianca.

I have this while with leaden thoughts been
pressed,
But I shall in a more continue time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.
Take me this work out.

BIANCA O, Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

CASSIO Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now

That this is from some mistress, some
remembrance. No, by my faith, Bianca.

BIANCA Why, whose is it?

CASSIO

I know not neither. I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well. Ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I would have it copied.

BIANCA Leave you? Wherefore?

CASSIO

I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish, was
To have him see me womaned.

BIANCA Why, I pray you?

CASSIO Not that I love you not.

BIANCA But that you do not love me!

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

CASSIO

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

BIANCA

'Tis very good. I must be circumstanced.
They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Othello and Iago.

IAGO Will you think so?

OTHELLO Think so, Iago?

IAGO What, To kiss in private?

OTHELLO An unauthorized kiss!

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

It is hypocrisy against the devil!
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

IAGO

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

OTHELLO What then?

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

OTHELLO

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

IAGO

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

OTHELLO

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

IAGO Ay, what of that?

OTHELLO That's not so good now.

IAGO What if I had said I had seen him do you
wrong? Or heard him say—

OTHELLO Hath he said anything?

IAGO

He hath, my lord, but be you well assured,
No more than he'll unswear.

OTHELLO What hath he said?

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

OTHELLO What? What?

IAGO Lie—

OTHELLO With her?

IAGO With her—on her—what you will.

OTHELLO Lie with her? Lie on her? We say “lie on her” when they belie her. Lie with her—Zounds, that's fulsome!

Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief.

To confess and be hanged for his labor.

First to be hanged and then to confess—I tremble

At it. Nature would not invest herself in such

Shadowing passion without some instruction. It is

not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears,

And lips—is 't possible?

Confess—handkerchief—O, devil!

He falls in a trance.

IAGO Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are

Caught, and many worthy and chaste dames even

Thus, all guiltless, meet reproach.—What ho! My

Lord! My lord, I say. Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio?

CASSIO What's the matter?

IAGO My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy.

CASSIO Rub him about the temples.

IAGO No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course.

Look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw yourself a little while.

He will recover straight. When he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.

Cassio exits.

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

OTHELLO Dost thou mock me?

IAGO I mock you not, by heaven!

OTHELLO Did he confess it?

IAGO Good sir, be a man!

Your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know,

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTHELLO O, thou art wise, 'tis certain.

IAGO Stand you awhile apart.

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmèd with your

grief - Cassio came hither. I shifted him away

And laid good 'scuses upon your ecstasy,

Bade him anon return and here speak with me,

The which he promised.

For I will make him tell the tale anew—

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath and is again to cope your wife.

I say but mark his gesture.

OTHELLO Dost thou hear, Iago,

I will be found most cunning in my patience,

But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

IAGO That's not amiss.

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

Othello withdraws.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,

It is a creature that dotes on Cassio—as 'tis the

Strumpet's plague. He, when he hears of her,

cannot restrain from the excess of laughter. Here

he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad,

And his unbookish jealousy must construe

How do you, lieutenant?

CASSIO

The worser that you give me the addition

Whose want even kills me.

IAGO

Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed!

CASSIO, *laughing* Alas, poor caitiff!

OTHELLO Look how he laughs already!

IAGO I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO

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

OTHELLO

Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.

IAGO Do you hear, Cassio?

OTHELLO Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er. Go to, well said, well said.

IAGO

She gives it out that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

OTHELLO

Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

CASSIO I marry her? What, a customer? Prithee

bear some charity to my wit! Do not think it so

unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO They laugh that wins.

IAGO Faith, the cry goes that you marry her.

CASSIO Prithee say true!

IAGO I am a very villain else.

OTHELLO Have you scored me? Well.

CASSIO This is the monkey's own giving out. She is persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and

flattery, not out of my promise.

OTHELLO

Iago beckons me. Now he begins the story.

CASSIO

I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble. By this hand, she falls thus about my neck!

OTHELLO Crying, "O dear Cassio," as it were; his

gesture imports it.

CASSIO So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so

shakes and pulls me.

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

CASSIO Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO Before me, look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

CASSIO 'Tis such another fitchew—

What do you mean by this haunting
of me?

BIANCA Let the devil and his dam haunt you!

What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it!

That you should find it in your chamber and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token,

—There, give it your hobbyhorse.

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

CASSIO How now, my sweet Bianca?

OTHELLO

By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

BIANCA If you'll come to supper tonight you may. If you will not, come when you are next prepared

for. *She exits.*

IAGO After her, after her!

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

IAGO Will you sup there?

CASSIO Faith, I intend so.

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

CASSIO Prithee come. Will you?

IAGO Go to; say no more.

Cassio exits.

OTHELLO, *coming forward* How shall I murder him, Iago?

IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

IAGO And did you see the handkerchief?

OTHELLO Was that mine?

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

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

IAGO Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO Ay, let her rot and perish and be damned

tonight, for she shall not live.

IAGO Nay, that's not your way.

OTHELLO Hang her, I do but say what she is! So delicate with her needle, an admirable musician—

O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!

Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

IAGO She's the worse for all this.

OTHELLO O, a thousand, a thousand times!—And then of so gentle a condition!

IAGO Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it,

Iago!

IAGO

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

OTHELLO I will chop her into messes! Cuckold me?

IAGO O, 'tis foul in her.

OTHELLO With mine officer!

IAGO That's fouler.

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

unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.

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

OTHELLO Good, good. The justice of it pleases.

IAGO And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker.

You

shall hear more by midnight.

OTHELLO Excellent good.
A trumpet sounds.
What trumpet is that same?
IAGO I warrant something from Venice.
Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.
'Tis Lodovico. This comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.
LODOVICO God save you, worthy general.
OTHELLO With all my heart, sir.
LODOVICO
The Duke and the Senators of Venice greet you.
He hands Othello a paper.
OTHELLO I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
DESDEMONA
And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
IAGO I am very glad to see you, signior.
Welcome to Cyprus.
LODOVICO
I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
IAGO Lives, sir.
DESDEMONA
Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.
OTHELLO Are you sure of that?
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO, *reading* "This fail you not to do, as you
will"—
LODOVICO
He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
DESDEMONA
A most unhappy one. I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
OTHELLO Fire and brimstone!
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO Are you wise?
DESDEMONA What, is he angry?
LODOVICO May be the letter moved him.
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
DESDEMONA By my troth, I am glad on 't.
OTHELLO Indeed?
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO I am glad to see you mad.
DESDEMONA Why, sweet Othello!
OTHELLO, *striking her* Devil!
DESDEMONA I have not deserved this.
LODOVICO
My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't. 'Tis very much.

Make her amends. She weeps.
OTHELLO O, devil, devil! Out of my sight!
DESDEMONA I will not stay to offend you.
She begins to leave.
LODOVICO Truly an obedient lady.
I do beseech your Lordship call her back.
OTHELLO Mistress.
DESDEMONA, *turning back* My lord?
OTHELLO What would you with her, sir?
LODOVICO Who, I, my lord?
OTHELLO
Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn.
Sir, she can turn
And turn again. And she can weep, sir,
And she's obedient.
I am commanded home.—Get you away.
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!
Desdemona exits.
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and
monkeys!
He exits.
LODOVICO
Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake, whose solid
virtue the shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
IAGO He is much changed.
LODOVICO
Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?
IAGO
He's that he is. I may not breathe my censure
What he might be. If what he might he is not,
I would to heaven he were.
LODOVICO What? Strike his wife?
IAGO
'Faith, that was not so well. Yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.
LODOVICO Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood
And new-create this fault?
IAGO Alas, alas! It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe
Him, and his own courses will denote him so
That I may save my speech. Do but go after
And mark how he continues.
LODOVICO I am sorry that I am deceived in him.
They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Othello and Emilia.

OTHELLO You have seen nothing?
EMILIA Nor heard, nor ever did suspect.
OTHELLO You have seen Cassio and she together.
EMILIA But then I saw no harm, and I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
OTHELLO Did they never whisper?
EMILIA Never, my lord.
OTHELLO Nor send you out o' th' way?
EMILIA Never, my lord, she is honest.
If you think other, remove your thought.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,
For if she be not honest, and true,
There's no man happy.

OTHELLO Bid her come hither. Go.

Emilia exits.

She says enough. Yet Desdemona is a subtle
whore.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO Come hither.
DESDEMONA What is your pleasure?
OTHELLO Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.
DESDEMONA What horrible fancy's this?
OTHELLO, *to Emilia* Shut the door.
and "hem," if anybody come.
Nay, dispatch.
Emilia exits.

DESDEMONA, *kneeling*
What doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
OTHELLO What art thou?
DESDEMONA
Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.
OTHELLO Swear it. Damn thyself,
Swear thou art honest.
DESDEMONA Heaven doth truly know it.
OTHELLO
Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
DESDEMONA, *standing*
How am I false?
OTHELLO
Ah, Desdemon, away, away, away!
DESDEMONA Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO

O, ay, as faithful summer flies are in the
shambles,
That quicken even with blowing! I wish thou
hadst ne'er been born!

DESDEMONA

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTHELLO What committed? Committed?

Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA You do me wrong!

OTHELLO Are not you a strumpet?

DESDEMONA No, as I am a Christian!

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul unlawful touch

I am none.

OTHELLO What, not a whore?

DESDEMONA No, as I shall be saved.

OTHELLO Is 't possible?

DESDEMONA O, heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice

That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter Emilia.

We have done our course. Here's money for your
Pains.

He gives her money. He exits.

EMILIA

Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, my good lady?

DESDEMONA Faith, half asleep.

EMILIA What's the matter with my lord?

DESDEMONA With who?

EMILIA Why, with my lord, madam.

DESDEMONA Who is thy lord?

EMILIA He that is yours, sweet lady.

DESDEMONA I have none. Do not talk to me,
Emilia. I cannot weep, nor answers have I none,
Call thy husband hither.

EMILIA Here's a change indeed.

She exits.

Enter Iago and Emilia.

IAGO

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

DESDEMONA I cannot tell.

IAGO What is the matter, lady?

EMILIA My lord hath so bewhored her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her

DESDEMONA Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO What name, fair lady?

DESDEMONA Such as my lord said I was.

EMILIA He called her a "whore."

DESDEMONA

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

IAGO Do not weep!

EMILIA Would this not make one weep?

DESDEMONA It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO Beshrew him for 't!

How comes this trick upon him?

DESDEMONA Nay, heaven doth know.

EMILIA

I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Have not devised this slander. I will be hanged.

IAGO There is no such man. It is impossible.

DESDEMONA If any such be, heaven pardon him.

EMILIA

The Moor's abused by some villainous knave.

IAGO Speak within door.

EMILIA

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

IAGO You are a fool. Go to!

DESDEMONA Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him. For by this light of
heaven, I know not how I lost him. *She kneels.*
Here I kneel. If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst
His love, either in discourse of thought or actual
deed, I love him dearly,
She stands. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

I pray you be content. 'Tis but his humor.

He does chide with you. If 'twere no other—

IAGO It is but so, I warrant.

Trumpets sound.

Hark how these instruments summon to supper.

Desdemona and Emilia exit.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO I do not find

That thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO What in the contrary?

RODERIGO Every day thou daff'st me with some
device,

That keep'st me from the least advantage of
hope.

I will indeed no longer endure it.

IAGO Will you hear me, Roderigo?

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

IAGO You charge me unjustly.

RODERIGO With naught but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you had to
deliver to Desdemona would half have
corrupted a votaress. You have told me she hath
received them, and returned me expectations and
comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I
find none.

IAGO Well, go to! Very well.

RODERIGO "Very well." "Go to!" I cannot go to,
man, nor 'tis not very well!

IAGO Very well.

RODERIGO I tell you 'tis not very well! I will
make myself known to Desdemona. If she will
return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and
repent my unlawful solicitation. If not, I will seek
satisfaction of you.

IAGO You have said now.

RODERIGO Nothing but what I protest of doing.

IAGO Give me thy hand, Roderigo.

Thou hast taken against me a most just
exception, but yet I protest I have dealt most
directly in thy affair.

RODERIGO It hath not appeared.

IAGO I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your
suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But,
Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed which
I have greater reason to believe now than ever
If thou the next night enjoy not Desdemona,
take me from this world with treachery and
devise engines for my life.

RODERIGO Well, what is it?

IAGO There is especial commission come from

Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

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

IAGO O, no. He goes into Mauritania and takes
her

with him, unless his abode be lingered here by
some accident—wherein none can be so
determinate as the removing of Cassio.

RODERIGO How do you mean, removing him?

IAGO Knocking out his brains.

RODERIGO And that you would have me to do?

IAGO Ay, He knows not yet of his honorable
fortune. If you will watch his going thence you may
take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second
your attempt, and he shall fall between us. I will

show you such a necessity in his death that you shall

think yourself bound to put it on him.

RODERIGO I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO And you shall be satisfied.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

LODOVICO O, Desdemona—

DESDEMONA My lord?

OTHELLO Get you to bed on th' instant. I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there.

Look 't be done.

DESDEMONA I will, my lord.

All but Desdemona and Emilia exit.

EMILIA

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

DESDEMONA

He says he will return incontinent,

And hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

EMILIA Dismiss me?

DESDEMONA

It was his bidding. Therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

EMILIA I would you had never seen him.

DESDEMONA

So would not I. My love doth so approve him

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his

frowns— have grace and favor in them.

EMILIA

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

DESDEMONA

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me

In one of those same sheets.

EMILIA Come, come, you talk!

DESDEMONA

My mother had a maid called Barbary.

She was in love, and he she loved proved mad

And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,

An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,

And she died singing it. That song tonight

Will not go from my mind.

EMILIA Shall I go fetch your nightgown?

DESDEMONA No, unpin me here.

DESDEMONA, *singing* Hark, who is 't that knocks?

EMILIA It's the wind.

DESDEMONA

So, get thee gone. Good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

EMILIA 'Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA

I have heard it said so. O these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

EMILIA There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA The world's a huge thing. It is a great price

for a small vice.

DESDEMONA In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA In troth, I think I should, and undo 't when I had done it. But for the whole world—'Uds pity!

DESDEMONA Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong for the whole world!

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

DESDEMONA I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us. Or say they strike

us,

Or scant our former having in despite.

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace, yet have we some revenge.

What is it that they do

When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is. And doth affection breed it?

I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

DESDEMONA

Good night, good night. God me such uses send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Iago and Roderigo

IAGO

Here, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come. Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
RODERIGO Be near at hand. I may miscarry in 't.
IAGO Here, at thy hand. Be bold and take thy stand.

He moves aside.

RODERIGO I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.
He draws his sword.

IAGO, *aside*

I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.

Enter Cassio.

RODERIGO

I know his gait. 'Tis he!—Villain, thou diest!
He thrusts at Cassio.

CASSIO

That thrust had been mine enemy indeed
But that my coat is better than thou know'st.
He draws, and stabs Roderigo.

RODERIGO O, I am slain!
Roderigo falls.

Iago stabs Cassio in the leg, and exits.

CASSIO

I am maimed forever! Help, ho! Murder, murder!
Enter Othello.

OTHELLO

The voice of Cassio! Iago keeps his word.
Aside 'Tis he! O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Othello exits. Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

CASSIO

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

GRATIANO

'Tis some mischance. The voice is very direful.

RODERIGO

Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago with a light.

IAGO

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

LODOVICO We do not know.

IAGO Did not you hear a cry?

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

IAGO What's the matter?

IAGO, *to Cassio*

What are you here that cry so grievously?

CASSIO

Iago? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains.
Give me some help!

IAGO

O me, lieutenant! What villains have done this?

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

RODERIGO O, help me here!

CASSIO That's one of them.

IAGO, *to Roderigo* O murd'rous slave! O villain!
He stabs Roderigo.

RODERIGO O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!

IAGO Kill men i' th' dark? What may you be?
Are you of good or evil?

CASSIO My leg is cut in two.

IAGO Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen. I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

IAGO Who is 't that cried?

BIANCA O, my dear Cassio, my sweet Cassio!

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

CASSIO No.
BIANCA Alas, he faints.

IAGO Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.—
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? No! Yes, sure. O heaven, Roderigo!
How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
I'll fetch the General's surgeon.—For you,
mistress, save you your labor.

—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
What malice was between you?

CASSIO None in the world.

IAGO, *to Bianca*

What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' th'
air.

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

To Gratiano and Lodovico. Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

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

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

EMILIA Alas, good gentleman!

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

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

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

EMILIA O fie upon thee, strumpet!

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

IAGO
Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dressed.—
Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel
And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—
Will you go on afore? *Aside.* This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
They exit in different directions.

Scene 2

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

OTHELLO
It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.
Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
He kisses her.
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly:
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO Ay, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA Ay, my lord.

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

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

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

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

DESDEMONA Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA Then heaven have mercy on me.

OTHELLO Amen, with all my heart.

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

OTHELLO Humh.

DESDEMONA Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

OTHELLO Think on thy sins.

DESDEMONA They are loves I bear to you.

OTHELLO Ay, and for that thou diest.

DESDEMONA
That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

OTHELLO Peace, and be still.

DESDEMONA I will so. What's the matter?

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

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

OTHELLO
Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury.
Thou art on thy deathbed.

DESDEMONA Ay, but not yet to die.

OTHELLO Yes, presently.
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin.

DESDEMONA
Then Lord have mercy on me!
And have you mercy, too. I never did
Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love. I never gave him token.

OTHELLO
By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand!

DESDEMONA He found it, then.
I never gave it him. Send for him hither.

Let him confess a truth.

OTHELLO He hath confessed.

DESDEMONA What, my lord?

OTHELLO That he hath used thee.

DESDEMONA How? Unlawfully?

OTHELLO Ay.
DESDEMONA He will not say so.
OTHELLO No. His mouth is stopped.
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.
DESDEMONA
O, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?
OTHELLO
Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
DESDEMONA Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone.
She weeps.

OTHELLO
Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
DESDEMONA
O banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight.
OTHELLO Nay, if you strive—
DESDEMONA But half an hour!
OTHELLO Being done, there is no pause.
DESDEMONA But while I say one prayer!
OTHELLO It is too late.
He smothers her.

EMILIA, *within*
My lord, my lord? What ho! My lord, my lord!
OTHELLO Who's there?
EMILIA, *within*
O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.
OTHELLO Yes. 'Tis Emilia.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
My wife, my wife! What wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.
EMILIA, *within* I do beseech you
That I may speak with you. O, good my lord—
OTHELLO I had forgot thee. O, come in,
Emilia.—
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou?
Enter Emilia.

EMILIA
O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders done.
OTHELLO What? Now?
EMILIA But now, my lord.
Cassio, my lord, hath killed
A young Venetian called Roderigo.
OTHELLO Roderigo killed? And Cassio killed?

EMILIA No, Cassio is not killed.
OTHELLO
Not Cassio killed? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
DESDEMONA O falsely, falsely murdered.
EMILIA O Lord, what cry is that?
OTHELLO That? What?
EMILIA Out, and alas, that was my lady's voice!
DESDEMONA A guiltless death I die.
EMILIA O, who hath done this deed?
DESDEMONA Nobody. I myself. Farewell.
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell.
She dies.

OTHELLO Why, how should she be murdered?
EMILIA Alas, who knows?
OTHELLO You heard her say herself, it was not I.
EMILIA She said so. I must needs report the truth.
OTHELLO She's like a liar gone to burning hell!
'Twas I that killed her.
EMILIA
O, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil!
OTHELLO
Cassio did top her. Ask thy husband else.
EMILIA My husband?
OTHELLO Ay, 'twas he that told me on her first.
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

EMILIA
O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with
love!— My husband say she was false?
If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! He lies to th' heart!
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
He draws his sword.

OTHELLO Hah?
EMILIA Do thy worst!
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
OTHELLO Peace, you were best!

EMILIA
Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. Help! Help, ho! Help!
The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murder,
murder!
Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

MONTANO What is the matter? How now,
general?

EMILIA, *to Iago*

Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man.

IAGO

I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMILIA But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO I did.

EMILIA You told a lie, an odious, damnèd lie!

She false with Cassio?

IAGO

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

EMILIA

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

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

EMILIA, *to Iago*

And your reports have set the murder on!

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

EMILIA I'll kill myself for grief!

IAGO I charge you get you home.

EMILIA 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

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

EMILIA Nay, lay thee down, and roar!

For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

OTHELLO, *standing* O, she was foul!—

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRATIANO

Poor Desdemona, I am glad thy father's dead.

Did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

OTHELLO

'Tis pitiful. But yet Iago knows

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it,

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her.

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

EMILIA O heavenly God!

IAGO Zounds, hold your peace!

EMILIA I peace?

No, I will speak as liberal as the north.

IAGO Be wise, and get you home.

He draws his sword.

EMILIA I will not.

O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou speak'st

of, I found by fortune, and did give my husband—

for often, with a solemn earnestness

(More than indeed belonged to such a trifle),

He begged of me to steal 't.

IAGO Villainous whore!

OTHELLO Are there no stones in heaven

But what serves for the thunder?—Precious villain!

The Moor runs at Iago but is disarmed.

Iago kills his wife.

EMILIA O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Iago exits.

MONTANO

'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon

Which I have here recovered from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without. Let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damnèd slave.

Montano and Gratiano exit.

She dies.

OTHELLO Uncle, I must come forth.

GRATIANO, *within*

If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon and perforce must suffer.

OTHELLO

Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,

Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Enter Gratiano.

GRATIANO What is the matter?

OTHELLO Behold, I have a weapon.

A better never did itself sustain

But—O vain boast!—

Who can control his fate? 'Tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed.

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

He looks toward the bed.

Now, how dost thou look now? Cold, cold, my girl?

Even like thy chastity.—O cursèd, cursèd slave!—

Whip me, you devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

O Desdemona! Dead, Desdemona! Dead! O, O!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio in a chair, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

LODOVICO

Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

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

LODOVICO

Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Iago is brought forward.

OTHELLO

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

He stabs Iago.

LODOVICO Wrench his sword from him.

Othello is disarmed.

IAGO I bleed, sir, but not killed.

OTHELLO I am not sorry neither.

For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.

LODOVICO

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

OTHELLO Why, anything.

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

LODOVICO

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

OTHELLO Ay.

CASSIO Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTHELLO

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

IAGO Demand me nothing.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

LODOVICO Sir,

You shall understand what hath befall'n,
Here is a letter found in the pocket of the slain
Roderigo, And here another.
He shows papers. The one of them imports
The death of Cassio, to be undertook
By Roderigo.

OTHELLO O villain!

CASSIO Most heathenish and most gross.

LODOVICO Now here's another discontented
paper

Found in his pocket, too; and this it seems
Roderigo meant t' have sent this damnèd villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

OTHELLO How came you, Cassio, by that
handkerchief that was my wife's?

CASSIO I found it in my chamber.

OTHELLO O fool, fool, fool!

CASSIO There is besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch

LODOVICO, *to Othello*

You must forsake this room and go with us.
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus.
You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.

OTHELLO Soft you. A word or two before you go.

I have done the state some service, and they
know 't. I pray you in your letters,

Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you
speak of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe;
I took by th' throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him, thus.

He stabs himself.

GRATIANO All that is spoke is marred.

OTHELLO, *to Desdemona*

I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. *He dies.*

CASSIO

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

LODOVICO, *to Iago* O Spartan dog,

This is thy work.—The object poisons sight.
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. *To Cassio.* To you, lord
Governor, remains the censure of this hellish
villain. The time, the place, the torture, O,
enforce it. *They exit.*