OTHELLO:

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SECOND QUARTO,

1630,

A FACSIMILE

(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 12. G. 28.)

BY

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WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION.

The present Quarto, as has been already pointed out in the Forewords to Q1, is a corrected reprint of that edition with additions to the extent of about 160 lines. It would perhaps be supposed at first sight that these additions and corrections were derived from the Folio which had now been seven years in print, but this was already a scarce book, if we may judge from the fact that a second edition was called for only two years afterwards, and moreover Richard Hawkins, the publisher of the present Quarto, who seems to have been in the habit of publishing new editions of single plays,¹ would probably find a playhouse copy more accessible than that comparatively expensive volume. At any rate, all evidence is against his having collated his edition with the Folio, and the judgment of the Cambridge Editors on this point is amply confirmed by an examination of the texts. Had he done so, he would not have failed to avail himself of those numerous corrections for which we are now indebted to the Folio alone. His MS. contained, it is true, nearly all the omitted lines of Q1, which we find in the Folio, but by no means all the corrections, and his edition, while superior to its predecessor, is therefore inferior to the Folio. Specimens of best readings peculiar to the Folio will be found

in the Introduction to Qr. Here are a few passages which will enable the student to form a still clearer idea of Hawkins’s materials, and of the correctness of the theory just stated:

II. i., 38—

Q2. "Euen till we make the Maine and th’ Ayre all blue,
An indiffrerent regard."

F1 and th’ Eriall blew.

The passage is not in Q1. Hawkins therefore printed from his MS. additions, and there can be no hesititation in deciding between the readings.

IV. ii., 170—

Q1. “And the great Messengers of Venice stay.”

In Q2 and F1 “And the” becomes “the meate”; but Q2 prints these words at the beginning of the line, F1 in their proper place at the end.

V. i., 87—

Q1. “I doe suspect this trash
To beare a part in this; patience a while good Caisio:”

Q2 merely adds “injurie” after “this”; F1 “to be a party in this Injurie,” which does not spoil the metre.

V. ii., 13—

Q1. “That can thy light retume: when I haue pluckt the rofe.”

Q2. “relumine” spoiling the metre; F1 “re-Lume.”

V. ii., 220—

Q1. “I‘le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre.”

Q2 merely changes “ayre” to “north”; F1 gives the true reading,—

“No, I will speake as liberall as the North.”

In the following four passages we are indebted to Q2 for the true reading:

III. iii., 31—

“Caf. Madam, ile take my leaue.

Def. Nay stay, and heare me speake.”

Q1 and F1 “Why stay.”
III. iii., 455—
"Whose icy current and compulsiue course,
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keeps due on."
Not in Qr. Fr keeps (twice).

IV. ii., 155—
"Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any fence,
Delighted them in any other forme";
Not in Qr. Fr "Delighted them: or any other Forme.

IV. iii., 41—
"The poore soule s_nging by a fcamour tree."
Not in Qr. Fr singing.

In the following Q2 gives an alternative reading worth notice:

IV. i., 28—
"Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
Or voluntary dotage of some misris,
Coniured, or supplied them."
Qr1 and Fr convinced.

IV. ii., 16—
"Let heauen require it with the Serpents curfe,"
Qr require; Fr requit.

V. ii., 268—
"Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my utmost faile.'
Not in Qr. Fr And.

This Quarto is on the whole very well printed, and does not introduce many blunders of its own: the following are the most noticeable:

I. ii., 32—
"My parts, my Title, and my perfect foule
Shall manifest my right by."
Qr and Fr me rightly.

III. iii., 463—
"Witnesse the euer-burning lights aboue."
Qr and Fr you.

1 Capell's copy of Qr reads Coniured. Camb. Ed.
IV. i., 144—
"So hangs, and iolls, and weepes vpon me."
Q1 and F1 iolls.

IV. i., 198—
"Hang her, I doe not say what she is";
Q1 and F1 but.

In II. i., 204, the last two letters of drownd have been dropt,
and in IV. i., 144, the last two letters of puls.

This facsimile has been photographed from the copy in the
King's Library at the British Museum, by Mr. Praetorius. The
few lines (I. iii., 359, 385-6; II. i., 82; IV. ii., 33, 168) not to
be found in the Folio are marked *; lines clearly faulty †; while
< denotes the absence here and there of a few words to be
found in the Folio. The divisions, and line numbers are those
of the "Globe" edition. The vignette on the title is not clear
in the original, and is much worse in the facsimile. It is probably
Juno, as the Goddess of Jealousy, driving two peacocks.

HERBERT A. EVANS.
The Names of the Actors.

Thello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a Gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, Gouernour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Sailors.
Clowne.

Desdemona, Wife to Othello.
Æmilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtezan.
THE
Tragedy of Othello,
The Moore of Venice.

As it hath beene diverse times acted at the
Globe, and at the Black Friers, by
his Maiesties Servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

LONDON,
Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at
his Shoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne.
1630.
The Tragedy of Othello the Moor of Venice.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Rod. Vsi; Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou who haft had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this,
Iago. But you're not heare me,
If euery I did dreame of such a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate,
Iago. Despitte me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his owne pride and purposes,
Euades them, with a bumball circumstance,
Horribly stufte with Epithites of warre:
Non-suits my Mediatoris: for certes, (sarye he)
I have already chose my Officer, and what was he?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetitian,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost dam'd in a faire wife.
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the divifion of a Battell knowes,
More then a Spinster, vnlesse the bookish Theorique,
Wher in the tongued Consuls can propose
As masterly as he: meere prattle without pradlife,
Is all his Souldier-ship: but he fir had the ele&ion,
And I, of whom his eyes had scene the proofe,
At Rhodes, at Cipres, and on other grounds,
Christin'd and Heathen, must be be-feed and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caster:

A 2

He
The Tragedy of Othello

He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I Sir (bleste the marke) his Moore's ships Ancient.

Rod. By heavin I rather would have bin his hangman.

Iag. But ther's no remedy,

Tis the curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each second
Stood heire to the first:
Now sir be judge your selfe,
Whether I, in any just tearme am affin'd
to love the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iag. O sir, content you,
I follow him to serve my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truely followed, you shall marke

Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave,
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his masters Asse,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,

Whip mee such honest knaues:
Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and vtilages of duty,
Kerpe yet their hearts, attending on themselfes,
And throwing but thewes of service on their Lords;

Doe well thrice by 'em,

And when they have bin'd their coates,
Doe themselfes homage,

Those followers have some soule,
And such a one doe I professse my selfe,----for sir,

It is as true as you are Rodrigo,
Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my judge, not I,

For love and duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after, But
the Moore of Venice.

But I will weare my heart upon my sleuee,  
For Dawes to pecke at,  
I am not what I am.  

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,  
If he can carry't thus?  

Iag. Call vp her father,  
Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,  
Proclaime him in the street, incense her Kinsmen,  
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flyes: tho that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,  
As it may loose some colour.  

Rod. Here is her fathers house, Ile call aloud.  
Iag. Doe with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous Cities.  

Rod. What ho, Brabantio, Seignior Brabantio, ho,  
Iag. Awake, what ho, Brabantio,  
Theeues, theeues, theeues.  
Looke to your house, your Daughter, and your bags,  
Theeues, theeues.  

Brabantio at a window.  

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?  

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?  
Iag. Are your doores lockt?  
Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?  

Iag. Sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,  
Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe your soule,  
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram  
Is tuping your white Ewe; arise, arise,  
Awake the snorting Citizens with the bell,  
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandfire of you, arise I say.  

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?  
Rod. Most reverend Seignior, doe you know my voice?  
Bra. Not I, what are you?  

Rod, My name is Rodrigo.
The Tragedy of Othello

Bra. The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou haft heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?
Rod. Sir, sir, sir.
Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good sir
Bra. What, tell't thou me of robbing? this is Venice,
My house is not a graunje.
Rod. Most graunje Brabantio,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the
Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you service, you thinke
wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary
horse; youle haue your Nephews neighe to you; youle haue Courfers
for Cousens, and Gennets for Germans.
Bra. What proffane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter; and the
Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villaine.
Iag. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answere, I know thee Roderigo.
Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing: But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelie,
To the groffe claspes of a lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wes then haue done you bold and lawce wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wes haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleue

That
the Moore of Venice.

That from the seuse of al civilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I say againe) hath made a grosse revolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: Straight satisifie your selfe;
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Justice of the state,
For thus deluding you.

_Bra._ Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Give me a taper, call vp all my people;
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleeue of it oppresses me already.
Light I say, light.

_Iag._ Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc’d (as if I stay I shal,)
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
(How euer this may gaule him with some checke)
Cannot with safety call him, for hee’s im:ark’d,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
(Which euen now stands in a & that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue none
To lead their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of love,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

_Exit._

Enter Brabantio in his nightgowne, and servants
with Torches.

_Bra._ It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what’s to come of my despifed time,
Is nought but bitternesse now Rodrigo,

Where
The Tragedy of Othello

Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know: was she? (O she deceives me
Past thought,) what said she to you? get more tapers,
Raise all my kindred, are they married thinke you?
Rod, Truely I thinke they are.

Bra. O heauen, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
Fathers from hence, trull nor your daughters mindes,
By what you see them &c: is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? have you not read Roderigo,
Of some such thing.

Rod. Yes sir, I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: O would you had had her,
Some one way, some another; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good guard, and goe along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on, at every house ile call,
I may command at last: get weapons ho,
And raise some special Officers of might:
On good Roderigo, ile deferue your paynes.

Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.

Iag. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue slaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very stufle o'th conscience,
To doe no contri'd murthre; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe mee service: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue jerk'd him here,
Under the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is,

Iag. Nav, but he prated,
And spake such scurvy and prouoking charmes
Against your Honor, that with the little godliness I haue,
I did full hard forbearce his; but I pray sir,
Are you faie married? For be lye of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potential,
the Moore of Venice.

As double as the Dukes, he will divorce you,
Or put you what restraint, and grievances,
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)  
Weele give him light.

Oth. Let him doe his spate,
My services which I have done the Seignorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, 'tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerits,
May speake vnbonnered as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know Iago,
But that I loue the gentle Desdemona,
I would not, my vnhouse free condition,
Put into circumscription and confine
For the seas worth, Enter Cassio with lights, Officers,
But looke what lights come yonder?

Iag. These are the raised Father and his friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall manifest my right by: is it they?

Iag. By Iamas I thinke no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the night vpon you (friends,)
What is the newes?

Cas. The Duke does greet you (Generall,)  
And he requires your haft, post-haft appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What's the matter thinke you?

Cas. Something from Cipres, as I may divine,
It is a business of some heate, the Galleyes
Haue sent a dozen frequent messengers
This very night one at anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you have bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three several quests
The Tragedy of Othello

To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,

I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Cas. Anoncet, what makes he here?

Faith he to night, hath boarded a land Carriage,

If it prooue lawfull prize, hee's made for ever.

Cas. I doe not understand.

Hee's married.

Cas. To whom.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights and weapons.

Marry to — Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha'with you.

Cas. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

It is Brabantio, Generall be aduised,

He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Ho'la, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him thiefe.

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

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust them,

Good Seignior you shall more command with yeaers

Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule thiefe, where haft thou strowed my daughter?

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

For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If the in chains of magick were not bound)

Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she found

The wealthy curled darling's of our Nation,

Would eu'r have (to incurre a general mocke)

Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome

Of such a thing as thou? to scare, not to delight:

Judge me the world, if t's not grosse in sense,

That thou haft prattis'd on her with soule charmes,

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,

That weakens motion; Ile haue't disputed on.
the Moore of Venice.

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a praetor
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him, if he doe resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To princes, till it be time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer,

Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the State,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Council, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may have passage free,
Bondflanes, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. Excuse.

Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights
and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these newes,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies,

Duke. And mine an hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred:

But
The Tragedy of Othello

But though they iumpe not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they ayma reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A Turkysh fleet, and bearing vp to Cipres.

_Du._ Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I doe not so secure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approve
In scarefull sense

_Enter a Messenger._

_One within._ What ho, what ho, what ho?
_Officer._ A messenger from the Galleyes,
_Du._ Now, the businesse?
_Sailor._ The Turkysh preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior Angelo.

_Du._ How say you by this change?

_Sena._ This cannot be by no assay of reason—

_Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in false gaze: when we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turke:
And let our selues againe, but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turke, then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That Rhodes is dreft in: if we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so unskilful,

To leaue that lateſt which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger proficile.

_Du._ Nay, in all confidence hee's not for Rhodes.

_Officer._ Here is more newes. Enter a 2 Messenger.

_Mef._ The Ottomanes, runerend and gracious,
Steering with due course, toward the Iſte of Rhodes,
Have there inioynted them with an after flete.

_Sena._ I, so I thought, how many, as you guessa.

_Mef._ Of 30. flate, and now they doe resterne
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus: Seignior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant fervitor,
the Moore of Venice.

With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to beleue him.

_Du._ Tis certaine then for _Cyprus_,
_Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?_

_I Sena._ Hee's now in _Florence_.

_Du._ Write from vs to him post, post hast dispatch.

_Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Cassio,
Desdemona, and Officers._

_I Sena._ Here comes _Brabantio_ and the valiant _Moore_.

_Du._ Valiant _Othello_, we must straite impoy you,
Against the generall enemy _Ottoman_;
I did not see you, welcome gentle _Seignior_,
We lackt your counsell, and your helpe to night.

_Bra._ So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
_Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed, not doth the generall care
Take hold of me, for my particular griefe,
Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and (swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

_Du._ Why, whatts the matter?

_Bra._ My daughter, O my daughter.

_All._ Dead?

_Bra._ I to me:
She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicines, bought of Mountebankes,
For nature so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not.

_Du._ Who ere he be, that in this soule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne sense, ye by tho our proper sonne
Stood in your action.

_Bra._ Humbly I thanke your Grace.

_Bra._ Here
The Tragedy of Othello

Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.
Diu. What in your owne part can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend Seigniors,
My very noble and approou’d good Masters:
That I have taken away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I have married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my speach,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seven yeares pith,
Till now some nine Moones_waited, they have vs’d
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaille,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In spaking for my selfe; yet by your gratious patience,
I would a round unrauisht tale deliver,
Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What conjuration, and what mighty Magick,
(For such proceedings am I charg’d withall :) I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold,
Offpirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushs at her selfe: and she in spight of nature,
Of yeares, of Countrey, credit, every thing,
To fall in loue with what she fear’d to looke on?
It is a judgement maim’d, and most imperfect,
That will confide, perfection so would erie
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againne,
That with some mixtures powerful o’er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur’d to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
the Moore of Venice.

Du. To vouch this is no profe,
Without more certaine and more ouert test,
These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods, 
Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

Sam. But Othello speake,
Did you by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As soule to soule affordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe finde me soule in her report,
The truth, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Euen fall upon my life.

Du. Fetch Desdemone hither.

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I doe confesse the vices of my bloud,
So lustly to your grave earcs I preuent,
How I did thrive in this faire Ladyes love,
And her in mine.

Du. Say it Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battalies, signes, fortunes
That I have past:
I ran it through, eu'n from my boyish dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of mooing accidents, by flood and field;
Of haires breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slaverie; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travaulls historic;
Wherein of Antars vaft, and Dearts idle,
Rough quarics, rockes and hills, whose heads touch heaven,
The Tragedy of Othello

It was my hint to speake, such was my proccesse:  
And of the Cannibals, that each other eate;  
The Anthropophagie, and men whose heads  
Doe grow beneath their shoulders: these to heare,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house affaires would draw her thence,  
Which euer as she could with hast dispa.tch,  
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy care  
Deuoure up my discourse: which I observing,  
Tooke once a pleyant houre, and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcells she had something heard,  
But not inten.tionally, I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her teares,  
When I did speake of some distressfull stroake  
That my youth suffered: my story being done;  
She gave me for my paines a world of figbes;  
She swore it was strange, twas passing strange;  
Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull;  
She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht  
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me,  
And bad me if I had a friend that loued her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woe her. Upon this heare I speake:  
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.  
And I lou'd her that she did pitty them.  
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:  
Here comes the Lady,  
Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

Du. I think this tale would win my daughter to;—  
Good Brabantio, take vp this mangled matter at the best,  
Men doe their broken weapons rather vs,  
Then their bare hands:

Bra. I pray you heare her speake.  
If she confess that she was halfe the wooer,
the Moor of Venice.

Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a deuised duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learn me,
How to respect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hither to your daughter, But here's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother the wed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may proffesse,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I had done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires,
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;

Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee : for your sake (Jewell,)
I am glad at soule, I have no other childe,
For thy escape would reach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I have done my Lord.

Du. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence
Which as a greffe or step may helpe these louers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,
By seing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischefe on:
What cannot be preferued when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steals something from the thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bookeles greffe.

Bra. So let the Turke, of Cyprus vs beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He bears the sentence well that nothing beares,
The Tragedy of Othello

But the free comfort, which from thence he heares
But he heares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to lugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I never yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare.
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The Turke with most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:
Othello, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho we have there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a fo-
ueraigne mistress of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you, you must therefore be content to flubber the glossie of your new fortunes,
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cufiome, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steele Cooch of warre,
My thrice-driven bed of downe: I doe acgnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardnesse, and doe undertake
This present warre against the Ottomites:
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accomodation and before,
As levels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.
Bra. It cannot have it so.
Oth. Nor 1.

Def. Nor 1, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his ey: most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious eare,
And let me find a charter in your voyce,
T'aßist my simpleness. —

Du. What would you Desdemona?

Def. That I did love the Moore to live with him,
My downe right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpeter to the world: my hearts subdued,
the Moore of Venice.

Euen to the very qualitie of my Lord:
I saw Othelloes vilaige in his minde,
And to his Honors, and his valiant parts
Did I my soule and fortunes confecrate,
So that deare Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Moth of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim shall support,
By his deare absence: let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: befeech you let her will
Have a free way:
Vouch with me heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the palat of my appetite,
No to comply with heate, the young affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke
I will your serious and good businesse scant,
For he is with me;—no, when light wingd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid toyles with wanton dulnesse,
My speculatiue and actue instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
Let hufuiues make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and base aduersitie,
Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall privately determine,
Eythier for her stay or going, the affaire cryes haft,
And speed must anwere, you must hence to night.

Def. To night my Lord?

Du. This night. Oth. With all my heart.

Du. At nine i'th morning here weel meet againe.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
The Tragedy of Othello

With what else needfull your good Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Dn. Let it be so:
Good night to every one, and noble Seignior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 Senv. Adieu brave Moore, vse Desdemona well.

Bnd. Look to her Moore, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiued her father, and may thee. Exeunt.

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage;
Come Desdemona, I have but an houre
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago. Exit Moore and Desdemona.

Iag. What sailest thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkit thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe,

Rod. I will incontinently drowning my selfe.

Iag. Well if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it.

Why thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is fullineffe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we have a prescription, to dye when death is our Physician.

Iag. O villainous, I ha lookd vpon the world for soure times seuen yeares, and since I coulde distinguish betweene a benefit, and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himselfe: ere I would say I would drown my selfe, for the love of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What shal I doe? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, a fig, is in our selves, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which out wills are Gardiners, so that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice set Ilop, and weed vp Time; supply it with one gender of heares, or distract it with many: either to have it stervell with idlenesse, or manur'd with industry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-
the Moore of Venice.

ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason, to poife another of sensuality; the blood and basenesse of our natures, would conduct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee have reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall flings, our vehitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a left, or lyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy desiring, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could never better steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres, defeate thy favoour with an vsurped beard; I say put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her loves into the Moore,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt fee an answerable sequestration: put but money in thy purse.—These Moores are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as lusious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She must change for youth; when she is fated with his body, she will finde the error of her choyce; she must haue change, she must. Therefore put money in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If fornication, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, & a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaizing thy ioy, then to be drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faft to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iag. Thou art sure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee oftern, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my caufe is hearted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be coninquitue in our requenue against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou doest thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the wombe of Time, which will be delivered. Trauerse, goe, provide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th morning?

Iag. At my lodging
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Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, fareweel:—doe you heare Rodrigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd, Ile goe fell all my land.

Exit Rodrigo.

Iag. Thus doe I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad,that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not,if't be true—
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will doe,as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Casio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place,and to plume vp my will,
A double knauery—how,how,—let me see,
After some time,to abuse Othello's care,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women faile:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, but seems to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asles are:
I hat, it is gender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Montanio, Governor of Cyprus, with
Two other Gentlemen.

Montanio.

VVV Hat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heaven and the mayne
Descry a faile.
the Moore of Venice.

Mon. Me thinckes the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blaff here shooke our battlements:
If it ha ruffiant so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when mountaine melt on them,
Can hold the morties,—What shall we heare of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleete:
For doe but stand vpon the foaming shore,
The chiding billowes seemes to pelt the clouds,
The wind shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the guards of the euer fired pole,
I neuer did like molestation view,
On the encompassed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not in shelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. Newes Lads, your warres are done:
The desperate Tempeft hath so bang'd the Turkish,
That their desigmentation halts:
A Noble shipp of Venice,
Hath seene a grievous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleetee.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 Gent. The shipp is here put in:
A Venetola, Michael Cassio,
Leutenant to the warlike Moore Otello,
Is come a shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Gouernour.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, tho he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prays the Moore be safe, for they were parted,
With foule and violent Tempeft.

Mon. Pray heauen he be:
For I have seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier:
Lets to the sea side, ho.
The Tragedy of Othello

As well to see the vessel thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brawe Othello,
Euen till we make the Maine and th'Ayre all blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's doe so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thankes to the valiant of this Isle,
That so approoue the Moore, and let the heavens
Give him defence against their Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipt?

Cas. His Barke is stoutly timber'd and his Pilote
Of very expert and approu'd allowance,
Therefore my hopes (not surfeited to death)
Stand in bold cune

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. A faile, a faile, a faile.

Cas. What noyse?

Mes. The Towne is empty, on the brow o' th sea,
Stands ranckes of people, and they cry a faile.

Cas. My hopes doe shape him for the gouernement.

2 Gen. They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least.

Cas. I pray you sir goe forth
And gieue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd

2 Gent. I shall. Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall win'd?

Cas. Moll fortunately, he hath achicued a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blasoning pens;
And in the essentiall vellure of creation,

Does beare an excellency:—now, who has put in?

Enter 2 Gentleman.

2 Gent. Tis one Iago, Ancient to the Generall;
He has had most favourable and happy speedes,
Tempells themselues, high seas, and houling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
the Moor of Venice.

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing heare anticipates our thoughts
A fennights speede—great Iose Othello guard,
And swell his faile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippes,
And swiftly come to Desdemona's armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilla, and Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extinguished spirits:
And bring all Cyprus comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees:
Haile to the Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behind, and on every hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Def. I thank you valiant Cassio:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

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

Def. O but I feare:—how loft you company?

[within.] A faile, a faile.

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, a faile.

2 Gent. They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iag. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she hath bestowed on me,
The Tragedy of Othello

You'd haue enough.

Def. Alas! she has no speach,

Jag. In faith too much:

I find it still, for when I ha leaue to sleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Jag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins.
Saints in your inuries: Divils being offended:
Players in your housewifery; and housewiues in your beds.

Def. O fie upon thee flanderer.

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

You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my prais.

Jag. No, let me not.

Def. What would'st thou write of me?

If thou shouldest praise me?

Jag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,

For I am nothing, if not critickall.

Def. Come on, aley—there's one gone to the Harbor?

Jag. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry, but I doe beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Jag. I am about it, but indeed my invention

Comes from my parte, as birdlime does from freeze,

It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors.

And thus she is deliuered:

If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Def. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Jag. If she be blacke, and thereto have a wit,

She I finde a while, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Def. Worse and worse.

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Jag. She never yet was foolish, that was faire.
the Moore of Venice.

For even her folly helps her to an Heire.

'Def. These are old paradoxes, to make fools laugh at the Alehouse:
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

'lag. There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.

'Def. O heavy ignorance, that praises the worst beast: but what praise couldst thou bestow on a detesting woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itselfe?

'lag. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never lowd;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
Sbe that in wisedome, never was so fraile,
To change the Coylehead for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
See Suters following, and not looke behinde:
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were,)

'Def. To doe what?

'lag To suckie foules, and chronicle small Beere.

'Def. O moft lame and impotent conclusion:

'Does not learne of him Emilia, tho he be thy husband: How say you Caffio, is he not a moft prophane and liberal Counsellour?

'Caf. He speakes home Madam, you may relish him
More in the Souldier than in the Scholler.

'lag He takes her by the palme; I well fed, whisper; with as little a webbe as this, will I ensnare as great a Flie as Caffio. I,smile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtship: you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leiceninstry, it had been better you had not rift your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt to play the fin in: very good, well kisst, and excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? would they were Clisterpipes for your sake. The Moore, I know his Trumpet. Trumpet within. Enter
Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Cas. Tis truely so.
Def. Lets meet him, and receive him.
Cas. Loc, where he comes.
Oth. O my faire Wariour.
Def. My deare Othello.
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content, To see you here before me: O my soules ioy,
May the winds blow, till they have wakened death;
And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hells from heauen; If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.
Def. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Euen as our dayes doe grow.
Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers;
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, kisse.
That ere our hearts shall make.
Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But Ile set downe the pegs, that makes this musique,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle:
How dos my old acquaintance of this Isle?
Honny, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great ioue amongst them: O my sweet:
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
In mine owne comforts: I prethee good Iago,
Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers;
Bring thou the Master to the Citadell:
He is a good one, and his worthinesse,
the Moore of Venice.

Does challenge much respect: come Desdemona, Once more well met at Cyprus.

Iag. Doe thou meet me presently at the Harbour: come hither, If thou best valiant, (as they say, base men being in loute, have then a Nobility in their natures, more than is natue to them,) - lift me, the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will tell thee this, Desdemona is directly in loute with him.

Rod. With him? why is not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructe: mark me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; and will the loute him still for praying? let not the discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have to looke on the Diuell? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and giue faciety a fresh appetite. Louelies in fauour, sympathy in yeares, manners, and beauties; all which the Moore is desdaine in: now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it selfe abus'd, beginne to heauue the gorge, distrelish, and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and compell her to some second choyce: Now sir, this granted, as it is most pregnant and unforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knaue very voluble, no farder comscionable, then in putting on the meete forme of ciuill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his fall and most hidden loose affections: A subtle flippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can flampe and counterfeit advantages, tho true advantage never present it selfe. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindees looke after; a pertinent compleat knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleue that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine she drinkes is made of grapes: if she had been blest, she would never have lou'd the Moore. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and obscure prologue to

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The Tragedy of Othello

the history, of luft and foule thoughts; they met to neere with their
lips, that their breathes embrac’d together, villainous thoughts, when
these mutualities so marshall the way; hand at hand comes Roderigo,
the master and the maine exercise, the incorporate conclusion. But
Sir, be you rul’d by me, I haue brought you from Venice, watch you
to night, for command I lie lay’t vpon you, Cassio knowes you
not, but not be farre from you, doe you finde 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 fauor-
ably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is rash, and very suddaine in choler, and haply with his
Trunchen may strike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out
of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification
shall come into no true taste again’t, but by the displanting of Cassio:
So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I
shall then have to prefer them, & the impediment, most profitably re-
mou’d, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I must
fetch his necessaries a shore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue.

Exit.

Iag. That Cassio loves her, I do well beleue it;
That she loves him, tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbeit, that I indure him not,
Is of a constant, noble, loving nature;
And I dare thinke, bee’t prone to Desdemona,
A most decre husband; now I doe love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (the peraduenture,
I stand accomptant for as great a sin,) But partly lead to diet my revenge,
For that I doe suspe’t the lustfull Moore,
Hath leaped into my ear, the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwarde;
And nothing can, nor shall content my soule,
Till I am eventl with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least, into a jealousie so strong,
the Moore of Venice.

That judgement can not cure; which thing to doe,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace,
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare Cassio, with my night cap to)
Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Ase,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Bueno to madness: — tis heere, but yet confus'd;
Knaveries plaine face is never stene, till vs'd.

Exit

Enter Othello’s Herald, reading a Proclamation.

It is Othello’s pleasure, our noble and valiant Generall, that upon certaine tidings now arrived, importing the meere perdiction of the Turkish Fleete; that every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some make bonetis; each man to what sport and feuds his addition leads him; for besides these beneficiaall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this present house of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our noble Generall Othello.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good Michael looke you to the guard to night,
Letts teach our seules that honourable stoppe,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to doe:
But notwithstanding, with my personall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. Iago is most honest:
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speach with you, come my deare love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Enter
The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome Iago, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this house Lieutenant, tis not yet ten a clock: our General calls us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Ione.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has? Methinkes it founds a parly of prouocation.

Cas. An inviting eye, and yet me thinkes right modest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes — come Lieutenant, I have a store of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a measure to the health of the blakke Othello.

Cas. Not to night, good Iago; I have very poore and vnhappy brains for drinking: I could well with courteuse would invent some other custome of entertainment.

Iag. O they are our friends, — but one cup: Ie drinke for you.

Cas. I ha drunke but one cup tonight, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innovacion it makes here: I am unfortunat in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ie do't, but it dislikes me.

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him, With that which he hath drunke to night already, Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,

As my young miftris dog: — Noy nw sicke foole Rodrigo,
(Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward)
To Desdemona, hath to night caroult
Potions portle deepe, and hee's to watch:
Three Lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,

(That
the Moore of Venice.

(That hold their honour, in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this warlike Isle—)
Have I to night fluftred with flowing caps,
And the watch too: now mongst this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our Cassio in some action,
That may offend the Isle; Enter Montanio, Cassio,
But here they come: and others.
If confequence doe but approve my dreame,
My boate fails freely, both with wind and streame.

Caf. For God they haue giuen me a roufe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not past a pint,
As I am a Soldier.

Jag. Some wine hoe:

And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:
A Soldier's a man, a life's but a span,
Why then let a Soldier drinke. — Some wine boyes.

Caf. Fore heauen an excellent song.

Jag. I learn'd it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your Germane, and your wig-bellied Hollander, (drinke ho,) are nothing to your English.

Caf. Is your English man so exquisite in his drinking?

Jag. Why he drinkes you with facility, your Dane dead drunke:
he sweates not to overthrow your Almaine; he giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant, and I will doe you justice.

Jag. O sweet England,—

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held'em sixpence all to deer,
With that he cal'd the Taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
This pride that puts the Countrie downe,
Then take thine and cloke about thee.—Some wine ho.

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Jag. Will you hear't a gen?
The Tragedy of Othello

Cas. No, for I hold him unworthy of his place, that does those things well; Heaven's above all, and there bee soules that must bee saued.

Iag. It is true good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to bee saued.

Iag. And so doe I Lieutenant.

Cas. I but by your leave, not before me; the Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgive us our sins, Gentlemen, let's looke to our business: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.

Exit.

Mon. To the plotforme masters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before.

He is a Souldier fit to stand by Caesar,
And giue direction: and doe but see his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a just equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the trust Othello put him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis evermore the Prologue to his sleepe:
Hee'll watch the horolodge a double set,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Praises the vertue that appeares in Caesar,
And looke not on his euils: is not this true?

Iag. How now Rodrigo, Enter Rodrigo.

I pray you after the Lieutenant, goe. Exit Rod.

Mon. And it is great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
the Moore of Venice.

It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

Laq. Not I, for this faire Island;
I doe lone Cassio well, and would doe much, Helpe, helpe, within.
To cure him of this euill, but harke, what noys.

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Caf. You rogue, you rascal.
Mon. What's the matter Leutenant?
Caf. A knaue, teach me my duty; but Ile beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Caf. Doft thou prate rogue?
Mon. Good Leutenant; pray sir hold your hand.
Caf. Let me goe sir, or Ile knock you ore the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.
Caf. Drunke? they fight.

Laq. Away I say, goe out, and cry a muteny.
Exit Rod.
Nay good Leutenant: God's will Gentlemen, Helpe ho, Leutenant, Sir, Montanio, sir,
Helpe matters, heer's a goodly watch indeed:
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo—ho,
The Towne will rise, fie, fie, Leutenant, hold,
You will be Sham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. What's the matter heere?
Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. be saints.
Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Laq. Hold, hold Leutenant, Sir Montanio, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of tence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall speakes to you; hold, hold, for shame.
Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariseth this?
Are we tur'nd Turkes, and to our felues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the Ottamites :
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that shirres next, to care for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light, he dies vpon his motion:

E 2
The Tragedy of Othello

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest Iago, that lookes dead with grieving,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.

Iago. I doe not know, friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
(As if some Planet had unwittd men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this pecuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it Michael, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy Montanio, you were wont be cinill,
The gravity and stillness of your youth,
The world hath noted and your name is great,
In mouthes of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night brawler? give me answere to't?

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer Iago can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offendes me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's faide or done amisse this night;
Unlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.

Oth. Now by heaven
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best judgement coold,
Assayles to leade the way: If once I stirre,
Or doe but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke: give me to know
How this foule rout began, who let it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,
the Moore of Venice.

Tho he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage private and domelike quarrells,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous, Iago, who began?

Mon. If partiality affind, or league in office
Thou dost deliver more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iag. Touch me not so nere,
I had rather ha' this tongue cut out of my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to Michael Caffio:
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And Caffio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into Caffio, and intreats his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright; he swif of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords;
And Caffio high in oath, which till to night,
I ne'er might lay before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and threat, even as a gen they were,
When you your selfe did part them,
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget:
The Caffio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best:
Yet surely Caffio, I beleue recei'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

Oth. I know Iago,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,

E 3
The Tragedy of Othello

248 Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I love thee, But never more be Officer of mine. Looke if my gentle loue be not rais'd vp: Enter Desdemona, with others. I'll make thee an example. 

Def. What's the matter? 

Oth. All's well now sweeting: Come away to bed: sir, for your hurts, My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off; Iago, looke with care about the Towne, And silence those, whom this vile braule distracted.

Come Desdemona, tis the Soldiers life, To haue their balmy numbers wak'd with strife, 

Iag. What, are you hurt Lieutenaunt? Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants. 

Cass. I, past all surgery. 

Iago. Mary Heauen forbid. 

Cass. Reputation reputation, oh I ha lost my reputation: I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe, And what remains is beastiall, my reputation, Iago, my reputation. 

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation; reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a tofer; what man, there are wayes to recover the Generall a gent: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policie, then in malice, eu.en so, as one would beare his offencelesse dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and he's yours. 

Cass. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceive so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? and speake parrat? and squabble, swagger, sweare? and discourse futilian with ones owne shaddow O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou haft no name to be known by, let vs call thee Diuell. 

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

Cass. I know not. 

Iago.
the Moor of Venice.

Iag. If it possible?

Cas. I remember a maffe of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Other men should put an enemy in their mouthes, to steale away their brains; that wee should with joy, reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selues into beatles.

Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devill drunkennesse, to give place to the devill wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iag. Come, you are too seuerely a morraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this had not so befalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee shall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra, such an answere would stop em all; to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and presently a beast: euery inordinate cuppe is vnblest, and the ingredience is a diuell.

Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be not vs'd, exclaime no more against it; and good Lieutenant, I think you thinke I loue you.

Cas. I have well approou'd it sir,--I drunke?

Iag. You, or any man living may be drunke at some time man: let me tell you what you shall doe,--our Generals wife is now the Generall; I may lay so in this respect, for that he has devoted and giuen vp himselfe to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her, shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so free, so kinde, so apt, so bless'd a disposition that she holds it a vice in her goodnes, not to doe more then she is request. This broken ioynit betweene you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue shall grow stronger then it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iag. I protest in the sinceritie of loue and honest kindnesse.

Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I befeech the vertuous Desdemona, to undertake for me; I am desperate
The Tragedy of Othello

of my fortunes, if they cheake me here.
  Iag. You are in the right:
  340 Good night Lieutenant, I must to the watch.
  Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villain, When this advice is free I give, and honest, Probat to thinking, and indeed the course, To win the Moore agen? For 'tis most easie
The inclining Desdemona to subdue, In any honest suite she's fram'd as fruitfull, As the free Elements: and then for her To win the Moore, were't to renounce his baptism, 'All seales and symbols of redeemed sin, His soule is so infetter'd to her loue, That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weake function: how am I then a villain, To counsell Caius to this parrallell course, Directly to his good: divinity of hell,
  356 When diuells will their blackest sins put on, They doe suggest at first with heavenly shewes, As I doe now: for whilst this honest foole
Plyes Desdemona to repaire his fortunes, And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore; He pore this pestilence into his care,
That she repeales him for her bodies lust; And by how much she strues to doe him good, She shall vn doe her credit with the Moore; So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodness, make the net That shall enmesh them all:  Enter Roderigo.
How now Roderigo?
  360 Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgell'd: I thinke the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my paines, and so no mony at all, and with a little more wit returne to Venice.
  Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?
the Moore of Venice.

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Dost not goe well? Cassio has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheir'd Cassio,
The other things grow faire against the sun,
Yet fruities that bloome first, will first be ripe;
Content thy selfe a while; by'th maffe tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gone: Some things are to be done,
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistris,
He set her on.
My selfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may Cassio finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not devise by coldness and delay.

Exeunt.

ACTUS 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Cassio, with Musitians.

Cassio, Mafter, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.
They play, and enter the Clowne.

Clove. Why masters, ha' your Instruments bin at Naples, that they speake i' th' nole thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clove. Are these I pray, called wind Instruments?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clove. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir?

Clove. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But masters, heer's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you for loyes fake, to make no more noyse with it.

F

Boy.
The Tragedy of Othello

Boy. Well sir, we will not.
Clo. If you have any musique that may not bee heard, to againe, but as they say, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.
Boy. We ha none such sir.
Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for ile away; goe, vanish into aire away.

Caf. Do thy my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Caf. Prethee keepe thy quillets, ther's a poore peecce of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her ther's one Cafio, entreats her a little favoure of speach—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to no that vnto her.

Caf. Doo good my friend: In happy time_pag. Enter Iago.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Caf. Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold Iago to send in to your wife, — my suitte to her,
Is, that she will to vertuous Desdemona,
Procure me some accesse.

Iag. Ile send her to you presently,
And ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuente and businesse,
May be more free.

Exit.

Caf. I humbly thanke you for't: I never knew
A Floremin more kind and honest.

Em. Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeaseure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cypre,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,
He might not but refuse: but he protestes he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe.
the Moore of Venice.

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

Em. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall have time,
To speake your bosome freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give Iago to the Pilate,
And by him, doe my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking to the workes,
Repair there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, I go not.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, shal we see't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordship. Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emillia.

Def. Be thou assur'd good Cassio, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Em. Good Madam doe, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the case were his.

Def. O that's an honest fellow; doe not doubt Cassio,
But I will have my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madame,
What ever shall become of Michael Cassio,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true servant.

Def. O sir, I thank you, you doe love my Lord;
You have knowne him long and be you well assur'd.
He shall in strangeest stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cas. I but Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it selfe so out of circumstance,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
The Tragedy of Othello

My Generall will forget my love and service.

*Def.* Do not doubt that, before Emilia here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place? assure thee,
If I doe vow a friendship, Ile performe it,
To the last Article: my Lord shall never rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
With Caffio's suite; therefore be merry Caffio,
For thy soliciter shall rather die,
Then giue thy cause away.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

*Em.* Madam, here comes my Lord.
*Caf.* Madam, Ile take my leave.
*Def.* Nay stay, and heare me speake.
*Caf.* Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,
Visit for mine owne purpose.

*Def.* Well, doe your discretion.

*Iag.* Ha, I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iag.* Nothing my Lord, or if,—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Caffio parted from my wife?

*Iag.* Caffio my Lord?—no sure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.

*Oth.* I doe beleue twas he.

*Def.* How now my Lord,
I have been talking with a suiter here,
A man that languisises in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who i'th you meane?

*Def.* Why your Lieutenant Caffio, good my Lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truly loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no judgement in an honest face,
I prethee call him backe.
the Moore of Venice.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. Yes faith, so humbled, That he has left part of his griefes with me, To suffer with him; good Loue call him backe.
Oth. Not now sweet Defdemone, some other time.
Def. But shall't be shortly? Oth. The sooner sweet for you.
Def. Shall't be to night at supper? Oth. No, not to night.
Def. To morrow dinner then? Oth. I shall not dine at home.

I meet the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Def. Why then to morrow night, or tuesday morn, On tuesday morn, or night, or wednesday morn, I prethee name the time, but let it not Exceed three days: faith hee's penitent.
And yet his trespass, in our common reason, (Saue that they say, the warres must make examples, Out of her best) is not almost a fault, To incurre a private checke: when shall he come? Tell me Othello: I wonder in my soule, What you could aske me, that I should deny? Or stand so maimring on? What Michael Cassio?
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly, Hath tane your part, to have so much to doe To bring him in? Trust me, I could doe much,— Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I should intreat you weare your gloues:
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warne,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne person: nay, when I haue a suite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed, It shall be full of poise and difficult weight, And fearfull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing,
The Tragedy of Othello

Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

**Def.** Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
**Oth.** Farewell my Desdemona, I'le come to thee straight.
**Def.** Emilia, come, be it as your fancies teach you.

What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt Def. and Em.*

**Oth.** Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,
But I doe love thee, and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

**Iag.** My noble Lord.
**Oth.** What doest thou say Iago?
**Iag.** Did Michael Cassio when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your love?

**Oth.** He did from first to last:—Why doest thou asker?
**Iag.** But for a satisfaction of my thought,

No further harme.

**Oth.** Why of thy thought Iago?
**Iag.** I did not thinke he had been aquainted with her.
**Oth.** O yes, and went between vs very oft.
**Iag.** Indeed?
**Oth.** Indeed? I indeed, descern'lt thou ought in that?

Is he nor honest?

**Iag.** Honest my Lord?   **Oth.** Honest? I honest.
**Iag.** My Lord; for ought I know.
**Oth.** What doest thou thinke?
**Iag.** Thinke my Lord?
**Oth.** Thinke my Lord? why doest thou ecchoe me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too bideous to be showne: Thou dost meane something:
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of my counsell,
In my whole course of wooing thou criedst indeed?
And didst contract, and putte thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

*eg. My Lord you know I love you.*
the Moore of Venice.

Oth. I think thee doest,
And for I know, thou art full of love and honesty,
And weighest thy words, before thou giuest them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyall knave,
Are tricks of custome; but in a man that's just,
They are close dilations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so too.

Iag. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I thinke Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I prethee speake to me, as to thy thoughts.
As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughts,
The worst of words.

Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to,
Vtter my thoughts: Why, say they are vile and false:
As where's that palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions,
Kepe Itemes and law-days, and in session sit,
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend Iago,
If thou but thinkest him wrong, and makest his care
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe befeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheffe,
(As I confesse it is my nature's plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealouie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your wisdom euer,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a touble,
The Tragedy of Othello

Out of my scattering, and vntrue obseruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iag. Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate lewel of our soules:
Who steales my purse, steales trash, tis something, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that fitches from me my good name,
Rob me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy thoughts.

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

Oth. Ha?

Iag. O beware (my Lord) of ieaolusie;
It is a green eyd monster, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lines in blis,
Whocertaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspeets, yet strongly loues.

Oth. O mifery.

Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineffe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good heauen, the soules of all my tribe defend
From ieaolusie.

Oth. Why, why is this?

Thinkst thou I'de make a life of ieaolusie?
To follow itill the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolu'd; exchange me for a Goate,
When I shall turne the bufineffe of my soule
To such euefficate, and blowne furniyes,
Matching thy inference; tis not to make me ieaous,
To say my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of speech, singes, playes, and dances well;

Where
the Moore of Venice.

Where vertue is, there are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merits will I draw
The smalllest feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eies, and chosen me: no Iago,
He see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove,
And on the profe, there is no more but this;
Away at once with love or jealousie.

Iag. I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason,
To shew the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound
Receive it from me: I speake not yet of profe,
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio;
Weare your eie thus, not jealous, nor secure,
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke too't:
I know our Countrey disposition well,
In Venice they doe let Heauen fee the prantes
They dare not shew their husbands: their bsett conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keepe't vnknowne.

Oth. Doest thou say so?
Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you:
And when she seem'd to shake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iag. Why go too then,
She that so young, could giue out such a seem ing,
To seale her fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame;
I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,
For too much lovers you;

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dash't your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, nor a jot.

Iag. Trust me, I feare it has.
I hope you will consider, what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe fee you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speach,
To groffer issues, nor to larger reach,

Then
Then to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe to my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aime not at: Cæsio's my worthy friend:

My Lord I see you are mou'd,

Oth. No, not much mou'd,

I doe not thinke but Desdemona's honost.

Iag. Long live the so, and long live you to thinke so,

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,

Not to affect many propos'd matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,

Wherefore we see in all things, nature tends;

Pie we may smell in such a will most ranke,

Foule disproportion, thoughts unnatural,

But pardon me: I doe not in position,

Dillinctly speake of her, tho' I may feare

Her will recaying to her better judgement,

May fall to match you with her countrey formes,

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more

Thou dost perceiue, let me know more, set on

Thy wife to obserue: leaue me Iago.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse

Sees, and knowes more, much more then be vnfolds.

Iag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,

To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,

And though tis he that Cæsio haue his place,

(For sure he fills it vp with great ability,)

Yet if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that perceiue him and his meanes;

Note if your Lady straine her entertainement,

With a strong or vehement importunity,

Much will be seen in that, in the mean time,

Let me be thought too busie in my feares,

(As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am:)

And
the Moore of Venice.

And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Jag. I once more take my leave. Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned spirit
Of humane dealings: If I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her Ieffes were my deare heart things,
I'de whistle her off, and let her dewne the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And have not those soft parts of conuerstion,
That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife
Muff be to loath her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others viues: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leffe then the base,
Tis delteny, vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken; Desdemona comes,
If she be falle, O then heauen mocks it selfe,
Ile not beleue it.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Des. How now my deare Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you invited doe attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heare.

Des. Why that's with watching, it will away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this house
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come Ie go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Tell.
The Tragedy of Othello

Em. I am glad I have found this napkin, Exit Oth. and Des.

This was her first remembrance from the Moore,

My wayward husband, hath a hundred times

Wooed me to steale it, but she so loyed the token,

For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,

That she referses it euer more about her,

To kisse, and talke to; I he the worke tane our,

And giu't Iago: what he'll doe with it,

Heauen knowes,not I, Enter Iago.

I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?

Em. Doest you chide, I haue a thing for you.

Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—

Em. Ha?

Iag. To haue a foolish wife.

Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,

For that same handkerchief?

Iag. What handkerchief?

Em. What handkerchief?

Why that the Moore first gave to Desdemona,

That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iag. Ha'ft thoue it from her?

Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,

And to the aduantage, I being here, tooke it vp:

Looke, here it is,

Iag. A good wenche giue it me.

Em. What will you doe with it,

That you haue bin so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iag. Why, what's that to you?

Em. If't be not for some purpose of import,

Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lacke it.

Iag. Be not you acknowledg'd, I have vs'd for it:—go leaue me;

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

Exit Em.

And let him find it: Trifles light as aye, 

Are to the Jealous, confirmations strong

As proofs of holy Writ, this may doe something:

The Moore already changes with my poison,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poissons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burne like the mines of sulphur: I did say so:
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the droustie sifops of the world,
Shall ever medecke thee to that sweet sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, faile to me, to me?

Iag. Why how now General? no more of that.

Oth. Ant, be gon, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iag. How now, my Lord?

Oth. Wha't sence had I of her fholne houses of luft?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisles on her lips.
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is fholne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Iag. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
By oners, and all, had talled her sweet body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for ever
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the thrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the care-peircing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And, O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortal ions great clamors counterfeit;
Farewell, Othello's Occupation's gone.

Iag. If't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou prove my Loue a whore,
Be sure of it, give me the ocular profe,
Or by the worth of my eternall soule,

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The Tragedy of Othello

Thou hadst bin better have been borne a dog,
Then answer'd my wrath.

Iag. Ifst come to this?

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

That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more, abandon all remorse:
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:

Do deeds, to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,

For nothing canst thou to damnation add, greater than that.

Iag. O grace, O heaven defend me,

Are you a man, have you a soule or sense?
God buy you, take my office, - O wretched fool,e,

That liuest to make thine honesty a vice;
O monstrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,

I thank you for this profit, and from hence,

He love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldest be honest

Iag. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,e,

And loosest that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not,
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I see some proofe: her name that was as fresh

As Diuns visage, is now begrimed, and blacke

As mine owne face: If there be cords, or kniues,

Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I see not endure it: would I were satisfied.

Iag. I see sith, you are eaten up with passion,

I do repent me that I put it to you;
You would be satisfied.

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?

Would you, the superstitious grossely gape on,

Behold her topt?
the Moore of Venice.

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect dam em then,
If ever mortall eyes did see them boulter
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shal I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkes
As salt as Wolues in pride, and fools as grosse
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Give me a living reason, that she's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But if I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will goe on; I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe,
There are a kind of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepees will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleepe I heard him say, Sweet Desdemona,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our loues;
And then for would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweet creature, and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisthes by the rootes,
That grew upon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon conclusion,
Tis a prejudt doubt tho it be but a dreame,
Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstratethinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to pieces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,
The Tragedy of Othello

She may be honest yet: tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief?
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

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

Iag. I know not that, but such a handkerchief I am sure it was your wife's, did I to day

See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. Is't be that.

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

Oth. O that the flame had forty thousand lines,
One is too poor, too weake for my revenge:

Now I doe fee tis true, looke here Iago,
All my fond love, thus doe I blow to heauen,—tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O love thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
To tyrannous hate, swell boisme with thy fraught,
For tis of Afpicks tongues. be knees.

Iag. Pray be content.

Oth. O blood, Iago, blood.

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

Oth. Never Iago;

Like to the Pantick Sea,
Whole icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'r feels retiring ebb, but keepes due on,

To the Propomick and the Helle'spont:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.

Iag. Do not rise yet: Iago kneels.

Witness the ever-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about;
Witness that here, Iago doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service: let him command,
the Moore of Venice.

And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
  What bloody work so ever.
  Oth. I greet thy love;
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't,
Within these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.
  Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you request, but let her live.
  Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death,
For the faire deuill: now art thou my Leuitenant.
  Iag. I am your owne for ever.

Enter Desdemona, Emilla and the Clowne.

  Def. Doe you know sirra, where the Leuitenant Cassio lies?
  Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
  Def. Why man?
  Clo. He is a Soldier, and for one to say a Soldier lies, is stabbing.
  Def. Go to, where lodges he?
  Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
  Def. Can any thing be made of this?
  Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuise a lodging,
and say he lies there, were to lie in mine owne throate.
  Def. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?
  Clo. I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make questions,
And by them answer.
  Def. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I have moued my
Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
  Clo. To doe this, is within the compasse of mans wit, and there-
fore Ie attempt the doing of it.
  Def. Where should I looke that handkerchief Emilia?
  Em. I know not Madam.
  Def. Beleeue me, I had rather loofe my purse
Full of Crusadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no such basenelle,
As icelous creatures are, it were enough

To
The Tragedy of Othello

To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who he? I think the Sun where he was borne,

Drew all such humors from him. Enter Othello.

Em. Look where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now,

Till Cassio be call'd to him: how is it with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:

How do you Desdemona?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my Lady.

Def. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberall heart.

Hor. Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,

Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebells: tis a good hand,

A franke one.

Def. You may indeed say so,

For twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gave hands,

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,

Def. I cannot speake of this; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise chauke?

Def. I haue sent to bid Cassio come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and sullen thune offends me,

Lend me thy handkerchiefe.

Def. Here my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Def. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Def. No indeed my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: that handkerchiefe

Did an Egyptian to my mother giue,

She was a Charmer, and could almost reade

The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,

Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father.
the Moore of Venice.

Entirely to her love: But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me live,
To give it her: I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye,
To loose, or give't away, were such perdiction,
As nothing else could match.

Def. It possible?

Oth. 'Tis true, 'tis magic in the web of it,
A Sybelle that had numbered in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the filke,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilfull
Concerue of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed, it possible?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

Def. Then would to God that I had neuer seen it.

Oth. Ha, wherefore?

Def. Why doe you speake so startingly and rash?

Oth. Pst lost? I lost? I speake, is it out o'the way?

Def. Bless Ye.

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not lost, but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha.

Def. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,

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

This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let Cassio be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind misgives.

Dr. Come, come, you'll neuer meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchiefe.

Def. A man, that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you.

H 2
The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. The handkerchief.
Def. In sooth you are too blame.
Em. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I mere saw this before:
Sure ther's some wonder in this handkerchief,
I am most unhappy in the losse of it.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, Cassio and my husband.

Iag. There is no other way, tis the must doe it,
And loe the happiness, goe, and importune her.
Def. How now good Cassio, what's the newes with you?
Cass. Madam, my former suite: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exit, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I,with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortali kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefite,
So shall I cloath me in a force'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course,
To fortunes almes.

Def. Alas thrice gentle Cassio,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humor altred:
So helpe me, every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And flood within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech, you must a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.
Is my Lord angry?

Em. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange uneasiness,

Iag. Can he be angry? I have seene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very armes.

Put his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meet him,
Theirs matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Def. I prethee doe so: something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some unhatcht practise,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him.

Hath pul'd his cleere spirit, and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,
The great ones are the obie&,
Tis euen so, for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthfull members,
Euen to that sense of paine; nay, we must thinke.

Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruances
As fits the Bridall: be sware me much Emilia.
I was (unhandsome warrier as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule;
But now I find, I had subborn the witness,
And hee's indicted falsly.

Em. Pray heaven yt be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Def. Alas the day, I never gaue him cause.

Em. But jealous soules will not be answer'd so,

They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they are jealous: tis a monster,
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Def. Heaven keepe that monster from Othello's mind.

Em. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will goe seeke him, Castio walke here about.

If I doe finde him fit, 1e moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my uttermost.

Exeunt Defd.

and Emilia.

Cas.
The Tragedy of Othello

Caf. I humbly thanke your Ladyship. Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you friend Casaio. 

Caf. What make you from home? How is it with you my most faire Bianca? Indeed sweet love I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging Casaio; What keepe a weeke away? Seuen daies and nights, Eightcore eight houres, and louers absent houres, More tedious then the diall, eightcore times, Oh weary reckoning.

Caf. Pardon me Bianca, I haue this while with leaden thoughts bin prest, But I shall in a more continuate time, Strike off this score of absence; sweet Bianca, Take me this worke out.

Bian. Oh Casaio, whence came this? This is some token from a newer friend To the felt absence, now I seele a cause, I'll come to this? well, well.

Caf. Go to woman, Throw your vile ghefles in the devills teeth, From whence you haue them, you are jealous now, That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance, No in good troth Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Caf. I know not sweet, I found it in my chamber, I like the worke well, ere it be demanded, As like enough it will, I'd haue it coppied, Take it, and doe, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leave you, wherefore?

Caf. I doe attend here on the Generall, And thinke it no addition nor my wish, To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why I pray you?

Caf. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you doe not loue me: I pray you bring me on the way a little, And say, if I shall see you soone at night.

Caf.
the Moore of Venice.

Cas. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but I'll see you soone.
Bis. Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.  

Exit.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. Ill you think so?
Oth. Think so Iago.

Iag. What, to kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed Iago, and not meane harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief.

Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too,

May she give that?
Iag. Her honour is an essence that's not scene,
They have it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchief.
Iag. 1, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had saidt I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaues be such abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
The Tragedy of Othello

Or voluntary doage of some mistris,
Conjured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assure.

No more then he'll vnsweare.

Oth. What hath he sayd?
Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.


Oth. With her?
Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fullsome, handkerchiefs, confession, handkerchiefs: to confess, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to confess; I tremble at it: Nature would not inuest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not words that shaks me thus, (pith) noses, ears, and lippes: Is't possible? confess? handkerchiefs? O devil. Fallen in a trance.

Iag. Work on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fools are caught, and many worthy and chast Dames, even thus (all guiltlesse,) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, Othello, how now Casio?

Enter Casio.

Caf. What's the matter?
Iag. My Lord is faith into an Epilcpsy,

This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.

Caf. Rub him about the temples.
Iag. No, forbear,
The Lethargie must haue his quiet course,
If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to savage madness: looke, he flitures:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.

How is it General, have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me? Exit Caf.
Iag. I mocke you? no by heaven.
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iag.
the Moore of Venice.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a cunill monster.
Oth. Did he confesse?
Iag. Good sir be a man,
Think every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now alive,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar : your case is better;
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppofe her chaste: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient lift:
Whilst you were here overwhelmed with your griefe,
(A passion most vnfitting such a man,)
Cafio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scufe upon your extasy;
Bad him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promis'd: But incaue your selfe,
And marke the geeres, the gibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his jeausture, many patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in pleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou heare Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But dost thou heare, most bloody.
Iag. That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all : will you withdraw?
Now will I question Cafsio of Bianca;
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buyes her selfe bread and cloathes ; it is a creature,
That dotes on Cafsio; as tis the trumpets plague

To
The Tragedy of Othello

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one: Enter Cassio.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the excess of laughter, here he comes:
As he shall smile Othello shall goe mad,
And his unbookish jealousy must confter
Poore Cassio's smilies, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Lieutenant?
   Cassio. The worser that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.
   Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suite lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed.
   Cassio. Alas poor catiue.
   Othello. Looke how he laughs already.
   Iago. I never knew a woman loue man so.
   Cassio. Alas poor rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.
   Othello. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
   Iago. Doe you heare Cassio?
   Othello. Now he importunes him to tell it on;
Goe to, well saide.
   Iago. She giues it out that you shall marry her,
Doe you intend it?
   Cassio. Ha, ha, ha.
   Othello. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?
   Cassio. I marry her? what? a Customer?
I prethlee beare some charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it so vnwholesome: ha, ha, ha.
   Othello. So, so, so, so, they laugh that wins.
   Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.
   Cassio. Prethlee say true.
   Iago. I am a very villaine else.
   Othello. Ha you scoar'd me? well.
   Cassio. This is the monkies own gluing out; she is perswaded I will marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promise.
   Othello. Iago beckons me, now he begins the story.
   Cassio. She was heere eu'n now, she haunts me in eu'ry place, I was tother day talking on the sea banke with certaine Venetians, and this beare this bauble, tells me thus about my necke.

Othello.
the Moore of Venice.

Oth. Crying, O deare Cassio, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and iolls, and weepes upon me: so hales, and put me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber.

I see that note of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

Cas. Well. I must leave her company: Enter Bianca.

Before me, looke where she comes,

Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one: What doe you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that same handkerchiefe you gave mee eu'n now? I was a fine foole to take it; I must take out the worke, a likely pece of worke, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke; there, give it the hobby horse; wheresoever you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cas. How now my sweet Bianca, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that should be my handkerchiefe.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

Exit.

Iag. After her, after her.

Cas. I must thee't tale i'the street else.

Iag. You sapp there.

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iag. Well, I may change to see you, for I would very faine speake with you.

Cas. Pretho come, will you?

Iag. Goe to say no more.

Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him Iago?

Iag. Did you perceive, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O Iago.

Iag. And did you see the handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

I would have him nine yeres a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweet womau.

Iag. Nay you must forget that

Oth. And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for shee shall not live: no, my heart is turn'd to a stone; I strike it, and it hurts my
my hand: O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emporers side, and command him taskes.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musician; O she will sing the fauageneffe out of a Beare; of so hye and plenteous wit and invention.

Iag. Shees the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times: and then of so gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thas certaine, but yet the pitty of it Iago, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes,—cuckold me!

Iag. Tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That’s fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison Iago, this night I le not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty vnproide my minde agen, this night

Iago.

Iag. Doe it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the justice of it pleases, very good.

Ia. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall heare more by midnight

A Trumpet.

Enrer Lodonico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good:

What Trumpet is that same?

Iag. Some thing from Venise sure; tis Lodonico

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

Lod. Sane you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of Venise greet you.

Oth. I kiffe the instrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what’s the newes good counse Lodonico?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior: —

welcome to Cyprus,

Lod.
the Moor of Venice.

Lod. I thank you, how does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iag. Lives sir,

Def. Cousin, there's a faire between him and my Lord,

An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Def. My Lord.

Oth. This fail you not to doe, as you will.—

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

Is there division twixt my Lord and Cassio?

Def. A most unhappy one, I would doe much

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

Oth. Fire and Brimstone.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Def. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mond him;

For as I think, they doe command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Def. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Def. How sweet Othello!

Oth. Deuill.

Def. I haue not deferr'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleu'd in Venice.

Tho I should sweare I saw't: it is very much,

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,

If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,

Each drop she falls, would prove a Crocadle:

Out of my sight.

Def. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:

I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

Oth. Missesse.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her sir?]

Lod
the Moore of Venice.

Lod. Who is my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wish that I would have made her turne:
Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can weep sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
I am commanded home: — get you away,
He send for you anon: — Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to Venice: — hence, auant,
Casio shall have my place; and sir to night
I doe intreat that we may sup together,
You are welcome sir to Cyprus,—goates and monkies.

Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate

Call all in all sufficient; This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whole solid virtue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iag. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?

Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my cenfure,
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife.

Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That it were would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his? or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iag. Alas, alas:

It is not honesty in me to speake
What I have seene and knowne; you shall obserue
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him. 

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seene nothing then.

Exeunt.
The Tragedy of Othello

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspeft.
Oth. Yes, and you have seen, Cassio and the together.
Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each fillable that breath made vp betweene'em.
Oth. What, did thy neuer whisper?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor lend you out o'the way?
Em. Neuer.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her glones, nor nothing
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Em. I durt my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my foule at stake; if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heaven require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureft of their wines,
Is foule as flander.

Exit Emillia

Oth. Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
A clofet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet she'll kneele and pray, I ha seen her do'nt

Enter Desdemona and Emillia

Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chucck come hither.
Def. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes—looke in my face.
Def. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function Mistrifle,
Leau procreants alone, anb shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispatch.

Def. Upon my knees, what does your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
The Tragedy of Othello

Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, am thy selfe,

Left being like one of heaven, the devills themselves
Should fear to cease thee, therefore be double dambd;
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truely know it.

Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?

If haply you my father doe suspect,

An instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kinds of woes, and shame on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty, to the very lips,

Given to captivity, me and my hopes,

I should have found in some part of my soule

A drop of patience; but alas, to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,

To point his slow vnoming finger at—oh, oh,

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there, where I have garner'd vp my heart,

Where either I must live, or beare no life,

The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,

Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,

Or keepe it as a cesterne, for foule Toades

To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,

Patience thy young and rofe-lip'd Cherubin,

I here looke grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shambles,

That quicken ear with blowing:

O thou black weed, why art so lonely faire?

Thou smellst so sweet, that the sense akes at thee,

Would
The Tragedy of Othello

Would thou hast ne're bin borne.

Def. Alas, what ignorant sinne have I committed?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,

Made to write whore vpon?— What committed?

Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;

I should make very forges of my checkes,

That would to cinders burne vp modestie,

Did I but speake thy deeds: what committed?

Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winkes;

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,

Is hicht within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not heare:— what committed,— impudent strumpet,

Def. By heauen you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preferue this vesseell for my Lord,

From any other soule vnlawfull touch,

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shalbe saued.

Oth. Is it possible?

Def. O heauen forgive vs.

Oth. I cry you mercy then,

I tooke you for that cunning whore of Venice, Enter Emillia.

That married with Othello: You mistrefile,

That haue the office opposite to S. Peter,

And keeps the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;

We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,

I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. Exit.

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue:

How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady?

Def. Faith halfe a sleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me Emillia.
The Tragedy of Othello

I cannot wepe, nor answere haue I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

   Em. Here is a change indeed.       Exit.
   Def. Tis meet I should bee vde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small if opinion on my least misufe. Enter Iago

Iag. What is your pleasure Madam? and Emilia.
How if't with you?

   Def. I can not tell: those that doe teach young babes,
   Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
   I am a childe to chiding.

Iag. What is the matter Lady?

   Em. Alas Iago, my Lord hath for sorne her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy tennes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.

   Def. Am I that name Iago?
Iag. What name faire Lady?
   Def. Such as she layes my Lord did say I was.
   Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tennes vpon his Callet.
Iag. Why did he so?
   Def. I do not know, I am sure I am none such.
Iag. Doe not wepe, doe not wepe: alas the day.
   Em. Has the forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one wepe?
   Def. It is my wretched fortune,
Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?
   Def. Nay, heauen doth know.
   Em. I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine.
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, coudening haue, to get some office,
Haue not deuided this flander, lie be hang'd else.
Iag. Fie there is no such man it is impossible,
   Def. If any such there are heauen pardon him,
the Moore of Venice.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones: Why should he call her whore? who keepes her company? What place what time, what forme, what likelihood? The Moore's abus'd by some most villainous knaue; Some base notorious knaue, some scurvy fellow; O heauen, that such companions thoudst unfold, And put in every honest hand a whip, To lash the rascall, naked through the world, Even from the east to th' west.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O he upon him; some such squire he was; That turnd your wit, the seamy side without, And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a fool, goe to.

Def. O good Iago, What shall I doe to win my Lord againe? Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen, I know not how I lost him.

Here I kneele: If ere my will did trespass against his love, Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed, Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sense, Delighted them in any other forme; Or that I doe not yet, and ever did, And ever will (though he doe shake me off To beggerly divorcement,) love him decrely: Comfort forswear me; vnkindness may doe much, And his vnkindness may defeat my life, But never taint my love, I can not lay whore, It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word, To doe the act, that might th' addition earne, Not the worlds malle of vanity could make me.

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour, The businesse of the State does him offence, And he doe chide with you.

Def. If 'twere no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you: Harke how these instruments summon you to supper.
of Venice.

The moat great Messengers of Venice stay;-Goe in, and weep not, all things shall be well. Exit woman.

172 How now Rodrigo? Enter Rodrigo.

Rod. I do not finde that thou dealtst justly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Evry day thou dost me, with some deuise Iago; and rather, as it seemes to me now, keepest from me all conueniency, then supplieste me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it, nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you heare me Rodrigo?

Rod. Sir, I haue heard too much,

For your words and performance,

Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With doubt but truth: I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes; the jewelles you haue had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she had receiued, and returned me expectation and comforts, of suddaine respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I can not go to (man,) nor tis not very well; I say tis very fearful, and begin to find my selfe sopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to Desdemona; if she will returne me my jewelles, I will gie ouer my suit, and repete my unlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe, Ile secke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue said now.

Rod. I, and saide nothing, but what I protest entendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant, doe build on thee a better opinion then euer before; give me thy hande Rodrigo: Thou hast taken against mee a most just concepition, but yet I protest, I haue dealt most directly in thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appea'd, and your suspition is not with-
the Moore of Venice.

Without witte and judgement: But Roderigo, if thou haile that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleue now, than ever, I meane, purpose, courage, and valoure: this night shew it; if thou the next night following enioyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall commisston come from Venice.

To depute Cassio in Othello’s Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona

Returne againe to Venice.

Iag. O no, he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him
The faire Desdemona, vnlesse his abode be linger’d
Here by some accident, wherein none can be to determinate,
As the remouing of Cassio.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vn incapabe of Othello’s place,

Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would hathe me to doe?

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit and right; he sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I goe to him; he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz’d at it, but goe along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wale: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia, and Attendants.

Lod. I doe beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir: — O Desdemona.

K 3
The Tragedy of Othello

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the instant, I will be return'd, forthwith

dispatch your Attendant there,—looke it be done.  

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He saies he will returne incontinent:

He hath commanded me to goe to bed,

And bade me to dismisse you.

Em. Dismisse me?

Def. So would not I, my loue doth so approve him,

That euens his stubbornesse, his checks and frownes,

(Prethee vnpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Em. I have laied those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Def. All's one, good father; how foolish are our minds;

If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me

In one of those same sheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid cal'd Barbary,

She was in loue, and he she lou'd proud mad,

And did for take her, she had a song of willow,

An old thing twas, but it exprest her fortune,

And she did singing it, that song to night

Vvill not goo from my mind:

I haue much to doe;

But to goo hang my head all at one side, and sing it like poore Barbary; prethee dispatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Def. No, vnpin me here.

This Lodousco is a proper man.

Em. A very hand some man.

Def. He speakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in Venice, would haue walk'd barefooted to

Palestine, for a touch of his neither lip.
the Moore of Venice.

Desdemona sings.
The poore foule sate sighing by a sciamour tree,
sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
sing willow willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
sing willow willow, willow,
Her salt tears fell from her, which softned the flower,
sing willow &c. (Lay by these.)
Willow, willow.

(Prethee hie thee, he'll come anon.)
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his sorne I approve:
(Nay, that's not next: harke, who's that knocks?)
Em. 'Tis the winde.
Des. I call'd my love false, but what sayd be then?
sing willow willow willow.

If I court no women, youle cough with mo men.
So, get thee gone, good night, mine eyes doe itch,
Does that boade weeping?
Em. Tis neither here nor there.
Des. I have heard it said so: O these men, these men:
Doft thou in conscience thinke (tell me Emilia,)
That there be women doe abuse their husbands
In such grosse kindes?
Em. There be some such no question.
Des. Wouldst thou doe such a thing, for all the world?
Em. Why would not you?
Des. No by this heavenly light.
Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.

I might as well doe it in the darke.
Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price.

For a small vice.
Des. In troth I thinke thou wouldst nor.
Em. in troth I thinke. I should, and vndo't when I had done it.
The Tragedy of Othello

mary I would not doe such a thing for a joynt-ring, or for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Def. Besooth me, if I would doe such wrong

For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong in th world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiuces doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into forreigne laps,
Or else breake out in pecuillie jealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs; or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue some grace,
Yet haue we some recuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiuces haue fence like them; they see, and smell,
And haue their pallats both for sweet and flourre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is; and doth affections breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erreas?
It is too too; and haue not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vs well, else let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills instruct us so.

Def. Good night, good night, heauen me such vses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. Exeunt.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iag. Here stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare; and put it home,
the Moore of Venice.

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow:
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

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

Rod. I haue no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons;
Tis but a man gone: forth my sword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry, now, whether he kill Casisio,
Or Casisio him, or each doe kill the other,
Every way makes my game; live Rodrigo,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Jewells that I bobs from him,
As gifts to Desdemona:
It must not be, if Casisio doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there stand I in much perrill:
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him comming.

Enter Casisio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he, villain thou dicest.

Caf. That thruft had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou knowst;
I will make proove of thine.

Rod. O, I am slain.

Caf. I am maind for euer, light ho, murder,

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Casisio, Iago keepes his word.

Rod. O villain that I am.

Oth. Harke, tis eu'n so.

Caf. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue Iago, honest and iust,
That haft such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me;—minion, your deare lies dead,
And your vnblest fate hies; Strumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed lust. Stain'd, shall with lusts blood be spoted.

Exit.

Enter.
The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Caf. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder.

Gra. Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.


Rod. O wretched villain.

Lod. Two or three groans, it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeit, let's think't vntil
To come into the cry without more helpe.

Rod. No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

Lod. Harke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt with lights and weapons.

Iag. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Caf. Here, here, for heaues sake helpe me.

Iag. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Antient, as I take it.

Lod. The lame indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Caf. Iago, O I am spoil'd, undone by villains,
Give me some helpe.

Iag. O me, Lieutenant, what villains have don this?

Caf. I thinke the one of them is here about,
And cannot make away

Iag. O treacherous villains:
What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.

Rod. O helpe me here.

Caf. That's one of em.

Iag. O murderous wight, O villain. Thrusts him in.

Rod. O damn'd Iago, O inhumaine dog,—o,o,o.

Iag. Kill men in the dark? where be those bloody thecues?

How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:

What may you be? are you of good or euill?

Lod. As you shall prooue vs, praise vs.

Iag. Signior Lodovico.

Lod. He sir.

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by villaines.
the Moore of Venice.

Gra. Cassio.

Iag. How is it brother?

Caf. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heaven forbid.

Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who is't that cried?

Iag. Who is't that cried?

Bia. O my deare Cassio, O my sweet Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

Iag. O notable strumpet : Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that thus have mangled you?

Caf. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I have bin to seek you.

Iag. Lend me a garter, so; — oh for a chaire to beare him easly hence.

Bia. Alas he faints; O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe suspect this Trash

To beare a part in this injurie: patience a while good Cassio;

Come, come, lend me a light:

Know wee this face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:

Roderigo? no, yes sure; yes, tis Roderigo.

Gra. What of Venice?

Iag. Euen he sir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Ia. Seignior Gratiano, I cry you gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners:

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How doe you Cassio: O, a chaire, a chaire.

Gra. Roderigo?

Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire;

Some good man beare him carefully from hence;

Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you mislike,

Save you your labour, he that lies slaine here, (Cassio,)

Was my deare friend; what malice was betwixt you?

Caf. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'the aire.

Stay
The Tragedy of Othello

Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistress? Do you perceive the features of her eye? Nay, an you flirre, we shall have more anon: Behold her well I pray you, looke upon her, Do you see Gentlemen? nay guiltinesse, Will speake, though tongues were out of use. Enter Emilia.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband? Iag. Cassio has here bin set on in the dark, By Rodrigo, and fellowes that are scap't, Hee's almost slaine, and Rodrigo dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good Cassio. Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee Emilia, Goe know of Cassio where he lutt to night; What, do you shake at that? Bia. He luff at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me. Em. Fie upon thee strumpet.

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

Em. As I, now fie upon thee.

Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore Cassio direft; Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale. Emilia, runne you to the Cittadell, And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt:

Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night, That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

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

Orb. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule, Let me not name it to you, you chaste starses; It is the cause, yet I le not shed her blood, Nor scarce that whiter skin of hers then snow, And smooth as monumental alabaster; Yet the must dye, else she'll betray more men, Put out the light, and then put out the light;

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can againe thy former light restore, Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou
the Moore of Venice.

Thou cunninge perate of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heat,
That can thy light etumine: when I have pluckt the rose,
I cannot give it vitall growth againe,
It must needs wither; Ic smell it on the tee;  
skies her.
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Justice her selfe to breake her sword: one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne're so fatall: I must weepe,
But they are cruell teares: this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it does loue: she wakes.

Def. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. I, Desdemona.
Def. Will you come to bed my Lord?
Oth. Have you prayed to night, Desdemona?
Def. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Solicitc for it straite.

Def. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that?
Oth. Well, doe it, and be brefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-send, I would not kill thy soule.

Def. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I doe.

Def. Then heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.

Def. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feel I feare.

Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.
Def. They are loues I heare to you.
Oth. And for that thou diest.

Def. That death's unnaturall, that kills for louing;
Alas, why know you so your neather lip?
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Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,
These are portents: but yet I hope
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Def. I will so, what's the matter?

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

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

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. I, but not yet to die.

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

Def. Then Lord have mercy on me.

Oth. I say amen.

Def. And have you mercy too:
I never did offend you in my life,—never I said Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven,
As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven I saw my handkerchief in his hand:

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

Def. He found it then,
I never gave it him, send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He has confessed.

Def. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath—vouch thee.

Def. How, unlawfully?

Oth. I.

Def. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd,
the Moore of Venice.

Honest page hath tane order for't.
Def. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?
Oth. had all his haires bin lies,
My great revenge had stomeake for em all.
Def. Alas he is betrayed, and I undone,
Oth. O strumpet,—weepest thou for him to my face?
Def. O bannish me my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, an you trieue.
Def. But halfe an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Def. But while I say one prayer. be stishe her.
Oth. Tis to late. Emilia calleth within.
Em. My Lord, my Lord, what hoe, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine; —so, so.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'd speake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis Emilia, by and by: tis's dead:
Tis like she comes to speake of Cassius death;
The noyse was heere; ha no more moving,
Still as the grave: shall she come in? we're good?
I think she flires againe; no, what's the best?
If she come in, she'll first speake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:
O insupportable; O heavy house.
Me thinks it should be now a huge Eclips
Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawe at alteration.
Em. I do beseech you I may speake with you,—O good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in Emilia:
Soft, by and by, let me the curatines draw. Enter Emilia.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's soule murders done.
Oth. What is now?
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But now my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more near the earth then she was wont;
And makes men mad.

Em. Cassio my Lord has kill'd a young Venetian.

C:C'd Rodrigo.

Oth. Rodrigo kill'd, and Cassio kill'd?

Em. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grown harsh.

Def. O falsely, falsely murdered.

Em. Ah! alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That, what?

Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe, ho! helpe, O Lady speake againe.
Sweet Desdemona, O sweet mistresse speake.

Def. A guiltlesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

Def. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. she dies.

Oth. Why should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kild her.

Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.

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

Em. Thou dost bely her and thou art a deuill.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon just grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband:
the Moore of Venice.

Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlocke?

Oth. I, with Cassio: nay, had she bin true,

If heauen would make me such another world,

Of one intire and perfect Crifolite,
I'de not haue told her for it.

Em. My husband?

Oth. I, twas he that told me first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That stickes on filthy deeds.

Em. My husband?

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

Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with loue:

My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule

Rot halfe a graine a day; he lies to' th heart,

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Doe thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,

Then thou waft worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Em. Thou haft not halfe the power to doe me harme,

As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,

As ignorant as durt; thou haft done a deed—

I care not for thy sord, Ile make thee know,

Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;

The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?

Em. O, are you come Iago? you haue done well,

That men must lay their murder on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Em. Disprooue this villaine, if thou bee't a man;

He fayes thou toldst him that his wife was false;
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I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

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

Em. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Upon my soul a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with Cassio; did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio mistress; go to, charme your tongue.

Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake;
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

Al. Oh heavens forefend.

Em. And your reports have set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, they are not masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Em. Villany, villany, villany;
I think upon't, I think, I smell a villany;

I thought so then; I'll kill my selfe for griefe,

O villany, villany.

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

Em. Good Gentlemen let me have leave to speake;

Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perhaps Iago, I will no'te goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou haft killed the sweetest innocent,

That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. O she was soule;
I scarce did know you Uncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd;
I know this and the worst terrible and grim.

Gr. Poor dear Desdemona, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe
Shore his old thread intwaine: did he live now,
This sile would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
the Moore of Venice.

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet Iago knowes,
That she with Cassio, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess it;
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance and pledge of love,
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My Father gave my Mother.

Em. O heaven, O heavenly powers.

Iag. Come, hold your peace.

Em. T'will out, t'will out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iag. Be wise, and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou speakest on,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband:
For often with a solemn earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle.)
He begg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

Em. She gave it Cassio? no, alas I found it,
And I did giue my husband.

Iag. Filth, thou liest.

Em. By heaven I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?

The Moore runs as Iago. Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no strokes in heaven,
But what screes for the thunder? pernicious villain.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kill'd his wife.

Em. I, I, O lay me by my miltresse side, Exit Iago.

Gra. He's gone but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villain, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recover'd from the Moore:

M 2

Come,
The Tragedy of Othello

Come, guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather; he after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned scawe.  

*Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whisper gets my sword:
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Em. What did thy song bode Lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in musique; *wiltow, wiltow, wiltow.*

Moore, she was chaste, she loud the cruel Moore,
So come my soule to blisse as I speake true;
So speaking as I thinke, I die, I die.  *She dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

*It is a word of Spain, the Hebrookes temper.*

O here it is; Vncl, I must come forth.  *Gra. within.*

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere,

Thou haft no weapon, and perchance must suffer.

Oth. Looke in upon me then, and speake to me,

Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,

A better never did it selfe sustaine

Upon a Soldiers thigh: I haue seene the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments

Then twenty times your stop; but O vaine boast,

Who can controulle his fate? tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you doe see me weapon'd;

Here is my journeyes end, here is my butte,

The very Sea-mark of my utmost fail.

Doc you goe backe dismaid? tis a lost fear,

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retiris.  Where should Othello goe?

How dost thou looke now? O ill star'd wench,

Pale as thy smocke; when we shall meet at comp't,

This looke of thine will hurle my soule from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it: cold, cold, my girlie,

Even
the Moore of Venice.

Euen like thy chastity: O cursed clave:  
Whip me you devills,  
From the possession of this heavenly light,  
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphure,  
Wash me in steepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:  
O Desdemona, Desdemona; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, and officers,  
Cassio in a chaire

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunate man?  
Oth. That's he that was Othello, here I am.  
Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villainy forth,  
Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable.  
If that thou beest a devill I cannot kill thee.  
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.  
Iag. I bleed sir, but not kill'd.  
Oth. I am not sorry neither, I do haue thee live.  
For in my sense 'tis happinesse to dye.  
Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,  
Falne in the practice of a damned slave,  
What should be said to thee?  
Oth. Why, any thing.  
An honourable murderer if you will;  
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.  
Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?  
Oth. I.  
Ca. Deare General, I did neuer give you cause.  
Oth. I doe beleue it, and I ask thee pardon;  
Will you I pray, demand that demy devill,  
Why he hath thus innum'd my soule and body?  
Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know;  
From this time forth I neuer will speake word.  
Lod. What, not to pray?  
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.  
Oth. Well, thou dost best.  
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befalne,  
Which, as I think you know not; here is a letter,
The Tragedy of Othello

Found in the pocket of the slaine Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio, to be undertooke by Roderigo.

Oth. O villain.

Cass. Most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now heres another discontented paper.

Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that belike, Iago in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catiffe:
How came you Cassio by a handkerchief
That was my wifes?

Cass. I found it in my chamber;
And he himselfe confess it but euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cass. There is besides in Roderigoes letter,
How he obraides Iago, that he made him
Braue me vpon the watch whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus: For this slauie,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State; come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you goe;
I have done the State some service, and they know't;
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice: then you must speake.
the Moore of Venice.

Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme: of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit vnused to the melting mood,
Drop teares, as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinall gum: Set you downe this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a Malignant and a Turban Turke,
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. He stabbs himselfe.

Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's spoke is mard.
Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye upon a kisse. He dies.
Caf. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartane dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the tragiike lodging of this bed,
This is thy worke: the obiect poifons light,
Let it be hid: Gratiano, keepe the house,
And ceaze upon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeed to you: To you Lord Gouernour,
Remaines the cenzure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture: O enforce it,
My selfe will strait aboard, and to the State,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.
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