Characters in the Play

OTHELLO, a Moorish general in the Venetian army
DESDEMONA, a Venetian lady
BRABANTIO, a Venetian senator, father to Desdemona

IAGO, Othello’s standard-bearer, or “ancient”
EMILIA, Iago’s wife and Desdemona’s attendant

CASSIO, Othello’s second-in-command, or lieutenant
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman

Duke of Venice
Venetian gentlemen, kinsmen to Brabantio:
   LODOVICO
   GRATIANO
Venetian senators

MONTANO, an official in Cyprus
BIANCA, a woman in Cyprus in love with Cassio
Clown, a comic servant to Othello and Desdemona
Gentlemen of Cyprus
Sailors

Servants, Attendants, Officers, Messengers, Herald, Musicians, Torchbearers.
ACT I

Scene 1
Enter Roderigo and Iago.

RODERIGO
  Tush, never tell me! I take it much unkindly
  That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
  As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
IAGO  'Sblood, but you'll not hear me!
      If ever I did dream of such a matter,
      Abhor me.
RODERIGO
  Thou toldst me thou didst hold him in thy hate.
IAGO  Despise me
      If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
      In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
      Off-capped to him; and, by the faith of man,
      I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
      But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
      Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
      Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,
      And in conclusion,
      Nonsuits my mediators. For “Certes,” says he,
      “I have already chose my officer.”
      And what was he?
      Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
      One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
      A fellow almost damned in a fair wife,
      That never set a squadron in the field,
      Nor the division of a battle knows
      More than a spinster—unless the bookish theoretic,
      Wherein the togged consuls can propose
      As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice
      Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th’ election;
      And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
      At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
      Christened and heathen, must be beleed and calmed
      By debitor and creditor. This countercaster,
      He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
      And I, God bless the mark, his Moorship’s ancient.
RODERIGO
  By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
IAGO
  Why, there’s no remedy. 'Tis the curse of service.
  Preferment goes by letter and affection,
  And not by old gradation, where each second
  Stood heir to th’ first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
  Whether I in any just term am affined
  To love the Moor.
RODERIGO
  I would not follow him, then.
IAGO O, sir, content you.
   I follow him to serve my turn upon him.  
   We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
   Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
   Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
   That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
   Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
   For naught but provender, and when he's old,
   cashiered.
   Whip me such honest knaves! Others there are
   Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
   Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
   And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
   Do well thrive by them; and when they have lined
   their coats,
   Do themselves homage. These fellows have some
   soul,
   And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
   It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
   Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.
   In following him, I follow but myself.
   Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
   But seeming so for my peculiar end.
   For when my outward action doth demonstrate
   The native act and figure of my heart
   In complement extern, 'tis not long after
   But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
   For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

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

IAGO Call up her father.
   Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight,
   Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
   And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
   Plague him with flies. Though that his joy be joy,
   Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't
   As it may lose some color.

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

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

RODERIGO  
   What ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

IAGO  
   Awake! What ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves!
   Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
   Thieves, thieves!

   Enter Brabantio, above.

BRABANTIO  
   What is the reason of this terrible summons?
   What is the matter there?
RODERIGO
   Signior, is all your family within?
IAGO
   Are your doors locked?
BRABANTIO Why, wherefore ask you this?
IAGO
   Zounds, sir, you’re robbed. For shame, put on your
       gown!
   Your heart is burst. You have lost half your soul.
   Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
   Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
   Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
   Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
   Arise, I say!
BRABANTIO What, have you lost your wits?
RODERIGO Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
BRABANTIO Not I. What are you?
RODERIGO
   My name is Roderigo.
BRABANTIO The worser welcome.
   I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors.
   In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
   My daughter is not for thee. And now in madness,
   Being full of supper and distemp’ring draughts,
   Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
   To start my quiet.
RODERIGO Sir, sir, sir—
BRABANTIO But thou must needs be sure
   My spirit and my place have in them power
   To make this bitter to thee.
RODERIGO Patience, good sir.
BRABANTIO What tell’st thou me of robbing?
   This is Venice. My house is not a grange.
RODERIGO Most grave Brabantio,
   In simple and pure soul I come to you—
IAGO Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not
   serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to
   do you service and you think we are ruffians, you’ll
   have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse,
   you’ll have your nephews neigh to you, you’ll have
   coursers for cousins and jennets for germans.
BRABANTIO What profane wretch art thou?
IAGO I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter
   and the Moor are now making the beast with
   two backs.
BRABANTIO Thou art a villain.
IAGO You are a senator.
BRABANTIO
   This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.
RODERIGO
   Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
   If ’t be your pleasure and most wise consent—
   As partly I find it is—that your fair daughter,
   At this odd-even and dull watch o’ th’ night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That from the sense of all civility  
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.  
If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

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

IAGO, to Roderigo Farewell, for I must leave you.  
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place  
To be producted, as if I stay I shall,  
Against the Moor. For I do know the state,  
However this may gall him with some check,  
Cannot with safety cast him, for he’s embarked  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have none  
To lead their business. In which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love—  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find  
him.  
Lead to the Sagittary the raisèd search,  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

Enter Brabantio in his nightgown, with Servants and Torches.

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

BRABANTIO

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

RODERIGO Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO

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

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

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

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

IAGO

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

OTHELLO ’Tis better as it is.

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

OTHELLO Let him do his spite.

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

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

OTHELLO Not I. I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
IAGO By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, with Officers, and Torches.

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

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

OTHELLO What is the matter, think you?

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

OTHELLO ’Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house
And go with you. He exits.

CASSIO Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land carrack.
If it prove lawful prize, he’s made forever.

CASSIO I do not understand.

IAGO He’s married.

CASSIO To who?

IAGO Marry, to—

Reenter Othello.

Come, captain, will you go?

OTHELLO Have with you.

CASSIO Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.
IAGO
It is Brabantio. General, be advised,
He comes to bad intent. 70

OTHELLO Holla, stand there!

RODERIGO
Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO Down with him, thief!

They draw their swords.

IAGO
You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you. 75

OTHELLO
Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

BRABANTIO
O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her!
For I’ll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy, 85
So opposite to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t’ incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou—t’ fear, not to delight!
Judge me the world, if ’tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practiced on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weakens motion. I’ll have ’t disputed on. 90
’Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril. 95

OTHELLO Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Whither will you that I go
To answer this your charge? 100

BRABANTIO To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

OTHELLO What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him? 110

OFFICER ’Tis true, most worthy signior.
The Duke’s in council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

BRABANTIO How? The Duke in council?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine’s not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as ’twere their own.
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bondslaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

They exit.

Scene 3
Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

DUKE, reading a paper
There’s no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

FIRST SENATOR, reading a paper
Indeed, they are disproportioned.
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE
And mine, a hundred forty.

SECOND SENATOR, reading a paper
And mine, two hundred.
But though they jump not on a just account
(As in these cases, where the aim reports
’Tis oft with difference), yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

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

SAILOR, within What ho, what ho, what ho!
 Enter Sailor.

OFFICER A messenger from the galleys.
DUKE Now, what’s the business?

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

DUKE
How say you by this change?
FIRST SENATOR This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. ’Tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
Th’ importance of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th’ abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in—if we make thought of
this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
DUKE
   Nay, in all confidence, he’s not for Rhodes.
OFFICER  Here is more news.

   Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER
   The Ottomites, Reverend and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
FIRST SENATOR
   Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?
MESSENGER
   Of thirty sail; and now they do restem
Their backward course, bearing with frank
appearance
   Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
   With his free duty recommends you thus,
   And prays you to believe him.  He exits.
DUKE  ’Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.
       Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
FIRST SENATOR
   He’s now in Florence.
DUKE  Write from us to him.
     Post-post-haste. Dispatch.
FIRST SENATOR
   Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

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

DUKE
   Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
To Brabantio. I did not see you. Welcome, gentle
signior.
   We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.
BRABANTIO
   So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me.
   Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general
care
   Take hold on me, for my particular grief
   Is of so floodgate and o’erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.
DUKE  Why, what’s the matter?
BRABANTIO
   My daughter! O, my daughter!
FIRST SENATOR  Dead?
BRABANTIO  Ay, to me.
   She is abused, stol’n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so prepost’rously to err—
   Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense—
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE

Whoe’er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRABANTIO Humbly I thank your Grace.

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

ALL We are very sorry for ’t.

DUKE, to Othello

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

BRABANTIO Nothing, but this is so.

OTHELLO

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

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

DUKE To vouch this is no proof
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.
FIRST SENATOR But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

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

DUKE Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO
Ancient, conduct them. You best know the place.

Iago and Attendants exit.

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

DUKE Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO
Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year—the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my traveler's history,
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak—such was my process—
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline.

But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I, observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man. She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady. Let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

DUKE
    I think this tale would win my daughter, too.
    Good Brabantio,
    Take up this mangled matter at the best.
    Men do their broken weapons rather use
    Than their bare hands.
BRABANTIO I pray you hear her speak.
    If she confess that she was half the wooer,
    Destruction on my head if my bad blame
    Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress.
    Do you perceive in all this noble company
    Where most you owe obedience?
DESDEMONA My noble father,
    I do perceive here a divided duty.
    To you I am bound for life and education.
    My life and education both do learn me
    How to respect you. You are the lord of duty.
    I am hitherto your daughter. But here’s my husband.
    And so much duty as my mother showed
    To you, preferring you before her father,
    So much I challenge that I may profess
    Due to the Moor my lord.
BRABANTIO God be with you! I have done.
    Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs.
    I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
    Come hither, Moor.
    I here do give thee that with all my heart
    Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
    I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
    I am glad at soul I have no other child,
    For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
    To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
DUKE
    Let me speak like yourself and lay a sentence,
    Which as a grise or step may help these lovers
    Into your favor.
    When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
    By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mock’ry makes.
The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

BRABANTIO
So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words. I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was piercèd through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to th’ affairs of state.

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

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

DUKE Why, at her father’s.
BRABANTIO I will not have it so.
OTHELLO Nor I.

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

DUKE What would you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA
That I love the Moor to live with him
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart’s subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord.
I saw Othello’s visage in his mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for why I love him are bereft me
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

OTHELLO  Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heaven defend your good souls that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

DUKE  Be it as you shall privately determine,

Either for her stay or going. Th’ affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

FIRST SENATOR  You must away tonight.

OTHELLO  With all my heart.

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

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

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

FIRST SENATOR  Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

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

OTHELLO  My life upon her faith!
Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee.
I prithee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

RODERIGO Iago—
IAGO What sayst thou, noble heart?
RODERIGO What will I do, think’st thou?
IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep.
RODERIGO I will incontinently drown myself.
IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why,
thou silly gentleman!
RODERIGO It is silliness to live, when to live is torment,
and then have we a prescription to die when death is
our physician.
IAGO O, villainous! I have looked upon the world for
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish
betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found
man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say
I would drown myself for the love of a guinea hen, I
would change my humanity with a baboon.
RODERIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.
IAGO Virtue? A fig! ‘Tis in ourselves that we are thus or
thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our
wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles
or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme,
supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it
with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or
manured with industry, why the power and corrigible
authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance
of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise
another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our
natures would conduct us to most prepost’rous
conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging
motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts—
whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect, or
scion.
RODERIGO It cannot be.
IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man! Drown thyself? Drown
cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy
friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving
with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never
better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse.
Follow thou the wars; defeat thy favor with an
usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It
cannot be that Desdemona should long continue
her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—
nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in
her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration
—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are
changeable in their wills. Fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth. When she is sated with his body she will find the error of her choice. Therefore, put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her. Therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

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

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

RODERIGO Where shall we meet i’ th’ morning?

IAGO At my lodging.

RODERIGO I’ll be with thee betimes.

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

RODERIGO What say you?

IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO I am changed.

IAGO Go to, farewell. Put money enough in your purse.

RODERIGO I’ll sell all my land.

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

390 395 400 405 410 415 420 425 430 435 440

He exits.
As asses are.
I have ’t. It is engendered. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world’s light.

He exits.
ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

MONTANO
What from the cape can you discern at sea?

FIRST GENTLEMAN
Nothing at all. It is a high-wrought flood.
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

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

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

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN
Enter a third Gentleman.

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

MONTANO
How? Is this true?

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

MONTANO
I am glad on ’t. ’Tis a worthy governor.

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

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

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

Enter Cassio.

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

MONTANO  Is he well shipped?

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

Voices cry within. “A sail, a sail, a sail!”

Enter a Messenger.

CASSIO  What noise?

MESSENGER
The town is empty; on the brow o’ th’ sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry “A sail!”

CASSIO
My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

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

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN  I shall.

MONTANO
But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

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

Enter Second Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

SECOND GENTLEMAN
’Tis one Iago, ancienct to the General.

CASSIO
’Tis has had most favorable and happy speed!
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds, 
The guttered rocks and congregated sands 
(Traitors ensteeped to clog the guiltless keel), 
As having sense of beauty, do omit 
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by 
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO What is she?

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

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.

O, behold, 
The riches of the ship is come on shore! 
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

He kneels.

Hail to thee, lady, and the grace of heaven, 
Before, behind thee, and on every hand 
Enwheel thee round. 

He rises.

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

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

DESDEMONA O, but I fear—How lost you company?

CASSIO 
The great contention of sea and skies 
Parted our fellowship.

Within “A sail, a sail!” A shot.

But hark, a sail!

SECOND GENTLEMAN 
They give their greeting to the citadel.

This likewise is a friend.

CASSIO See for the news.

Second Gentleman exits.

Good ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress. 

He kisses Emilia.

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

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

DESDEMONA 
Alas, she has no speech!

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

EMILIA You have little cause to say so.

IAGO Come on, come on! You are pictures out of door,
    bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,
saints in your injuries, devils being offended, players
    in your huswifery, and huswives in your beds.

DESDEMONA Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer.

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

EMILIA You shall not write my praise.

IAGO No, let me not.

DESDEMONA What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise

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

DESDEMONA Come on, assay.—There’s one gone to the harbor?

IAGO Ay, madam.

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

IAGO I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
    from my pate as birdlime does from frieze: it
    plucks out brains and all. But my muse labors, and
    thus she is delivered:
        If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
        The one’s for use, the other useth it.

DESDEMONA Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

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

DESDEMONA Worse and worse.

EMILIA How if fair and foolish?

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

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

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

DESDEMONA O heavy ignorance! Thou praisest the
    worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on
    a deserving woman indeed, one that in the authority
    of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very
malice itself?

IAGO

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

DESDEMONA  To do what?

IAGO

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

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

CASSIO  He speaks home, madam. You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

IAGO, aside  He takes her by the palm. Ay, well said, whisper. With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do. I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, ’tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed; an excellent courtesy! ’Tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? Would they were clyster pipes for your sake!

Trumpets within.

The Moor. I know his trumpet.

CASSIO  ’Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA  Let’s meet him and receive him.

CASSIO  Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

OTHELLO  O, my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA  My dear Othello!

OTHELLO  It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul’s joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death,
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell’s from heaven! If it were now to die,
’Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
DESDEMONA  The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!
OTHELLO  Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content.
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
That e’er our hearts shall make!
IAGO, aside  O, you are well tuned now,
But I’ll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

OTHELLO  Come. Let us to the castle.—
News, friends! Our wars are done. The Turks are
drowned.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus.
I have found great love amongst them. O, my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel.
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona.
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

All but Iago and Roderigo exit.

IAGO, to a departing Attendant  Do thou meet me presently
at the harbor. To Roderigo. Come hither. If
thou be’st valiant—as they say base men being in
love have then a nobility in their natures more than
is native to them—list me. The Lieutenant tonight
watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee
this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

RODERIGO  With him? Why, ’tis not possible.

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

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

IAGO Blessed fig’s end! The wine she drinks is made of
grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never
have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou
not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst
not mark that?

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

IAGO Lechery, by this hand! An index and obscure
prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.
They met so near with their lips that their breaths
embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo!
When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard
at hand comes the master and main exercise, th’
incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled
by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you
tonight. For the command, I’ll lay ’t upon you.
Cassio knows you not. I’ll not be far from you.
Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by
speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from
what other course you please, which the time shall
more favorably minister.

RODERIGO Well.

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

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

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

RODERIGO Adieu.  

IAGO

That Cassio loves her, I do well believe ’t.
That she loves him, ’tis apt and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he’ll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust (though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin)
But partly led to diet my revenge
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat—the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife,
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb
(For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too),
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass
And practicing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. ’Tis here, but yet confused.
Knavery’s plain face is never seen till used.

He exits.

Scene 2
Enter Othello’s Herald with a proclamation.

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

He exits.

Scene 3
Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

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

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

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

Othello and Desdemona exit, with Attendants.

Enter Iago.
CASSIO  Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.
IAGO  Not this hour, lieutenant. 'Tis not yet ten o’ th’
clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of
his Desdemona—who let us not therefore blame;
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and
she is sport for Jove.
CASSIO  She’s a most exquisite lady.
IAGO  And, I’ll warrant her, full of game.
CASSIO  Indeed, she’s a most fresh and delicate
creature.
IAGO  What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley
to provocation.
CASSIO  An inviting eye, and yet methinks right
modest.
IAGO  And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
CASSIO  She is indeed perfection.
IAGO  Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant,
I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a
brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a
measure to the health of black Othello.
CASSIO  Not tonight, good Iago. I have very poor and
unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish
courtesy would invent some other custom of
entertainment.
IAGO  O, they are our friends! But one cup; I’ll drink
for you.
CASSIO  I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that was
craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it
makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity and
dare not task my weakness with any more.
IAGO  What, man! 'Tis a night of revels. The gallants
desire it.
CASSIO  Where are they?
IAGO  Here at the door. I pray you, call them in.
CASSIO  I’ll do ’t, but it dislikes me.
    He exits.
IAGO  If I can fasten but one cup upon him
With that which he hath drunk tonight already,
He’ll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress’ dog. Now my sick fool
Roderigo,
Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath tonight caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he’s to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits
That hold their honors in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I tonight flustered with flowing cups;
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.
Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen, followed by Servants with wine.

CASSIO 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.
MONTANO Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.
IAGO Some wine, ho!

Sings. And let me the kannikin clink, clink,
And let me the kannikin clink.
A soldier’s a man,
O, man’s life’s but a span,
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

CASSIO 'Fore God, an excellent song.

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

CASSIO Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

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

CASSIO To the health of our general!
MONTANO I am for it, lieutenant, and I’ll do you justice.

IAGO O sweet England!

Sings. King Stephen was and—a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear;
With that he called the tailor lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thy auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

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

IAGO Will you hear ’t again?

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

IAGO It’s true, good lieutenant.

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

IAGO And so do I too, lieutenant.

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

GENTLEMEN Excellent well.

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

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

Gentlemen exit.

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

MONTANO But is he often thus?

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

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

Enter Roderigo.

IAGO, aside to Roderigo How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the Lieutenant, go.

Roderigo exits.

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

IAGO Not I, for this fair island.
I do love Cassio well and would do much
To cure him of this evil—“ Help, help!” within.
But hark! What noise?

Enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

CASSIO Zounds, you rogue, you rascal!

MONTANO What’s the matter, lieutenant?

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

RODERIGO Beat me?

CASSIO Dost thou prate, rogue?                  He hits Roderigo.

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

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

MONTANO Come, come, you’re drunk.
CASSIO Drunk?

IAGO, aside to Roderigo
Away, I say! Go out and cry a mutiny.

Nay, good lieutenant.—God’s will, gentlemen!—
Help, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir—
Help, masters!—Here’s a goodly watch indeed!

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

A bell is rung.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

OTHELLO
What is the matter here?

MONTANO Zounds, I bleed
still.

I am hurt to th’ death. He dies! He attacks Cassio. 175

OTHELLO Hold, for your lives!

IAGO
Hold, ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—
gentlemen—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! The General speaks to you. Hold, for shame! 180

OTHELLO
Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?
Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell. It frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak. Who began this? On thy love, I charge thee. 190

IAGO
I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then but now,
As if some planet had unwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other’s breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

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

CASSIO
I pray you pardon me; I cannot speak.

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

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

OTHELLO Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. Zounds, if I stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offense,
Though he had twinned with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war
Yet wild, the people’s hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety?
’Tis monstrous. Iago, who began ’t?

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

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

OTHELLO I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee,
But nevermore be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

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

DESDEMONA
What is the matter, dear?

OTHELLO All's well now,
sweeting.
Come away to bed. To Montano. Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon.—Lead him off.

All but Iago and Cassio exit.

IAGO What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
CASSIO Ay, past all surgery.
IAGO Marry, God forbid!

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

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

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

IAGO What was he that you followed with your sword?
What had he done to you?
CASSIO I know not.
IAGO Is 't possible?
CASSIO I remember a mass of things, but nothing
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O
God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

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

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

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

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

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

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

CASSIO You advise me well.

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

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

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

CASSIO Good night, honest Iago.

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

Enter Roderigo.

RODERIGO I do follow here in the chase, not like a
hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My
money is almost spent, I have been tonight exceedingly
well cudgeled, and I think the issue will be I
shall have so much experience for my pains, and so,
with no money at all and a little more wit, return
again to Venice.

IAGO
How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know’st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does ’t not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashiered Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Content thyself awhile. By th’ Mass, ’tis morning!
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
Away, I say! Thou shalt know more hereafter.
Nay, get thee gone.

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

Roderigo exits.

He exits.
ACT 3

Scene 1
Enter Cassio with Musicians.

CASSIO
Masters, play here (I will content your pains)
Something that’s brief; and bid “Good morrow, general.”

Enter the Clown.

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

MUSICIAN
How, sir, how?

CLOWN
Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

MUSICIAN
Ay, marry, are they, sir.

CLOWN
O, thereby hangs a tail.

MUSICIAN
Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

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

MUSICIAN
Well, sir, we will not.

CLOWN
If you have any music that may not be heard, to ’t again. But, as they say, to hear music the General does not greatly care.

MUSICIAN
We have none such, sir.

CLOWN
Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I’ll away. Go, vanish into air, away!

Musicians exit.

CASSIO
Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

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

CASSIO
Prithee, keep up thy quillets. Giving money.
There’s a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the General’s wife be stirring, tell her there’s one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech. Wilt thou do this?

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

CASSIO
Do, good my friend.

Clown exits.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

IAGO
You have not been abed, then?

CASSIO
Why, no. The day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife. My suit to her Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.
IAGO I’ll send her to you presently,  
And I’ll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free.

CASSIO  
I humbly thank you for ’t. Iago exits. I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

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

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

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

CASSIO I am much bound to you.

They exit.

Scene 2  
Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

OTHELLO  
These letters give, Iago, to the pilot  
And by him do my duties to the Senate.  
He gives Iago some papers.  
That done, I will be walking on the works.  
Repair there to me.

IAGO Well, my good lord, I’ll do ’t.

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

GENTLEMEN  
We wait upon your Lordship.

They exit.

Scene 3  
Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

DESDEMONA  
Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.
EMILIA
   Good madam, do. I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

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

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

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

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

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

   Enter Othello and Iago.

EMILIA  Madam, here comes my lord.
CASSIO  Madam, I’ll take my leave.
DESDEMONA Why, stay, and hear me speak.
CASSIO    Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,
   Unfit for mine own purposes.
DESDEMONA  Well, do your discretion.

IAGO
   Ha, I like not that.
OTHELLO  What dost thou say?
IAGO
   Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.
OTHELLO  Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
IAGO
   Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it
   That he would steal away so guiltylike,
   Seeing your coming.
OTHELLO  I do believe ’twas he.
DESDEMONA  How now, my lord?
   I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTHELLO Who is ’t you mean?

DESDEMONA

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

OTHELLO Went he hence now?

DESDEMONA Yes, faith, so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

OTHELLO Not now, sweet Desdem. Some other time.

DESDEMONA But shall ’t be shortly?

OTHELLO The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA Shall ’t be tonight at supper?

OTHELLO No, not tonight.

DESDEMONA Tomorrow dinner, then?

OTHELLO I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA

Why then tomorrow night, or Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday noon or night; on Wednesday morn.
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith, he’s penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make example
Out of her best— is not almost a fault
T’ incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mamm’ring on? What? Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
Hath ta’en your part— to have so much to do
To bring him in! By ’r Lady, I could do much—

OTHELLO Prithee, no more. Let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

DESDEMONA Why, this is not a boon!

’Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

OTHELLO I will deny thee nothing!

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
DESMONDA
    Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.

OTHELLO
    Farewell, my Desdemona. I’ll come to thee straight.

DESMONDA
    Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you.
    Whate’er you be, I am obedient.

        Desdemona and Emilia exit.

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

IAGO
    My noble lord—

OTHELLO
    What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO
    Did Michael Cassio,
    When you wooed my lady, know of your love?

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

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

OTHELLO
    Why of thy thought, Iago?

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

OTHELLO
    O yes, and went between us very oft.

IAGO
    Indeed?

OTHELLO
    Indeed? Ay, indeed! Discern’st thou aught in that?
    Is he not honest?

IAGO
    Honest, my lord?

OTHELLO
    Honest—ay, honest.

IAGO
    My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO
    What dost thou think?

IAGO
    Think, my lord?

OTHELLO
    “Think, my lord?” By heaven, thou echo’st me
    As if there were some monster in thy thought
    Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean
    something.
    I heard thee say even now, thou lik’st not that,
    When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
    And when I told thee he was of my counsel
    In my whole course of wooing, thou cried’st
    “Indeed?”
    And didst contract and purse thy brow together
    As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
    Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
    Show me thy thought.

IAGO
    My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO
    I think thou dost;
    And for I know thou ’rt full of love and honesty
    And weigh’st thy words before thou giv’st them
    breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more.  
For such things in a false, disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that’s just,  
They’re close dilations working from the heart  
That passion cannot rule.

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

OTHELLO  
I think so too.

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

OTHELLO  Certain, men should be what they seem.  

IAGO  Why then, I think Cassio’s an honest man.

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

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

OTHELLO  
Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think’st him wronged and mak’st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

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

OTHELLO  What dost thou mean?

IAGO  Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse steals trash. ’Tis something,  
nothing;  
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to  
thousands.  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robst me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.
OTHELLO  By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
IAGO
  You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
    Nor shall not, whilst ’tis in my custody.
OTHELLO
  Ha?
IAGO  O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
     It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
       The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss
     Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
     But O, what damned minutes tells he o’er
     Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
OTHELLO  O misery!
IAGO
  Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
    But riches fineless is as poor as winter
  To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
  Good God, the souls of all my tribe defend
    From jealousy!
OTHELLO  Why, why is this?
IAGO
  Think’st thou I’d make a life of jealousy,
    To follow still the changes of the moon
   With fresh suspicions? No. To be once in doubt
    Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
  When I shall turn the business of my soul
   To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
    Matching thy inference. ’Tis not to make me jealous
  To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
    Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well.
    Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.
    Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
  The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
    For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
    I’ll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
    And on the proof, there is no more but this:
     Away at once with love or jealousy.
IAGO
  I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
    To show the love and duty that I bear you
   With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
    Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
   Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
     Wear your eyes thus, not jealous nor secure.
     I would not have your free and noble nature,
    Out of self-bounty, be abused. Look to ’t.
    I know our country disposition well.
  In Venice they do let God see the pranks
    They dare not show their husbands. Their best
    conscience
     Is not to leave ’t undone, but keep ’t unknown.
OTHELLO  Dost thou say so?
IAGO
  She did deceive her father, marrying you,
    And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
     She loved them most.
OTHELLO  And so she did.
IAGO  Why, go to, then!
    She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
    To seel her father’s eyes up close as oak,
    He thought ’twas witchcraft! But I am much to blame.
    I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
    For too much loving you.
OTHELLO  I am bound to thee forever.
IAGO  I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.
OTHELLO  Not a jot, not a jot.
IAGO  ’t faith, I fear it has.
    I hope you will consider what is spoke
    Comes from my love. But I do see you’re moved.
    I am to pray you not to strain my speech
    To grosser issues nor to larger reach
    Than to suspicion.
OTHELLO  I will not.
IAGO  Should you do so, my lord,
    My speech should fall into such vile success
    As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio’s my worthy friend.
    My lord, I see you’re moved.
OTHELLO  No, not much moved.
    I do not think but Desdemona’s honest.
IAGO  Long live she so! And long live you to think so!
OTHELLO  And yet, how nature erring from itself—
IAGO  Ay, there’s the point. As, to be bold with you,
    Not to affect many proposéd matches
    Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
    Whereunto we see in all things nature tends—
    Foh! One may smell in such a will most rank,
    Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural—
    But pardon me—I do not in position
    Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
    Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
    May fall to match you with her country forms
    And happily repent.
OTHELLO  Farewell, farewell!
    If more thou dost perceive, let me know more.
    Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
IAGO, beginning to exit  My lord, I take my leave.
OTHELLO  Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
    Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
IAGO, returning  My lord, I would I might entreat your Honor
    To scan this thing no farther. Leave it to time.
    Although ’tis fit that Cassio have his place—
    For sure he fills it up with great ability—
    Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
    You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity.
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

OTHELLO Fear not my government.

IAGO I once more take my leave. He exits.

OTHELLO

This fellow’s of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I’d whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years—yet that’s not much—
She’s gone, I am abused, and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others’ uses. Yet ‘tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base.
‘Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Look where she comes.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, heaven mocks itself!
I’ll not believe ’t.

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

OTHELLO I am to blame.

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

OTHELLO I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

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

OTHELLO Your napkin is too little.

DESDEMONA Let it alone. The handkerchief falls, unnoticed.

OTHELLO Come, I’ll go in with you.

DESDEMONA I am very sorry that you are not well.

EMILIA, picking up the handkerchief
I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steal it. But she so loves the token
(For he conjured her she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta’en out
And give ’t Iago. What he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I.
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

IAGO  How now? What do you here alone?
EMILIA  Do not you chide. I have a thing for you.
IAGO  You have a thing for me? It is a common thing—
EMILIA  Ha?
IAGO  To have a foolish wife.
EMILIA  O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
IAGO  What handkerchief?
EMILIA  What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal.
IAGO  Hast stol’n it from her?
EMILIA  No, faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to th’ advantage I, being here, took ’t up.
Look, here ’tis.
IAGO  A good wench! Give it me.
EMILIA  What will you do with ’t, that you have been so
earnest
To have me filch it?
IAGO, snatching it  Why, what is that to you?
EMILIA  If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give ’t me again. Poor lady, she’ll run mad
When she shall lack it.
IAGO  Be not acknown on ’t.
I have use for it. Go, leave me.  Emilia exits.
I will in Cassio’s lodging lose this napkin
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison;
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulfur.

Enter Othello.

I did say so.
Look where he comes. Not poppy nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owest yesterday.

OTHELLO Ha, ha, false to me?

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

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

IAGO How now, my lord?

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

IAGO I am sorry to hear this.

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

IAGO Is 't possible, my lord?

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

IAGO Is 't come to this?

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

IAGO My noble lord—

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

IAGO O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?
God b' wi' you. Take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv’st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world:
To be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I’ll love no friend, sith love breeds such offense.

OTHELLO Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.

IAGO
I should be wise; for honesty’s a fool
And loses that it works for.

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

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

OTHELLO Would? Nay, and I will.

IAGO
And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,
Behold her topped?

OTHELLO Death and damnation! O!

IAGO
It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where’s satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth
Will give you satisfaction, you might have ’t.

OTHELLO
Give me a living reason she’s disloyal.

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

OTHELLO
    O monstrous! Monstrous!
IAGO  Nay, this was but his
        dream.

OTHELLO
    But this denoted a foregone conclusion.
    ’Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
IAGO
    And this may help to thicken other proofs
        That do demonstrate thinly.
OTHELLO  I’ll tear her all to pieces.

IAGO
    Nay, but be wise. Yet we see nothing done.
    She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
        Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
            Spotted with strawberries in your wife’s hand?
OTHELLO
    I gave her such a one. ’Twas my first gift.
IAGO
    I know not that; but such a handkerchief—
        I am sure it was your wife’s—did I today
            See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO  If it be that—
IAGO
    If it be that, or any that was hers,
        It speaks against her with the other proofs.
OTHELLO
    O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
    One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
    Now do I see ’tis true. Look here, Iago,
        All my fond
            love thus do I blow to heaven.
    ’Tis gone.
    Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
    Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
        For ’tis of aspics’ tongues!
IAGO  Yet be content.
OTHELLO  O, blood, blood, blood!
IAGO
    Patience, I say. Your mind perhaps may change.

OTHELLO
    Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,
        Whose icy current and compulsive course
            Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
                To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
                Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
                    Shall ne’er look back, ne’er ebb to humble love,
                        Till that a capable and wide revenge
                            Swallow them up. He kneels. Now by yond marble
                                heaven,
                                    In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
                                        I here engage my words.
IAGO  Do not rise yet.
    Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart
To wronged Othello’s service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

They rise.

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

IAGO My friend is dead.
’Tis done at your request. But let her live.

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

IAGO I am your own forever.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

DESDEMONA Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?
CLOWN I dare not say he lies anywhere.
DESDEMONA Why, man?
CLOWN He’s a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies,
’tis stabbing.
DESDEMONA Go to! Where lodges he?
CLOWN To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.
DESDEMONA Can anything be made of this?
CLOWN I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
DESDEMONA Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
CLOWN I will catechize the world for him—that is, make questions, and by them answer.
DESDEMONA Seek him, bid him come hither. Tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well.
CLOWN To do this is within the compass of man’s wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Clown exits.

DESDEMONA Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
EMILIA I know not, madam.
DESDEMONA Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
EMILIA Is he not jealous?

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

Enter Othello.

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

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

DESDEMONA Well, my good lord.

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

DESDEMONA
It yet has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

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

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

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

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

OTHELLO What promise, chuck?

DESDEMONA
I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

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

DESDEMONA Here, my lord.

OTHELLO
That which I gave you.

DESDEMONA I have it not about me.

OTHELLO Not?

DESDEMONA No, faith, my lord.

OTHELLO That’s a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give.
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept
it,
’Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love. But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father’s eye
Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on ’t,
Make it a darling like your precious eye.
To lose ’t or give ’t away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

DESDEMONA  Is ’t possible?

OTHELLO
’Tis true. There’s magic in the web of it.
A sybil that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work.
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skillful
Conserved of maidens’ hearts.

DESDEMONA  I’ faith, is ’t true?

OTHELLO
Most veritable. Therefore, look to ’t well.

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

OTHELLO  Ha? Wherefore?

DESDEMONA
Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

OTHELLO
Is ’t lost? Is ’t gone? Speak, is ’t out o’ th’ way?

DESDEMONA  Heaven bless us!

OTHELLO  Say you? 

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

OTHELLO  How?

DESDEMONA  I say it is not lost.

OTHELLO  Fetch ’t. Let me see ’t!

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

OTHELLO
Fetch me the handkerchief! Aside. My mind misgives.

DESDEMONA  Come, come. 

OTHELLO
You’ll never meet a more sufficient man.

DESDEMONA  I pray, talk me of Cassio.

OTHELLO  The handkerchief!

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

OTHELLO
The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA  I’ faith, you are to blame.

OTHELLO  Zounds!

EMILIA  Is not this man jealous?

Othello exits.
DESDEMONA  I ne’er saw this before.    
Sure, there’s some wonder in this handkerchief!    
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.    

EMILIA    
’Tis not a year or two shows us a man.    
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;    
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full    
They belch us.    

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Look you—Cassio and my husband.    

IAGO, to Cassio
    There is no other way; ’tis she must do ’t,    
And, lo, the happiness! Go and importune her.    

DESDEMONA
    How now, good Cassio, what’s the news with you?    

CASSIO
    Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you    
That by your virtuous means I may again    
Exist, and be a member of his love    
Whom I with all the office of my heart    
Entirely honor. I would not be delayed.    
If my offense be of such mortal kind    
That nor my service past nor present sorrows    
Nor purposed merit in futurity    
Can ransom me into his love again,    
But to know so must be my benefit.    
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,    
And shut myself up in some other course    
To fortune’s alms.    

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

IAGO
    Is my lord angry?    

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

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

DESDEMONA
    I prithee do so.    

He exits.  

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

EMILIA Pray heaven it be  
State matters, as you think, and no conception  
Nor no jealous toy concerning you.  

DESDEMONA  
Alas the day, I never gave him cause!  

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

DESDEMONA  
Heaven keep that monster from Othello’s mind!  

EMILIA Lady, amen.  

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

CASSIO I humbly thank your Ladyship.  

Desdemona and Emilia exit.  

Enter Bianca.  

BIANCA  
‘Save you, friend Cassio!  

CASSIO What make you from  
home?  
How is ’t with you, my most fair Bianca?  
I’ faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.  

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

CASSIO Pardon me, Bianca.  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed,  
But I shall in a more continue time  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  

Giving her Desdemona’s handkerchief.  

Take me this work out.  

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

CASSIO Go to, woman!

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

BIANCA Why, whose is it?

CASSIO

    I know not neither. I found it in my chamber.
    I like the work well. Ere it be demanded,
    As like enough it will, I would have it copied.
    Take it, and do ’t, and leave me for this time.

BIANCA Leave you? Wherefore?

CASSIO

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

BIANCA Why, I pray you?

CASSIO Not that I love you not.

BIANCA But that you do not love me!

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

CASSIO

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

BIANCA

    ’Tis very good. I must be circumstanced.

   They exit.
IAGO
    Will you think so?
OTHELLO  Think so, Iago?
IAGO  What,
    To kiss in private?
OTHELLO  An unauthorized kiss!
IAGO
    Or to be naked with her friend in bed
    An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
OTHELLO
    Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
    It is hypocrisy against the devil!
    They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
    The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
    heaven.
IAGO
    If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip.
    But if I give my wife a handkerchief—
OTHELLO  What then?
IAGO
    Why then, 'tis hers, my lord, and being hers,
    She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.
OTHELLO
    She is protectress of her honor, too.
    May she give that?
IAGO
    Her honor is an essence that's not seen;
    They have it very oft that have it not.
    But for the handkerchief—
OTHELLO
    By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
    Thou saidst—O, it comes o'er my memory
    As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
    Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.
IAGO
    Ay, what of that?
OTHELLO  That's not so good now.
IAGO  What
    If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
    Or heard him say (as knaves be such abroad,
    Who having, by their own importunate suit
    Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
    Convinc'd or supplied them, cannot choose
    But they must blab)—
OTHELLO  Hath he said anything?
IAGO
    He hath, my lord, but be you well assured,
    No more than he'll unswear.
OTHELLO What hath he said?
IAGO Faith, that he did—I know not what he did.
OTHELLO What? What?
IAGO Lie—
OTHELLO With her?
IAGO With her—on her—what you will.
OTHELLO Lie with her? Lie on her? We say “lie on her” when they belie her. Lie with her—Zounds, that’s fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief. To confess and be hanged for his labor. First to be hanged and then to confess—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips—is ’t possible? Confess—handkerchief—O, devil! He falls in a trance.
IAGO Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught,
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What ho! My lord!
My lord, I say. Othello!

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio?
CASSIO What’s the matter?
IAGO My lord is fall’n into an epilepsy.
This is his second fit. He had one yesterday.
CASSIO Rub him about the temples.
IAGO No, forbear.
The lethargy must have his quiet course.
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw yourself a little while.
He will recover straight. When he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you.

Cassio exits.

How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head?
OTHELLO Dost thou mock me?
IAGO I mock you not, by heaven!
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
OTHELLO A hornèd man’s a monster and a beast.
IAGO There’s many a beast, then, in a populous city, And many a civil monster.
OTHELLO Did he confess it?
IAGO Good sir, be a man! Think every bearded fellow that’s but yoked
May draw with you. There’s millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.
O, ’tis the spite of hell, the fiend’s arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTHELLO O, thou art wise, ’tis certain.

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

OTHELLO Dost thou hear, Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my patience,
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

IAGO That’s not amiss.
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

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

Enter Cassio.

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

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

IAGO Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on ’t.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca’s power,
How quickly should you speed!

CASSIO, laughing Alas, poor caitiff!

OTHELLO Look how he laughs already!

IAGO I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO Alas, poor rogue, I think i’ faith she loves me.
OTHELLO
   Now he denies it faintly and laughs it out.
IAGO
   Do you hear, Cassio?
OTHELLO Now he importunes him
   To tell it o’er. Go to, well said, well said.
IAGO
   She gives it out that you shall marry her.
   Do you intend it?
CASSIO Ha, ha, ha!
OTHELLO
   Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?
CASSIO I marry her? What, a customer? Prithee bear
   some charity to my wit! Do not think it so unwholesome.
   Ha, ha, ha!
OTHELLO So, so, so, so. They laugh that wins.
IAGO
   Faith, the cry goes that you marry her.
CASSIO Prithee say true!
IAGO I am a very villain else.
OTHELLO Have you scored me? Well.
CASSIO This is the monkey’s own giving out. She is
   persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and
   flattery, not out of my promise.
OTHELLO
   Iago beckons me. Now he begins the story.
CASSIO She was here even now. She haunts me in
   every place. I was the other day talking on the
   sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes
   the bauble. By this hand, she falls thus about my
   neck!
OTHELLO Crying, “O dear Cassio,” as it were; his
   gesture imports it.
CASSIO So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so
   shakes and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!
OTHELLO Now he tells how she plucked him to my
   chamber.—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that
dog I shall throw it to.
CASSIO Well, I must leave her company.
IAGO Before me, look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

CASSIO ’Tis such another fitchew—marry, a perfumed
   one!—What do you mean by this haunting
   of me?
BIANCA Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did
   you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me
   even now? I was a fine fool to take it! I must take
   out the work? A likely piece of work, that you
   should find it in your chamber and know not who
   left it there! This is some minx’s token, and I must
   take out the work! There, give it your hobbyhorse.
   Wheresoever you had it, I’ll take out no work on ’t.
CASSIO
   How now, my sweet Bianca? How now? How now?
OTHELLO
   By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!
BIANCA If you’ll come to supper tonight you may. If
   you will not, come when you are next prepared
   for. _She exits._
IAGO After her, after her!
CASSIO Faith, I must. She’ll rail in the streets else.
IAGO Will you sup there?
CASSIO Faith, I intend so.
IAGO Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very
   fain speak with you.
CASSIO Prithee come. Will you?
IAGO Go to; say no more.  
   _Cassio exits._
OTHELLO, coming forward  How shall I murder him,
   Iago?
IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?
OTHELLO O Iago!
IAGO And did you see the handkerchief?
OTHELLO Was that mine?
IAGO Yours, by this hand! And to see how he prizes
   the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and
   he hath giv’n it his whore.
OTHELLO I would have him nine years a-killing! A fine
   woman, a fair woman, a sweet woman!
IAGO Nay, you must forget that.
OTHELLO Ay, let her rot and perish and be damned
   tonight, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned
   to stone. I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the
   world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by
   an emperor’s side and command him tasks.
IAGO Nay, that’s not your way.
OTHELLO Hang her, I do but say what she is! So
delicate with her needle, an admirable musician—
   O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!
   Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!
IAGO She’s the worse for all this.
OTHELLO O, a thousand, a thousand times!—And then
   of so gentle a condition!
IAGO Ay, too gentle.
OTHELLO Nay, that’s certain. But yet the pity of it,
   Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
IAGO If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her
   patent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes
   near nobody.
OTHELLO I will chop her into messes! Cuckold me?
IAGO O, ’tis foul in her.
OTHELLO With mine officer!
IAGO That’s fouler.
OTHELLO Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I’ll not
   expostulate with her lest her body and beauty
   unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.
IAGO Do it not with poison. Strangle her in her bed,
even the bed she hath contaminated.
OTHELLO Good, good. The justice of it pleases. Very
   good.
IAGO And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You
shall hear more by midnight.

OTHELLO
  Excellent good.                        A trumpet sounds.
  What trumpet is that same?  235
IAGO I warrant something from Venice.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

'Tis Lodovico. This comes from the Duke.
  See, your wife's with him.
LODOVICO God save you, worthy general.
OTHELLO With all my heart, sir.  240
LODOVICO
  The Duke and the Senators of Venice greet you.

He hands Othello a paper.

OTHELLO
  I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
DESDEMONA
  And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
IAGO
  I am very glad to see you, signior.
    Welcome to Cyprus.  245
LODOVICO
  I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
IAGO Lives, sir.
DESDEMONA
  Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
    An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.
OTHELLO Are you sure of that?  250
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO, reading "This fail you not to do, as you
    will"—
LODOVICO He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
    Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?  255
DESDEMONA
  A most unhappy one. I would do much
    T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
OTHELLO Fire and brimstone!
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO Are you wise?  260
DESDEMONA
  What, is he angry?
LODOVICO May be the letter moved him.
    For, as I think, they do command him home,
      Deputing Cassio in his government.
DESDEMONA By my troth, I am glad on 't.  265
OTHELLO Indeed?
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO I am glad to see you mad.
DESDEMONA Why, sweet Othello!
OTHELLO, striking her Devil!  270
DESDEMONA I have not deserved this.
LODOVICO
  My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
    Though I should swear I saw 't. 'Tis very much.
Make her amends. She weeps.

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

DESDEMONA  I will not stay to offend you.

She begins to leave.

LODOVICO  Truly an obedient lady.
I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

OTHELLO  Mistress.

DESDEMONA, turning back  My lord?

OTHELLO  What would you with her, sir?

LODOVICO  Who, I, my lord?

OTHELLO  Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn.
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, sir, weep.
And she’s obedient, as you say, obedient.
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir—O, well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home.—Get you away.
I’ll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

Desdemona exits.

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and
monkeys?

LODOVICO  Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake, whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

IAGO  He is much
changed.

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

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

LODOVICO  What? Strike his wife?

IAGO  ’Faith, that was not so well. Yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

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

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

Scene 2
Enter Othello and Emilia.

OTHELLO  You have seen nothing then?
EMILIA  Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
OTHELLO  Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
EMILIA  But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
OTHELLO  What, did they never whisper?
EMILIA  Never, my lord.
OTHELLO  Nor send you out o’ th’ way?
EMILIA  Never.
OTHELLO  To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
EMILIA  Never, my lord.
OTHELLO  That’s strange.
EMILIA  I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent’s curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There’s no man happy. The purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.
OTHELLO  Bid her come hither. Go.
Emilia exits.

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

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

DESDEMONA  My lord, what is your will?
OTHELLO  Pray you, chuck, come hither.
DESDEMONA  What is your pleasure?
OTHELLO  Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.
DESDEMONA  What horrible fancy’s this?
OTHELLO, to Emilia  Some of your function,
mistress.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door.
Cough, or cry “hem,” if anybody come.
Your mystery, your mystery! Nay, dispatch.
Emilia exits.
DESDEMONA, kneeling
Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
OTHELLO Why? What art thou?
DESDEMONA
Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.
OTHELLO Come, swear it. Damn thyself,
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee. Therefore be double
damned.
Swear thou art honest.
DESDEMONA Heaven doth truly know it.
OTHELLO
Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
DESDEMONA, standing
To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?
OTHELLO
Ah, Desdem, away, away, away!
DESDEMONA
Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
I have lost him too.
OTHELLO Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rained
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from which my current runs
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
Ay, there look grim as hell.
DESDEMONA
I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
OTHELLO
O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing! O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell’st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne’er been born!
DESDEMONA
Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
OTHELLO
Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write “whore” upon? What committed?
Committed? O thou public commoner,
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear ’t. What committed?
Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA By heaven, you do me wrong!

OTHELLO Are not you a strumpet?

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

OTHELLO What, not a whore?

DESDEMONA No, as I shall be saved.

OTHELLO Is ’t possible?

DESDEMONA O, heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter
And keeps the gate of hell—you, you, ay, you!
We have done our course. There’s money for your
pains.  
I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel.  

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

DESDEMONA Faith, half asleep.

EMILIA Good madam, what’s the matter with my lord?

DESDEMONA With who?

EMILIA Why, with my lord, madam.

DESDEMONA Who is thy lord?

EMILIA He that is yours, sweet lady.

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

EMILIA Here’s a change indeed.

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

He gives her money.

He exits.
Enter Iago and Emilia.

IAGO
What is your pleasure, madam? How is ’t with you?

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

IAGO What is the matter, lady?

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

DESDEMONA
Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO What name, fair lady?

DESDEMONA
Such as she said my lord did say I was.

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

IAGO Why did he so?

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

IAGO
Do not weep, do not weep! Alas the day!

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

DESDEMONA It is my wretched fortune.

IAGO
Beshrew him for ’t! How comes this trick upon him?

DESDEMONA Nay, heaven doth know.

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

IAGO
Fie, there is no such man. It is impossible.

DESDEMONA
If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

EMILIA
A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her “whore”? Who keeps her company?

What place? What time? What form? What likelihood?
The Moor’s abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou ’dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip.
To lash the rascals naked through the world,  
Even from the east to th’ west!

IAGO Speek within door.

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

IAGO  
You are a fool. Go to!

DESDEMONA  
Alas, Iago,  
What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him. For by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. She kneels. Here I kneel.  
If e’er my will did trespass ’gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense Delighted them in any other form,  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! She stands. Unkindness may do much,  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say “whore”—  
It does abhor me now I speak the word.  
To do the act that might the addition earn,  
Not the world’s mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO  
I pray you be content. ’Tis but his humor.  
The business of the state does him offense,  
And he does chide with you.

DESDEMONA  
If ’twere no other—

IAGO  
It is but so, I warrant.

Trumpets sound.

Hark how these instruments summon to supper.  
The messengers of Venice stays the meat.  
Go in and weep not. All things shall be well.

Desdemona and Emilia exit.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO  I do not find  
That thou deal’st justly with me.

IAGO  What in the contrary?

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

IAGO  Will you hear me, Roderigo?

RODERIGO  Faith, I have heard too much, and your words and performances are no kin together.
IAGO You charge me most unjustly.

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

IAGO Well, go to! Very well.

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

IAGO Very well.

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

IAGO You have said now.

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

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

RODERIGO It hath not appeared.

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

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

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

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

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

RODERIGO How do you mean, removing him?

IAGO Why, by making him uncapable of Othello’s place: knocking out his brains.

RODERIGO And that you would have me to do?

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

RODERIGO  I will hear further reason for this.
IAGO  And you shall be satisfied.

They exit.

Scene 3

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

LODOVICO
    I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.
OTHELLO
    O, pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk.
LODOVICO
    Madam, good night. I humbly thank your Ladyship.
DESDEMONA  Your Honor is most welcome.
OTHELLO
    Will you walk, sir?—O, Desdemona—
DESDEMONA  My lord?
OTHELLO  Get you to bed on th' instant. I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there. Look ’t be done.
DESDEMONA  I will, my lord.

All but Desdemona and Emilia exit.

EMILIA
    How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.
DESDEMONA
    He says he will return incontinent,
    And hath commanded me to go to bed,
    And bade me to dismiss you.
EMILIA  Dismiss me?
DESDEMONA
    It was his bidding. Therefore, good Emilia,
    Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
    We must not now displease him.
EMILIA  I would you had never seen him.
DESDEMONA
    So would not I. My love doth so approve him
    That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns—
EMILIA  Prithee, unpin me—
DESDEMONA  That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns—
EMILIA
    I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.
DESDEMONA
    All’s one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!
    If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
    In one of those same sheets.
EMILIA  Come, come, you talk!
DESDEMONA
    My mother had a maid called Barbary.
    She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
    And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,
    An old thing ’twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song tonight
Will not go from my mind. I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee, dispatch.

EMILIA  Shall I go fetch your nightgown?
DESDEMONA  No, unpin me here.
          This Lodovico is a proper man.
EMILIA  A very handsome man.
DESDEMONA  He speaks well.
EMILIA  I know a lady in Venice would have walked
        barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

DESDEMONA, singing

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her
moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the
stones—
Lay by these.
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Prithee hie thee! He’ll come anon.
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.
Nay, that’s not next. Hark, who is ’t that knocks?

EMILIA  It’s the wind.

DESDEMONA
I called my love false love, but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow.
If I court more women, you’ll couch with more
men.—
So, get thee gone. Good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
EMILIA  ’Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA
I have heard it said so. O these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?
EMILIA  There be some such, no
question.

DESDEMONA
Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
EMILIA
Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA  No, by this heavenly light!
EMILIA
Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.
I might do ’t as well i’ th’ dark.

DESDEMONA
Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?
EMILIA  The world’s a huge thing. It is a great price
        for a small vice.
DESDEMONA  In troth, I think thou wouldst not.
EMILIA  In troth, I think I should, and undo ’t when I
had done it. Marry, I would not do such a thing for
a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for
gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition.
But for the whole world—’Uds pity! Who
would not make her husband a cuckold to make
him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for ’t.
DESDEMONA  Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong
for the whole world!
EMILIA  Why, the wrong is but a wrong i’ th’ world;
and, having the world for your labor, ’tis a wrong in
your own world, and you might quickly make it
right.
DESDEMONA  I do not think there is any such woman.
EMILIA  Yes, a dozen; and as many to th’ vantage as
would store the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands’ faults
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us. Or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite.
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them. They see, and
smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is ’t frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well. Else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.
DESDEMONA  Good night, good night. God me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

They exit.
ACT 5

Scene 1
Enter Iago and Roderigo.

IAGO
Here, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come.
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick! Fear nothing. I’ll be at thy elbow.
It makes us or it mars us—think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

RODERIGO
Be near at hand. I may miscarry in ’t.

IAGO
Here, at thy hand. Be bold and take thy stand.

RODERIGO
I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.
’Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword! He dies.

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

Enter Cassio.

RODERIGO
I know his gait. ’Tis he!—Villain, thou diest!

CASSIO
That thrust had been mine enemy indeed
But that my coat is better than thou know’st.
I will make proof of thine.

RODERIGO
O, I am slain!

IAGO stabs Cassio in the leg, and exits.

CASSIO
I am maimed forever! Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Enter Othello.
OTHELLO
   The voice of Cassio! Iago keeps his word.
RODERIGO  O, villain that I am!
OTHELLO, aside  It is even so.
CASSIO  O, help ho! Light! A surgeon!
OTHELLO, aside
   'Tis he! O brave Iago, honest and just,
   That hast such noble sense of thy friend’s wrong!
   Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
   And your unblest fate hies. Strumpet, I come.
   Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted.
   Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust’s blood be spotted.

Othello exits.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

CASSIO
   What ho! No watch? No passage? Murder, murder!
GRATIANO
   'Tis some mischance. The voice is very direful.
CASSIO  O, help!
LODOVICO  Hark!
RODERIGO  O wretched villain!
LODOVICO
   Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night.
   These may be counterfeits. Let’s think ’t unsafe
   To come in to the cry without more help.
RODERIGO
   Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago with a light.

LODOVICO  Hark!
GRATIANO
   Here’s one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
IAGO
   Who’s there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?
LODOVICO
   We do not know.
IAGO  Did not you hear a cry?
CASSIO
   Here, here! For heaven’s sake, help me!
IAGO  What’s the matter?
GRATIANO, to Lodovico
   This is Othello’s ancient, as I take it.
LODOVICO
   The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.
IAGO, to Cassio
   What are you here that cry so grievously?
CASSIO
   Iago? O, I am spoiled, undone by villains.
   Give me some help!
IAGO
  O me, lieutenant! What villains have done this?  
CASSIO
  I think that one of them is hereabout
  And cannot make away.
IAGO  O treacherous villains!
  To Lodovico and Gratiano. What are you there?
  Come in, and give some help.
RODERIGO  O, help me here!
CASSIO
  That’s one of them.
IAGO, to Roderigo  O murd’rous slave! O villain!
  He stabs Roderigo.
RODERIGO
  O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!
IAGO
  Kill men i’ th’ dark?—Where be these bloody
  thieves?  
  How silent is this town! Ho, murder, murder!—
  What may you be? Are you of good or evil?
LODOVICO
  As you shall prove us, praise us.
IAGO  Signior Lodovico?
LODOVICO  He, sir.
IAGO
  I cry you mercy. Here’s Cassio hurt by villains.
GRATIANO  Cassio?
IAGO
  How is ’t, brother?
CASSIO  My leg is cut in two.
IAGO  Marry, heaven forbid!
  Light, gentlemen. I’ll bind it with my shirt.

  Enter Bianca.

BIANCA
  What is the matter, ho? Who is ’t that cried?
IAGO
  Who is ’t that cried?
BIANCA  O, my dear Cassio,
  My sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
IAGO
  O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
  Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
CASSIO  No.
GRATIANO
  I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.
IAGO
  Lend me a garter. So.—O for a chair
  To bear him easily hence!
BIANCA
  Alas, he faints. O, Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
IAGO
  Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
  To be a party in this injury.—
  Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light. *Peering at Roderigo.* Know we this face or no?
Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo? No! Yes, sure. O heaven, Roderigo!

**GRATIANO** What, of Venice?
**IAGO** Even he, sir. Did you know him?
**GRATIANO** Know him? Ay.
**IAGO**
Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon.
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners
That so neglected you.
**GRATIANO** I am glad to see you.
**IAGO**
How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
**GRATIANO** Roderigo?
**IAGO**
He, he, 'tis he!
A chair is brought in. O, that’s well said; the chair.—
Some good man bear him carefully from hence.
I’ll fetch the General’s surgeon.— For you, mistress,
Save you your labor.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

**CASSIO**
None in the world. Nor do I know the man.

**IAGO, to Bianca**
What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o’ th’ air.

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

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

*Enter Emilia.*

**EMILIA**
Alas, what is the matter? What is the matter, husband?
**IAGO**
Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped.
He’s almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
**EMILIA**
Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio!
**IAGO**
This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.

To Bianca. What, do you shake at that?

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

**IAGO**
O, did he so? I charge you go with me.
**EMILIA** O fie upon thee, strumpet!
BIANCA
    I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
    As you that thus abuse me.
EMILIA  As I? Faugh! Fie upon thee!
IAGO
    Kind gentlemen, let’s go see poor Cassio dressed.—
    Come, mistress, you must tell ‘s another tale.—
    Emilia, run you to the citadel
    And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—
    Will you go on afore? Aside. This is the night
    That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

They exit in different directions.

Scene 2
    Enter Othello with a light, and Desdemona in her bed.

OTHELLO
    It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.
    Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.
    It is the cause. Yet I’ll not shed her blood,
    Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
    And smooth as monumental alabaster.
    Yet she must die, else she’ll betray more men.
    Put out the light, and then put out the light.
    If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
    I can again thy former light restore
    Should I repent me. But once put out thy light,
    Thou cunning ’st pattern of excelling nature,
    I know not where is that Promethean heat
    That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the
    rose,
    I cannot give it vital growth again.
    It needs must wither. I’ll smell it on the tree.
    O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
    Justice to break her sword! He kisses her. One
    more, one more.
    Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
    And love thee after. One more, and this the last.
    He kisses her.

So sweet was ne’er so fatal. I must weep,
    But they are cruel tears. This sorrow’s heavenly:
    It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA
    Who’s there? Othello?
OTHELLO  Ay, Desdemona.
DESDEMONA  Will you come to bed, my lord?
OTHELLO
    Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?
DESDEMONA  Ay, my lord.
OTHELLO
    If you bethink yourself of any crime
    Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
    Solicit for it straight.
DESDEMONA  Alack, my lord,
    What may you mean by that?
OTHELLO
   Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.
   I would not kill thy unpreparèd spirit.
   No, heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.
DESDEMONA Talk you of killing?
OTHELLO
   Ay, I do.
DESDEMONA Then heaven have mercy on me.
OTHELLO  Amen, with all my heart.
DESDEMONA
   If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
OTHELLO  Humh.
DESDEMONA
   And yet I fear you, for you’re fatal then
   When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
   Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.
OTHELLO
   Think on thy sins.
DESDEMONA They are loves I bear to you.
OTHELLO  Ay, and for that thou diest.
DESDEMONA
   That death’s unnatural that kills for loving.
   Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
   Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
   These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope
   They do not point on me.
OTHELLO  Peace, and be still.
DESDEMONA
   I will so. What’s the matter?
OTHELLO  That handkerchief
   Which I so loved, and gave thee, thou gav’st to Cassio.
DESDEMONA
   No, by my life and soul! Send for the man
   And ask him.
OTHELLO
   Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury.
   Thou art on thy deathbed.
DESDEMONA
   Ay, but not yet to die.
OTHELLO  Yes, presently.
   Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin.
   For to deny each article with oath
   Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
   That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
DESDEMONA
   Then Lord have mercy on me!
OTHELLO  I say “Amen.”
DESDEMONA
   And have you mercy, too. I never did
   Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio
   But with such general warranty of heaven
   As I might love. I never gave him token.
OTHELLO
   By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in ’s hand!
O perjured woman, thou dost stone my heart
And mak’st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice!
I saw the handkerchief!

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

OTHELLO  He hath confessed.

DESDEMONA  What, my lord?

OTHELLO  That he hath used thee.

DESDEMONA  How? Unlawfully?

OTHELLO  Ay.

DESDEMONA  He will not say so.

OTHELLO  No. His mouth is stopped.
Honest Iago hath ta’en order for ’t.

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

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

DESDEMONA  Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone.

OTHELLO  Out, strumpet! Weep’st thou for him to my face?

DESDEMONA  O banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

OTHELLO  Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA  Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight.

OTHELLO  Being done, there is no pause.

DESDEMONA  But while I say one prayer!

OTHELLO  It is too late.

EMILIA, within
My lord, my lord? What ho! My lord, my lord!

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

EMILIA, within  What, ho! My lord, my lord!

OTHELLO  Who’s there?

EMILIA, within  O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.

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

EMILIA, within I do beseech you That I may speak with you. O, good my lord—

OTHELLO I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.— Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.— Where art thou?

Enter Emilia.

What’s the matter with thee now?

EMILIA O, my good lord, yonder’s foul murders done.

OTHELLO What? Now?

EMILIA But now, my lord.

OTHELLO It is the very error of the moon. She comes more nearer Earth than she was wont And makes men mad.

EMILIA Cassio, my lord, hath killed A young Venetian called Roderigo.

OTHELLO Roderigo killed? And Cassio killed?

EMILIA No, Cassio is not killed.

OTHELLO Not Cassio killed? Then murder’s out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DESDEMONA O falsely, falsely murdered.

EMILIA O Lord, what cry is that?

OTHELLO That? What?

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

DESDEMONA A guiltless death I die.

EMILIA O, who hath done this deed?


She dies.

OTHELLO Why, how should she be murdered?

EMILIA Alas, who knows?

OTHELLO You heard her say herself, it was not I.

EMILIA She said so. I must needs report the truth.

OTHELLO She’s like a liar gone to burning hell!
EMILIA
O, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil!

OTHELLO
She turned to folly, and she was a whore.

EMILIA
Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil!

OTHELLO
She was false as water.

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

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

EMILIA
My husband?

OTHELLO
Thy husband.

EMILIA
That she was false to wedlock?

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

EMILIA
My husband?

OTHELLO
Thy husband.

EMILIA
What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy husband.

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

EMILIA
My husband?

OTHELLO
He, woman.
I say thy husband. Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband; honest, honest Iago.

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

He draws his sword.

OTHELLO
Hah?

EMILIA
Do thy worst!

OTHELLO
Peace, you were best!

EMILIA
Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword. I’ll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Help! Help, ho! Help!
The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murder, murder!
Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

MONTANO
   What is the matter? How now, general?

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

GRATIANO  What is the matter?

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

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

EMILIA
   But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO  I did.

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

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

EMILIA
   I will not charm my tongue. I am bound to speak.
   My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

ALL  O heavens forfend!

EMILIA, to Iago
   And your reports have set the murder on!

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

GRATIANO  'Tis a strange truth.

MONTANO
   O monstrous act!

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

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

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

OTHELLO
   O, O, O!  Othello falls on the bed.

EMILIA  Nay, lay thee down, and roar!
   For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
   That e'er did lift up eye.

OTHELLO, standing  O, she was foul!—
   I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
   Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopped.
   I know this act shows horrible and grim.
GRATIANO
  Poor Desdemon, I am glad thy father’s dead.
  Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
  Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
  This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
  Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
  And fall to reprobance.

OTHELLO
  'Tis pitiful. But yet Iago knows
  That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
  A thousand times committed. Cassio confessed it,
  And she did gratify his amorous works
  With that recognizance and pledge of love
  Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand.
  It was a handkerchief, an antique token
  My father gave my mother.

EMILIA  O God! O heavenly God!

IAGO
  Zounds, hold your peace!

EMILIA  'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
  No, I will speak as liberal as the north.
  Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
  All, all, cry shame against me, yet I’ll speak.
  Be wise, and get you home.

   He draws his sword.

EMILIA
  I will not.

GRATIANO  Fie, your sword upon a woman!

EMILIA
  O thou dull Moor, that handkerchief thou speak’st
  of
  I found by fortune, and did give my husband—
  For often, with a solemn earnestness
  (More than indeed belonged to such a trifle),
  He begged of me to steal ’t.

IAGO  Villainous whore!

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

IAGO  Filth, thou liest!

EMILIA
  By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen!
  To Othello. O murd’rous coxcomb, what should
  such a fool
  Do with so good a wife?

OTHELLO  Are there no stones in heaven
  But what serves for the thunder?—Precious villain!

   The Moor runs at Iago but is disarmed.
   Iago kills his wife.

GRATIANO
  The woman falls! Sure he hath killed his wife.

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

GRATIANO  He’s gone, but his wife’s killed.

MONTANO
  'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon
Which I have here recovered from the Moor.
Come, guard the door without. Let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damnèd slave.

Montano and Gratiano exit.

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

EMILIA What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan
And die in music.

Moor, she was chaste. She loved thee, cruel Moor.
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true.
So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

She sings. Willow, willow, willow.

OTHELLO

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

GRATIANO, within

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

OTHELLO

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

Enter Gratiano.

GRATIANO

What is the matter?

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

He looks toward the bed.

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench,
Pale as thy smock, when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—O cursèd, cursèd slave!—
Whip me, you devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulfur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemon! Dead, Desdemon! Dead! O, O!
Enter Lodovico, Cassio in a chair, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

LODOVICO
Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

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

LODOVICO
Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.  

*Iago is brought forward.*

OTHELLO
I look down towards his feet; but that’s a fable.—
If that thou be’st a devil, I cannot kill thee.  

*He stabs Iago.*

LODOVICO
Wrench his sword from him.  

*Iago is disarmed.*

IAGO
I bleed, sir, but not killed.

OTHELLO
I am not sorry neither. I’d have thee live,  
For in my sense ’tis happiness to die.

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

OTHELLO
Why, anything.  

*Iago*  

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

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

OTHELLO
Ay.  

CASSIO
Dear general, I never gave you cause.

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

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

LODOVICO
What? Not to pray?

GRATIANO
Torments will ope your lips.

OTHELLO
Well, thou dost best.

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

OTHELLO
O villain!

CASSIO
Most heathenish and most gross.
LODOVICO
Now here’s another discontented paper
Found in his pocket, too; and this it seems
Roderigo meant t’ have sent this damnèd villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

OTHELLO O, thou pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife’s?

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

OTHELLO O fool, fool, fool!

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

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

OTHELLO Soft you. A word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know ’t.
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this.
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbanned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by th’ throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him, thus.
He stabs himself.

LODOVICO O bloody period!
GRATIANO All that is spoke is marred.

OTHELLO, to Desdemona
I kissed thee ere I killed thee. No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.  

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

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

He dies.  

They exit.