

**THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE**  
**by William Shakespeare**  
**1605**

Dramatis Personae

OTHELLO, the Moor, general of the Venetian forces  
DESDEMONA, his wife  
IAGO, ensign to Othello  
EMILIA, his wife, lady-in-waiting to Desdemona  
CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello  
THE DUKE OF VENICE  
BRABANTIO, Venetian Senator, father of Desdemona  
GRATIANO, nobleman of Venice, brother of Brabantio  
LODOVICO, nobleman of Venice, kinsman of Brabantio  
RODERIGO, rejected suitor of Desdemona  
BIANCA, mistress of Cassio  
MONTANO, a Cypriot official  
A Clown in service to Othello  
Senators, Sailors, Messengers, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and  
Attendants

SCENE: Venice and Cyprus

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

RODERIGO. Tush, never tell me! I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse

As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

IAGO. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter,

Abhor me.

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

IAGO. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,

Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,

I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them, with a bumpast circumstance

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,

And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says he,

"I have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine

(A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife)

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose

As masterly as he. Mere prattle without practice

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election;

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds

Christian and heathen, must be believ'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor. This counter-caster,

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I - God bless the mark! - his Moorship's ancient.

RODERIGO. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

IAGO. Why, there's no remedy. 'Tis the curse of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,

And not by old gradation, where each second

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself

Whether I in any just term am affined

To love the Moor.

RODERIGO. I would not follow him then.

IAGO. O, sir, content you.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That doting on his own obsequious bondage

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd.

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And throwing but shows of service on their lords  
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lined their coats  
Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul,  
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end.  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In complement extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

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

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

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

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

RODERIGO. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

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

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

BRABANTIO. What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

RODERIGO. Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO. Are your doors lock'd?

BRABANTIO. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

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

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

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

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say!

BRABANTIO. What, have you lost your wits?

RODERIGO. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRABANTIO. Not I. What are you?

RODERIGO. My name is Roderigo.

BRABANTIO. The worse 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 gennets for Germans.

BRABANTIO. What profane wretch art thou?

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

BRABANTIO. Thou art a villain.

IAGO. You are - a senator.

BRABANTIO. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

RODERIGO. Sir, I will answer anything. 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' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor-  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:  
If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper! Call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light!

Exit above.

IAGO. Farewell, for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produced- as, if I stay, I shall-  
Against the Moor; for I do know, the state,  
However this may gall him with some check,  
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none  
To lead their business; in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,  
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter, below, Brabantio, in his nightgown, and  
Servants with torches.

BRABANTIO. It is too true an evil: gone she is,  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!  
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!  
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me  
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.  
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

RODERIGO. Truly, I think they are.

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

RODERIGO. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO. Call up my brother. 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'll deserve your pains.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

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

OTHELLO. 'Tis better as it is.

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

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

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

IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio and certain Officers with torches.

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

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

OTHELLO. What is the matter, think you?

CASSIO. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;  
It is a business of some heat. The galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, raised and met,

Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,  
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
 The Senate hath sent about three several quests  
 To search you out.

OTHELLO. 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house  
 And go with you.

Exit.

CASSIO. Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO. Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land carack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made forever.

CASSIO. I do not understand.

IAGO. He's married.

CASSIO. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

IAGO. Marry, to- Come, captain, will you go?

OTHELLO. Have with you.

CASSIO. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO. It is Brabantio. General, be advised,

He comes to bad intent.

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

OTHELLO. Holla! Stand there!

RODERIGO. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO. Down with him, thief!

They draw on both sides.

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

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

Good signior, you shall more command with years

Than with your weapons.

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

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

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

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

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

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

That thou hast practiced on her with foul charms,

Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

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

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee

For an abuser of the world, a practicer

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

Lay hold upon him. If he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining and the rest.

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

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?

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

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

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

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

Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

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

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

FIRST SENATOR. Indeed they are disproportion'd;  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE. And mine, a hundred and forty.

SECOND SENATOR. And mine, two hundred.

But though they jump not on a just account-  
As in these cases, where the aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference- yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement.

I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

SAILOR. [Within.] What, ho! What, ho! What, ho!

FIRST OFFICER. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter Sailor.

DUKE. Now, what's the business?

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

DUKE. How say you by this change?

FIRST SENATOR. This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,  
And let ourselves again but understand  
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

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

FIRST OFFICER. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there enjoined them with an after fleet.

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

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

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What conjuration, and what mighty magic-  
For such proceeding I am charged withal-  
I won his daughter.

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

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

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

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

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.  
Exeunt Iago and Attendants.

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

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO. Her father loved me, oft invited me,  
Still question'd me the story of my life  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence  
And portance in my travels' history;  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak- such was the process-  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

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

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

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

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

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

BRABANTIO. God be with you! I have done.  
Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs;  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
Come hither, Moor.  
I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.  
DUKE. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence  
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;  
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

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

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

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

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

BRABANTIO. I'll not have it so.

OTHELLO. Nor I.

DESDEMONA. Nor I. I would not 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  
To assist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA. That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes

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

OTHELLO. Let her have your voices.

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

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,  
 Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,  
 And speed must answer't: you must hence tonight.

DESDEMONA. Tonight, my lord?

DUKE. This night.

OTHELLO. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.

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

OTHELLO. So please your Grace, my ancient:

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

DUKE. Let it be so.

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

FIRST SENATOR. Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

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

Exeunt Duke, Senators, and Officers.

OTHELLO. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,  
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee.

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,  
 And bring them after in the best advantage.  
 Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
 To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

RODERIGO. Iago!

IAGO. What say'st thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO. What will I do, thinkest thou?

IAGO. Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODERIGO. I will incontinently drown myself.

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

Why, thou silly gentleman!

RODERIGO. It is silliness to live when to live is torment, and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

IAGO. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

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

IAGO. Virtue? a fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.

Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

RODERIGO. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man! Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favor with an usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor- put money in thy purse- nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration- put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills- fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as acerb as the coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must; therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her- therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

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

IAGO. Thou art sure of me- go, make money. 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' the 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; I'll go sell all my land.

Exit.

IAGO. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane

If I would time expend with such a snipe

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,

And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office. I know not if't be true,

But I for mere suspicion in that kind

Will do as if for surety. He holds me well,

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man. Let me see now-

To get his place, and to plume up my will

In double knavery- How, how?- Let's see-

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear

That he is too familiar with his wife.

He hath a person and a smooth dispose

To be suspected- framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose

As asses are.

I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

A seaport in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

MONTANO. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. Nothing at all. 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 ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. A segregation of the Turkish fleet.

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,

And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.

I never did like molestation view

On the enchafed flood.

MONTANO. If that the Turkish fleet

Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;

It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. News, lads! Our wars are done.

The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,

That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance

On most part of their fleet.

MONTANO. How? Is this true?

THIRD GENTLEMAN. The ship is here put in,

A Veronesa. Michael Cassio,

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,

Is come on shore; the Moor himself at sea,

And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

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

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

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly

And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted

With foul and violent tempest.

MONTANO. Pray heavens he be,

For I have served him, and the man commands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in

As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,

Even till we make the main and the aerial blue

An indistinct regard.

THIRD GENTLEMAN. Come, let's do so,

For every minute is expectancy

Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

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

MONTANO. I she well shipp'd?

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

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

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

What noise?

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

CASSIO. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Guns heard.

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

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

SECOND GENTLEMAN. I shall.

Exit.

MONTANO. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?

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

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

SECOND GENTLEMAN. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

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

MONTANO. What is she?

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

Enter Desdemona, Emilia Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

O, behold,  
The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
Hail to thee, lady! And the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

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

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

DESDEMONA. O, but I fear- How lost you company?

CASSIO. The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship- But, hark! a sail.

A cry within, "A sail, a sail!" Guns heard.

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

CASSIO. See for the news.

Exit Gentleman.

Good ancient, you are welcome. [To Emilia.] Welcome, mistress.

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

Kisses her.

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

DESDEMONA. Alas, she has no speech.

IAGO. In faith, too much;

I find it still when I have list to sleep.  
Marry, before your ladyship I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart  
And chides with thinking.

EMILIA. You have little cause to say so.

IAGO. Come on, come on. You are pictures out of doors,  
Bells in your parlors, wildcats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

DESDEMONA. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

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

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

EMILIA. You shall not write my praise.

IAGO. No, let me not.

DESDEMONA. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst  
praise me?

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

DESDEMONA. Come on, assay- There's one gone to the harbor?

IAGO. Ay, madam.

DESDEMONA. I am not merry, but I do beguile

The thing I am by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

IAGO. I am about it, but indeed my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frieze;  
It plucks out brains and all. But my Muse labors,  
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,

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

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

IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DESDEMONA. Worse and worse.

EMILIA. How if fair and foolish?

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

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

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

DESDEMONA. O heavy ignorance! Thou praisest the worst best. 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 lack'd gold and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish and yet said, "Now I may";  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind;  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were-

DESDEMONA. To do what?

IAGO. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

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

CASSIO. He speaks home, madam. 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! [Trumpet within.]  
The Moor! I know his trumpet.

CASSIO. 'Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA. Let's meet him and receive him.

CASSIO. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

OTHELLO. O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA. My dear Othello!

OTHELLO. It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute

That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

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

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

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 drown'd.  
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo.

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. 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 eminently in the degree of this  
fortune as Cassio does? A knave very voluble: no further  
conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane  
seeming, for the better compass of his salt and most hidden loose  
affection? Why, none, why, none- a slipper and subtle knave, a  
finder out of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and  
counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present  
itself- a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young,  
and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds  
look after- a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath found  
him already.

RODERIGO. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blest

condition.

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

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

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

RODERIGO. Well.

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

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

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

RODERIGO. Adieu.

Exit.

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

Exit.

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; people following.

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

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

OTHELLO. Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight.

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,  
Not to outspout discretion.CASSIO. Iago hath direction what to do;  
But notwithstanding with my personal eye  
Will I look to't.OTHELLO. Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night. Tomorrow with your earliest  
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;  
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.  
Good night.

Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Enter Iago.

CASSIO. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. 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  
stope 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.

Exit.

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

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

Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen;  
Servants following with wine.

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

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

IAGO. Some wine, ho!

[Sings.] "And let me the canakin clink, clink;  
And let me the canakin clink.  
A soldier's a man;  
O, man's life's but a span;  
Why then let a soldier drink."

Some wine, boys!

CASSIO. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

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

CASSIO. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

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

CASSIO. To the health of our general!

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

IAGO. O sweet England!

[Sings.] "King Stephen was and-a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

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

Some wine, ho!

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

IAGO. Will you hear't again?

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

IAGO. It's true, good lieutenant.

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

IAGO. And so do I too, lieutenant.

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

ALL. Excellent well.

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

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

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

MONTANO. But is he often thus?

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

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

Enter Roderigo.

IAGO. [Aside to him.] How now, Roderigo!

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. Exit Roderigo.

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

IAGO. Not I, for this fair island.

I do love Cassio well, and would do much  
To cure him of this evil- But, hark! What noise?  
A cry within, "Help, help!"

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

CASSIO. 'Zounds! You rogue! You rascal!

MONTANO. What's the matter, lieutenant?

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

RODERIGO. Beat me!

CASSIO. Dost thou prate, rogue? Strikes Roderigo.

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

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

MONTANO. Come, come, you're drunk.

CASSIO. Drunk?

They fight.

IAGO. [Aside to Roderigo.] Away, I say; go out and cry a mutiny.

Exit Roderigo.

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

Help, ho!- Lieutenant- sir- Montano- sir-  
 Help, masters!- Here's a goodly watch indeed!

A bell rings.

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

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

OTHELLO. What is the matter here?  
 MONTANO. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.  
 Faints.

OTHELLO. Hold, for your lives!

IAGO. Hold, ho! Lieutenant- sir- Montano- gentlemen-  
 Have you forgot all place of sense and duty?  
 Hold! the general speaks to you! Hold, hold, for shame!

OTHELLO. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

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

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

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

CASSIO. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

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

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

OTHELLO. Now, by heaven,  
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,  
 And passion, having my best judgement collied,  
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,  
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on,  
And he that is approved in this offense,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

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

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

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

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

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

DESDEMONA. What's the matter?  
OTHELLO. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.  
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.  
Lead him off. Exit Montano, attended.  
Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.  
Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldiers' life.  
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

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

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

CASSIO. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? 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, pleasure, 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 befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

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

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

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

IAGO. You or any man living may be drunk at some 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.

Exit.

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

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

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

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

IAGO. How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,  
And wit depends on dilatory time.  
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.  
Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.  
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning;  
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.  
Away, I say. Thou shalt know more hereafter.  
Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Roderigo.] Two things are to be done:  
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress-  
I'll set her on;  
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.  
Before the castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

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

Enter Clown.

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

FIRST MUSICIAN. How, sir, how?

CLOWN. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

FIRST MUSICIAN. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

CLOWN. O, thereby hangs a tail.

FIRST MUSICIAN. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

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

FIRST MUSICIAN. Well, sir, we will not.

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

FIRST MUSICIAN. We have none such, sir.

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

Go, vanish into air, away! Exeunt Musicians.

CASSIO. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

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

CASSIO. Prithee, keep up thy quilllets. 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 entertains 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. Exit Clown.

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. [Exit Iago.] I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.



SCENE II.

A room in the castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

OTHELLO. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,  
And by him do my duties to the Senate.

That done, I will be walking on the works;  
Repair there to me.

IAGO.

Well, my good lord, I'll do'tt.

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

GENTLEMEN. We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt.



## SCENE III.

The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

DESDEMONA. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

EMILIA. Good madam, do. 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 circumstances,  
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, at a distance.

EMILIA. Madam, here comes my lord.

CASSIO. Madam, I'll take my leave.

DESDEMONA. Nay, stay and hear me speak.

CASSIO. Madam, not now. 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 guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

OTHELLO. I do believe 'twas he.

DESDEMONA. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTHELLO. Who is't you mean?

DESDEMONA. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,

Exit Cassio.

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

OTHELLO. Went he hence now?

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

OTHELLO. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

DESDEMONA. But shall't be shortly?

OTHELLO. The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA. Shall't be tonight at supper?

OTHELLO. No, not tonight.

DESDEMONA. Tomorrow dinner then?

OTHELLO. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA. Why then tomorrow night, or Tuesday morn,

On Tuesday noon, or night, on Wednesday morn.

I prithee, name the time, but let it not

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

And yet his trespass, in our common reason-

Save that, they say, the wars must make example

Out of their best- is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What? Michael Cassio,

That came awooing with you, and so many a time

When I have spoke of you disparagingly

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

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

OTHELLO. Prithee, no more. 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.

DESDEMONA. Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.

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

DESDEMONA. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

OTHELLO. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

IAGO. My noble lord-

OTHELLO. What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

OTHELLO. He did, from first to last. 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, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.

I heard thee say even now, thou like'st not that,

When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO.

I think thou dost;

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty

And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;

For such things in a false disloyal knave

Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just

They're close dilations, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTHELLO. I think so too.

IAGO.

Men should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

OTHELLO. Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO. Why then I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminat, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

IAGO.

Good my lord, pardon me;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful?

OTHELLO. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear

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

OTHELLO. What dost thou mean?

IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

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

OTHELLO. Ha!

IAGO. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy!  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTHELLO. O misery!

IAGO. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

OTHELLO. Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No! To be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous  
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes and chose me. No, Iago,  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And on the proof, there is no more but this-  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO. I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure.  
I would not have your free and noble nature  
Out of self-bounty be abused. Look to't.  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTHELLO. Dost thou say so?

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

OTHELLO. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to then.

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

OTHELLO. I am bound to thee forever.

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

OTHELLO. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. I'faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved;  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion.

OTHELLO. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend-  
My lord, I see you're moved.

OTHELLO. No, not much moved.

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

OTHELLO. And yet, how nature erring from itself-

IAGO. Ay, there's the point, as- to be bold with you-  
Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends-  
Foh, one may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.  
But pardon me. I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And happily repent.

OTHELLO. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

IAGO. [Going.] 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 further; leave it to time.

Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,

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

OTHELLO. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.

Exit.

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:  
Prerogative are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!  
I'll not believe't.

DESDEMONA. How now, my dear Othello!

Your dinner, and the generous islanders

By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTHELLO. I am to blame.

DESDEMONA. Why do you speak so faintly?

Are you not well?

OTHELLO. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DESDEMONA. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well.

OTHELLO. Your napkin is too little;

He puts the handkerchief from him, and she drops it.

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

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

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

EMILIA. I am glad I have found this napkin;

This was her first remembrance from the Moor.

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,

That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give't Iago. What he will do with it  
Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter Iago.

IAGO. How now, what do you here alone?

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

IAGO. A thing for me? It is a common thing-

EMILIA. Ha!

IAGO. To have a foolish wife.

EMILIA. O, is that all? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

IAGO. What handkerchief?

EMILIA. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,

That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO. Hast stol'n it from her?

EMILIA. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,

And, to the advantage, I being here took't up.

Look, here it is.

IAGO. A good wench; give it me.

EMILIA. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

IAGO. [Snatching it.] Why, what is that to you?

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

Give't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

IAGO. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.

Exit Emilia.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little act upon the blood  
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so.  
Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

Which thou owedst yesterday.

OTHELLO. Ha, ha, false to me?

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

OTHELLO. Avaunt! be gone! Thou hast set me on the rack.

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than but to know't a little.

IAGO. How now, my lord?

OTHELLO. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know't and he's not robb'd at all.  
IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.  
OTHELLO. I had been happy if the general camp,  
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. O, now forever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell,  
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!  
IAGO. Is't possible, my lord?  
OTHELLO. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;  
Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof;  
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my waked wrath!  
IAGO. Is't come to this?  
OTHELLO. Make me to see't; or at the least so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!  
IAGO. My noble lord-  
OTHELLO. If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.  
IAGO. O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?  
God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,  
That livest to make thine honesty a vice!  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest is not safe.  
I thank you for this profit, and from hence  
I'll love no friend sith love breeds such offense.  
OTHELLO. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.  
IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.  
OTHELLO. By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.  
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,  
Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!  
IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied?  
OTHELLO. Would? Nay, I will.

IAGO. And may. But, how? how satisfied, my lord?  
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her topp'd?

OTHELLO. Death and damnation! O!

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

OTHELLO. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

IAGO. I do not like the office:

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

OTHELLO. O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

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

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.

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SCENE IV.

Before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

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

CLOWN. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

DESDEMONA. Why, man?

CLOWN. He's a soldier; and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

DESDEMONA. Go to! Where lodges he?

CLOWN. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

DESDEMONA. Can anything be made of this?

CLOWN. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DESDEMONA. Can you inquire him out and be edified by report?

CLOWN. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and by them answer.

DESDEMONA. Seek him, bid him come hither. 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. Exit.

DESDEMONA. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA. I know not, madam.

DESDEMONA. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes; and, but my noble Moor

Is true of mind and made of no such baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough

To put him to ill thinking.

EMILIA. Is he not jealous?

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

EMILIA. Look, where he comes.

DESDEMONA. I will not leave him now till Cassio

Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

How is't with you, my lord?

OTHELLO. Well, my good lady. [Aside.] O, hardness to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA. Well, my good lord.

OTHELLO. Give me your 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.

