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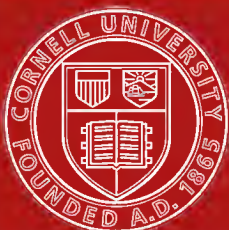
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, circa 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
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PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO
TRÜBNER & CO., LONDON

R

The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company

The Bankside Shakespeare

IX.

THE TRAGEDIE OF OTHELLO, THE MOORE OF VENICE



*(The Players' Text of 1622, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Introduction on the Construction and
Types of Shakespeare's Verse as seen
in this Play

BY

PROF. THOMAS R. PRICE, M. A., LL. D. (RAND. MAC.)

*Of Columbia College; First Vice-President of the
Shakespeare Society of New York*

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INTRODUCTION

THE fact that the *Othello* was the latest of the First Quartos seems to justify an examination of its text, along with that of the First Folio, with reference to the construction and types of Shakespeare's verse. By confining such an examination to the single play of *Othello*, which I take as a fair example of Shakespeare's mature manner, I have sought to give for other work done at other times of the poet's life a secure basis of study and comparison. The great types of verse, whose existence and ratios I define in the *Othello*, will be found to exist, indeed, but to exist in varying ratios in all Shakespeare's dramatic poems. The study of these variations, so as to reach the law of Shakespeare's progress in the construction of verse, seems to me the best way now open to the criticism of Shakespeare's style.¹

The famous saying of Mr. Swinburne, that "the essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony," is capable of being applied even to the poetry of Shakespeare. In speaking of him, we should, indeed, have to add a few hundred other essential qualities to Mr. Swinburne's two; but after all, even in Shakespeare, the qualities that are most permanently visible are precisely his imagination and his harmony. Yet in the modern schools of Shakespearean criticism these two essential qualities of his art have been studied with strangely unequal attention. The method and the range of his imag-

¹ The Arabic numerals are references to the Quarto line numbering, unless otherwise stated.

ination have been treated by the greatest critics of modern times in the deepest and most fruitful way ; but the method and the range of his harmony have been either not treated at all, or else treated in ways that led to scant, or to false results. Students of Shakespeare have never, indeed, ceased to feel the charm of that vast and infallible harmony which moves in the movement of his words. Great actors of Shakespeare, from his day to ours, have never ceased to bring out for each generation, by the penetrating sympathy of their own genius, the rich and intricate cadences of his verses. But the scientific study of his system of verse-construction has been strangely neglected. Even now the student of Shakespeare can find little in his text-books to help him toward understanding the principles of his art, or toward the right reading of a vast number of his most memorable verses. For this neglect there can be only two adequate reasons : either the harmonies of Shakespeare are so simple as not to need any scientific explanation ; or else they are so complex as not to admit of any analysis or solution. No man is likely, I think, to allege that Shakespeare's verses are so simple of construction as to make all effort at explanation needless. Nay, even to men of his own time, even to poets that used the same form of verse and spoke words with the same accents as the master himself, there was in Shakespeare's verses an element of mysterious effect, of deeply calculated, inscrutable art, that filled them with wonder and awe. Thus Ben Jonson, in his sublime poem of 1623, says of his "star of poets," his "sweet swan of Avon : " —

. . . the race

Of Shakespeare's mind and manner brightly shines
 In his well-turnéd and true-filé lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

Here Jonson, in this praise of his great rival, praise as honest and wise as it is ardent, shows us two things: first that, in the opinion of the greatest critic of that age, of Jonson himself, the harmony of Shakespeare, his construction of "well-turned and true-filed lines" was one of the two paramount excellencies of his art; and second, that this harmony was attained by means unknown to the vulgar poets of his age, by secrets that eluded, that defied, and almost shocked the minds of the ignorant. It is worth while, then, to make a study of Shakespeare's manner of verse-construction, in order to see whether we can discover any of the principles by which he worked, or whether in truth the problems of his art must be left as too complex for analysis and explanation.

Among the few that have treated of Shakespeare's versification, Dr. Edwin Guest, who treats it as part of English versification and of rhythmical art in general, is by far the greatest. In him I find what seems the key to Shakespeare's manner of construction; and when I venture to go beyond what he has expressly taught, I am only developing and expanding what I judge to be implied in his teaching. The work of Dr. Guest, his *History of English Rhythms*, was published in 1838. It was, however, so far in advance of the English scholarship of those times that it did not much affect the theories nor the schemes of text-book writers. Even now the English and American books that teach versification show no knowledge of Dr. Guest's system. But in 1869, Dr. J. H. Heinrich Schmidt published his *Leitfaden in der Rhythmik der Griechen und Römer*. The German scholar, absolutely independent of Dr. Guest's system, ignorant, so far as I know, of even the existence of the English book, brought to recognition in the classical poetry the same principles that

Dr. Guest had brought to light in the English. In 1882 the second edition of Guest's *History of English Rhythms*, with many useful additions and corrections, was given to the world by Dr. Skeat. The book is cumbrous and unwieldy, badly proportioned and badly arranged ; but the amount of useful matter and of scientific truth contained in the great volume makes it a true monument of literature.

In the old systems of metre, such as we used to study in our childhood, all reduced itself to a scansion of separate feet. In a mechanical way, with dire loss of high poetic effect, this system served to explain to us the movement of Homer's hexameters and of Vergil's, of the dialogue of the Greek drama and of Horace's iambics. It failed, however, to explain to us the movement of the lyrical parts of the drama, and many of the noblest odes of Sophocles and the rest were for us masses of dislocated prose, which each editor had the right, according to his own discretion, to divide into uncouth lines. So in English poetry, that old scansion by feet served well enough to explain to boys the ups and downs of purely mechanical verse. But it failed to explain the movement of the old ballad ; it failed to explain the stately march of Milton's blank verse ; most of all and worst of all, it failed to interpret the freedom and grace of Shakespeare's matchless cadences. These had, indeed, a charm of rhythm that even our ignorance could not hide from us ; but if the system of scansion by feet was true, then the full half, the better half, of Shakespeare's verses were incorrect and lawless. The science of prosody had worked, then, to this strange result. The verses of mechanical poets would scan every time, foot by foot, with unflinching precision ; hence the school of mechanical versifiers was correct. But the verses of Shakespeare would not scan ; hence the poetry of

Shakespeare was incorrect, and the great poet only "a gifted barbarian."

Now, it was the great achievement of Dr. Guest to break down, so far as English verse is concerned, the system of scansion by feet. Thirty years later, as we have seen, Dr. Schmidt, from the side of Greek poetry also, laid bare the falseness of the old scanning. Now, by the light cast upon English poetry from the perfect system of Greek verse-forms, we seem to be at length enabled to rise above the old misconceptions and to understand the laws by which the rhythmical genius of Shakespeare expressed itself in forms of endless variety and of never-failing beauty.

If the old system might be described as the scansion by feet, the new system may be described as the scansion by staves. This word, used by Dr. Guest, and taken by him from the older poetic literature, is in all ways a good and useful technical term. It is identical in meaning with the *rhythmical series*, which is the technical term of the modern science of Greek and Roman metres. Let us see, then, what is the staff, or rhythmical series, in English poetry.

The staff is a group of feet, from one to four in number, which can be pronounced together, without pause, upon one breath, and be dominated by one accent. As such it is the definite unity of English verse-formation. The English staff can, indeed, if we choose, be analyzed into its separate feet, and broken up into trochees and dactyls. But this breaking up of the staff into separate feet is something scholastic and artificial. The staff in its nature is indivisible, living and moving all together, the unit of verse-construction. The poet's mind in the act of composition works not upon the foot, but upon the staff. He builds up his verses, not by adding foot

to foot in monotonous succession, but by joining stave to stave in endless variety. Thus, to read Shakespeare's verses in the spirit with which he wrote them, we must give up the scansion by feet, which he did not regard, and follow the scansion by staves, which was for him the law of rhythmical creation.

From the history of English poetry, which in this respect is unbroken from Beowulf to Tennyson, it is possible to find out what staves exist in our language, and which are best adapted to our English speech.

In the first place, we have to do with staves of different lengths. The shortest stave may have only one accent, the longest may have four accents. Thus, according to length, there are four kinds of staves, staves of one accent, staves of two, staves of three, and staves of four accents, *e. g.* : —

"Devil," *Othello*, 2418; "never," 2479, is a stave of one accent, a single trochee.

"What's the matter?" IV., 2230, a stave of two accents, a trochaic dipody (L—U).

"How if fair and foolish?" II., 851, a stave of three accents, a trochaic tripody (L—U—U).

"You have little cause to say so," II., 871, a stave of four accents, a trochaic tetrapody (L—U—U—U).

In the second place, according to the way of ending, the stave may end either with accent or without accent. The final trochee, or the final dactyl, of the stave may be either full or catalectic,¹ *e. g.* : — .

"What's the matter?" 2230, is a stave of two accents ending full.

"Worse and worse," 850, is a stave of two accents ending catalectic.

This distinction between the full stave and the

¹ The term *catalectic* is used of rhythmical series in which the unaccented syllable is cut from the end of the final foot, so as to give an accented close.

catalectic stave becomes for Shakespeare's art a point of the highest importance. It involves the distinction between the masculine and the feminine cæsura, and also the distinction between verses of strong ending and verses of weak ending. Shakespeare uses both kinds of cæsura and both kinds of ending, and the alternation between the opposed forms is one of the chief sources of his variety.

So far I have spoken of the staves only in respect of their length, as staves of one accent, or of two, or of three, or of four, as full or catalectic. But, before we can fully understand the variety of English staves, we have to consider not only their length, but also their inward structure. This depends upon the nature and the grouping of the feet that made up each stave. The two kinds of feet that enter into English staves are trochees and dactyls. The trochee of English poetry consists of an accented syllable followed by one syllable out of accent, *e. g.* *heavy*, (L—). The dactyl of English poetry consists of an accented syllable followed by two syllables out of accent, *e. g.* *heavily* (L—).¹ Now, all staves that exist in English poetry are formed either out of pure trochees, or out of pure dactyls, or out of dactyls mingled with trochees.

The trochaic stave begins with an accented syllable and puts one weak syllable after each strong one, *e. g.* "Is not this man jealous?" 2070 (L—).

The dactylic stave begins with an accented syllable and puts two weak syllables after each strong one, *e. g.*, "E'en from the east to the west," 2626 (L—).

The mixed, or logædic, stave begins with an ac-

¹ In using these convenient terms and symbols of the classical prosody, the accented syllable is regarded as strong, the unaccented syllable as weak. There is no reference made to the length of syllables.

cented syllable, and varies the number of weak syllables, according to a definite plan, between one and two, *e. g.*, "Not to outspout discretion," 1027 (Ḷ-̣-̣-̣).

This blending of dactyls with trochees produces a cadence that seemed to the Greeks to resemble the movement of their prose. Hence to such mixed staves they gave the name *logædic*, or *prose-like*.

Up to this point all the staves that have been shown have begun with an accented syllable. But in English poetry, from the beginning on, the habit has prevailed of setting, at the poet's convenience, before the first accent of the stave one unaccented syllable or even two. So Tennyson, in the *Two Voices*:—

Again the voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be."

Here in the same stanza, in rhyming lines of the closest correspondence, the third stave begins with an accented syllable, but the first and the second begin with syllables that are unaccented.

This unaccented syllable that goes before the first accent of the stave bears the technical name of *anacrusis*. It is the preparation, the prelude to the stave, a mechanical means of giving force to the following accent. The presence of the *anacrusis* gives rise, therefore, to certain additional forms of the English stave.

The stave that has the *anacrusis* before a trochee is called an *iambic stave*, *e. g.*, "And prays you to believe him," 326 (× | Ḷ-̣-̣-̣).

The stave that has one *anacrusis* or two before a dactyl is called *anapæstic*, *e. g.*, "O villainy, villainy," 3459 (*Folio*) (× | Ḷ-̣-̣-̣).

The stave that has the *anacrusis* before a *logædic* measure may be called *loose iambic*, *e. g.*, "To bear him easily hence," 3167 (*Folio*) (× | Ḷ-̣-̣-̣).

Thus we reach a grouping of possible English staves that is adequate for our purposes. According to length, the staves of English poetry are staves of 1 accent, or of 2, or of 3 or 4, either catalectic or full. According to arrangement of accents, they are trochaic, or dactylic, or logæedic, or iambic, or loose iambic. For convenience of classification, the staves of which English poetry is formed may be arranged into a table of 22 varieties.

Staves of one accent : —

1. Trochaic $\mathcal{L}\cup$.
2. Dactylic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup$.
3. Iambic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup$.
4. Anapæstic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup$ or $\times \times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup$.

Staves of two accents : —

5. Trochaic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup$ or $\mathcal{L}\cup-$.
6. Dactylic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup$ or $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup-$.
7. Logæedic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup$ or $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup$.
8. Iambic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup$ or $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup-$.
9. Anapæstic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup$ or $\times \times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup$.
10. Loose iambic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup$.

Staves of three accents : —

11. Trochaic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
12. Dactylic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
13. Logæedic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
14. Iambic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
15. Anapæstic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
16. Loose iambic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.

Staves of four accents : —

17. Trochaic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
18. Dactylic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
19. Logæedic $\mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
20. Iambic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
21. Anapæstic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.
22. Loose iambic $\times | \mathcal{L}\cup\cup\cup\cup\cup$ with sub-forms.

These twenty-two staves are the material out of which Shakespeare's verse is constructed. But, be-

fore we discuss his manner of using them, there is one other variation of stave-form so important as to demand careful notice.

The full foot of English poetry is either a trochee or a dactyl; it has after its accented syllable either one or two unaccented. The length of the entire foot is divided between the time given to the strong syllable and the time given to the weak syllable. Thus in the trochaic foot *beggar*, the strong syllable *beg* is rather more than twice as long as the weak syllable *ar*. But now, to gain some special purpose, to throw unusual force into some emphatic word, the weak syllable of the foot may be altogether suppressed, and the entire length of the whole foot concentrated upon the accented syllable. Thus in the wild cry of Othello, "O! o! o!" 3206, the word *oh* is by itself, each time, a separate foot, with all its length and its force concentrated into one syllable that is almost doubly long. Such a foot is said to be syncopated. By syncope, as is clear, the twenty-two varieties of the English stave may be greatly modified in form and in effect. Shakespeare, above all, was very bold in using the syncope, and the staves that contain syncopated feet are often conspicuous for their splendid energy of rhythm.

These twenty-two staves were the material out of which, by selection and by combination, Shakespeare and his fellow-poets built up their system of dramatic verse. The staves themselves, as may be proved, were as old as the oldest utterance of Saxon poetry, in the epos of heathen times. They were natural to the tongue and familiar to the ears of Englishmen. Holding fast to these forms of the long established English staves, let us now trace in detail how Shakespeare used them as the units of his art to build up all the varieties of his infinitely modulated verse.

The verses of Shakespeare, as seen in his dramas, fall into three kinds. They are: 1. his imperfect verses; 2. his broken verses; 3. his perfect verses.

The imperfect verses of Shakespeare are characteristic of his art. They occur, I think, in all his dramas, but they occur oftenest in his mature work, where his art was at its boldest and its best. So far from being signs of careless workmanship, they come in passages of the most elaborate construction, in the full career of his grandest poetry. Notice, for example, the words by which Iago drives his lord to madness, 1901-5:—

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.

Notice again the words of Othello, as, convinced at last of his wife's innocence, he takes his final look at her dead face, 3199-3203:—

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 cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Such, then, are the imperfect verses of Shakespeare, often the most sonorous and splendid of his rhythmical effects. In studying them the value of Dr. Guest's system of staves comes into the clearest evidence. For these imperfect verses of Shakespeare are nothing but the simple staves of the English language used in one or other of their twenty-two primitive forms. Each one of Shakespeare's imperfect verses is in reality a simple staff seized by the genius of the poet and cast forth by him to live as a separate verse. In the *Othello* I find 263 imperfect

verses out of the entire number of 2837 verses, or about one in eleven. They reduce themselves, including syncopated staves, to 31 varieties of construction.

I. Imperfect verses of trochaic type : —

1. Monopony, occurring four times, *e. g.*, “Devil!” 2418.
2. Dipody, occurring seven times, *e. g.*, “What’s the matter,” 2230.
3. Dipody catalectic, occurring six times, “Do thy worst,” 3090.
4. Tripody, occurring eight times, *e. g.*, “Let her have your voices,” (606 Folio, as amended by Dyce).
5. Tripody catalectic, occurring once, “Are you sure of that?” 2399.
6. Tetrapody, occurring twice, *e. g.*, “You have little cause to say so!” 871 (Folio).
7. Tetrapody catalectic, occurring once, “Will you come to bed, my lord?” 2938.

II. Imperfect verses of dactylic type : —

8. Dipody catalectic, occurring sixteen times, “Show me thy thought,” 1589.

III. Imperfect verses of iambic type : —

9. Monopody, occurring eleven times, *e. g.*, “Abhor me,” 7.
10. Monopody catalectic, occurring fourteen times, *e. g.*, “Indeed!” 1572.
11. Dipody, occurring twenty-one times, “And in conclusion,” 16.
12. Dipody catalectic, occurring thirty-four times, *e. g.*, “And what was he?” 19.
13. Tripody, occurring thirty times, *e. g.*, “And prays you to believe him,” 336.
14. Tripody catalectic, occurring forty-one times, *e. g.*, “As if the case were his,” 1463.
15. Tetrapody, occurring once, “A Florentine more kind and honest,” 1430.

16. Tetrapody catalectic, occurring twenty-one times, *e. g.*, "How now! what do you here alone?" 1789.

IV. Imperfect verses of logaedic type:—

17. Dipody, occurring five times, *e. g.*, "Say it, Othello," 429.

18. Tripody, occurring five times, *e. g.*, "One of this kind is Cassio," 1905.

19. Tripody catalectic, occurring eleven times, *e. g.*, "What is the matter there?" I. 94.

20. Tetrapody catalectic, occurring once, "Nobody: I myself: farewell," 3054.

V. Imperfect verses of anapaestic type:—

21. Tripody catalectic, occurring three times, "I might do't as well i' the dark," 2751.

22. Tetrapody catalectic, occurring seven times, but only in song, 2996 (Folio).

23. Dipody, occurring once, "O villainy, villainy!" 3459 (Folio).

VI. Imperfect verses of loose iambic type:—

24. Dipody, occurring once, in song, 2995 (Folio).

25. Tripody, occurring once, "Is spied in populous cities," 86.

26. Tripody catalectic, occurring once, in song, 1089.

VII. Imperfect verses of syncopated type:—

27. Syncope in first foot of dipody, occurring once, *viz.*, "Down, strumpet!" V. 2, 79.

28. Syncope in first foot of catalectic dipody, occurring five times, *e. g.*, "Thieves! thieves!" 91.

29. Syncope in first and second foot of tripody, occurring twice, *e. g.*, "O blood, blood, blood!" 2090 (Folio).

30. Syncope in first foot of tetrapody, occurring once, "News, lads! our wars are done," 767 (Folio).

31. Syncope in third foot of tetrapody, a "halting rhythm," occurring once in song, II. 3, 99.

The broken verses of Shakespeare form a class that has been the despair of editors. They have a strongly marked character, defying utterly the rules of scansion by feet, and seeming at first sight irregular and lawless. For the most part, such broken verses are divided between two persons of the dialogue: the first half belongs to one speaker, the second half to another, *e. g.*: —

(Desdemona speaks.) Who 's there? Othello!—(Othello replies.) Ay, Desdemona. 2936-37.

a broken verse of four accents.

Gratiano. What is the matter?—*Othello.* Behold, I have a weapon. 3190-1.

a broken verse of five accents.

Montano. For 't is a damned slave.—*Othello.* I am not valiant neither. 3175-6.

a broken verse of six accents.

Othello. She was false as water.—*Emilia.* Thou art rash as fire to say. 3385-6 (Folio), 1623.

a broken verse of seven accents.

In other cases the broken verse is not broken by the change of the person speaking, but by the change of the person addressed. The speaker directs the first part of the verse to one character, the second part to another, *e. g.*: —

O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt Cassio. 1464.

where Othello speaks first to Emilia, and then by abrupt change to Cassio.

Still in other cases the broken verse is not broken by the change either of the speaker or of the person addressed. It is broken by some violent change of emotion; the first part is spoken in one mood, the second part in another.

Broken verses of the three kinds make up together a large element in Shakespeare's dramatic poetry.

In the *Othello* I count 252 broken verses, or about nine per cent. of the entire number. And in making this count I have left out all forms of broken verses that are identical in construction with forms of perfect verses, to be considered hereafter. If we examine these 252 broken verses, we shall find them all to be incapable of scansion by feet. But here again, if we try the system of scansion by staves, all becomes at once regular. Each broken verse is found to consist of either two or three perfect staves; and all the apparent lawlessness disappears when each part of the verse is uttered as an independent staff. Just as the imperfect verses of Shakespeare are one or other of the 22 staff forms taken separately, so the broken verses are two or three of those same staves, each complete in itself, simply added together.

The varieties of staves that are used in forming the broken verses are generally the same as in the imperfect verses. The trochaic, the iambic, and the logaedic staves are exactly the same, without new forms: cf. pp. 12 and 13. The dactylic staves, however, are more freely admitted. So the dactylic dipody is used in the first part of the difficult verse-form, "Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds," 820, and the dactylic tripod is used in the second part of "O monstrous act!—Villany, villany, villany!" 3455-6.

The anapaestic dipody catalectic is found in the broken verse with its anacrusis of two syllables. So in the first part of "Not a jot, not a jot.—I' faith, I fear it has," 1697-8. This use of the double anacrusis we shall find later on among the perfect verses.

The number of forms that belong to the loose iambic class, cf. p. 13, is much larger among the broken than among the imperfect verses.

Dipody with dactyl in second place, *e. g.*, "For nought but provender — and when he's old cashiered," 51.

Tripody with dactyl in first place, *e. g.*, "Indeed, they are disproportioned," 301.

Tripody with dactyl in second place, *e. g.*, "What's the matter, lieutenant?" 1154.

Tripody with dactyl in third place, *e. g.*, "And sing it like poor Barbara," IV., 2987 (Folio).

The syncopated staves occur in many varieties among the broken verses.

The dipody, syncopated in first foot, occurs in the second half of 1568: "that married with Othello — You, mistress"; and with anacrusis in the second half of 2881: "I'll fetch the general's surgeon — For you, mistress."

The tripody, syncopated in first foot, occurs in first half of 133: "This thou shalt answer — I know thee Roderigo."

The tripody, syncopated in second foot, occurs in the second half of 3192 (Folio). "Stay you, good gentlemen. — Look you pale, mistress?"

The tripody catalectic, syncopated in first foot, occurs in first part of 727-8: "How! is this true? — The ship is here put in"; cf. 689, 1163, 1176, 1565-6, 1878-80.

The tetrapody, syncopated in the first foot, occurs in second half of 2242-3: "Dost thou mock me? — I mock you! no, by heaven."

The tetrapody catalectic, syncopated in the first foot, occurs in second half of 249: "Marry to — Come, captain, will you go?" cf. 2006-7.

In conclusion, if we add to the 31 stave-forms that occur in the imperfect verses the 13 stave-forms that occur only in the broken verses, we may assert 44 distinct stave-forms to exist in the *Othello*, as the elements of Shakespeare's verse

We pass now to the third kind of verse used by Shakespeare, the perfect verse. It has the regular five accents of the pentapody, and forms, of course, the great body of the rhythmical drama. Let us take an example :—

If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all remorse :
On horror's head horrors accumulate.

1861-3.

All these verses are perfect verses, yet each is different from the others, and the great movement goes on with an infinite variety of shifted cadences.

1861 has its cæsura after *her* : it breaks into two parts, of six and four syllables respectively.

1862 has its cæsura after *more* : it breaks into two parts, of four and six syllables respectively.

1863 has its cæsura after *head* : it breaks again into two parts, of four and six syllables respectively. But here the variety of movement is won by letting the accented syllable *head* come next to the accented syllable of *horrors*, that is, by admitting the syncopated foot.

Each verse is thus seen to be cloven in twain by the pause that we call cæsura ; each verse consists of two parts divided by cæsura. Each of these parts may now be separately examined.

“ If thou dost slander her ” is an iambic stave of three accents.

“ and torture me ” is an iambic stave of two accents.

“ Never pray more ” is a dactylic stave of two accents.

“ abandon all remorse ” is an iambic stave of three accents.

“ On horror's head ” is an iambic stave of two accents.

“horrors accumulāte” is a logæedic stave of three accents.

The analysis of these three verses leads us to seize the law of Shakespeare’s verse-construction. The perfect verse of Shakespeare is formed in every case by so jointing two separate staves to each other as to produce a full verse of five accents. In the broken verse the second stave is simply added to the first without any reciprocal adaptation. But in the perfect verse the beginning of the second stave is fitted on to the end of the first : the cæsural pause is so managed as to let the voice glide from the one stave into the other. And, while the sum of the two staves may in the broken verse be four accents, or five or six, or even seven, the sum of the two staves in the perfect verse is always five accents, a pentapody.

From the point now reached we can form an adequate conception both of the perfect regularity of Shakespeare’s art and of its vast possibilities of variation. To make his perfect verse one stave must be joined on to another so as to give the sum of five accents. Now of stave-forms there were, as we have seen, twenty-two distinct types ; and each of these twenty-two forms might occur either full or catalectic, and each might be varied by the use of synco-pated feet. It needs but a grammarian’s knowledge of arithmetic to show us that, by combining the staves, Shakespeare had at his command many thousands, a practical infinity, of distinct verse-forms. Thus, in his art, the stave was the unit of all his combinations. Each stave, taken by itself, could form one of his imperfect verses. Two staves added together made one of his broken verses, a compound verse of four or five or six or seven accents. Finally, two staves so dovetailed by cæsura as to give an artistic unity of five accents made his perfect verse, the infinitely varied pentapody.

Among all these thousands of possible forms, the genius of the poet guided him to pick and select according to some mysterious sense of harmony. Some combinations were ugly, and he did not use them at all. Others had capacity for a certain effect, and he used them when that effect was needed. Others still were easy and beautiful, and he used them over and over again with loving preference. To each phase of emotion certain forms of verse had in his mind a special adaptation. To each prominent character he gave as part of the individuality a certain predominant form of versification. Thus the verse forms used by Othello are different from Iago's, and Desdemona's are again different from both the others.¹ Our minds are hardly able to grasp the

¹ It may be of interest to see in detail the characteristics of the verse-forms used by Desdemona, by Othello, and by Iago, and to note their differences. The basis of comparison is the number of perfect verses spoken by each in third and fourth acts, all imperfect and broken verses being omitted.

1. Let all verses be considered normal that contain only trochaic feet, and all abnormal that contain either dactylic or syncopated feet.

Desdemona has 83 per cent. of normal verses to 17 per cent. of abnormal.

Othello has 59 per cent. of normal verses to 41 per cent. of abnormal.

Iago has 59 per cent. of normal verses to 41 per cent. of abnormal.

2. Let the verse of feminine ending be considered a full verse, and the verse of masculine ending a catalectic verse.

Desdemona has 77 per cent. of catalectic verses to 23 per cent. full.

Othello has 72 per cent. of catalectic verses to 28 per cent. full.

Iago has 64 per cent. of catalectic verses to 36 per cent. full.

3. Let the comparison be made in respect of the use made by each of masculine and feminine cæsuras.

Desdemona has 65 per cent. of masculine cæsuras to 35 per cent. of feminine.

Othello has 63 per cent. of masculine cæsuras to 37 per cent. of feminine.

Iago has 52 per cent. of masculine cæsuras to 48 per cent. of feminine.

4. Let the comparison be made in respect of the admission of dactylic feet.

Desdemona has 20 dactylic feet in 100 verses.

immensity of the great poet's rhythmical resources. But in the poet himself, as he ripened in age and in art, the habits and preferences in his versification

Othello has 42 dactylic feet in 100 verses.

Iago has 51 dactylic feet in 100 verses.

5. Let the comparison be made in respect of the admission of syncopated feet.

Desdemona has 3 syncopated feet in 100 verses.

Othello has 11 syncopated feet in 100 verses.

Iago has 10 syncopated feet in 100 verses.

6. Finally, let the comparison be made in respect of the predominating types of verse-form used by each.

Desdemona has 34 per cent. with masculine cæsura after 3d accent; 27 per cent. with masculine cæsura after 2d accent; 19 per cent. with feminine cæsura after 2d trochee; 9 per cent. with feminine cæsura after 3d trochee.

Othello has 25 per cent. with masculine cæsura after 2d accent; 24 per cent. with masculine cæsura after 3d accent; 16 per cent. with feminine cæsura after 2d trochee; 16 per cent. with feminine cæsura after 3d trochee.

Iago has 27 per cent. of masculine cæsuras after 2d accent; 27 per cent. of feminine cæsuras after 2d trochee; 16 per cent. of feminine cæsuras after 3d trochee; 13 per cent. of masculine cæsuras after 3d accent.

The facts thus tabulated show, I think, a steady correspondence and harmony between the character of the person that speaks and the verse-forms that are used. In Shakespeare's art each verse-form has by its predominance an ethical import. Thus, for example, the verse-forms of Desdemona are dainty, regular, and equable. Of her verses 83 per cent. are normal, only 17 abnormal. The even flow of her verses is disturbed by only 20 dactyls in 100 lines, and by only 3 syncopes. The endings of her verses are regular, or catalectic, 77 times in the 100, and full only 23 times. So, too, she has a marked preference for the masculine cæsura over the feminine, giving 65 per cent. of the one to 35 of the other. In all these points the lovely verse-form of Desdemona is distinguished by regularity, smoothness, and the lack of all disturbing eccentricities: it is the speech and manner of the high-bred, delicate lady.

As against this, the verse-forms of Othello and Iago are marked by greater freedom and audacity of movement. Thus, while Desdemona had 83 normal verses to 17 abnormal, Othello and Iago have only 59 normal verses to 41 abnormal. While Desdemona had only 23 per cent. of full verses, Othello had 28 per cent., and Iago had 36 per cent. And again, while Desdemona had only 20 dactylic feet in 100 lines, Othello had 42 and Iago 51. So, too, while Desdemona used only 3 syncopated feet in 100 lines, Iago uses 10 and Othello 11. In all these things the verse-forms of Othello and Iago show, as com-

changed. The range of his combinations became vaster ; the boldness of his touch, the variety of his effects became greater. In Shakespeare's verse, as in Burke's prose and in Turner's painting, the progress of art-growth was always toward freedom and audacity.

From the demonstration given above it would seem to follow that the right way of studying the verse of Shakespeare is to study the arrangement and combination of the staves. The true metrical tests are to be found by comparing the use made by him, in his different styles, and at his different times, of the simple staves out of which his verses are constructed. Were each play to be studied in this fashion, and the results tabulated, we should be able to follow the growth of his rhythmical art, and to construct the criteria for the age and the authorship of the plays. We could thus gain an exact knowledge of the types of verse used in each play, and could show for each play how many types occur, and how often each type is used. Meanwhile it is possible, by the study of the *Othello* alone, a play of the poet's mature manner, to fix the leading types of Shakespeare's verse, and to afford a basis of comparison for other plays.

In fixing the types of Shakespearean verse the

pared with Desdemona's, a bolder license, a far greater sweep and rush of rhythmical forms.

But the verse-forms of *Othello* and *Iago*, if compared with each other, show again certain characteristic differences. Thus, while *Othello* has only 28 full endings in 100 lines, *Iago* has 36. While *Othello* uses 42 dactyls in 100 lines, *Iago* uses 51. Above all, while *Othello* keeps a large predominance of masculine cæsuras, 63 to 37, *Iago* has an almost exact equality between them, 52 to 48. In all these things it may be said that the verse-forms of *Iago*, as compared with *Othello*'s, are rougher and harsher, not bolder indeed nor freer, but less sonorous and less beautiful. It is strange to see that the verse-form most largely used by Desdemona, the type with masculine cæsura after third accent, is the one most rarely used by *Iago*.

chief points to be observed are these five: 1. The nature of the cæsura, whether masculine or feminine; 2. The place of the cæsura; 3. The nature of the ending, whether full (feminine) or catalectic (masculine); 4. The admission of the dactylic foot; 5. The admission of the syncopated foot.

The nature of cæsura, whether masculine or feminine, has a very strong effect upon the movement and character of the verse. In the *Othello* the masculine predominates over the feminine in the general proportion of six to four. The exact numbers are given in the following table, in which count has been made of the 1634 normal verses that the play contains.

The 1st act contains 214 masculine cæsuras and 171 feminine; 2d act, 163 masculine cæsuras and 113 feminine; 3d act, 249 masculine cæsuras and 173 feminine; 4th act, 168 masculine cæsuras and 89 feminine; 5th act, 184 masculine cæsuras and 110 feminine.

The proportion is not absolutely uniform. Among the normal verses of the entire poem 60 per cent. have masculine cæsura; but in the 1st act the proportion is 56 to 44, in the 2d act 59 to 41, in the 3d act 59 to 41, in the 4th act 65 to 35, and in the 5th act 63 to 37. The variation is not very large, and it stands connected in some mysterious way with the character of the speaking persons. In Iago's speech, as we have seen, the feminine cæsura predominates over the masculine.

Again, the place of the cæsura, whether near the middle of the verse, or near the beginning or the end, has a very strong effect upon the movement of the rhythm. Placed near the middle, it gives to the verse a regular and even movement; placed near the beginning or near the end, it gives a movement that is irregular and violent. Among the normal verses

of the *Othello*, 1634 in number, the eight forms of possible cæsura occur in the following proportion in the five acts :—

Masculine cæsura after first accent, $6+3+9+5+1=24$ in 5 acts.

Feminine cæsura after 1st trochee, $19+9+10+12+12=62$ in 5 acts.

Masculine cæsura after 2d accent, $113+85+117+80+98=493$ in 5 acts.

Feminine cæsura after 2d trochee, $88+63+104+35+66=356$ in 5 acts.

Masculine cæsura after 3d accent, $87+70+119+80+81=437$ in 5 acts.

Feminine cæsura after 3d trochee, $64+41+59+42+32=238$ in 5 acts.

Masculine cæsura after 4th accent, $8+5+4+3+4=24$ in 5 acts.

Feminine cæsura after 4th trochee, 0.

The distribution is, throughout the five acts, about the same ; the workmanship of Shakespeare, is equable and uniform. The cæsuras cluster thick about the middle of the verse, and are rare near beginning and near end. In other words, the staves that are best liked are dipodies and tripodies.

In the next place, the ending of the verse, whether full or catalectic, that is, whether weak or strong, is another important criterion in fixing the types of Shakespearean verse. The verse that ends with a full trochee ends with a falling cadence ; the verse that ends with a catalectic trochee ends with a rising cadence. Each has its peculiar and calculable effect, *e. g.* :—

I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :

I do repent me that I put it to you. 1877-8.

a couplet in which both verses are full, with weak ending ; and

O monstrous world ! take note, take note, O world !
 To be direct and honest is not safe. 1871-2.

a couplet in which both verses are catalectic, with strong ending.

To this point, however, great attention has been given by one school of Shakespearean scholars, and little remains to do. In the *Othello*, taken altogether, the proportion of full verses to catalectic is 27 to 73. The distribution of the full verses is right equable, 30 per cent. in the 1st act, 24 per cent. in the 2d, 28 per cent. in the 3d, 28 per cent. in the 4th, and 24 per cent. in the 5th. In dealing with these full verses one habit of Shakespeare is worth noting. The peculiar swing of their movement is best felt when they are massed together in rhythmical groups. Thus a great proportion of his full verses is found in sequences of two, three, four, five, or even six verses, *e. g.*, 413-419:—

Senator.

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.

The fourth point to watch, in fixing the type of Shakespeare's verses, is the admission of the dactyl. The absence of dactyls, as we saw in Desdemona's speech, is the mark of regular and equable movement ; the frequency of dactyls is the measure of excitement and disturbance. Thus, among the broken verses, dactylic feet are far more numerous than among the perfect verses. Of 252 broken verses, 108 have dactyls in one or more feet, about 42 per cent. The distribution of dactylic verses among the successive acts is tolerably uniform : 15 per cent. in the 1st act, 20 per cent. in the 2d, 23 per cent. in

the 3d, 17 per cent. in the 4th, and 19 per cent. in the 5th. But the proportion varies both according to the nature of the scene and according to the character of the person speaking. The speech of Iago, for example, is marked by a strong predominance of dactyls, that of Desdemona by rarity of dactyls. Here, too, as in the case of the full endings, the poet loves to bring out the force of the dactylic feet by massing them into groups of successive verses. The favorite place for the dactyl is the 1st foot of the first stave where it occurs 251 times; in the 2d foot it occurs 76 times, in the 3d foot 52 times, in the 4th foot 41 times, in the 5th foot only twice.¹ In addition there are 42 verses that have two dactyls each, and one verse that has three dactyls.

The last point to be noted, in fixing the types of Shakespeare's verses, is the admission of syncopated feet. Among the 252 broken verses I find 13 cases of syncope. Among the perfect verses I find 78 cases of syncope: 14 in the 1st act, 10 in the 2d, 20 in the 3d, 13 in the 4th, and 21 in the 5th. The percentage is too small to make any calculation valuable. In respect of the place preferred, the syncope differs strangely from the dactyl. Dactyls are greatly more numerous at the beginning of the pentapody, and diminish in number by regular gradation to the end. Syncopes are greatly more numerous at the middle of the verse, and are equally rare at the beginning and the end. Among the perfect verses of the five acts, the 3d foot of the pentapody is syncopated 39 times; the 2d, 25 times; the 1st, 7 times; the 4th, 7 times.

It remains, then, in order to bring this essay to its end, to give a classified list of those types of perfect verse that exist in the *Othello*. It will be convenient

¹ In this count the broken verses are not included, only the perfect verses.

to give first the normal types, which contain neither dactylic nor syncopated feet, and then the abnormal types, which contain either the one or the other or both.

A. Normal types of verse.

I. Full verse, with masculine cæsura after first accent, *e. g.*: —

Her will, || reco ling to her better judgment, 1721.

or × | 4||υυυ-υυυ.

II. Catalectic verse with masculine cæsura after first accent. *e. g.*: —

Exist, || and be a member of his love

Whom I, || with all the office of my heart. 2084-5.

or, × | 4||υυυ-υυ.

Of types I. and II., taken together, with masculine cæsura after first accent, I find 28 examples in the play: 6 in the 1st act, 3 in the 2d, 9 in the 3d, 5 in the 4th, and 5 in the 5th. The type is rare.

III. Full verse with masculine cæsura after fourth accent, *e. g.*: —

I had rather to adopt a child || than get it. 497.

(I had = I'd as one syllable in anacrusis), or

× | υυυυ-||υυ.

IV Catalectic verse with masculine cæsura after fourth accent, *e. g.*: —

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers || than snow. 2917.

or × | υυυυ-||υυ.

Of types III. and IV., taken together, with masculine cæsura after fourth accent, I find 24 examples in the play: 8 in the 1st act, 5 in the 2d, 4 in the 3d, 3 in the 4th, and 4 in the 5th. The type is rare.

V. Full verse with masculine cæsura after second accent, *e. g.*: —

I'll watch him tame || and talk him out of patience. 1484.

or × | υυ-||υυυυ.

VI. Catalectic verse with masculine cæsure after second accent, *e. g.* : —

And, on the proof, || there is no more but this :
Away at once || with love or jealousy ! 1671-2.

or × | ˘˘—||˘˘˘˘˘˘.

Of types V. and VI., taken together, with masculine cæsure after second accent, I find 495 examples in the play : 114 in the 1st act, 85 in the 2d, 119 in the 3d, 80 in the 4th, and 97 in the 5th. The type is much beloved by Shakespeare, and its peculiar equable movement is felt in passages where the form is maintained throughout many consecutive verses, *e. g.*, 3052-57 (Folio), with exception of 3053.

VII. Full verse with masculine cæsure after third accent, *e. g.* : —

Whatever shall become || of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing || but your true servant. 1468-9.

or × | ˘˘˘—||˘˘˘˘.

VIII. Catalectic verse with masculine cæsure after third accent, *e. g.* : —

Why, then, to-morrow night || or Tuesday morn :
On Tuesday noon or night : || on Wednesday morn :
I prithee, name the time, || but let it not . . . 1528-31.

or × | ˘˘˘—||˘˘˘˘.

Of types VII. and VIII., taken together, with masculine cæsure after third accent, I find in the play 438 examples : 87 in the 1st act, 70 in the 2d, 119 in the 3d, 80 in the 4th, and 82 in the 5th. This again, then, is a form much beloved by Shakespeare; and he likes to bring out its peculiar movement by long series of consecutive verses, *e. g.*, Othello's speech, II. 3, 207-212.

IX. Full verse with feminine cæsure after first trochee, *e. g.* : —

I see, sir, || you are eaten up with passion. 1877.

or × | ˘˘||˘˘˘˘˘˘˘˘.

X. Catalectic verse with feminine cæsura after first trochee, *e. g.* : —

Come, mistress, || you must tell 's another tale,
Emilia, || run you to the citadel. 2907-8.

or × | $\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\text{—}\text{—}$

Of types IX. and X., taken together, with feminine cæsura after first trochee, I find in the play 62 examples : 19 in the 1st act, 9 in the 2d, 10 in 3d, 12 in 4th, and 12 in 5th. The type is rare.

XI. Full verse with feminine cæsura after second trochee, *e. g.* : —

You, Roderigo ! || come, sir, I am for you.

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

or × | $\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\text{—}\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\text{—}$ 257, 258.

XII. Catalectic verse with feminine cæsura after second trochee, *e. g.* : —

We lacked your counsel || and your help to-night. 347.

or × | $\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\text{—}\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\text{—}$

Of types XI. and XII., taken together, with feminine cæsura after second trochee, I find in the play 358 examples : 89 in the 1st act, 63 in the 2d, 104 in the 3d, 36 in the 4th, and 66 in the 5th. For the sustained effect of this cæsura see Emilia's speech, III. 1781-6.

XIII. Full verse with feminine cæsura after third trochee, *e. g.* : —

Preferrment goes by letter || and affection

And not by old gradation, || where each second.

or × | $\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\text{—}\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}$ 38, 39 (Folio).

XIV. Catalectic verse with feminine cæsura after third trochee, *e. g.* : —

I prattle out of fashion, || and I dote. 925.

or × | $\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\text{—}\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}\bar{\text{L}}\text{—}$

Of types XIII. and XIV., taken together, with

feminine cæsura after third trochee, I find in the play 238 examples : 64 in the 1st act, 41 in the 2d, 39 in the 3d, 42 in the 4th, and 32 in the 5th. Shakespeare likes, it may be said, to combine this form of cæsura with the full ending of the verse, *e. g.*, Cassio's speech, 809, 810, 811.

XV. Trochaic type, five trochees without anacrusis, *e. g.* : —

Full : —

O most lame || and impotent conclusion ! 875.

or ˘—||˘—˘—˘—˘—.

Do you triumph, Roman ? || Do you triumph ? 8307.

or ˘—˘—˘—||˘—˘—.

Catalectic : —

Nor I neither || by this heavenly light. 2750.

Ay, with Cassio. || Nay, had she been true. 3076.

or ˘—˘—||˘—˘—.

The existence of this trochaic type has been by some critics and grammarians denied. Thus, for example, even in the Globe edition, 875, in spite of its markedly rhythmical character, it is printed as prose.¹ But this verse-form, which makes a necessary link in the development of English poetry, is in itself altogether regular and agreeable ; it was beloved by Chaucer ; it was used by Marlowe ; and thus it came of due right into the system of Shakespeare, *e. g.* : —

Conquer, sack || and utterly consume.

MARLOWE. *Tamburlaine*, Second Part, IV. 2.

Tear for tear, || and loving kiss for kiss.

Titus Andronicus.

Such verses as these are too splendid in rhythm to be given up in favor of any narrow theory of iam-

¹ This verse, given as verse in the Quarto of 1622, is given as prose in the Folio of 1623.

bic versification ; and they teach us, what so many other facts confirm, that the presence or absence of the anacrusis is a matter of indifference.

XVI. Verses of double anacrusis. Here the first trochee is preceded by two unaccented syllables, which can be pronounced together with great rapidity and ease, *e. g.* : —

Either in discourse of thought || or actual deed.

× × | ˘˘—||˘˘— 2851 (Folio).

Cf. I., 3, 277, and *whether* in I., 1, 39, *he has*, I., 3, 394, etc., etc.

B. Abnormal types of verse.

XVII. Verses syncopated in the first foot.

Full verse : —

Here's one comes in his shirt || with light and weapons,

× | ˘˘—||˘˘— 2824.

Catalectic verses : —

× | ˘||˘˘˘˘—

With one || of an ingraft infirmity. 1147.

× × | ˘˘||˘˘˘—

To beguile many || and be beguiled by one. 2284.

As seen in this example, verses that are syncopated in the first foot are apt to begin with double anacrusis.

Of verses with first foot syncopated I find 3 in the 1st act, 2 in the 2d, 1 in the 3d, 1 in the 4th, and 1 in the 5th, or only 8 in all.

XVIII. Verses syncopated in the second foot.

Full verse : —

Poor Cassio's smiles, || gestures and light behaviour. 2289.

× | ˘˘||˘˘˘—

Catalectic verse : —

On horror's head || horrors accumulate. 1863.

× | ˘˘||˘˘˘—

Of verses with second foot syncopated I find 3 in

the 1st act, 3 in the 2d, 10 in the 3d, 3 in the 4th, and 3 in the 5th, 22 in all.

XIX. Verses syncopated in the third foot.

Full verse : —

My life upon her faith ! || Honest Iago. 603.

× | ˘-˘-˘||˘-˘-˘.

Catalectic verse : —

'Tis not a y ar or two || shews us a man. 2075.

× | ˘-˘-˘||˘-˘-˘.

Of verses with third foot syncopated I find 5 in the 1st act, 4 in the 2d, 8 in the 3d, 8 in the 4th, and 12 in the 5th, 37 in all.

XX. Verses syncopated in the fourth foot.

All such verses that I have found are catalectic. To syncopate the fourth foot and leave the fifth foot full would create the comical limping verse ; and this Shakespeare seems carefully to avoid.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come !

˘-˘-˘-˘||˘-˘.

3171 (Folio).

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump.

× | ˘-˘-˘-||˘-˘-˘.

1843.

Of verses with fourth foot syncopated I find 3 in the 1st act, 1 in the 2d, 1 in the 3d, 1 in the 4th, and 1 in the 5th, only 7 in all.

XXI. Verses syncopated in two feet.

Syncopated in 2d and 3d feet : —

The noise was here. Ha ! no more moving ? 3021.

× | -˘-˘||˘˘-˘-˘.

Other examples that might seem to belong to this type may be better explained as broken verses, made of two independent staves, *e. g.*, 3269.

Of the syncopated types in general it may be said that syncope is more pleasing in the middle of verses and less pleasing at the beginning and end. Shakespeare syncopates the third foot 38 times, the second

foot 23 times, the first foot 8 times, and the fourth foot only 7 times.

XXII. Verses with dactyl in first foot preceded by anacrusis.

Full verse :—

My daughter is not for thee : || and now in madness.

× | ˘˘˘—||˘˘˘˘. 111.

Catalectic verse :—

I'd whistle her off, || and let her down the wind.

× | ˘˘˘—||˘˘˘˘. 1748.

Of this type I find 8 verses in the 1st act, 3 in the 3d, 1 in the 4th, and 2 in the 5th, 14 in all.

XXIII. Verses without anacrusis, beginning with dactyl in first foot. Lines of this majestic rhythm form a large proportion of the verses of *Othello*, and, coming often in groups of two or three, give a special character to certain grand passages.

Full verses :—

Cassio, my lord ! || No, sure, I cannot think it. 1501.

Catalectic verses :—

Poor and content is rich, || and rich enough. 1651.

Of this type I find 39 verses in the 1st act, 58 in the 2d, 65 in the 3d, 30 in the 4th, and 47 in the 5th, 239 in all.

XXIV. Verses with dactyl in second foot.

Full verses :—

And, lo, the happiness ! || go and importune her. 2080.

× | ˘˘˘˘||˘˘˘˘.

Catalectic verses :—

O Desdemona ! || away ! away ! away ! 2518.

× | ˘˘˘˘||˘˘˘˘.

The type is varied by the omission of anacrusis :—

Mad demonstrable here in Cyprus to him. 2116.

˘˘˘˘||˘˘˘˘.

Of this type I find 14 verses in the 1st act, 9 in the 2d, 28 in the 3d, 12 in the 4th, and 15 in the 5th, 78 in all.

XXV. Verses with dactyl in third foot.

Full verse : —

I am hithertō your daughter : || but here's my husband.

× | $\bar{u}-\bar{u}-\bar{u}||\bar{u}-\bar{u}$. 490.

Catalectic verse : —

Awake the snorting citizens || with the bell. 102.

× | $\bar{u}-\bar{u}-\bar{u}||\bar{u}$.

As seen above, the dactyl in the third foot is often preceded by syncope in the second, *e. g.* : —

On horror's head || horrors accumulate. 1863.

Of this type I find 11 in the 1st act, 7 in the 2d, 22 in the 3d, 6 in the 4th, and 6 in the 5th, 52 in all.

XXVI. Verses with dactyl in fourth foot.

Full verse : —

There 's many a beast then || in a populous city. 2246.

× | $\bar{u}-\bar{u}||\bar{u}-\bar{u}-\bar{u}$.

Catalectic verse : —

Of being taken || by the insolent foe. 439.

× | $\bar{u}-\bar{u}||\bar{u}-\bar{u}$.

In many verses the dactyl of the fourth foot is preceded and balanced by the syncope of the third, *e. g.* : —

Hark, how these instruments || summon to supper!

× | $\bar{u}-\bar{u}||\bar{u}-\bar{u}$. 2867 (Folio).

Of this type I find 3 in the 1st act, 6 in the 2d, 9 in the 3d, 9 in the 4th, and 13 in the 5th, 40 in all.

XXVII. Verses with dactyl of fifth foot. The safe recognition in such verses is made difficult by questions of pronunciation. Some words, doubtless, standing thus at the end of a verse, although they seem to us trisyllabic, were in utterance dissyllables.

These two verses at least, however, seem unmistakable examples of the type :—

But he, || as loving his own pride and purposes. 13.
 × | L|| u-u-u-u.

| Do you perceive || in all this noble company. 483.
 × | L-|| u-u-u-u.

XXVIII. Verses with dactyls both in first and in second foot.

Full verses :—

And yet he hath given me || satisfying reasons. 2782.
 × | L-u-u|| u-u-u.

Catalectic verses :—

Stepped me in poverty || to the very lips. 2528.
 L-u-u|| L-u-u.

Of this type I find 3 examples in the 1st act, 5 in the 3d, 3 in the 4th, and 2 in the 5th, 13 in all.

XXIX. Verses with dactyls both in the first foot and in the third.

Full verse :—

This fortification, gentlemen, || shall we see it ? 1456.
 × | L-u-u-u|| L-u-u.

Catalectic :—

Naked in bed, Iago, || and not mean harm ! 2189.
 L-u-u-L|| L-u-u.

Of this type I find two examples in the 1st act, 1 in the 2d, 5 in the 3d, 3 in the 4th, and 2 in the 5th, 13 in all.

XXX. Verses with dactyls both in the first foot and in the fourth.

Full verses :—

Blow me about in winds ! || roast me in sulphur ! 3204.
 L-u-u-L|| L-u-u.

What is the reason || of this terrible summons ? 93.
 L-u-u|| L-u-u-u.

Catalectic verses : —

Here is my journey's end, || here is my butt. 3548.
 ˘˘˘˘˘||˘˘˘˘˘

Of this type I find 2 examples in the 1st act, 1 in the 2d, and 4 in the 5th, 7 in all.

XXXI. Verse with dactyls both in the first foot and in the fifth.

(I do attach thee)
 For an abuser of the world, || a practiser. 294 (Folio).
 ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘ | ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘

Of this type I have not found another example in the *Othello*.

XXXII. Verses with dactyls both in the second foot and in the third. The full form of this type does not occur in the *Othello*.

Catalectic verses : —

Or feed on nourishing dishes, || or keep you warm. 1507
 × | ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘ || ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘

Of hair-breadth scapes || i' the imminent deadly breach.
 + | ˘˘˘˘ || ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘˘. 439.

Two other examples occur (57–8 and 380), four in all.

XXXIII. Verses with dactyls both in the second foot and in the fourth.

Full verse : —

Set on thy wife to observe : leave me, Iago. 1725–6.
 × | ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘ || ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘˘.

Of this type I have not found another example.

XXXIV. Verses with dactyls both in the third foot and in the fourth. The full form of this type does not occur in the *Othello*.

Catalectic verses : —

I had thought to have yerked him here || under the ribs.
 × | ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘ || ˘˘˘˘˘˘˘. 190–1.

Two other examples occur (1852 and 2049), three in all.

XXXV. Verses with three (3) dactyls.

Given to captivity || me and my utmost hopes.
 ~~~~~||~~~~~ 2730 (Folio).

This magnificent verse, standing alone in the *Othello*, seems to mark Shakespeare's farthest range in the use of dactylic movements.

In the *Othello*, therefore, to sum up and tabulate the results as to Shakespeare's use of the various types of perfect verse that he employed:—

Verses, full or catalectic, with masculine cæsure after 2d accent occur 495 times.

Verses, full or catalectic, with masculine cæsure after 3d accent occur 438 times.

Verses, full or catalectic, with feminine cæsure after 2d trochee occur 358 times.

Verses, with dactyl in 1st foot, without anacrusis occur 239 times.

Verses, full and catalectic, with feminine cæsure after 3d trochee occur 238 times.

Verses dactylic in 2d foot occur 78 times.

Verses, full or catalectic, with feminine cæsure after 1st trochee occur 62 times.

Verses dactylic in 3d foot occur 52 times.

Verses dactylic in 4th foot occur 40 times.

Verses syncopated in 3d foot occur 37 times.

Verses, full or catalectic, with masculine cæsure after 1st accent occur 28 times.

Verses, full or catalectic, with masculine cæsure after 4th accent occur 24 times.

Verses syncopated in 2d foot occur 22 times.

Verses, dactylic in 1st foot, but preceded by anacrusis, occur 14 times.

Verses dactylic in 1st and 2d feet occur 13 times.

Verses dactylic in 1st and 3d feet occur 13 times.



Verses syncopated in 1st foot occur 8 times.

Verses syncopated in 4th foot occur 7 times.

Verses dactylic in 1st and 4th feet occur 7 times.

Verses dactylic in 2d and 3d feet occur 4 times.

Verses dactylic in 3d and 4th feet occur 3 times.

Verses entirely trochaic occur 3 times.

Verses dactylic in 5th foot occur twice.

Verse syncopated in 2 feet (2d and 3d) occurs once.

Verse dactylic in 1st and 5th feet occurs once.

Verse dactylic in 2d and 4th feet occurs once.

Verse dactylic in 1st, 2d, and 3d feet occurs once.

THOMAS R. PRICE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, *January, 1890.*

Unless the publishers of the First Folio purchased or otherwise obtained a license to print this play in their collection, it is curious to conjecture how the matter of the text of a First Quarto, being utilized in Folio by other printers, the very next year, was adjusted. But there is no trace of any composition between Walkley and the proprietors of the First Folio. The copyright of the play had been entered a year before the Quarto, two years before the Folio, as follows:—

1621. 6<sup>o</sup> Octobris 1621. Tho: Walkley — Entered for his copie, vnder the hands of Sir George Buck and Mr. Swinhowe, warden, The Tragedie of Othello, the moore of Venice.

*Othello* had the honor of still being published in Quarto after its appearance in the Folio. A Second Quarto was printed in 1630, and this was reprinted as the Third Folio in 1655. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says that the copyright of the Quarto remained the property of Walkley until March 1, 1627–8, when

it was assigned to Richard Hawkins, who was the publisher of the Second Quarto of 1630. In May, 1638, Ursula, widow of Richard Hawkins, assigned the copyright to Mead and Meredith, who, in January, 1638, disposed of it to William Leak, who printed what he called "The Fourth Edition" of the play in 1655. Other quarto editions appeared in 1681, 1687, and 1695, showing a continuous popularity of the play for eighty-four years from the date of its first recorded performance, which certainly is a most unprecedented record. Add, too, the curious fact, that — whatever their right to print the *Othello* in the First Folio — the printers who continued to issue the play in quarto did not, by any means, accept the "editors" of the First Folio as purifiers of the text, even if they had been Shakespeare's fellows who assumed to present his plays "cured and perfect of their limbes and absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." For the Quartos went right on, copying from each other, and making new errors on their own account, with perfect indifference to the fact that a collected edition, purporting to be a revision and collation of the texts from original manuscripts, had appeared in their midst. To be sure, the fine passage beginning

Neuer, *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke sea,  
Whofe Icie Current, and compulfive course,  
Neu'r keepest retyring ebbe, but keepest due on  
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont: etc.

which is not in the First Quarto — was put into the Second Quarto from the First Folio; but in very many other places the First Folio readings are disregarded. As to whether the Preface to the First Quarto was Walkley's apology for running out his edition ahead of the First Folio, which he had heard was coming, the reader must judge for himself. The unusual feature of any preface at all, and the tone

and wording of this one, are to be taken into consideration. If the omissions (and there are several other considerable ones which the reader will perceive, besides the important one above noticed) were "cuts" for practical stage purposes, then it would seem a reasonable inference that the First Quarto was printed from an acting copy, derived from the possession of some actor. Such inference, however, would not seem to account for the curious Folio reading which makes Desdemona, "a maiden never bold of spirit" (Q. 394), give her father's friend "a world of kiffes" (F. 502), instead of "a world of fighes" (Q. 460). The substitution, if unexplained, would for once, at least, reverse the tendency to refinement from Quarto to Folio, elsewhere so often notable.<sup>1</sup> It does not seem to be a very natural error for a typesetter.

There appear to be some items of authentic stage history as to this play. According to the forged Cunningham entries exposed in 1868, the *Othello* was played before the Court in the Banqueting House at Whitehall by the company known as The King's Players, of which Shakespeare himself was a member, on the evening of Hallowmas day, November 1, 1604. But, although himself one of the first to suspect the forgery, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps (who knew Peter Cunningham, his methods and resources, thoroughly), arguing that the forger must have found similar entries in some genuine document, and tracing them to Malone, deliberately elects to retain the above statement as to the Whitehall performance in the very last edition of his great work.<sup>2</sup> We also know that Richard Burbadge was Othello in the

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (vol. i.).

<sup>2</sup> *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 7th and 8th editions, vol. i. p. 213, and compare vol. ii. pp. 161-167, where the question is discussed with all Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's caution and research.

play when cast during his stage life, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps states that he discovers traces of a curious tradition to the effect that, in casting it, the character of Iago went to a popular comedian, to adapt the part to whose peculiar talents Shakespeare himself inserted some comic "business." (Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps also discovered, in his minute search for scintillæ of Shakespearean history, that in 1609 one William Bishop of Shoreditch named one of his twin daughters Dezdemonye. She was baptized by that name at St. Leonard's Church, Shoreditch, in 1609, — probably Bishoppe had seen the play at the theatre, and selected the name for one of his twins, — the other was baptized Catherine.) The performance of the play at the Globe, at which the German ambassador and his suite were present, is authenticated by the well-known entry in the manuscript journal of the Secretary to the German Embassy to England, for April 30, 1610. The use, in Quarto line 6, of the oath "S'blood" (God's-blood), which would have been illegal by statute 3 Jac. 1, c. 21,<sup>1</sup> seems to put the composition, or stage use, of the play at least prior to 1606.

*S. E. alla au Globe lieu ordinaire ou  
 on joue les Commedies, y fut representé  
 l'histoire du More de Venise*

*Lundi 30 — S. E. alla au Globe lieu ordinaire ou  
 l'on joue les comedies, y fut representé l'histoire du  
 More de Venise*

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps also discovered traces of another stated performance at court before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Elector Palatine, in May, 1613. — EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction to vol. vi. p. 5.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 317: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE { ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.  
THOMAS R. PRICE.  
WM. H. FLEMING.  
APPLETON MORGAN.



THE  
Tragœdy of Othello,  
The Moore of Venice.

*As it hath beene diuerſe times acted at the  
Globe, and at the Black Friers, by  
his Maieſties Seruants.*

*Written by VVilliam Shakeſpeare.*



L O N D O N,

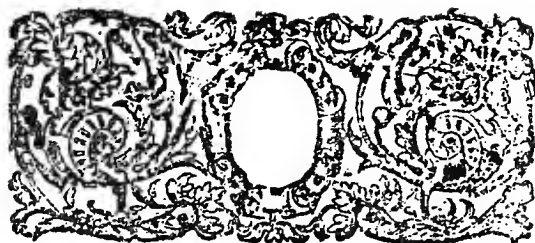
Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold at his  
ſhop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Burſſe.

1 6 2 2.



OTHELLO,  
THE MOORE OF VENICE.





The Stationer to the Reader.



*Do set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English proverbe, A blew coat without a badge, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope every man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of iudgement: I have ventered to print this Play, and leave it to the generall censure.*

*Yours,*

Thomas Walkley.







*The Tragedy of Othello the Moore  
of Venice.*

1 1 Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

2 *Roderigo*.

3 3 **V**th, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly  
4 4 That you *Iago*, who has had my purse,  
5 5 As if the strings were thine, should'ft know of this.

6 *Iag.* S'blood, but you will not heare me.

7 If euer I did dreame of fuch a matter, abhorre me.

8 *Rod.* Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

10 9 *Iag.* Despise me if I doe not : three great ones of the City

12 10 In personall fuite to make me his Lieutenant,  
11 Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,  
12 I know my price, I am worth no worfe a place.  
13 But he, as louing his owne pride and purposes,  
14 Euades them, with a bumbaft circumstance,  
15 Horribly stufte with Epithites of warre :  
16 And in conclusion,  
17 Non-suits my mediators : for certes, fayes he,



# THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

---

*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.*

---

*Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.* 1

*Rodorigo.* 2

**N**Euer tell me, I take it much vnkindly 3

That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse, 4

As if y<sup>e</sup> strings were thine, should'ft know of this. 5

*Ia.* But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream 6

Of such a matter, abhorre me. 7

*Rodo.* Thou told'ft me, 8

Thou did'ft hold him in thy hate. 9

*Iago.* Despise me 10

If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie, 11

(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant) 12

Off-capt to him : and by the faith of man 13

I know my price, I am worth no worffe a place. 14

But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes) 15

Euades them, with a bumbaft Circumstance, 16

Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre, 17

Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he, 18

- 18 I haue already chofen my officer, and what was he ?  
 20 Forfooth, a great Arithmetition,  
 20 One *Michael Cafsio*, a Florentine,  
 21 A fellow almost dambd in a faire wife,  
 22 That neuer fet a squadron in the field,  
 23 Nor the deuifion of a Battell knowes,  
 24 More then a Spinfster, vnleffe the bookifh Theorique,  
 25 Wherein the toged Confuls can propofe  
 26 As mafterly as he : meere prattle without praftife,  
 27 Is all his fouldier-shippe : but he fir had the election,  
 28 And I, of whom his eyes had feene the prooffe,  
 30 29 At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,  
 30 Christian and Heathen, muft be led, and calm'd,  
 31 By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-cafter :  
 32 He in good time, muft his Leutenant be,  
 34 33 And I, God bleffe the marke, his Worships Ancient.  
 34 *Rod.* By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.  
 35 *Ia.* But there's no remedy,  
 36 Tis the curfe of feruice,  
 37 Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
 38 Not by the olde gradation, where each fecond  
 39 Stood heire to the firft :  
 40 Now fir be iudge your felfe,  
 41 Whether I, in any iuft tearme am affign'd  
 42 to loue the Moore.  
 43 *Rod.* I would not follow him then.  
 44 *Ia.* O fir, content you.  
 45 I follow him to ferue my turne vpon him,  
 46 46 We cannot be all mafters, nor all mafters  
 47 Cannot be truly followed, you fhall marke.  
 48 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,  
 49 That doting on his owne obfequious bondage,  
 50 Weares out his time much like his mafters Affe,  
 51 For noughe but prouender, and when hee's old cashierd,  
 52 Whip mee fuch honeft knaues :  
 53 Others there are, who trimd in formes,

|                                                                    |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| I haue already chofe my Officer. And what was he?                  | 19 |
| For-footh, a great Arithmatician,                                  | 20 |
| One <i>Michaell Caffio</i> , a <i>Florentine</i> ,                 | 21 |
| (A Fellow almoft damn'd in a faire Wife)                           | 22 |
| That neuer fet a Squadron in the Field,                            | 23 |
| Nor the deuifion of a Battaile knowes                              | 24 |
| More then a Spinfter. Vnleffe the Bookifh Theoricke:               | 25 |
| Wherein the Tongued Confuls can propofe                            | 26 |
| As Masterly as he. Meere pratle (without pra $\text{\u00e7}$ tife) | 27 |
| Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election;             | 28 |
| And I (of whom his eies had feene the prooffe                      | 29 |
| At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds                        | 30 |
| Chriften'd, and Heathen)muft be be-leed, and calm'd                | 31 |
| By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-cafter,                     | 32 |
| He (in good time) muft his Lieutenant be,                          | 33 |
| And I (bleffe the marke) his Moorefhips Auntient.                  | 34 |
| <i>Rod.</i> By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.        | 35 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why, there's no remedie.                              | 36 |
| 'Tis the curffe of Seruice;                                        | 37 |
| Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,                          | 38 |
| And not by old gradation, where each fecond                        | 39 |
| Stood Heire to'th'firft. Now Sir, be iudge your felfe,             | 40 |
| Whether I in any iuft terme am Affin'd                             | 41 |
| To loue the <i>Moore</i> ?                                         | 42 |
| <i>Rod.</i> I would not follow him then.                           | 43 |
| <i>Iago.</i> O Sir content you.                                    | 44 |
| I follow him, to ferue my turne vpon him.                          | 45 |
| We cannot all be Mafters, nor all Mafters                          | 46 |
| Cannot be truly follow'd. You fhall marke                          | 47 |
| Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;                            | 48 |
| That (doting on his owne obfequious bondage)                       | 49 |
| Weares out his time, much like his Mafters Affe,                   | 50 |
| For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Cafheer'd.               | 51 |
| Whip me fuch honeft knaues. Others there are                       | 52 |
| Who trym'd in Formes, and viſages of Dutie,                        | 53 |

- 54 And viſſages of duty, keepe yet their hearts,  
 55 Attending on themſelues, and throwing  
 56 But ſhewes of ſeruice on their Lords,  
 57 Doe well thriue by 'em,  
 58 And when they haue lin'd their coates,  
 59 Doe themſelues homage,  
 59 60 Thoſe fellows haue ſome foule,  
 61 And ſuch a one doe I profefſe my ſelfe,--- for fir,  
 62 It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,  
 63 Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* :  
 64 In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.  
 65 'Heauen is my iudge, not I,  
 66 For loue and duty, but ſeeming ſo,  
 67 For my peculiar end.  
 68 For when my outward action does demonſtrate  
 69 The natiue act, and figure of my heart,  
 70 In complement externe. tis not long after,  
 71 But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue,  
 72 For Doues to pecke at,  
 73 I am not what I am.  
 74 *Rod.* What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,  
 75 If he can carry'et thus ?  
 76 *Ia.* Call vp her father,  
 77 Rowe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,  
 78 Proclaime him in the ſtreete, incenſe her Kinſmen,  
 79 And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,  
 80 Plague him with flyes : tho that his ioy be ioy,  
 81 Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation out,  
 82 As it may loofe ſome colour.  
 80 83 *Rod* Here is her fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.  
 84 *Ia.* Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,  
 85 As when by night and negligence, the fire  
 86 Is ſpied in populous Citties.  
 87 *Rod.* What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,  
 88 *Ia.* Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,  
 89 Theeues, theeues, theeues :

Keepe yet their hearts attending on themfelues, 54

And throwing but showes of Seruice on their Lords 55

Doe well thriue by them. 56

And when they haue lin'd their Coates 57

Doe themfelues Homage. 58

These Fellowes haue some foule, 59

And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir) 60

It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*, 61

Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago* : 62

In following him, I follow but my selfe. 63

Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie, 64

But seeming so, for my peculiar end : 65

For when my outward Action doth demonstrate 66

The natiue act, and figure of my heart 67

In Complement externe, 'tis not long after 68

But I will weare my heart vpon my fleecue 69

For Dawes to pecke at ; I am not what I am. 70

*Rod.* What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe 71

If he can carry't thus ? 72

*Iago.* Call vp her Father : 73

Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight, 74

Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinfmen, 75

And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell, 76

Plague him with Flies : though that his Ioy be Ioy, 77

Yet throw such chances of vexation on't, 78

As it may loofe some colour. 79

*Rodo.* Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud. 80

*Iago.* Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell, 81

As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire 82

Is spied in populus Citties. 83

*Rodo.* What hoa : *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa. 84

*Iago.* Awake : what hoa, *Brabantio* : Theeues, Theeues. 85

90 Looke to your house, you Daughter, and your bags.  
91 Theeues, theeues.

92 *Brabantio at a window.*

93 *Brab.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
94 What is the matter there?

95 *Rod.* Seignior, is all your family within?

96 *Ia.* Are all doore lockts?

97 *Brab.* Why, wherefore aske you this?

98 *Iag.* Zounds fir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,

99 Your heart is burft, you haue loft halfe your foule;

100 Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram

101 Is tugging your white Ewe; arise, arise,

102 Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,

103 Or else the Diuell will make a Grandfire of you, arise I say.

104 *Brab.* What, haue you loft your wits?

105 *Rod.* Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce?

106 *Bra.* Not I, what are you?

107 *Rod.* My name is *Roderigo*.

108 *Bra.* The worfe welcome,

109 I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,

110 In honest plaineness, thou hast heard me say

111 My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,

112 Being full of fupper, and distempering draughts,

113 Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come

114 To start my quiet? *Rod.* Sir, fir, fir.

112 *Bra.* But thou must needs be fure

116 My spirit and my place haue in them power,

117 To make this bitter to thee.

118 *Rod.* Patience good fir.

119 *Bra.* What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,

120 My house is not a graunge.

121 *Rod.* Most graue *Brabantio*,

122 In simple and pure foule I come to you.



|      |                                                             |     |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1623 | <i>The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice</i>         | 53  |
|      | Looke to your houfe, your daughter, and your Bags,          | 86  |
|      | Theeues, Theeues.                                           | 87  |
|      | <i>Bra. Aboue.</i> What is the reafon of this terrible      | 88  |
|      | Summons? What is the matter there?                          | 89  |
|      | <i>Rodo.</i> Signior is all your Familie within?            | 90  |
|      | <i>Iago.</i> Are your Doores lock'd?                        | 91  |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> Why? Wherefore ask you this?                    | 92  |
|      | <i>Iago.</i> Sir, y'are rob'd, for fhame put on your Gowne, | 93  |
|      | Your heart is burft, you haue loft halfe your foule         | 94  |
|      | Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram                  | 95  |
|      | Is tuppung your white Ewe. Arife, arife,                    | 96  |
|      | Awake the fnoiting Cittizens with the Bell,                 | 97  |
|      | Or elfe the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.           | 98  |
|      | Arife I fay.                                                | 99  |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> What, haue you loft your wits?                  | 100 |
|      | <i>Rod.</i> Moft reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?    | 101 |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> Not I: what are you?                            | 102 |
|      | <i>Rod.</i> My name is <i>Rodorigo</i> .                    | 103 |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> The worffer welcome:                            | 104 |
|      | I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:           | 105 |
|      | In honeft plaineneffe thou haft heard me fay,               | 106 |
|      | My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneffe            | 107 |
|      | (Being full of Supper, and diftempring draughtes)           | 108 |
|      | Vpon malitious knauerie, doft thou come                     | 109 |
|      | To ftart my quiet.                                          | 110 |
|      | <i>Rod.</i> Sir, Sir, Sir.                                  | 111 |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> But thou muft needs be fure,                    | 112 |
|      | My fpirits and my place haue in their power                 | 113 |
|      | To make this bitter to thee.                                | 114 |
|      | <i>Rodo.</i> Patience good Sir.                             | 115 |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> What tell'ft thou me of Robbing?                | 116 |
|      | This is Venice: my houfe is not a Grange.                   | 117 |
|      | <i>Rodo.</i> Moft graue <i>Brabantio</i> ,                  | 118 |
|      | In fimple and pure foule, I come to you.                    | 119 |

123 *Iag.* Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that will not ferue God, if  
 124 the Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke  
 125 we are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary  
 126 horfe; youle haue your Nephewes ney to you; youle haue Courfers  
 127 for Coufens, and Iennits for *Iermans*.

126 128 *Bra.* What prophane wretch art thou?

129 *Iag.* I am one fir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the  
 130 Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

131 *Bra.* Thou art a villaine,

132 *Iag.* You are a Senator.

133 *Bra.* This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo*.

134 *Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing: But I befeech you,

135 If he be in her chamber, or your house,  
 136 Let loofe on me the Iustice of the state,  
 137 For this delusion.

138 *Bra.* Strike on the tinder, Ho:

139 Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:

140 This accident is not vnlike my dreame,

*Ia.* Sir : you are one of those that will not serue God, 120  
 if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice, 121  
 and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daugh- 122  
 ter couer'd with a Barbary horfe, you'le haue your Ne- 123  
 phewes neigh to you, you'le haue Courfers for Cozens: 124  
 and Gennets for Germaines. 125

*Bra.* What prophane wretch art thou ? 126

*Ia.* I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh- 127  
 ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs. 128

*Bra.* Thou art a Villaine. 129

*Iago.* You are a Senator, 130

*Bra.* This thou shalt answere. I know thee *Rodorigo.* 131

*Rod.* Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you 132  
 If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent, 133  
 (As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter, 134  
 At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night 135  
 Tranfported with no worfe nor better guard, 136  
 But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier, 137  
 To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore : 138  
 If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance, 139  
 We then haue done you bold, and faucie wrongs. 140  
 But if you know not this, my Manners tell me, 141  
 We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeeue 142  
 That from the fence of all Ciuilitie, 143  
 I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence. 144  
 Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue) 145  
 I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt, 146  
 Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes 147  
 In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger, 148  
 Of here, and euery where : straight satisfie your selfe. 149  
 If she be in her Chamber, or your house, 150  
 Let loose on me the Iustice of the State 151  
 For thus deluding you. 152

*Bra.* Strike on the Tinder, hoa : 153

Giue me a Taper : call vp all my people, 154

This Accident is not vnlike my dreame, 155

141 Beleefe of it oppreffes me already :

142 Light I fay, light.

143 *Iag.* Farewell, for I muft leaue you,

159 144 It feemes not meete, nor wholefome to my pate,

145 To be produc'd, as if I ftay I fhall

146 Againft the Moore, for I doe know the ftate,

147 How euer this may gaule him with fome checke,

148 Cannot with fafety caft him, for hee's imbark'd,

149 With fuch loud reafon, to the Cipres warres,

150 Which euen now ftands in a $\dot{c}$ t, that for their foules,

151 Another of his fathome, they haue not

152 To leade their bufineffe, in which regard,

153 Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,

154 Yet for neceffity of present life,

155 I muft fhew out a flag, and figne of loue,

156 Which is indeed but figne, that you fhall furely

157 Finde him : lead to the Sagittar, the raifed fearch,

158 And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

159 *Enter Barbantio in his night gowne, and feruants*  
160 *with Torches.*

161 *Bra.* It is too true an euill, gone ſhe is,

162 And what's to come, of my deſpifed time,

163 Is nought but bitterneffe now *Roderigo,*

164 Where didſt thou ſee her ; O vnhappy girle,

165 With the Moore ſaiſt thou ? who would be a father ?

166 How didſt thou know twas ſhe ? O thou deceiueſt me

167 Paſt thought : what ſaid ſhe to you ? get more tapers,

168 Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you ?

169 *Rod.* Truely I thinke they are.

170 *Bra.* O heauen, how got ſhe out? O treafon of the blood;

171 Fathers from hence, truſt not your Daughters mindes,

172 By what you ſee them a $\dot{c}$ t, is there not charmes,

173 By which the property of youth and manhood

|      |                                                            |                  |
|------|------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| 1623 | <i>The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice</i>        | 57               |
|      | Beleeve of it oppresses me alreadie.                       | 156              |
|      | Light, I say, light.                                       | <i>Exit.</i> 157 |
|      | <i>Iag.</i> Farewell: for I must leaue you.                | 158              |
|      | It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place             | 159              |
|      | To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)                  | 160              |
|      | Against the Moore. For I do know the State,                | 161              |
|      | '(How euer this may gall him with some checke)             | 162              |
|      | Cannot with safetie cast-him. For he's embark'd            | 163              |
|      | With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,                | 164              |
|      | (Which euen now stands in Act )that for their foules       | 165              |
|      | Another of his Fadome, they haue none,                     | 166              |
|      | To lead their Businesse. In which regard,                  | 167              |
|      | Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,                  | 168              |
|      | Yet, for necessitie of present life,                       | 169              |
|      | I must shew out a Flag, and signe of Loue,                 | 170              |
|      | (Which is indeed but signe )that you shall surely find him | 171              |
|      | Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:                    | 172              |
|      | And there will I be with him. So farewell,                 | <i>Exit.</i> 173 |
|      | <i>Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.</i>         | 174              |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> It is too true an euill. Gone she is,          | 175              |
|      | And what's to come of my despised time,                    | 176              |
|      | Is naught but bitternesse. Now <i>Rodorigo</i> ,           | 177              |
|      | Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappy Girle)               | 178              |
|      | With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)        | 179              |
|      | How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me         | 180              |
|      | Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:       | 181              |
|      | Raife all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?         | 182              |
|      | <i>Rodo.</i> Truely I thinke they are.                     | 183              |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> Oh Heauen: how got she out?                    | 184              |
|      | Oh treason of the blood.                                   | 185              |
|      | Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds         | 186              |
|      | By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,            | 187              |
|      | By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood              | 188              |

174 May be abus'd ? haue you not read *Roderigo*,  
 191 175 Of some such thing. *Rod.* I haue fir.

176 *Bra.* Call vp my brother : O that you had had her,  
 177 Some one way, some another; doe yon know  
 178 Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore ?

179 *Rod.* I thinke I can discouer him, if you please  
 180 To get good guard, and goe along with me.

181 *Bra.* Pray leade me on, at euery house Ile call,  
 182 I may command at most : get weapons ho,  
 183 And raise some speciall Officers of night :

200 184 On good *Roderigo*, Ile deferue your paynes.

*Exennt.*

185 *Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants with Torches.*

186 *Ia.* Tho in the trade of warre, I haue flaine men,  
 187 Yet doe I hold it very stult of Conscience.

188 To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity  
 189 Sometimes to doe me seruice : nine or ten times,

190 I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,  
 191 Vnder the ribbes.

192 *Oth.* Tis better as it is.

193 *Iag.* Nay, but he prated,

194 And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking tearmes

195 Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue,

196 I did full hard forbear him : but I pray fir,

197 Are you fast married ? For be sure of this,

198 That the Magnifico is much beloued,

199 And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,

200 As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,

216 201 Or put vpon you what restraint, and greuance,

202 That law with all his might to inforce it on,

203 Weele giue him cable,

|      |                                                                      |     |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1623 | <i>The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice</i>                  | 59  |
|      | May be abus'd? Haue you not read <i>Rodorigo</i> ,                   | 189 |
|      | Of some such thing?                                                  | 190 |
|      | <i>Rod.</i> Yes Sir: I haue indeed.                                  | 191 |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.            | 192 |
|      | Some one way, some another. Doe you know                             | 193 |
|      | Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?                           | 194 |
|      | <i>Rod.</i> I thinke I can discouer him, if you please               | 195 |
|      | To get good Guard, and go along with me.                             | 196 |
|      | <i>Bra.</i> Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,               | 197 |
|      | (I may command at most )get Weapons (ho)                             | 198 |
|      | And raise some speciall Officers of might:                           | 199 |
|      | On good <i>Rodorigo</i> , I will deferue your paines. <i>Exeunt.</i> | 200 |

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*Scena Secunda.*

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|  |                                                             |     |
|--|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|  | <i>Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.</i>       | 201 |
|  | <i>Ia.</i> Though in the trade of Warre I haue flaine me n, | 202 |
|  | Yet do I hold it very stufte o'th'conscience                | 203 |
|  | To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie                | 204 |
|  | Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times               | 205 |
|  | I had thought t'haue yerck'd him here vnder the Ribbes.     | 206 |
|  | <i>Othello.</i> 'Tis better as it is.                       | 207 |
|  | <i>Iago.</i> Nay but he prated,                             | 208 |
|  | And fpoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes                 | 209 |
|  | Against your Honor, that with the little godlineffe I haue  | 210 |
|  | I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,            | 211 |
|  | Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,                   | 212 |
|  | That the Magnifico is much belou'd,                         | 213 |
|  | And hath in his effect a voice potentiall                   | 214 |
|  | As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.                | 215 |
|  | Or put vpon you, what restraint or grieuance,               | 216 |
|  | The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)              | 217 |
|  | Will giue him Cable.                                        | 218 |

204 *Oth.* Let him doe his Ipite,  
 205 My seruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,  
 206 Shall out tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,  
 207 That boasting is an honour,  
 208 I shall provulgate, I fetch my life and being,  
 209 From men of royall height, and my demerrits,  
 210 May speake vnbonnited to as proud a fortune  
 211 As this that I haue reach'd ; for know *Iago*,  
 212 But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*.

213 I would not, my vnhoufed free condition,  
 214 Put into circumscription and confine  
 231 215 For the feas worth, *Enter Cassio with lights, Officers,*  
 216 But looke what lights come yonder. *and torches.*

217 *Ia.* These are the raised Father and his friends,  
 218 You were best goe in :

219 *Oth.* Not I, I must be found,  
 220 My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,  
 221 Shall manifest me rightly : it is they.

222 *Ia.* By *Ianus* I thinke no.

223 *Oth.* The seruants of the Duke, and my Leutenant,

224 The goodnesse of the night vpon your friends,  
 225 What is the newes.

226 *Caf.* The Duke does greeete you Generall,  
 227 And he requires your hast, post hast appearance,  
 228 Euen on the instant.

229 *Oth.* What's the matter thinke you :

230 *Caf.* Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,  
 247 231 It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes  
 232 Haue sent a dozen frequent messengers  
 233 This very night, at one anothers heeles :  
 234 And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,  
 235 Are at the Dukes already ; you haue bin hotly cald for,  
 236 When being not at your lodging to be found.  
 237 The Senate sent about three feuerall quests  
 238 To searck you out.



*Othel.* Let him do his flight; 219  
 My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie 220  
 Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know, 221  
 Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour, 222  
 I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being, 223  
 From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites 224  
 May speake ( vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune 225  
 As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*, 226  
 But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*, 227  
 I would not my vnhoufed free condition 228  
 Put into Circumscription, and Confine, 229  
 For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond? 230

*Enter Cassio, with Torches.* 231

*Iago.* Those are the raifed Father, and his Friends : 232  
 You were best go in. 233

*Othel.* Not I : I must be found. 234  
 My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule 235  
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ? 236

*Iago.* By *Ianus*, I thinke no. 237

*Othel.* The Seruants of the Dukes ? 238  
 And my Lieutenant ? 239  
 The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends) 240  
 What is the Newes ? 241

*Cassio.* The Duke do's greet you (Generall) 242  
 And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance, 243  
 Enen on the instant. 244

*Othello.* What is the matter, thinke you ? 245

*Cassio.* Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine : 246  
 It is a bufinesse of some heate. The Gallies 247  
 Haue sent a dozen fequent Messengers 248  
 This very night, at one anothers heeles : 249  
 And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met, 250  
 Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for, 251  
 When being not at your Lodging to be found, 252  
 The Senate hath sent about three feuerall Quefts, 253  
 To search you out. 254

239 *Oth.* Tis well I am found by you,  
240 Ile spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

241 *Caf.* Auncient, what makes he here ?

242 *Ia.* Faith he to night, hath boarded a land Carrick :  
243 If it proue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

244 *Caf.* I doe not vnderstand.

245 *Ia.* Hee's married.

246 *Caf.* To who ?

267 247 *Enters* Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights  
248 *and weapons.*

249 *Ia.* Marry to. --- Come Captaine, will you goe ?

250 *Oth.* Ha, with who ?

251 *Caf.* Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

252 *Ia.* It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduifde,

253 He comes to bad intent.

254 *Oth.* Holla, stand there.

255 *Rod.* Seignior, it is the Moore.

256 *Cra.* Downe with him theife.

257 *Ia.* You *Roderigo*, Come sir, I am for you.

258 *Oth.* Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust em,

259 Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares

260 Then with your weapons.

261 *Bra.* O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter ?

262 Dambd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,

263 For ile referre me to all thing of sense,

264 Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,

265 So opposite to marriage, that she should

266 The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,

267 Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke )

|                                                                   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Othel.</i> 'Tis well I am found by you :                       | 255 |
| I will but spend a word here in the house,                        | 256 |
| And goe with you.                                                 | 257 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Aunciant, what makes he heere?                     | 258 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,      | 259 |
| If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.                    | 260 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> I do not vnderstand.                               | 261 |
| <i>Iago.</i> He's married.                                        | 262 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> To who ?                                           | 263 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Marry to——Come Captaine, will you go ?               | 264 |
| <i>Othel.</i> Haue with you.                                      | 265 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Here come sanother Troope to seeke for you.        | 266 |
| <br><i>Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.</i> | 267 |

|                                                             |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Iago.</i> It is <i>Brabantio</i> :Generall be aduis'd,   | 268 |
| He comes to bad intent.                                     | 269 |
| <i>Othello.</i> Holla, stand there.                         | 270 |
| <i>Rodo.</i> Signior, it is the Moore.                      | 271 |
| <i>Bra.</i> Downe with him, Theefe.                         | 272 |
| <i>Iago.</i> You, <i>Rodorigo</i> , come Sir, I am for you. | 273 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will  | 274 |
| rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with        | 275 |
| yeares, then with your Weapons.                             | 276 |
| <i>Bra.</i> Oh thou foule Theefe,                           | 277 |
| Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter ?                        | 278 |
| Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her                 | 279 |
| For Ile referre me to all things of sense,                  | 280 |
| (If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)                | 281 |
| Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,               | 282 |
| So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd                    | 283 |
| The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,                 | 284 |
| Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)                | 285 |

268 Runne from her gardage to the footy bofome  
 269 Of fuch a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight,

270 Such an abufer of the world, a practifer  
 271 Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant?  
 272 Lay hold vpon him, if he doe refist,  
 273 Subdue him at his perill.

298 274 *Oth.* Hold your hands:  
 275 Both you of my inclining and the reft,  
 276 Were it my Qu. to fight, I fhould haue knowne it,  
 277 Without a prompter, where will you that I goe.  
 278 And anfwer this your charge?

279 *Bra.* To prifon till fit time  
 280 Of Law, and courfe of direct Seffion,  
 281 Call thee to anfwer.

282 *Oth.* What if I doe obey,  
 283 How may the Duke be therewith fatisfied,  
 284 Whofe Meffengers are heere about my fide,  
 285 Vpon fome prefent bufineffe of the State,  
 286 To beare me to him.

287 *Officer.* Tis true moft worthy Seignior,  
 288 The Duke's in Councell, and your noble felfe,  
 289 I am fure is fent for.

290 *Bra.* How? the Duke in Councell?  
 291 In this time of the night? bring him away,  
 292 Mine's not an idle caufe, the Duke himfelfe,  
 293 Or any of my Brothers of the State,  
 294 Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.  
 295 For if fuch actions, may haue paffage free,

320 296 Bondflaues, and Pagans, fhall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Run from her Guardage to the footie bofome, 286  
 Of fuch a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight ? 287  
 Iudge me the world, if 'tis not groffe in fenfe, 288  
 That thou haft practis'd on her with foule Charmes, 289  
 Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals, 290  
 That weakens Motion. Ile haue't difputed on, 291  
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking ; 292  
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee, 293  
 For an abufer of the World, a practifer 294  
 Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant; 295  
 Lay hold vpon him, if he do refift 296  
 Subdue him, at his perill. 297  
*Othe.* Hold your hands 298  
 Both you of my inclining, and the reft. 299  
 Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it 300  
 Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe 301  
 To anfwere this your charge ? 302  
*Bra.* To Prifon, till fit time 303  
 Of Law, and courfe of direct Seffion 304  
 Call thee to anfwer. 305  
*Othe.* What if do obey ? 306  
 How may the Duke be therewith fatisfi'd, 307  
 Whofe Meffengers are heere about my fide, 308  
 Vpon fome prefent bufineffe of the State, 309  
 To bring me to him. 310  
*Officer.* 'Tis true moft worthy Signior, 311  
 The Dukes in Counfell, and your Noble felfe, 312  
 I am fure is fent for. 313  
*Bra.* How ? The Duke in Counfell ? 314  
 In this time of the night ? Bring him away; 315  
 Mine's not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelfe, 316  
 Or any of my Brothers of the State, 317  
 Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne : 318  
 For if fuch Actions may haue paffage free, 319  
 Bond-flaues, and Pagans fhall our Statefmen be. *Exeunt* 320

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

299 *Duke.* There is no Composition in these newes,  
 300 That giues them credit.

301 *1 Sena.* Indeede they are disproportioned,  
 302 My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies.

303 *Du.* And mine a hundred and forty.

304 *2 Sena.* And mine two hundred :

305 But though they iumpe not on a iust account,  
 306 As in these cafes, where they aym'd reports,  
 307 Tis oft with difference, yet doe they all confirme  
 308 A *Turkish* fleete, and bearing vp to *Cipresse*.

309 *Du.* Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement :

310 I doe not so secure me to the error,  
 311 But the mayne Articles I doe approue

337 312 In fearefull sence.

*Enter a Messenger.*

313 *One within.* What ho, what ho, what ho ?

314 *Sailor.* A messenger from the Galley.

315 *Du.* Now, the bufineffe ?

316 *Sailor.* The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,  
 317 So was I bid report here, to the state.

318 *Du.* How say you by this change ?

319 *1 Sena.* This cannot be by no affay of reafon--  
 320 Tis a Pageant,

321 To keepe vs in false gaze : when we confider

322 The importancy of *Cypresse* to the *Turke* :

323 And let our selues againe, but vnderstand,

324 That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,

*Scæna Tertia.*

|                                                          |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.</i>               | 321 |
| <i>Duke.</i> There's no composition in this Newes,       | 322 |
| That giues them Credite,                                 | 323 |
| 1. <i>Sen.</i> Indeed, they are disproportioned;         | 324 |
| My Letters say, a Hundred and feuen Gallies.             | 325 |
| <i>Duke.</i> And mine a Hundred fortie.                  | 326 |
| 2. <i>Sena.</i> And mine two Hundred :                   | 327 |
| But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,             | 328 |
| (As in these Cafes where the ayme reports,               | 329 |
| 'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme       | 330 |
| A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.              | 331 |
| <i>Duke.</i> Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement :   | 332 |
| I do not so secure me in the Error,                      | 333 |
| But the maine Article I do approue                       | 334 |
| In fearefull sence.                                      | 335 |
| <i>Saylor within.</i> What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.      | 336 |
| <i>Enter Saylor.</i>                                     | 337 |
| <i>Officer.</i> A Messenger from the Gallies.            | 338 |
| <i>Duke.</i> Now ? What's the bufinesse ?                | 339 |
| <i>Sailor.</i> The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes, | 340 |
| So was I bid report here to the State,                   | 341 |
| By Signior <i>Angelo.</i>                                | 342 |
| <i>Duke.</i> How say you by this change ?                | 343 |
| 1. <i>Sen.</i> This cannot be                            | 344 |
| By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant                    | 345 |
| To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider              | 346 |
| Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;                   | 347 |
| And let our selues againe but vnderstand,                | 348 |
| That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,         | 349 |

325 So may he with more facile question beare it.

326 *Du.* And in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*.

360 327 *Officer.* Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Messenger.*

328 *Mef.* The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,  
329 Steering with due courfe, toward the Ifle of *Rhodes*,  
330 Haue there inioynted with an after flete

331 Of 30. faile, and now they doe refterine  
332 Their backward courfe, bearing with franke appearance.  
333 Their purpofes towards *Cypresse*: Seignior *Montano*,  
334 Your trusty and most valiant feruitor;  
335 With his free duty recommends you thus,  
336 And prayes you to beleeeue him.

337 *Du.* Tis certaine then for *Cypresse*,

338 *Marcus Luccicos* is not here in Towne.

339 I *Sena*. Hee's now in *Florence*.

340 *Du.* Write from vs, wish him post, post haft difpatch :

377 341 *Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caffio,*  
342 *Defdemona, and Officers.*

343 I *Sena*. Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.

344 *Du.* Valiant *Othello*, we muft fraite imploy you,

345 Against the generall enemy *Ottaman*;

346 I did not fee you, welcome gentle Seignior,

347 We lacke your counfell, and your helpe to night,



So may he with more facile question beare it, 350  
 For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace, 351  
 But altogether lackes th'abilities 352  
 That Rhodes is drefs'd in. If we make thought of this, 353  
 We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull, 354  
 To leaue that latest, which concerns him first, 355  
 Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine 356  
 To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse. 357  
*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes. 358  
*Officer.* Here is more Newes. 359

*Enter a Messenger.* 360

*Messen.* The *Ottamites*, Reueren'd, and Gracious, 361  
 Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes, 362  
 Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete, 363

*i. Sen.* I, so I thought : how many, as you guesse? 364

*Mess.* Of thirtie Saile : and now they do re-stem 365  
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance 366  
 Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*, 367  
 Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour, 368  
 With his free dutie, recommends you thus, 369  
 And prayes you to beleeeue him. 370

*Duke.* 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus : 371

*Marcus Luccicos*, is not he in Towne? 372

*i. Sen.* He's now in Florence. 373

*Duke.* Write from vs, 374

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch. 375

*i. Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore. 376

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,* 377  
*and Officers.* 378

*Duke.* Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you, 379  
 Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*. 380  
 I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior, 381  
 We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night. 382

348 *Bra.* So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me,  
 349 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse  
 350 Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care  
 351 Take any hold of me, for my particular griefes,  
 352 Is of fo floodgate and orebearing nature,  
 353 That it engluts and fwallowes other forrowes,  
 354 And it is still it selfe.

355 *Du.* Why, what's the matter ?

356 *Bra.* My daughter, O my daughter.

357 *All.* Dead ?

358 *Bra.* I to me :

359 She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,  
 360 By spels and medicines, bought of mountebancks,  
 361 For nature fo preposterously to erre,

362 Saunce witchcraft could not.

363 *Du.* Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding  
 400 364 Hath thus beguild your daughter of her selfe,  
 365 And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,  
 366 You shall your selfe, read in the bitter letter,  
 367 After its owne fense, tho our proper sonne  
 368 Stood in your action.

369 *Bra.* Humbly I thanke your Grace ;  
 370 Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes  
 371 Your speciall mandate, for the State affaires  
 372 Hath hither brought.

373 *All.* We are very forry for't.

374 *Du.* What in your owne part can you fay to this ?

375 *Bra.* Nothing, but this is fo.

412 376 *Oth.* Most potent, graue, and reuerend Seigniors,  
 377 My very noble and approoued good maisters :  
 378 That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,  
 379 It is most true : true, I haue married her,  
 380 The very head and front of my offending,  
 381 Hath this extent no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 382 And little blest with the fet phraze of peace,

|                                                                                                 |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Bra.</i> So did I yours : Good your Grace pardon me.                                         | 833 |
| Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse                                                | 384 |
| Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the generall care                                         | 385 |
| Take hold on me. For my perticular grieffe                                                      | 386 |
| Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,                                                    | 387 |
| That it engluts, and swallows other forrowes,                                                   | 388 |
| And it is still it selfe.                                                                       | 389 |
| <i>Duke.</i> Why ? What's the matter ?                                                          | 390 |
| <i>Bra.</i> My Daughter : oh my Daughter !                                                      | 391 |
| <i>Sen.</i> Dead ?                                                                              | 392 |
| <i>Bra.</i> I, to me.                                                                           | 393 |
| She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted                                                    | 394 |
| By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;                                                 | 395 |
| For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,                                                           | 396 |
| (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,) <span style="float:right">397</span>            |     |
| Sans witch-craft could not. <span style="float:right">398</span>                                |     |
| <i>Duke.</i> Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding <span style="float:right">399</span>  |     |
| Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe, <span style="float:right">400</span>             |     |
| And you of her ; the bloodie Booke of Law, <span style="float:right">401</span>                 |     |
| You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter, <span style="float:right">402</span>           |     |
| After your owne sense : yea, though o ur proper Son <span style="float:right">403</span>        |     |
| Stood in your Action. <span style="float:right">404</span>                                      |     |
| <i>Bra.</i> Humbly I thanke your Grace, <span style="float:right">405</span>                    |     |
| Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes <span style="float:right">406</span>            |     |
| Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires <span style="float:right">407</span>              |     |
| Hath hither brought. <span style="float:right">408</span>                                       |     |
| <i>All.</i> We are veriesorry for't. <span style="float:right">409</span>                       |     |
| <i>Duke.</i> What in your owne part, can you say to this ? <span style="float:right">410</span> |     |
| <i>Bra.</i> Nothing, but this is so. <span style="float:right">411</span>                       |     |
| <i>Othe.</i> Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors, <span style="float:right">412</span>   |     |
| My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters; <span style="float:right">413</span>                  |     |
| That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter, <span style="float:right">414</span>              |     |
| It is most true : true I haue married her; <span style="float:right">415</span>                 |     |
| The verie head, and front of my offending, <span style="float:right">416</span>                 |     |
| Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech, <span style="float:right">417</span>        |     |
| And little blest'd with the soft phrase of Peace; <span style="float:right">418</span>          |     |

383 For since these armes of mine had feuen yeares pith,  
 384 Till now some nine Moones wafted, they haue vs'd  
 385 Their dearest action in the tented field,  
 386 And little of this great world can I speake,  
 387 More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,  
 388 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 389 In speaking for my selfe; yet by your gracious patience,  
 390 I will a round vnuarnish'd tale deliuer,  
 391 Of my whole course of loue, what drugs, what charmes,

392 What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,  
 393 (For such proceedings am I charg'd withall)  
 394 I wonne his daughter.

432 395 *Bra.* A maiden neuer bold of spirit,  
 396 So still and quiet, that her motion  
 397 Blusht at her selfe: and she in spite of nature,  
 398 Of yeares, of Countrey, credit, euery thing,  
 399 To fall in loue with what she fear'd to looke on?  
 400 It is a iudgement maimd, and most imperfect,  
 401 That will confesse perfection, so would erre  
 402 Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen,  
 403 To finde out practises of cunning hell,  
 404 Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,  
 405 That with some mixtures powerfull ore the blood,  
 406 Or with some dram coniu'd to this effect,  
 407 He wrought vpon her.  
 408 *Du.* To youth this is no prooffe,  
 409 Without more certaine and more ouert test,  
 410 These are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,  
 411 Of moderne seemings, you preferre against him.

449 412 *i Sena.* But *Othello* speake,  
 413 Did you by indirect and forced courses,  
 414 Subdue and poison this young maides affections?  
 415 Or came it by request, and such faire question,  
 416 As soule to soule affoordeth?  
 417 *Oth.* I doe beseech you,

For since theſe Armes of mine, had ſeuē yeares pith, 419  
 Till now, ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd 420  
 Their deereſt action, in the Tented Field : 421  
 And little of this great world can I ſpeake, 422  
 More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile, 423  
 And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe, 424  
 In ſpeaking for my ſelfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience) 425  
 I will a round vn-variſh'd u Tale deliuer, 426  
 Of my whole courſe of Loue. 427  
 What Drugges, what Charmes, 428  
 What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke, 429  
 (For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withall) 430  
 I won his Daughter. 431

*Bra.* A Maiden, neuer bold : 432

Of Spirit ſo ſtill, and quiet, that her Motion 433  
 Bluſh'd at her ſelfe, and ſhe, in ſpight of Nature, 434  
 Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing 435  
 To fall in Loue, with what ſhe fear'd to looke on; 436  
 It is a iudgement main'd, and moſt imperfect. 437  
 That will confeſſe Perfection ſo could erre 438  
 Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen 439  
 To find out practiſes of cunning hell 440  
 Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch againe, 441  
 That with ſome Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood, 442  
 Or with ſome Dram, (coniur'd to this effect) 443  
 He wtought vp on her. 444  
 To vouch this, is no prooffe, 445  
 Without more wider, and more ouer Teſt 446  
 Then theſe thin habits, and poore likely-hoods 447  
 Of moderne ſeeming, do prefer againſt him. 448

*Sen.* But *Othello*, ſpeake, 449

Did you, by indirect, and forced courſes 450  
 Subdue, and poyſon this yong Maides affections ? 451  
 Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion 452  
 As ſoule, to ſoule affordeth ? 453

*Othel.* I do beſeech you, 454

418 Send for the Lady to the Sagittar,  
 419 And let her speake of me before her father ;  
 420 If you doe finde me foule in her report,

421 Not onely take away, but let your sentence  
 422 Euen fall vpon my life.

423 *Du.* Fetch *Desdemona* hither. *Exit two or three.*

424 *Oth.* Ancient conduct them, you best know the place ;

425 And till she come, as faithfull as to heauen,

466 426 So iustly to your graue eares I'le present,

427 How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,

428 And she in mine.

429 *Du.* Say it *Othello*.

430 *Oth.* Her Father loued me, oft inuited me,

431 Still questioned me the story of my life,

432 From yeare to yeare;the battailes, feiges, fortunes

433 That I haue past :

434 I ran it through, euen from my boyish dayes,

435 Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it .

436 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,

437 Of moouing accident of flood and field ;

438 Of heire-breadth scapes ith imminent deadly breach ;

439 Of being taken by the insolent foe :

440 And sold to slauery, and my redemption thence,

441 And with it all my trauels Historie ;

442 Wherein of Antrees vast, and Deserts idle,

443 Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whose heads touch heauen,

444 It was my hent to speake, such was the proceffe :

445 And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate ;

486 446 The *Anthropophagie*, and men whose heads

447 Doe grow beneath their shouldders : this to heare,

448 Would *Desdemona* feriously incline ;

449 But still the house affaires would draw her thence,

450 And euer as she could with hast dispatch,

|                                                        |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.                     | 455 |
| And let her speake of me before her Father;            | 456 |
| If you do finde me foule, in herreport,                | 457 |
| The Truft, the Office, I do hold of you,               | 458 |
| Not onely take away, but let your Sentence             | 459 |
| Euen fall vpon my life.                                | 460 |
| <i>Duke.</i> Fetch <i>Desdemona</i> hither.            | 461 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Aunciant, conduēt them :                  | 462 |
| You beft know the place.                               | 463 |
| And tell ſhe come, as truly as to heauen,              | 464 |
| I do confeſſe the vices of my blood,                   | 465 |
| So iuſtly to your Graue eares, Ile preſent             | 466 |
| How I did thrive in this faire Ladies loue,            | 467 |
| And ſhe in mine.                                       | 468 |
| <i>Duke.</i> Say it <i>Othello.</i>                    | 469 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Her Father lou'd me, oft invited me :     | 470 |
| Still queſtion'd me the Storie of my life,             | 471 |
| From yeare to yeare : the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,   | 472 |
| That I haue paſt.                                      | 473 |
| I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh daies,           | 474 |
| Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it.               | 475 |
| Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances :           | 476 |
| Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,                | 477 |
| Of haire-breadth ſcapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;   | 478 |
| Of being taken by the Inſolent Foe,                    | 479 |
| And ſold to ſlavery. Of my redemption thence,          | 480 |
| And portance in my Trauellours hitorie.                | 481 |
| Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Defarts idle,              | 482 |
| Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whoſe head touch heauen, | 483 |
| It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,        | 484 |
| And of the Canibals that each others eate,             | 485 |
| The <i>Antropophague</i> , and men whoſe heads         | 486 |
| Grew beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to heare,   | 487 |
| Would <i>Desdemona</i> feriouſly incline :             | 488 |
| But ſtill the houſe Affaires would draw her hence :    | 489 |
| Which euer as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,           | 490 |

451 Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare  
 452 Deuoure vp my discourse ; which I obseruing,  
 453 Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes  
 454 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 455 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 456 Whereof by parcell she had something heard,  
 457 But not intentiuely, I did consent,  
 458 And often did beguile her of her teares,  
 459 When I did speake of some distressed stroake  
 460 That my youth suffered : my story being done ;  
 461 She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes ;  
 462 She swore Ifaith twas strange, twas passing strange ;  
 503 463 Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull ;  
 464 She wisht she had not heard it, yet she wisht  
 465 That Heauen had made her such a man : she thanked me,  
 466 And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,  
 467 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 468 And that would wooe her. Vpon this heate I spake :  
 469 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past.  
 470 And I lou'd her that she did pittie them.  
 471 This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd :  
 472 Here comes the Lady,  
 473 Let her witnesse it.

474 *Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.*

475 *Du.* I thinke this tale would win my daughter to, ---  
 476 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best,  
 477 Men doe their broken weapons rather vse,  
 478 Then their bare hands.  
 479 *Bra.* I pray you heare her speake.  
 480 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,  
 481 Destruction lite on me, if my bad blame  
 482 Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse :  
 483 Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,  
 484 Where most you owe obedience ?



She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare 491  
 Deuoure vp my difcourse. Which I obseruing, 492  
 Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes 493  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart, 494  
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate, 495  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard, 496  
 But not instinctiuely : I did consent, 497  
 And often did beguile her of her teares, 498  
 When I did speake of some distressefull stroke 499  
 That my youth suffer'd : My Storie being done, 500  
 She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses: 501  
 She swore in faith 'twas strange : 'twas passing strange, 502  
 'Twas pittifull : 'twas wondrous pittifull. 503  
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd 504  
 That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me, 505  
 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her, 506  
 I should but teach him how to tell my Story, 507  
 And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake, 508  
 She lou'd me for the dangers I had past, 509  
 And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them. 510  
 This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd. 511  
 Here comes the Ladie : Let her witnesse it. 512

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.* 513

*Duke.* I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too, 514  
 Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best : 515  
 Men do their broken Weapons rather vse, 516  
 Then their bare hands. 517

*Bra.* I pray you heare her speake ? 518  
 If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer, 519  
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame 520  
 Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris, 521  
 Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie, 522  
 Where most you owe obedience? 523

485 *Def.* My noble father,  
 486 I doe perceiue here a deuided duty :  
 487 To you I am bound for life and education,  
 488 My life and education both doe learne me  
 489 How to respect you, you are Lord of all my duty,  
 490 I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband :  
 530 491 And so much duty as my mother shewed  
 492 To you, preferring you before her father,  
 493 So much I challenge, that I may professe,  
 494 Due to the Moore my Lord.  
 495 *Bra.* God bu'y, I ha done :  
 496 Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires ;  
 497 I had rather to adopt a child then get it ;  
 498 Come hither Moore :  
 499 I here doe giue thee that, with all my heart

500 I would keepe from thee : for your sake Iewell,  
 501 I am glad at soule. I haue no other child,  
 502 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
 503 To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.  
 544 504 *Du.* Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence  
 505 Which as a greefe or step may helpe these louers  
 506 Into your fauour.  
 507 When remedies are past, the griefes are ended,  
 508 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,  
 509 To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,  
 510 Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on ;  
 511 What cannot be preferu'd when fortune takes,  
 512 Patience her iniury a mockery makes.  
 513 The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the thiefe,  
 514 He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse grieffe.  
 515 *Bra.* So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres* vs beguile,  
 516 We lose it not so long as we can smile ;  
 517 He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,  
 518 But the free comfort, which from thence he heares :  
 519 But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,

|                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Des.</i> My Noble Father,                              | 524 |
| I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.                      | 525 |
| To you I am bound for life, and education :               | 526 |
| My life and education both do learne me,                  | 527 |
| How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,             | 528 |
| I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;      | 529 |
| And fo much dutie, as my Mother shew'd                    | 530 |
| To you, preferring you before her Father :                | 531 |
| So much I challenge, that I may professe                  | 532 |
| Due to the Moore my Lord.                                 | 533 |
| <i>Bra.</i> God be with you : I haue done.                | 534 |
| Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;           | 535 |
| I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.               | 536 |
| Come hither Moore;                                        | 537 |
| I here do giue thee that with all my heart,               | 538 |
| Which but thou hast already, with all my heart            | 539 |
| I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewel)            | 540 |
| I am glad at foule, I haue no other Child,                | 541 |
| For thy escape would teach me Tirranie                    | 542 |
| To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.             | 543 |
| <i>Duke.</i> Let me speake like your selfe :              | 544 |
| And lay a Sentence,                                       | 545 |
| Which as a grife, or step may helpe these Louers.         | 546 |
| When remedies are past, the griefes are ended             | 547 |
| By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.        | 548 |
| To mourne a Mischiefe that is past and gon,               | 549 |
| Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.                 | 550 |
| What cannot be prefern'd, when Fortune takes :            | 551 |
| Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.                     | 552 |
| The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe, | 553 |
| He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.        | 554 |
| <i>Bra.</i> So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,        | 555 |
| We loofe it not so long as we can smile :                 | 556 |
| He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,         | 557 |
| But the free comfort which from thence he heares,         | 558 |
| But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,          | 559 |

520 That to pay grieffe, muft of poore patience borrow.  
 521 Thefe fentences to fugar, or to gall,  
 522 Being ftrong on both fides, are equiuocall :  
 523 But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,  
 524 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare :  
 525 Befeech you now, to the affaires of the ftate.

566 526 *Du.* The *Turke* with moft mighty preparation makes for *Cipres* :  
 527 *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is beft knowne to you, and thow we  
 528 haue there a substitute of moft allowed fufficiency, yet opinion, a fo-  
 529 ueraigne miftrefse of effects, throwes a more fafer voyce on you; you  
 530 muft therefore bee content to flubber the glosse of your newfor-  
 531 tones, with this more stubborne and boifterous expedition :

532 *Oth.* The tyrant custome moft great Senators,  
 533 Hath made the flinty and Steele Cooch of warre,  
 534 My thrice driuen bed of downe : I doe agnize  
 535 A naturall and prompt alacrity,  
 536 I finde in hardnesse, and would vndertake  
 537 This present warres against the *Ottamites*,  
 538 Moft humbly therefore, bending to your State,  
 539 I craue fit difpofition for my wife,  
 540 Due reuerence of place and exhibition,  
 541 Which fuch accomodation ? and befot  
 542 As leuels with her breeding.

543 *Du.* If you please, bee't at her fathers.

586 544 *Bra.* Ile not haue it fo.

545 *Oth.* Nor I.

546 *Desd.* Nor I, I would not there reside,  
 547 To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
 548 By being in his eye : moft gracious Duke,  
 549 To my unfolding lend a gracious care,  
 550 And let me finde a charter in your voyce,  
 551 And if my simplenesse.---

552 *Du.* What would you --- speake.

553 *Desd.* That I did loue the Moore, to liue with him,

That to pay griefe, muſt of poore Patience borrow. 560  
 Theſe Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall, 561  
 Being ſtrong on both ſides, are Equiuocall. 562  
 But words are words, I neuer yet did heare : 563  
 That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares. 564  
 I humbly beſeech you proceed to th'Affaires of State. 565

*Duke.* The Turke with a moſt mighty Preparation 566  
 makes for Cyprus : *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is 567  
 beſt knowne to you. And though we haue there a Subſti- 568  
 tute of moſt allowed ſufficiencie; yet opinion, a more 569  
 ſoueraigne Miſtris of Effects, throwes a more ſafer 570  
 voice on you : you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber 571  
 the glosſe of your new Fortunes, with this more ſtub- 572  
 borne, and boyſtrous expedition. 573

*Othe.* The Tirant Cuſtome, moſt Graue Senators, 574  
 Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre 575  
 My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize 576  
 A Naturall and prompt Alacartie, 577  
 I finde in hardneſſe : and do vndertake 578  
 This preſent Warres againſt the *Ottamites*. 579  
 Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State, 580  
 I craue fit diſpoſition for my Wife, 581  
 Due reference of Place, and Exhibition, 582  
 With ſuch Accomodation and beſort 583  
 As leuels with her breeding. 584

*Duke.* Why at her Fathers? 585

*Bra.* I will not haue it ſo. *Othe.* Nor I. 586

*Def.* Nor would I there recide, 587  
 To put my Father in impatient thoughts 588  
 By being in his eye. Moſt Graacious Duke, 589  
 To my vnfolding, lend your proſperous eare, 590  
 And let me finde a Charter in your voice 591  
 T'affeſt my ſimpleneſſe. 592

*Duke.* What would you *Deſdemona*? 593

*Def.* That I loue the Moore, to liue with him, 594

- 595 554 My downe right violence, and fcorne of Fortunes,  
 555 May trumpet to the world : my hearts subdued,  
 556 Fuen to the vtmost pleafure of my Lord :  
 557 I faw *Othelloes* viffage in his minde,  
 558 And to his Honors, and his valiant parts  
 559 Did I my foule and fortunes consecrate :  
 560 So that deere Lords, if I be left behinde,  
 561 A Mothe of peace, and he goe to the warre,  
 562 The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,  
 563 And I a heauy interim fhall fupport,  
 564 By his deare abfence, let me goe with him.
- 606 565 *Oth.* Your voyces Lords : befeech you let her will,  
 566 Haue a free way, I therefore beg it not  
 567 To pleafe the pallat of my appetite,  
 568 Nor to comply with heate, the young affects  
 569 In my defunct, and proper fatisfaction,  
 570 But to be free and bounteous of her mind,  
 571 And heauen defend your good foules that you thinke  
 572 I will your ferious and good bufineffe fcant,  
 573 For ſhe is with me ;-- no, when light-wingd toyes,  
 574 And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulneffe,  
 575 My ſpeculatiue and actiue instruments,  
 576 That my difports, corrupt and taint my bufineffe,  
 577 Let hufwiues make a ſkellet of my Helme,  
 578 And all indigne and baſe aduerſities,  
 579 Make head againſt my reputation.  
 580 *Du.* Be it, as you ſhall priuately determine,  
 581 Either for ſtay or going, the affaires cry haſt,
- 624 582 And ſpeede muſt anſwer, you muſt hence to night,  
 583 *Defd.* To night my Lord ?  
 584 *Du.* This night.  
 585 *Oth.* With all my heart.  
 586 *Du.* At ten i'the morning here weel meete againe.  
 587 *Othello,* leaue ſome officer behind,  
 588 And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you,

My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes, 595  
 May trumpet to the world. My hear t's subdu'd 596  
 Euen to the very quality of my Lord ; 597  
 I saw *Othello's* vifage in his mind, 598  
 And to his Honours and his valiant parts, 599  
 Did I my foule and Fortunes consecrate. 600  
 So that (deere Lords)if I be left behind 601  
 A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre, 602  
 The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me : 603  
 And I a heauie interim shall support 604  
 By his deere absence. Let me go with him. 605

*Othe.* Let her haue your voice. 606

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not 607  
 To please the pallate of my Appetite : 608  
 Nor to comply with heat the yong affects 609  
 In my defunct, and proper satisfaction. 610  
 But to be free, and bounteous to her minde : 611  
 And Heauen defend your good foules, that you thinke 612  
 I will your serious and great businesse scant 613  
 When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes 614  
 Of feather'd *Cupid*, feele with wanton dulnesse 615  
 My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument : 616  
 That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse : 617  
 Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme, 618  
 And all indigne, and base aduersities, 619  
 Make head against my Estimation. 620

*Duke.* Be it as you shall priuately determine, 621  
 Either for her stay, or going : th'Affaire cries haft: 622  
 And speed must answer it, 623

*Sen.* You must away to night. 624

*Othe.* With all my heart. 625

*Duke.* At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe. 626  
*Othello*, leaue some Officer behind 627  
 And he shall our Commiffion bring to you : 628

589 With such things else of quality or respect,  
 590 As doth concerne you.  
 591 *Oth.* Please your Grace, my Ancient,  
 592 A man he is of honesty and trust,  
 593 To his conueyance I assigne my wife,  
 594 With what else needefull your good Grace shall thinke,  
 595 To be sent after me.

636 596 *Du.* Let it be so :

597 Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,  
 598 If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,  
 599 Your son in law is farre more faire then blacke.  
 600 *I Sena.* Aduē braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.  
 601 *Bra.* Looke to her Moore, haue a quicke eye to see,  
 602 She has deceiu'd her father, may doe thee. *Exeunt.*

603 *Oth.* My life vpon her faith : honest *Iago*,  
 604 My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee,  
 605 I preethee let thy wife attend on her,  
 606 And bring her after in the best aduantage ;  
 607 Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre  
 608 Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,  
 609 To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

610 *Rod. Iago.* *Exit Moore and Desdemona.*

650 611 *Iag.* What saiest thou noble heart ?

612 *Rod.* What will I doe thinkest thou ?

613 *Iag.* Why goe to bed and sleepe.

614 *Rod.* I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

615 *Iag.* Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it,  
 616 Why, thou silly Gentleman.

617 *Rod.* It is fillineffe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we  
 618 haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physition:

619 *Iag.* I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times feuen yeares,  
 660 620 and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I ne-  
 621 uer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe : ere I would say  
 622 I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would  
 623 change my humanity with a Baboone.



And such things else of qualitie and respect 629  
As doth import you. 630

*Othe.* So please your Grace, my Ancient, 631  
A man he is of honesty and trust : 632  
To his coueeyance I assigne my wife, 633  
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think 634  
To be sent after me. 635

*Duke.* Let it be so : 636  
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior, 637  
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke, 638  
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke. 639

*Sen.* Adieu braue Moore, vñe *Desdemona* well. 640

*Bra.* Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see : 641  
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.* 642

*Othe.* My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*, 643  
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee : 644  
I prythee let thy wife attend on her, 645  
And bring them after in the best aduantage. 646  
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre 647  
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction 648  
To spend with thee. We must obey the the time. *Exit.* 649

*Rod. Iago.* *Iago.* What faist thou Noble heart? 650

*Rod.* What will I do, think'ft thou? 651

*Iago.* Why go to bed and sleepe. 652

*Rod.* I will incontinently drowne my selfe. 653

*Iago.* If thou do'ft, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why 654  
thou filly Gentleman? 655

*Rod.* It is fillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment : 656  
and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is 657  
our Physition. 658

*Iago.* Oh villanous : I haue look'd vpon the world 659  
for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish 660  
betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie : I neuer found man that 661  
knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would 662  
drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would 663  
change my Humanity with a Baboone. 664

624 *Rod.* What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond,  
625 but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

626 *Iag.* Vertue? a fig, tis in our felues, that wee are thus, or thus,  
627 our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that

628 if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Ifop, and weed vp Time;  
629 supply it with one gender of hearbes, or diftract it with many; ei-  
630 ther to haue it sterrill with Idleneffe, or manur'd with Industry, why  
631 the power, and corrigible Authority of this, lies in our wills. If the  
632 ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of

633 sensuality; the blood and baseneffe of our natures, would conduct  
634 vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole  
635 our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts; whereof

680 636 I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or fyen.

637 *Rod.* It cannot be.

638 *Iag.* It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will:  
639 Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blinde Pup-  
640 pies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deser-  
641 uing, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could neuer better  
642 steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres,  
643 defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy  
688 644 purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue  
645 vnto the Moore,---put money in thy purse,---nor he to her; it was  
646 a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable seque-

647 stration: put but money in thy purse.---These Moores are change-  
648 able in their wills:---fill thy purse with money. The food that to  
649 him now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as acerbe  
650 as the Colloquintida. When shee is fated with his body, shee will

651 finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, shee must.  
652 Therefore put money in thy purse: if thou wilt needes damme  
653 thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all  
654 the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an

*Rod.* What should I do? I confesse it is my shame 665  
to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it. 666

*Iago.* Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our felues that we are 667  
thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, 668  
our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net- 669  
tels, or fowe Lettice: Set Hifope, and weede vp Time: 670  
Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with 671  
many: either to haue it sterrill with idleneffe, or manu- 672  
red with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable au- 673  
thoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues 674  
had not one Scale of Reafon, to poize another of Senfu- 675  
alitie, the blood, and baseneffe of our Natures would 676  
conduct vs to most preposstrous Conclusions. But we 677  
haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall 678  
Stings, or vnbitted Lufts: whereof I take this, that you 679  
call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen. *Rod.* It cannot be, 680

*Iago.* It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission 681  
of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown 682  
Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend, 683  
and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of 684  
perdurable toughneffe. I could neuer better steed thee 685  
then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the 686  
Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say 687  
put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Defdemona* 688  
should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in 689  
thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence- 690  
ment in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Seque- 691  
stration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores 692  
are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money. 693  
The Food that to him now is as luscious as Locufts, 694  
shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She 695  
must change for youth: when she is sated with his body 696  
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo- 697  
ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do 698  
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo- 699  
ney thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be- 700

655 erring *Barbarian*, and a super fubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my  
 656 wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make  
 657 money, -- a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way : feeke thou  
 658 rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and  
 659 goe without her.

707 660 *Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes ?

661 *Iag.* Thou art sure of me -- goe, make money -- I haue told  
 662 thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my  
 663 caufe is harted, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be communicatiue in

664 our reuenge against him : If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy  
 665 selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euent in the womb  
 665 of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerce, go, prouide thy money,  
 667 we will haue more of this to morrow, Adieu.

668 *Rod.* Where shall we meete i'th morning.

669 *Iag.* At my lodging.

670 *Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

671 *Iag.* Go to, farewell : -- doe you heare *Roderigo* ?

672 *Rod.* what say you ?

673 *Iag.* No more of drowning, doe you heare ?

674 *Rod.* I am chang'd. *Exit Roderigo.*

675 *Iag.* Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse :

676 Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse :

677 For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,

725 678 If I would time expend with such a snipe,

679 But for my sport and profit : I hate the Moore,

680 And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes

681 Ha's done my office ; I know not, if't be true --

682 Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,

683 Will doe, as if for surety : he holds me well,

684 The better shall my purpose worke on him.

685 *Cassio's* a proper man, let me see now,

686 To get this place, and to make vp my will,

twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-fubtle Venetian be 701  
 not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou 702  
 shalt enioy her : therefore make Money : a pox of drow- 703  
 ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra- 704  
 ther to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be 705  
 drown'd, and go without her. 706

*Rodo.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on 707  
 the issue? 708

*Iago.* Thou art fure of me: Go make Money : I haue 709  
 told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I 710  
 hate the Moore. My caufe is hearted; thine hath no leffe 711  
 reason. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, against 712  
 him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a 713  
 pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the 714  
 Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go, 715  
 prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor- 716  
 row. Adieu. 717

*Rod.* Where shall we meete i'th'morning? 718

*Iago.* At my Lodging. 719

*Rod.* Ile be with thee betimes. 720

*Iago.* Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*? 721

*Rod.* Ile sell all my Land. *Exit.* 722

*Iago.* Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse : 723  
 For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane 724  
 I fi would time expend with such Snpe, 725  
 But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore, 726  
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets 727  
 She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true, 728  
 But I, for meere suspition in that kinde, 729  
 Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well, 730  
 The better shall my purpose worke on him : 731  
*Cassio's* a proper man : Let me see now, 732  
 To get his Place, and to plume vp my will 733

687 A double knauery -- how, how, -- let me fee,  
 688 After fome time, to abufe *Othelloe's* eare,  
 689 That he is too familiar with his wife :  
 690 He has a perfon and a fmooth difpofe,  
 691 To be fufpected, fram'd to make women falfe :  
 692 The Moore a free and open nature too,  
 693 That thinkes men honeft, that but feemes to be fo :  
 694 And will as tenderly be led bit'h nofe -- as Affes are :

695 I ha't, it is ingender'd : Hell and night  
 744 696 Muft bring this monftrous birth to the worlds light.  
 697 *Exit.*

## Actus 2.

### Scœna I.

698 *Enter Montanio, Gouvernor of Cypres, with*  
 699 *two other Gentlemen.*

700 *Montanio.*

701 **W**Hat from the Cape can you difcerne at Sea ?  
 702 *1 Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,  
 703 I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne  
 704 Defcry a faile.  
 705 *Mon.* Me thinkes the wind does fpeake aloud at land,  
 706 A fuller blaft ne're fhooke our Battlements :  
 707 If it ha ruffiand fo vpon the fea.  
 708 What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine mes lt,  
 709 Can hold the morties,--What shall we heare of this ?  
 710 *2 Gent.* A fegregation of the *Turkish* Flecte :  
 711 For doe but ftand vpon the banning shore,  
 712 The chiding billow feemes to pelt the cloudes,  
 713 The winde fhak'd furge, with high and monftrous mayne,

|                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.               | 734 |
| After some time, to abuse <i>Othello's</i> cares,     | 735 |
| That he is too familiar with his wife :               | 736 |
| He hath a person, and a smooth dispose                | 737 |
| To be suspected : fram'd to make women false.         | 738 |
| The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,              | 739 |
| That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,     | 740 |
| And will as tenderly be lead by'th' Nose              | 741 |
| As Affes are :                                        | 742 |
| I haue't : it is engendred : Hell, and Night,         | 743 |
| Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light. | 744 |

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*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

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*Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.* 745

|                                                              |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Mon.</i> What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?      | 746 |
| 1. <i>Gent.</i> Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood : | 747 |
| I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,                   | 748 |
| Descry a Saile.                                              | 749 |
| <i>Mon.</i> Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,    | 750 |
| A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements :                | 751 |
| If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,                         | 752 |
| What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,           | 753 |
| Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?           | 754 |
| 2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet :                       | 755 |
| For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,                     | 756 |
| The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,                | 757 |
| The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine          | 758 |

714 Seemes to cast water, on the burning Beare,  
 715 And quench the guards of th'euer fired pole,  
 716 I neuer did, like molestation view,  
 717 On the inched flood.

763 718 *Mon.* If that the *Turkish* Fleete  
 719 Be not inhelter'd, and embayed, they are drown'd,  
 720 It is impossible they beare it out.

721 *Enter a third Gentleman.*

722 3 *Gent.* Newes Lords, your warres are done :  
 723 The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turke*,  
 724 That their designement halts : Another shippe of *Venice* hath seene  
 725 A greuous wracke and sufferance  
 726 On most part of the Fleete.

727 *Mon.* How, is this true ?

728 3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put in :

729 A Veroneffa, *Michael Cassio*,

730 Leiteuant to the warlike Moore *Othello*,

731 Is come ashore : the Moore himselfe at Sea,

732 And is in full Commission here for *Cypres*,

733 *Mon.* I am glad on't, tis a worthy Governour.

734 3 *Gent.* But this fame *Cassio*, tho he speake of comfort,

735 Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he lookes sadly,

736 And prayes the Moore be safe, for they were parted,

737 With foule and violent Tempest.

783 738 *Mon.* Pray Heauen he be :

739 For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands

740 Like a full Souldier :

741 Lets to the sea side, ho,

742 As well to see the vessell that's come in,

743 As to throw out our eyes for braue *Othello*.

744 3 *Gent.* Come, lets doe so,



|      |                                                                         |         |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| 1623 | <i>The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice</i>                     | 93      |
|      | Seemes to cast water on the burn ing Beare,                             | 759     |
|      | And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole :                           | 760     |
|      | I neuer did like mollestation view                                      | 761     |
|      | On the enchafed Flood.                                                  | 762     |
|      | <i>Men.</i> If that the Turkish Fleete                                  | 763     |
|      | Be not enselter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,                       | 764     |
|      | It is impossible to beare it out.                                       | 765     |
|      | <br><i>Enter a Gentleman.</i>                                           | <br>766 |
|      | 3 Newes Laddes : our warres are done :                                  | 767     |
|      | The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,                        | 768     |
|      | That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,                   | 769     |
|      | Hath seene a greuous wracke and sufferance                              | 770     |
|      | On most part of their Fleet.                                            | 771     |
|      | <i>Mon.</i> How? Is this true?                                          | 772     |
|      | 3 The Ship is heere put in: A <i>Verenneffa</i> , <i>Michael Cassio</i> | 773     |
|      | Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, <i>Othello</i> ,                       | 774     |
|      | Is come on Shore : the Moore himselfe at Sea,                           | 775     |
|      | And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.                             | 776     |
|      | <i>Mon.</i> I am glad on't :                                            | 777     |
|      | 'Tis a worthy Gouvernour.                                               | 778     |
|      | 3 But this same <i>Cassio</i> , though he speake of comfort,            | 779     |
|      | Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,                        | 780     |
|      | And praye the Moore be safe ; for they were parted                      | 781     |
|      | With fowle and violent Tempest.                                         | 782     |
|      | <i>Mon.</i> Pray Heauens he be :                                        | 783     |
|      | For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands                             | 784     |
|      | Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa )                       | 785     |
|      | <br>As well to see the Veffell that's come in,                          | <br>786 |
|      | As to throw-out our eyes for braue <i>Othello</i> ,                     | 787     |
|      | Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,                        | 788     |
|      | An indistinct regard.                                                   | 789     |
|      | <i>Gent.</i> Come, let's do so ;                                        | 790     |

745 For euery minute is expectancy

798 746 Of more arriuance, *Enter Caffio.*

747 *Caf.* Thankes to the valiant of this worthy Isle,

748 That fo approue the Moore, and let the heauens

749 Giue him defence againft their Elements,

750 For I haue loft him on a dangerous fea.

751 *Mon.* Is he well fhipt ?

752 *Caf.* His Barke is stoutly timberd, and his Pilate

753 Of very expert and approu'd allowance,

754 Therefore my hope's not furfeited to death,

755 Stand in bold cure. *Enter a Mefenger.*

756 *Meff.* A faile, a faile, a faile.

757 *Caf.* What noyfe ?

758 *Meff.* The Towne is empty, on the brow o'th fea,

759 otand ranckes of people, and they cry a fayle.

760 *Caf.* My hopes doe shape him for the guernement.

808 761 *2 Gen.* They doe discharge the fhot of courtesie,

762 Our friend at leaft. *A fhot.*

763 *Caf.* I pray you fir goe forth,

764 And giue vs truth, who tis that is arriu'd.

765 *2 Gent.* I fhall. *Exit.*

766 *Mon.* But good Leutenant, is your Generall wiu'd.

767 *Caf.* Moft fortunately, he hath atchieu'd a maide,

768 That parragons defcription, and wild fame :

769 One that excells the blaſoning pens,

770 And in the effentiall veſture of creation,

771 Does beare all excellency : -- now, who has put in ?

772 *Enter 2. Gentleman.*

773 *2 Gent.* Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the Generall,

822 774 He has had moſt fauourable and happy ſpeede,

775 Tempeſts themſelues, by ſeas, and houling windes,

776 The guttered rocks, and congregated ſands,

777 Traitors enſcerped; to clog the guiltleſſe Keele,

778 As hauing fence of beauty, do omit

For euery Minute is expectancie 791  
Of more Arriuancie. 792

*Enter Cassio.* 793

*Cassi.* Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle, 794  
That so approue the Moore : Oh let the Heauens 795  
Giue him defence against the Elements, 796  
For I haue loft him on a dangerous Sea. 797

*Mon.* Is he well ship'd ? 798

*Cassio.* His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot 799  
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance ; 800  
Therefore my hope's (not surfett'd to death) 801  
Stand in bold Cure. 802

*Within.* A Saile, a Saile, a Saile. 803

*Cassio.* What noife ? 804

*Gent.* The Towne is empty ; on the brow o'th'Sea 805  
Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile. 806

*Cassio.* My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernor. 807

*Gent.* They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie, 808  
Our Friends, at least. 809

*Cassio.* I pray you Sir, go forth, 810  
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd. 811

*Gent.* I shall. *Exit.* 812

*Mon.* But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd? 813

*Cassio.* Most fortunately : he hath atchieu'd a Maid 814  
That paragons description, and wilde Fame : 815  
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens, 816  
And in th'essentiall Vesture of Creation, 817  
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer. 818

*Enter Gentleman.* 819

How now? Who ha's put in? 820

*Gent.* 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall. 821

*Cassio.* Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed : 822  
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes, 823  
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands, 824  
Traitors ensteep'd, to enlogge the guiltlesse Keele, 825  
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit 826

779 Their common natures, letting goe safely by  
 780 The diuine *Defdemon*a.  
 781 *Mon.* What is she ?  
 782 *Caf.* She that I spoke of, our great Captains Captaine,

783 Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.  
 784 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
 785 A fennights speede -- great *Ioue Othello* guard,  
 786 And swell his faile with thine owne powerfull breath,  
 787 That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,  
 788 And swiftly come to *Defdemon*a's armes.

839 789 *Enter Defdemon*a, *Iago*, *Emillia*, and *Roderigo*.

790 Giue renewd fire,  
 791 To our extincted spirits.  
 792 And bring all *Cypresse* comfort, -- O behold  
 793 The riches of the ship is come ashore.  
 794 Ye men of *Cypres*, let her haue your knees :  
 795 Haile to thee Lady : and the grace of heauen.  
 796 Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,  
 797 Enwheelee thee round.  
 798 *Defd.* I thanke you valiant *Cassio* :

847 799 What tidings can you tell me of my Lord ?  
 800 *Caf.* He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,  
 801 But that hee's well, and will be shortly here.  
 802 *Def.* O but I feare : --- how loft you company ?

803 [within.] *A faile, a faile.*  
 804 *Caf.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
 805 Parted our fellowship : but harke, A faile.

806 2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Cittadell,  
 807 This likewise is a friend.  
 808 *Caf.* So speakes this voyce :  
 809 Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistrresse,

Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by 827

The Diuine *Desdemona*. 828

*Mon.* What is she? 829

*Cassio.* She that I spake of : 830

Our great Captains Captaine, 831

Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*, 832

Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts, 833

A Senights speed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard, 834

And fwell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath, 835

That he may bleffe this Bay with his tall Ship, 836

Make loues quicke pants in *Desdemonaes* Armes, 837

Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits. 838

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.* 839

Oh behold, 840

The Riches of the Ship is come on shore : 841

You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees. 842

Haile to thee Ladie : and the grace of Heauen, 843

Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand 844

Enwheelee thee round. 845

*Des.* I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*, 846

What tydings can you tell of my Lord? 847

*Cas.* He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought 848

But that he's well, and will be shortly heere. 849

*Des.* Oh, but I feare : 850

How loft you company? 851

*Cassio.* The great Contention of Sea, and Skies. 852

Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile. 853

*Within.* A Saile, a Saile. 854

*Gent.* They giue this greeting to the Cittadell : 855

This likewise is a Friend. 856

*Cassio.* See for the Newes : 857

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miftris : 858

810 Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,  
 811 That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,  
 812 That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.  
 813 *Iag.* For would she giue you so much of her lips,  
 814 As of her tongue, she has bestowed on me,  
 815 You'd haue enough.

865 816 *Def.* Alas! shee has no speech.

817 *Iag.* I know too much :  
 818 I finde it, I ; for when I ha lift to sleepe,  
 819 Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,  
 820 She puts her tongue alittle in her heart,  
 821 And chides with thinking.  
 822 *Em.* You ha little cause to say so.  
 823 *Iag.* Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores :  
 824 Bells in your Parlors : Wildcats in your Kitchens :  
 825 Saints in your iniuries : Diuells being offended :  
 826 Players in your houfwifery ; and houfwiuies in your beds.

827 O fie vpon thee slanderer.

828 *Iag.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,  
 829 You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

830 *Em.* You shall not write my praise.

831 *Iag.* No.let me not.

832 *Defd.* What wouldst thou write of me,

833 If thou shouldst praise me ?

884 834 *Iag.* O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,

835 For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

836 *Defd.* Come on, affay-- there's one gone to the Harbor ?

837 *Iag.* I Madam.

838 *Defd.* I am not merry, but I doe beguile

839 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise :

840 Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

841 *Iag.* I am about it, but indeed my inuention

842 Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,

843 It plucks out braine and all : but my Muse labors,

|                                                             |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Let it not gaule your patience (good <i>Iago</i> )          | 859 |
| That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,                 | 860 |
| That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie.                   | 861 |
| <i>Iago</i> . Sir, would she giue you somuch of her lippes, | 862 |
| As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,                    | 863 |
| You would haue enough.                                      | 864 |
| <i>Def</i> . Alas : she ha's no speech.                     | 865 |
| <i>Iago</i> . Infaith too much :                            | 866 |
| I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.              | 867 |
| Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,                        | 868 |
| She puts het tongue a little in her heart,                  | 869 |
| And chides with thinking.                                   | 870 |
| <i>Æmil</i> . You haue little cause to fay so.              | 871 |
| <i>Iago</i> . Come on, come on : you are Pictures out of    | 872 |
| doore : Bells in your Parlours : Wilde-Cats in your Kit-    | 873 |
| chens : Saints in your Iniuries : Diuels being offended :   | 874 |
| Players in your Hufwiferie, and Hufwiues in your            | 875 |
| Beds.                                                       | 876 |
| <i>Def</i> . Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.                  | 877 |
| <i>Iago</i> . Nay, it is true : or else I am a Turke,       | 878 |
| You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.                   | 879 |
| <i>Æmil</i> . You shall not write my praise.                | 880 |
| <i>Iago</i> . No, let me not.                               | 881 |
| <i>Desde</i> . What would'ft write of me, if thou should'ft | 882 |
| praise me ?                                                 | 883 |
| <i>Iago</i> . Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too,t,         | 884 |
| For I am nothing, if not Criticall.                         | 885 |
| <i>Def</i> . Come on, assay.                                | 886 |
| There's one gone to the Harbour ?                           | 887 |
| <i>Iago</i> . I Madam.                                      | 888 |
| <i>Def</i> . I am not merry : but I do beguile              | 889 |
| The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.                       | 890 |
| Come, how would'ft thou praise me ?                         | 891 |
| <i>Iago</i> . I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes  | 892 |
| from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes      | 893 |
| out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she      | 894 |

844 And thus she is deliuer'd :

845 If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit ;

846 The one's for vs, the other vsing it.

847 *Desd.* Well praise : how if she be blacke and witty ?

848 *Iag.* If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,

849 Shee'le finde a white, that shall her blacknesse hit.

850 *Desd.* Worfe and worfe.

851 *Em.* How if faire and foolish ?

852 *Iag.* She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,

853 For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire.

854 *Desd.* These are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the Alehouse,

855 What miserable praise hast thou for her,

856 That's foule and foolish ?

857 *Iag.* There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,

858 But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.

859 *Desd.* O heauy Ignorance, that praises the worst best : but what

918 860 praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed ? one,  
861 that in the authority of her merrits, did iustly put on the vouch of  
862 very malice it selfe ?

863 *Iag.* She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,

864 Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,

865 Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,

866 Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may :

867 She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,

868 Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye ;

869 She that in wifedome, neuer was so fraile,

870 To change the Codhead for the Salmons taile.

871 She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,

872 She was a wight, if euer such wight were.

873 *Desd.* To doe what ?

928 874 *Iag.* To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

875 *Desd.* O most lame and impotent conclusion :

876 Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband ;



|                                                                  |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| is deliuer'd,                                                    | 895 |
| <i>If she be faire, and wise : fairenesse, and wit,</i>          | 896 |
| <i>The ones for use, the other vseth it.</i>                     | 897 |
| <i>Def.</i> Well prais'd :                                       | 898 |
| How if she be Blacke and Witty ?                                 | 899 |
| <i>Iago.</i> <i>If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,</i>    | 900 |
| <i>She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.</i>       | 901 |
| <i>Def.</i> Worfe, and worfe.                                    | 902 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> How if Faire, and Foolish ?                         | 903 |
| <i>Iago.</i> <i>She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,</i>    | 904 |
| <i>For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.</i>                 | 905 |
| <i>Desde.</i> These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles       | 906 |
| laugh i'th'Alehouse. What miserabile praise hast thou            | 907 |
| for her that's Foule, and Foolish.                               | 908 |
| <i>Iago.</i> <i>There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,</i> | 909 |
| <i>But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.</i>     | 910 |
| <i>Desde.</i> Oh heauy ignorance : thou praifest the worst       | 911 |
| best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-           | 912 |
| uing woman indeed ? One, that in the authority of her            | 913 |
| merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it             | 914 |
| felse.                                                           | 915 |
| <i>Iago.</i> <i>She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,</i>    | 916 |
| <i>Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud :</i>              | 917 |
| <i>Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,</i>                 | 918 |
| <i>Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.</i>               | 919 |
| <i>She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,</i>             | 920 |
| <i>Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie :</i>            | 921 |
| <i>She that in wisdome neuer was so fraile,</i>                  | 922 |
| <i>To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile :</i>           | 923 |
| <i>She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,</i>       | 924 |
| <i>See Suitors following, and not looke behind :</i>             | 925 |
| <i>She was a wight, (if euer such wightes were)</i>              | 926 |
| <i>Def.</i> To do what ?                                         | 927 |
| <i>Iago.</i> <i>To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.</i> | 928 |
| <i>Desde.</i> Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do           | 929 |
| not learne of him <i>Æmillia</i> , though he be thy husband.     | 930 |

877 How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberall  
878 Counsellour ?

879 *Caf.* He speakes home Madam, yon may rellish him  
880 More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

881 *Iag.* He takes her by the palme ; I well fed, whifper : as little a  
882 webbe as this will enfnare as great a Flee as *Cassio*. I smile vpon  
883 her, doe : I will catch you in your owne courtesies : you say true,  
884 tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leiate-

885 nantry, it had beene better you had not rift your three fingers so oft,  
886 which now againe, you are most apt to play the fir in : good, well  
887 kift, an excellent courtesie ; tis so indeed : yet againe, your fingers at  
888 your lips ? Would they were Clifterpipes for your sake.---The

946 889 Moore, I know his Trumpet.

*Trumpets within.*

890 *Enter Othello, and Attendants.*

891 *Caf.* Tis truely so.

892 *Def.* Lets meete him, and receiue him.

893 *Caf.* Loe, where he comes.

894 *Oth.* O my faire Warriour.

895 *Def.* My deare *Othello*.

953 896 *Oth.* It giues me wonder great as my content,

897 To see you here before me : O my foules ioy,

898 If after euery tempest, come such calmeneffe,  
899 May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death,  
900 And let the labouring Barke clime hills of seas,  
901 *Olympus* high, and duck againe as low,  
902 As hell's from Heauen : If it were now to dye,  
903 T'were now to be most happy, for I feare  
904 My foule hath her content so absolute,  
905 That not another comfort, like to this  
906 Succeeds in vnknowne Fate,

How say you (*Cassio*) is he not a most prophane, and li- 931  
berall Counfaior ? 932

*Cassio*. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish 933  
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler. 934

*Iago*. He takes her by the palme : I, well said, whif- 935  
per. With as little a web as this, will I enfnare as great 936  
a Fly as *Cassio*. I smile vpon her, do : I will giue thee 937  
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed. 938  
If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan- 939  
trie, it had beene better you had not kifs'd your three fin- 940  
gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play 941  
the Sir, in. Very good : well kifs'd, and excellent Curt- 942  
sie : 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your 943  
lippes ? Would they were Clufter-pipes for your 944  
fake. 945

The Moore I know his Trumpet. 946

*Cassio*, 'Tis truly so. 947

*Des*. Let's meete him, and recieue him. 948

*Cassio*. Loe, where he comes. 949

*Enter Othello, and Attendants.* 950

*Oth*. O, my faire Warriour. 951

*Des*. My deere *Othello*. 952

*Othe*. It giues me wonder great, as my content 953  
To see you heere before me. 954

Oh my Soules Ioy : 955

If after euery Tempest, come such Calmes, 956

May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death : 957

And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas 958

*Olympus* high : and duck againe as low, 959

As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye, 960

'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare, 961

My Soule hath her content so absolute, 962

That not another comfort like to this, 963

Succeedes in vnknowne Fate. 964

907 *Def.* The Heauens forbid,  
 908 But that our loues and comforts should increafe,  
 909 Euen as our dayes doe growe.

910 *Oth.* Amen to that sweete power,  
 911 I cannot speake enough of this content,  
 912 It stops me heere, it is too much of ioy :  
 913 And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *they kisse.*  
 914 That ere our hearts shall make.

915 *Iag.* O, you are well tun'd now.  
 916 But I'le set downe the pegs, that make this musique,

917 As honest as I am.

918 *Oth.* Come, let vs to the Castle :

919 Newes friends, our warres are done, the *Turks* are drown'd :

920 How doe our old acquaintance of the Isle ;

921 Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cypres* ;

922 I haue found great loue amongst them : O my sweete,

923 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,

924 In mine one comforts : I preethee good *Iago*,

925 Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers ;

926 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell ;

927 He is a good one, and his worthinesse,

928 Does challenge much respect : come *Desdemona*,

929 Once more well met at *Cypres*.

*Exit.*

930 *Iag.* Doe thou meete me presently at the Harbour: come hither,

931 If thou beest valiant, as they say, bafe men being in loue, haue then

932 a Nobility in their natures, more then is natieue to them -- list me,

933 the Leiutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will

934 tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

935 *Rod.* With him ? why tis not possible.

936 *Iag.* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed : marke

937 me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging,

938 and telling her fantastick lies ; and will she loue him still for pra-

939 ting ? let not the discreet heart thinke so. Her eye must be fed, and

|                                                             |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Des.</i> The Heauens forbid                              | 965  |
| But that our Loues                                          | 966  |
| And Comforts should encrease                                | 967  |
| Euen as our dayes do grow.                                  | 968  |
| <i>Othe.</i> Amen to rhat (sweet Powers)                    | 969  |
| I cannot Ipeake enough of this content,                     | 970  |
| It stoppes me heere : it is too much of ioy.                | 971  |
| And this, and this the greateft difcords be                 | 972  |
| That ere our hearts shall make.                             | 973  |
| <i>Iago.</i> Oh you are well tun'd now : But Ile fet downe  | 974  |
| the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.        | 975  |
| <i>Othe.</i> Come : let vs to the Castle.                   | 976  |
| Newes ( Friends ) our Warres are done :                     | 977  |
| The Turkes are drown'd.                                     | 978  |
| How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle ?                 | 979  |
| ( Hony ) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,               | 980  |
| I haue found great loue among'ft them. Oh my Sweet,         | 981  |
| I prattle out of fashion, and I doate                       | 982  |
| In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good <i>Iago</i> ,        | 983  |
| Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers :                  | 984  |
| Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell ,                    | 985  |
| He is a good one, and his worthynesse                       | 986  |
| Do's challenge much respect. Come <i>Desdemona</i> ,        | 987  |
| Once more well met at Cyprus.                               | 988  |
| <i>Exit Othello and Desdemona.</i>                          | 989  |
| <i>Iago.</i> Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.      | 990  |
| Come thither, if thou be'ft Valiant, ( as they say bafe men | 991  |
| being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,      | 992  |
| more then is natiue to them ) list-me; the Lieutenant to    | 993  |
| night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell     | 994  |
| thee this: <i>Desdemona</i> , is directly in loue with him. | 995  |
| <i>Rod.</i> With him? Why, 'tis not possible.               | 996  |
| <i>Iago.</i> Lay thy finger thus : and let thy foule be in- | 997  |
| structed. Marke me with what violence she first lou'd       | 998  |
| the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastically  | 999  |
| lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet   | 1000 |

940 what delight shall she haue to look on the Diuell ? When the blood

941 is made dull with the act of sport, there should be againe to inflame  
942 it, and giue faciety a fresh appetite. Loue lines in fauour, sympathy

943 in yeares, manners and beauties; all which the Moore is defectiue in:  
944 now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tender-  
945 nesse will finde it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, difrellish  
946 and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and com-  
947 pell her to some second choyce : now fir, this granted, as it is a most  
948 pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the de-

949 gree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does ? a knaue very voluble, no farder  
950 confcionable, then in putting on the meereforme of ciuill and hand-  
951 seeming, for the better compassing of his falt and hidden affecti-

952 ons : A subtile slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions ; that has an  
953 eye, can stampe and counterfeit the true aduantages neuer present

954 themselues. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those  
955 requisites in him that folly and green mindes look after ; a pestilent

1023 956 compleate knaue, and the woman has found him already.

957 *Rod.* I cannot beleeeue that in her, shee's full of most blest con-  
958 dition.

959 *Iag.* Blest figs end : the wine shee drinckes is made of grapes : if  
960 she had bene blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst

961 thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand ?

962 *Rod.* Yes, but that was but courtesie.

963 *Iag.* Lechery, by this hand : an Index and prologue to the hi-  
964 flory of lust and foule thoughts : they met so neere with their lips,  
965 that their breathes embrac'd together. When these mutualities

966 so marshall the way, hand at hand, comes the maine exercife, the in-

heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight 1001  
 shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood 1002  
 is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a 1003  
 game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite. 1004  
 Louelineffe in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners, 1005  
 and Beauties : all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now 1006  
 for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate 1007  
 tenderneffe wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the, 1008  
 gorge, difrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil 1009  
 instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice. 1010  
 Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn- 1011  
 forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of 1012  
 this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's : a knaue very voluble : no 1013  
 further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme 1014  
 of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse 1015  
 of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, 1016  
 why none : A flipper, and subtile knaue, a finder of occa- 1017  
 sion : that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad- 1018  
 uantages, though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe. 1019  
 A diuelish knaue : besides, the knaue is handsome, young : 1020  
 and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene 1021  
 mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the 1022  
 woman hath found him already. 1023

*Rodo.* I cannot beleeeue that in her, she's full of most 1024  
 blefs'd condition. 1025

*Iago.* Blefs'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is 1026  
 made of grapes. If shee had beene blefs'd, shee would 1027  
 neuer haue lou'd the Moore : Blefs'd pudding. Didst thou 1028  
 not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not 1029  
 marke that? 1030

*Rod.* Yes, that I did : but that was but curtesie. 1031

*Iago.* Leacherie by this hand : an Index, and obfcure 1032  
 prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts. 1033  
 They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes 1034  
 embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when 1035  
 these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand 1036

967 corporate conclufion. But fir, be you rul'd by mee, I haue brought  
968 you from *Venice* : watch you to night, for your command I'll lay't

1041 969 vpon you, *Cafsio* knowes you not, I'll not be farre from you, do you  
970 finde fome occafion to anger *Cafsio*, either by fpeaking too loud, or  
971 tainting his difcipline, or from what other caufe you please; which  
972 the time fhall more faouourably minifter.

973 *Rod.* Well.

974 *Iag.* Sir he is rafh, and very fuddain in choler, and haply with his  
975 Trunchen may ftrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out  
976 of that, will I caufe thefe of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whofe qualification  
977 fhall come into no true truſt again't, but by the difplanting of *Cafsio*:  
978 So fhall you haue a fhorter iourney to your defires by the meanes I  
979 fhall then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably re-

1055 980 mou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

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

982 *Iag.* I warrant thee, meete me by and by at the Cittadell; I muſt  
983 fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. -- Farewell.

984 *Rod.* Aduē.

*Exit.*

985 *Iag.* That *Cafsio* loues her, I doe well beleue it;

986 That ſhe loues him, tis apt and of great credit;

987 The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,

988 Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;

989 And I dare thinke, hee le proue to *Deſdemona*,

990 A moſt deere husband: now I doe loue her too,

991 Not out of abſolute luſt, tho peraduenture.

992 I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,

1070 993 But partly lead to diet my reuenge,

994 For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,

995 Hath leap'd into my feate, the thought whereof



comes the Maſter, and maine exerciſe, th'incorporate 1037  
 concluſion : Piſh. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue 1038  
 brought you from Venice. Watch you to night : for 1039  
 the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Caffio* knowes you 1040  
 not : Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde ſome oc- 1041  
 caſion to anger *Caffio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or 1042  
 tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe 1043  
 you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more fauorably mi- 1044  
 niſter. 1045

*Rod.* Well. 1046

*Iago.* Sir, he's raſh, and very fodaine in Choller : and 1047  
 happily may ſtrike at you, prouoke him that he may : for 1048  
 euen out of that will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to Mutiny. 1049  
 Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte a- 1050  
 gaine, but by the diſplanting of *Caffio*. So ſhall you 1051  
 haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I 1052  
 ſhall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment 1053  
 moſt profitably remoued, without the which there were 1054  
 no expectation of our proſperitie. 1055

*Rodo.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor- 1056  
 tunity. 1057

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the 1058  
 Cittadell. I muſt fetch his Neceſſaries a Shore. Fare- 1059  
 well. 1060

*Rodo.* Adieu. *Exit.* 1061

*Iago.* That *Caffio* loues her, I do well beleeu't : 1062  
 That ſhe loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite. 1063  
 The Moore (how beit that I endure him not) 1064  
 Is of a conſtant, louing, Noble Nature, 1065  
 And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Deſdemona* 1066  
 A moſt deere husband. Now I do loue her too, 1067  
 Not out of abſolute Luſt, ( though peraduenture 1068  
 I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin ) 1069  
 But partely led to dyet my Reuenge, 1070  
 For that I do ſuſpect the luſtie Moore 1071  
 Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof, 1072

996 Doth like a poisonous minerall gnaw my inwards,  
 997 And nothing can, nor shall content my foule,  
 998 Till I am euen with him, wife, for wife :  
 999 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore,  
 1000 At least, into a Iealousie so strong,  
 1001 That Iudgement cannot cure ; which thing to doe,  
 1002 If this poore trash of *Venice*, whom I crush,  
 1003 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,  
 1004 I'll haue out *Michael Caspio* on the hip,  
 1005 Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,  
 1083 1006 (For I feare *Caspio*, with my nightcap to)  
 1007 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,  
 1008 For making him egregiously an Affe,  
 1009 And practising vpon his peace and quiet,  
 1010 Euen to madnesse: tis here, but yet confus'd,  
 1011 Knaueries plaine face is neuer seene till vs'd.  
 1012

*Exit.*

1013 *Enter a Gentleman reading a Proclamation.*

1014 It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon  
 1015 certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meete perdition of the  
 1016 *Turkish* Fleete ; that euery man put himselfe into triumph: Some to  
 1017 dance, some make bonfires ; each man to what sport and Re-  
 1018 uels his minde leads him ; for besides these beneficiall newes, it  
 1019 is the celebration of his Nuptials: So much was his pleasure  
 1098 1020 should bee proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full  
 1021 liberty, from this present houre of fwe, till the bell hath told  
 1022 eleuen. Heauen bleffe the Isle of *Cypres*, and our noble Generall  
 1023 *Othello*.

|                                                                |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes :            | 1073 |
| And nothing can, or shall content my Soule                     | 1074 |
| Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wift.                    | 1075 |
| Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,                       | 1076 |
| At leaft into a Ielouzie so strong                             | 1077 |
| That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,                 | 1078 |
| If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace                    | 1079 |
| For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,                  | 1080 |
| Ile haue our <i>Michael Caffio</i> on the hip,                 | 1081 |
| Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe                     | 1082 |
| (For I feare <i>Caffio</i> with my Night-Cape too)             | 1083 |
| Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,              | 1084 |
| For making him egregiously an Affe,                            | 1085 |
| And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,                      | 1086 |
| Euen to madneffe. 'Tis heere : but yet confus'd,               | 1087 |
| Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd. <i>Exit.</i> | 1088 |

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.* 1089

*Herald.* It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant 1090  
 Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, 1091  
 importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete : 1092  
 euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, 1093  
 some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and 1094  
 Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these bene- 1095  
 ficall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So 1096  
 much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi- 1097  
 ces are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this 1098  
 prefern houre of fue, till the Bell haue told eleuen. 1099  
 Bleffe the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othel-* 1100  
*lo.* *Exit.* 1101

1024 *Enter Othello Caffio, and Desdemona.*

1025 *Oth.* Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night,

1026 Lets teach our felues the honourable stoppe,

1027 Not to out sport difcretion.

1028 *Caf.* *Iago* hath directed what to doe :

1029 But notwithstanding with my personall eye

1030 Will I looke to it.

1031 *Oth.* *Iago* is most honest,

1032 *Michael* good night, to morrow with your earliest,

1033 Let me haue speech with you, come my deare loue,

1034 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,

1035 The profits yet to come twixt me and you,

1114 1036 Good night.

*Exit Othello and Desdemona.*

1037 *Enter Iago.*

1038 *Caf.* Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

1039 *Iag.* Not this houre Leutenant, tis not yet ten a'clock : our Ge-

1040 nerrall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemona*. who let vs

1041 not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with

1042 her ; and she is sport for *Ioue*.

1043 *Caf.* She is a most exquisite Lady.

1044 *Iag.* And I'le warrant her full of game.

1045 *Caf.* Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

1046 *Iag.* What an eye she has ?

1047 Me thinkes it founds a parly of prouocation.

1048 *Caf.* An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modest.

1129 1049 *Iag.* And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

1050 *Caf.* It is indeede perfection.

1051 *Iag.* Well, happineffe to their sheetes -- come Leutenant, I

1052 haue a stoppe of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres* Gal-

1053 lants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke

1054 *Othello*.

1055 *Caf.* Not to night, good *Iago* ; I haue very poore and vnhappy

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.* 1102

*Othe.* Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night. 1103  
 Let's teach our felues that Honourable stop, 1104  
 Not to out-fport discretion. 1105

*Caf.* *Iago*, hath direction what to do. 1106  
 But notwithstanding with my perfonall eye 1707  
 Will I looke to't. 1108

*Othe.* *Iago*, is most honest : 1109  
*Michael*, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest, 1110  
 Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue, 1111  
 The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue, 1112  
 That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you. 1113  
 Goodnight. *Exit.* 1114

*Enter Iago.* 1115

*Caf.* Welcome *Iago* : we must to the Watch. 1116

*Iago.* Not this houre Lieutenant : 'tis not yet ten 1117  
 o'th'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the 1118  
 loue of his *Desdemona* : Who, let vs not therefore blame; 1119  
 he hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and 1120  
 she is fport for *Ioue*. 1121

*Caf.* She's a most exquisite Lady. 1122

*Iago.* And Ile warrant her, full of Game. 1123

*Caf.* Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature. 1124

*Iago.* What an eye she ha's? 1125

Methinkes it founds a parley to prouocation. 1126

*Caf.* An inuiting eye : 1127

And yet me thinkes right modest. 1128

*Iago.* And when she speakes, 1129

Is it not an Alarum to Loue? 1130

*Caf.* She is indeed perfection. 1131

*Iago.* Well : happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu- 1132  
 tenant, I haue a slope of Wine, and heere without are a 1133  
 brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea- 1134  
 sure to the health of blacke *Othello*. 1135

*Caf.* Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore, 1136

1056 braines for drinking : I could well wifh courtesie would inuent fome  
1057 other custome of entertainment.

1058 *Iag.* O they are our friends, -- but one cup : I'le drink for you.

1059 *Caf.* I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qua-  
1060 lified to, and behold what innouation it makes here : I am vnfor-  
1061 tunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneffe with  
1062 any more.

1063 *Iag.* What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

1064 *Caf.* Where are they ?

1065 *Iag.* Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

1066 *Caf.* I'le do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

1067 *Iag.* If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,  
1068 With that which he hath drunke to night already,  
1069 Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,

1155 1070 As my young miftris dog : -- Now my ficke foole *Roderigo,*

1071 Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

1072 To *Desdemona*, hath to night carouft

1073 Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch

1074 Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling spirits,

1075 That hold their honour, in a wary distance,

1076 The very Elements of this warlike Isle,

1077 Haue I to night fluftred with flowing cups,

1164 1078 And the watch too : now mongft this flocke of drunkards,

1079 I am to put our *Cafsio* in fome action,

1080 That may offend the Isle ; *Enter Montanio, Caffio,*

1081 But here they come : *and others.*

1082 If confequence doe but approoue my dreame,

1083 My boate failes freely, both with winde and streame.

1084 *Caf.* Fore God they haue giuen me a rouse already.

and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wist 1137  
 Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter- 1138  
 tainment. 1139

*Iago.* Oh, they are our Friends : but one Cup, Ile 1140  
 drinke for you. 1141

*Cassio.* I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that 1142  
 was craftily qualified too : and behold what inouation 1143  
 it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and 1144  
 dare not taske my weakenesse with any more. 1145

*Iago.* What man ? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal- 1146  
 lants desire it. 1147

*Caf.* Where are they ? 1148

*Iago.* Heere, at the doore : I pray you call them in. 1149

*Caf.* Ile do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.* 1150

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him 1151

With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie, 1152

He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence 1153

As my yong Mistris dogge. 1154

Now my sicke Foole *Rodorigo*, 1155

Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, 1156

To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd. 1157

Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch. 1158

Three elfe of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites, 1159

(That hold their Honours in a wary distance, 1160

The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle) 1161

Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups, 1162

And they Watch too. 1163

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards 1164

Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action 1165

That may offend the Isle. But here they come. 1166

*Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.* 1167

If Consequence do but approue my dreame, 1168

My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame. 1169

*Caf.* 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowfe already. 1170

1085 *Mon.* Good faith a little one, not past a pint,  
1086 As I am a fouldier. *Iag.* Some wine ho :

1087 *And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,*  
1088 *And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke :*  
1089 *A Souldier's a man, a life's but a span,*  
1090 *Why then let a souldier drinke. — Some wine boyes,*

1091 *Caf.* Fore God an excellent fong.

1180 1092 *Iag.* I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are most potent  
1093 in potting : your *Dane*, your *Germaine*, and your fwag-bellied *Hol-*  
1094 *lander*; drinke ho, are nothing to your *English*.

1095 *Caf.* Is your *English* man so expert in his drinking ?

1096 *Iag.* Why he drinckes you with facility, your *Dane* dead drunke :  
1097 he sweats not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander*  
1098 a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filld.

1099 *Caf.* To the health of our Generall.

1100 *Mon.* I am for it Leiutenant, and I will doe you iustice.

1101 *Iag.* O sweete *England*, -- King *Stephen* was a worthy peere,

1102 *His breeches cost him but a crowne,*  
1103 *He held 'em sixpence all too deere,*  
1104 *With that he cald the Taylor lowne,*  
1105 *He was a wight of high renowne,*  
1106 *And thou art but of low degree,*  
1107 *Tis pride that puls the Countrey downe,*  
1201 1108 *Then take thine owd cloke about thee. — Some wine ho.*

1109 *Caf.* Fore God this is a more exquisite fong then the other.

1110 *Iag.* Will you hear't agen ?

1111 *Caf.* No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those



|                                                                 |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Mon.</i> Good-faith a litle one : not past a pint, as I am a | 1171 |
| Souldier.                                                       | 1172 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Some Wine hoa.                                     | 1173 |
| <i>And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke :</i>                 | 1174 |
| <i>And let me the Cannakin clinke,</i>                          | 1175 |
| <i>A Souldiers a man : Oh, mans life's but a span,</i>          | 1176 |
| <i>Why then let a Souldier drinke.</i>                          | 1177 |
| Some Wine Boyes.                                                | 1178 |
| <i>Caf.</i> 'Fore Heauen : an excellent Song.                   | 1179 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I learn'd it in England : where indeedthey are     | 1180 |
| most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,               | 1181 |
| and your swag-belly'd Hollander, ( drinke hoa ) are             | 1182 |
| nothing to your English.                                        | 1183 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drin-     | 1184 |
| king ?                                                          | 1185 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why, he drinke you with facillitie, your Dane      | 1186 |
| dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Al-               | 1187 |
| maine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next            | 1188 |
| Pottle can be fill'd.                                           | 1189 |
| <i>Caf.</i> To the health of our Generall.                      | 1190 |
| <i>Mon.</i> I am for it Lieutenant : and Ile do you Iustice.    | 1191 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Oh sweet England.                                  | 1192 |
| <i>King Stephen was and- a worthy Peere,</i>                    | 1193 |
| <i>His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,</i>                      | 1194 |
| <i>He held them Six pence all to deere,</i>                     | 1195 |
| <i>With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne :</i>                    | 1196 |
| <i>He was a wight of high Renowne,</i>                          | 1197 |
| <i>And thou art but of low degree :</i>                         | 1198 |
| <i>'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,</i>                 | 1199 |
| <i>And take thy awl'd Cloake about t hee.</i>                   | 1200 |
| Some Wine hoe.                                                  | 1201 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Why this is a more exquisite Song then the o-    | 1202 |
| ther.                                                           | 1203 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Will you heare't againe ?                          | 1204 |
| <i>Caf.</i> No : for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,    | 1205 |

1112 things : well, God's about all, and there be foules that must be  
1113 faued.

1114 *Iag.* It is true good Leutenant.

1115 *Caf.* For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man  
1116 of quality, I hope to be faued.

1117 *Iag.* And so doe I Leutenant.

1118 *Caf.* I, but by your leaue, not before me ; the Leutenant is to be  
1119 faued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our af-  
1215 1120 faires : God forgie vs our sins : Gentlemen, let's looke to our busi-  
1121 nesse ; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient,  
1122 this is my right hand, and this is my left hand : I am not drunke now,

1123 I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

1124 *All.* Excellent well.

1125 *Caf.* Very well then : you must not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

1126 *Mon.* To the platforme meisters. Come, let's set the watch.

1127 *Iag.* You see this fellow that is gone before,

1128 He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,

1129 And giue direction : and doe but see his vice,

1228 1130 Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,

1131 The one as long as th'other : tis pittie of him,

1132 I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,

1133 On some odde time of his infirmity,

1134 Will shake this Island.

1135 *Mon.* But is he often thus.

1136 *Iag.* Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe :

1137 Hee'le watch the horolodge a double set,

1138 If drinke rocke not his cradle.

1139 *Mon.* Twere well the Generall wete put in minde of it,

1140 Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature,

1141 Praises the vertues that appears in *Cassio*,

1142 And looke not on his euills : is not this true ?

that do's thofe things, Well : heau'ns aboue all : and 1206  
 there be foules muft be faued, and there be foules muft 1207  
 not be faued. 1208

*Iago.* It's true, good Lieutenant. 1209

*Caf.* For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, 1210  
 nor any man of qualitie : I hope to be faued. 1211

*Iago.* And fo do I too Lieutenant. 1212

*Caffio.* I : (but by your leauē) not before me. The 1213  
 Lieutenant is to be faued before the Ancient. Let's haue 1214  
 no more of this : let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our 1215  
 finnes : Gentlemen let's looke to our bufineffe. Do not 1216  
 thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke : this is my Ancient, this 1217  
 is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke 1218  
 now : I can ftand well enough, and I fpeake well enough. 1219

*Gent.* Excellent well. 1220

*Caf.* Why very well then : you muft not thinke then, 1221  
 that I am drunke. *Exit.* 1222

*Monta.* To th'Platforme (Mafters) come, let's fet the 1223  
 Watch. 1224

*Iago.* You fee this Fellow, that is gone before, 1225  
 He 's a Souldier, fit to ftand by *Cæfar*, 1226  
 And giue direction. And do but fee his vice, 1227  
 'Tis to his vertue, a iuft Equinox, 1228  
 The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him : 1229  
 I feare the truft *Othello* puts him in, 1230  
 On fome odde time of his infirmitie 1231  
 Will fhake this Ifland. 1232

*Mont.* But is he often thus ? 1233

*Iago.* 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe, 1234  
 He'le watch the Horologe a double Set, 1235  
 If Drinke rocke not his Cradle. 1236

*Mont.* It were well 1237  
 The Generall were put in mind of it : 1238  
 Perhaps he fees it not, or his good nature 1239  
 Prizes the vertue that appears in *Caffio*, 1240  
 And lookes not on his euills : is not this true ? 1241

1143 *Iag.* How now *Roderigo*, *Enter Roderigo.*

1144 I pray you after the Lieutenant, goe. *Exit Rod.*

1145 *Mon.* And tis great pittie that the noble Moore

1146 Should hazard fuch a place, as his owne fecond,

1147 With one of an ingraft infirmity :

1148 It were an honest action to fay fo to the Moore.

1149 *Iag.* Nor I for this faire Island :

1150 I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within*

1151 To cure him of this euill : but harke, what noyfe.

1152 *Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.*

1254 1153 *Caf.* Zouns, you rogue, you rafcall.

1154 *Mon.* what's the matter Lieutenant ?

1155 *Caf.* A knaue, teach mee my duty : but I'll beate the knaue into

1156 a wicker bottle.

1157 *Rod.* Beate me ?

1158 *Caf.* Doest thou prate rogue ?

1159 *Mon.* Good Lieutenant ; pray fir hold your hand.

1160 *Caf.* Let me goe fir, or ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

1161 *Mon.* Come, come, you are drunke.

1162 *Caf.* Drunke ?

*they fight.*

1163 *Iag.* Away I fay, goe out and cry a muteny. *A bell rung.*

1164 Nay good Lieutenant : godswill Gentlemen,

1165 Helpe ho, Lieutenant : Sir *Montanio*, fir,

1166 Helpe maisters, here's a goodly watch indeed,

1167 Who's that that rings the bell ? Diablo -- ho,

1168 The Towne will rife, godswill Lieutenant, hold,

1272 1169 You will be sham'd for euer.

1170 *Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.*

1171 *Oth.* What is the matter here ?

|                                                         |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Enter Rodorigo.</i>                                  | 1242 |
| <i>Iago.</i> How now <i>Rodorigo</i> ?                  | 1243 |
| I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.                    | 1244 |
| <i>Mon.</i> And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore | 1245 |
| Should hazard fuch a Place, as his owne Second          | 1246 |
| With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,                      | 1247 |
| It were an honest A $\text{\u00c7}$ tion, to fay fo     | 1248 |
| To the Moore.                                           | 1249 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Not I, for this faire Ifland,              | 1250 |
| I do loue <i>Caffio</i> well : and would do much        | 1251 |
| To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noife ?     | 1252 |
| <i>Enter Caffio purfuing Rodorigo.</i>                  | 1253 |
| <i>Caf.</i> You Rogue : you Rascall.                    | 1254 |
| <i>Mon.</i> What's the matter Lieutenant ?              | 1255 |
| <i>Caf.</i> A Knaue teach me my dutie ? Ile beate the   | 1256 |
| Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.                           | 1257 |
| <i>Rod.</i> Beate me ?                                  | 1258 |
| <i>Caf.</i> Dost thou prate, Rogue ?                    | 1259 |
| <i>Mon.</i> Nay, good Lieutenant :                      | 1260 |
| I pray you Sir, hold your hand.                         | 1261 |
| <i>Caffio</i> .Let me go(Sir)                           | 1262 |
| Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.                      | 1263 |
| <i>Mon.</i> Come, come : you're drunke.                 | 1264 |
| <i>Caffio.</i> Drunke ?                                 | 1265 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Away I fay : go out and cry a Mutinie.     | 1266 |
| Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen :                   | 1267 |
| Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir <i>Montano</i> :             | 1268 |
| Helpe Mafters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.           | 1269 |
| Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa :          | 1270 |
| The Towne will rife. Fie, fie Lieutenant,               | 1271 |
| You'le be afhamed for euer.                             | 1272 |
| <i>Enter Othello, and Attendants.</i>                   | 1273 |
| <i>Othe.</i> What is the matter heere?                  | 1274 |

- 1172 *Men.* Zouns, I bleed fill, I am hurt, to the death :  
 1173 *Oth.* Hold, for your liues.  
 1174 *Iag.* Hold, hold Leutenant, fir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,  
 1175 Haue you forgot all place of fence, and duty :  
 1176 Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.  
 1177 *Oth.* Why how now ho, from whence arifes this ?  
 1178 Are we turn'd *Turkes* and to our ſelues doe that,  
 1179 Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites* :  
 1180 For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle ;  
 1181 He that ſtirres next, to carue forth his owne rage,  
 1182 Holds his foule light, he dies vpon his motion ;  
 1183 Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Iſle  
 1184 From her propriety : what's the matter maſters ?  
 1185 Honeſt *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,  
 1186 Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.  
 1187 *Iag.* I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,  
 1188 In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,  
 1189 Deueſting them to bed, and then but now,  
 1293 1190 As if ſome plannet had vnwitted men,  
 1191 Swords out, and tilting one at others breaft,  
 1192 In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake  
 1193 Any beginning to this peeuiſh odds ;  
 1194 And would in action glorious, I had loſt  
 1195 Theſe legges, that brought me to a part of it.  
 1196 *Oth.* How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot ?  
 1197 *Caf.* I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeake.  
 1198 *Oth.* Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,  
 1199 The grauity and ſtilneſſe of your youth,  
 1200 The world hath noted, and your name is great,  
 1201 In men of wiſeſt cenſure : what's the matter  
 1202 That you vnlace your reputation thus,  
 1203 And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name  
 1204 Of a night brawler ? giue me anſwer to't ?  
 1205 *Mon.* Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,  
 1206 Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,  
 1207 While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,

|                                                                     |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Mon.</i> I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.          | 1275 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Hold for your liues.                                   | 1276 |
| <i>Iag.</i> Hold hoa : Lieutenant, Sir <i>Montano</i> , Gentlemen:  | 1277 |
| Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?                       | 1278 |
| Hold. The Generall speaks to you : hold for shame.                  | 1279 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Why how now hoa ? From whence arifeth this?             | 1280 |
| Are we turn'd Turkes ? and to our felues do that                    | 1281 |
| Which Heauen hath forbid the <i>Ottamittes</i> .                    | 1282 |
| For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle :                 | 1283 |
| He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,                     | 1284 |
| Holds his foule light : He dies vpon his Motion.                    | 1285 |
| Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,                   | 1286 |
| From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters ?                   | 1287 |
| Honest <i>Iago</i> , that lookes dead with greeuing,                | 1288 |
| Speake : who began this ? On thy loue I charge thee ?               | 1289 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I do not know : Friends all, but now, euen now.        | 1290 |
| In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome                    | 1291 |
| Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now :                         | 1292 |
| (As if some Planet had vnwited men)                                 | 1293 |
| Swords out, and tilting one at others breaftes,                     | 1294 |
| In opposition bloody. I cannot speake                               | 1295 |
| Any begining to this peeuiſh oddes.                                 | 1296 |
| And would, in Action glorious, I had loft                           | 1297 |
| Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.                      | 1298 |
| <i>Othe.</i> How comes it ( <i>Michaell</i> ) you are thus forgot ? | 1299 |
| <i>Caf.</i> I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.                  | 1300 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Worthy <i>Montano</i> , you were wont to be ciuill.    | 1301 |
| The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth                          | 1302 |
| The world hath noted. And your name is great                        | 1303 |
| In mouthes of wifest Censure. What's the matter                     | 1304 |
| That you vnlace your reputation thus,                               | 1305 |
| And spend your rich opinion, for the name                           | 1306 |
| Of a night-brawler ? Giue me answer to it.                          | 1307 |
| <i>Mon.</i> Worthy <i>Othello</i> , I am hurt to danger,            | 1308 |
| Your Officer <i>Iago</i> , can informe you,                         | 1309 |
| While I spare speech which something now offends me.                | 1310 |

- 1208 Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought  
 1209 By me, that's fed or done amiffe this night,  
 1210 Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,  
 1211 And to defend our felues it be a sinne,  
 1315 1212 When violence affayles vs.  
 1213 *Oth.* Now by heauen  
 1214 My blood begins my fafer guides to rule,  
 1215 And paffion hauing my best iudgement coold,  
 1216 Affayes to leade the way. Zouns, if I stirre,  
 1217 Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you  
 1218 Shall finke in my rebuke : giue me to know  
 1219 How this foule rout began, who fet it on,  
 1220 And he that is approou'd in this offence,  
 1221 Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,  
 1222 Shall loofe me ; what, in a Towne of warre,  
 1223 Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,  
 1224 To mannage priuate and domesticke quarrels,  
 1225 In night, and on the Court and guard of safety ?  
 1226 Tis monftrous. *Iago*, who began ?  
 1227 *Mon.* If partiality affin'd, or league in office,  
 1228 Thou doest deliuer, more or lesse then truth,  
 1229 Thou art no souldier.  
 1333 1230 *Iag.* Touch me not fo neere,  
 1231 I had rather ha this tongue out from my mouth,  
 1232 Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio* :  
 1233 Yet I perfwade my selfe to speake the truth,  
 1234 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall :  
 1235 *Montanio* and my selfe being in speech,  
 1236 There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,  
 1237 And *Cassio* following him with determin'd fword,  
 1238 To execute vpon him : Sir this Gentleman  
 1239 Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreates his pause ;  
 1240 My selfe the crying fellow did purfue,  
 1241 Left by his clamour, as it so fell out,  
 1242 The Towne might fall in fright : he swift of foote,  
 1243 Out ran my purpose : and I returnd the rather,



|                                                        |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Of all that I do know, nor know I ought                | 1311 |
| By me, that's faid, or done amiffe this night,         | 1312 |
| Vnlesse felfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,            | 1313 |
| And to defend our felues, it be a finne                | 1314 |
| When violence affailes vs.                             | 1315 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Now by Heauen,                            | 1316 |
| My blood begins my fafer Guides to rule,               | 1317 |
| And paffion(hauing my beft iudgement collid)           | 1318 |
| Affaies to leade the way. If I once ftir,              | 1319 |
| Or do but lift this Arme, the beft of you              | 1320 |
| Shall finke in my rebuke. Giue me to know              | 1321 |
| How this foule Rout began : Who fet it on,             | 1322 |
| And he that is approu'd in this offence,               | 1323 |
| Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,        | 1324 |
| Shall loofe me. What in a Towne of warre,              | 1325 |
| Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,      | 1326 |
| To Manage priuate, and domefticke Quarrell ?           | 1327 |
| In night, and on the Court and Guara of fafetie ?      | 1328 |
| 'Tis monftrous : <i>Iago</i> , who began't ?           | 1329 |
| <i>Mon.</i> If partially Affin'd, or league in office, | 1330 |
| Thou doft deliuer more, or leffe then Truth,           | 1331 |
| Thou art no Souldier.                                  | 1332 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Touch me not fo neere,                    | 1333 |
| I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,       | 1334 |
| Then it fhould do offence to <i>Michaell Caffio</i> .  | 1335 |
| Yet I perfwade my felfe, to fpeake the truth           | 1336 |
| Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall :         | 1337 |
| <i>Montano</i> and my felfe being in fpeech,           | 1338 |
| There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,            | 1339 |
| And <i>Caffio</i> following him with determin'd Sword  | 1340 |
| To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,              | 1341 |
| Steppes in to <i>Caffio</i> , and entreats his paufe:  | 1342 |
| My felfe, the crying Fellow did purfue,                | 1343 |
| Leaft by hisc lamour (as it fo fell out)               | 1344 |
| The Towne might fall in fright. He,(fwift of foote)    | 1345 |
| Out ran my purpofe : and I return'd then rather        | 1346 |

- 1244 For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords :  
 1245 And *Caspio* high in oaths, which till to night,  
 1246 I ne're might see before : when I came backe,  
 1247 For this was briefe, I found them cloſe together,  
 1248 At blow and thruſt, euen as agen they were,  
 1249 When you your ſelfe did part them.  
 1250 More of this matter can I not report,  
 1251 But men are men, the beſt ſometimes forget ;  
 1252 Tho *Caspio* did ſome little wrong to him,  
 1253 As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,  
 1254 Yet ſurely *Caspio*, I beleeuẽ receiu'd  
 1255 From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,  
 1359 1256 Which patience could not paſſe.  
 1257 *Oth.* I know *Iago*,  
 1258 Thy honeſty and loue doth mince this matter,  
 1259 Making it light to *Caspio*: *Caspio*, I loue thee,  
 1260 But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter Deſdemona,*
- 1261 Looke if my Gentle loue be not raiſde vp : *with others.*  
 1262 I'll make thee an example.  
 1263 *Deſd.* What is the matter ?  
 1264 *Oth.* All's well now ſweeting :  
 1265 Come away to bed : fir, for your hurts,  
 1166 My ſelfe will be your ſurgeon ; leade him off ;  
 1267 *Iago*, looke with care about the Towne,  
 1268 And filence thoſe, whom this vile brawle diſtracted.  
 1269 Come *Deſdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,  
 1270 To haue their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife,  
 1375 1271 *Iag*, What are you hurt Lieutenant ?  
 1272 *Exit Moore, Deſdemona, and attendants.*  
 1273 *Caf.* I, paſt all ſurgery.  
 1274 *Iag.* Mary God forbid.  
 1275 *Caf.* Reputation, reputation, I ha loſt my reputation :  
 1276 I ha loſt the immorrall part fir of my ſelfe,

|                                                                 |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,                | 1347 |
| And <i>Cassio</i> high in oath : Which till to night            | 1348 |
| I nere might fay before. When I came backe                      | 1349 |
| (For this was briefe) I found them close together               | 1450 |
| At blow, and thruft, euen as againe they were                   | 1251 |
| When you your felfe did part them.                              | 1352 |
| More of this matter cannot I report,                            | 1353 |
| But Men are Men : The best sometimes forget,                    | 1354 |
| Though <i>Cassio</i> did some little wrong to him,              | 1355 |
| As men in rage strike those that with them best,                | 1356 |
| Yet surely <i>Cassio</i> , I beleue receiu'd                    | 1357 |
| From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,                    | 1358 |
| Which patience could not passe.                                 | 1359 |
| <i>Othe.</i> I know <i>Iago</i>                                 | 1360 |
| Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,                  | 1361 |
| Making it light to <i>Cassio</i> : <i>Cassio</i> , I loue thee, | 1362 |
| But neuer more be Officer of mine.                              | 1363 |
| <i>Enter Desdemona attended.</i>                                | 1364 |
| Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp :                      | 1365 |
| Ile make thee an example.                                       | 1366 |
| <i>Des.</i> What is the matter (Deere ?)                        | 1367 |
| <i>Othe.</i> All's well, Sweeting :                             | 1368 |
| Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,                           | 1369 |
| My felfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off :                   | 1370 |
| <i>Iago</i> , looke with care about the Towne,                  | 1371 |
| And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.            | 1372 |
| Come <i>Desdemona</i> , 'tis the Soldiers life,                 | 1373 |
| To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. <i>Exit.</i>    | 1374 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What are you hurt Lieutenant ?                     | 1375 |
| <i>Caf.</i> I, past all Surgery.                                | 1376 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Marry Heauen forbid.                               | 1377 |
| <i>Caf.</i> Reputation, Reputation, Reputation : Oh I haue      | 1378 |
| lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of           | 1379 |

1277 And what remains is beastiall, my reputation,

1278 *Iago*, my reputation.

1279 *Iag.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some  
1280 bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: re-  
1281 putation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit,  
1282 and lost without deserving, You haue lost no reputation at all, vn-

1283 lesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes  
1284 to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a  
1285 punishment more in policy, then in malice, euen so, as one would  
1286 beate his offencelesse dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to  
1287 him againe and hees yours.

1303 1288 *Caf.* I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a  
1289 Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer:

1290 O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to bee knowne  
1291 by, let vs call thee Diuell.

1292 *Iag.* What was he, that you followed with your sword?

1293 What had he done to you?

1294 *Caf.* I know not.

1295 *Iag.* Is't possible?

1296 *Caf.* I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly; a  
1297 quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an  
1298 enemy in their mouthes, to steale away their braines; that wee  
1299 should with ioy, Reuell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our  
1300 felues into beasts.

1301 *Iag.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus  
1302 recouered?

1303 *Caf.* It hath pleased the Diuell drunkenesse, to giue place to  
1304 the Diuell wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another, to make  
1305 me frankly despise my selfe.

1306 *Iag.* Come, you are too seuer a mortaler; as the time, the place,  
1307 the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heartily wish, this

myfelfe, and what remains is beftiall. My Reputation, 1380  
*Iago*, my Reputation. 1381

*Iago*. As I am an honeft man I had thought you had 1382  
 receiued fome bodily wound; there is more fence in that 1383  
 then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moft falfe 1384  
 impofition; oft got without merit, aud loft without de- 1385  
 feruing. You haue loft no Reputation at all, vnleffe you 1386  
 repute your felfe fuch a loofer. What man, there are 1387  
 more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are 1388  
 but now caft in his moode, (a punifhment more in poli- 1389  
 cie, then in malice ) euen fo as one would beate his of- 1390  
 fenceleffe dogge, ro affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to 1391  
 him againe, and he's yours. 1392

*Caf*. I will rather fue to be defpis'd, then to deceiue 1393  
 fo good a Commander, with fo flight, fo drunken, and fo 1394  
 indifcreet an Officer. Drunke? And fpeake Parrat? And 1395  
 fquabble? Swagger? Swear? And difcourfe Fuftian 1396  
 with ones owne fhadow? Oh thou invifible fpirit of 1397  
 Wine, if thou haft no name to be knowne by, let vs call 1398  
 thee Diuell. 1399

*Iago*. What was he that you follow'd with your 1400  
 Sword? What had he done to you? 1401

*Caf*. I know not. 1402

*Iago*. Is't poffible? 1403

*Caf*. I remember a maffe of things, but nothing di- 1404  
 ftinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that 1405  
 men fhould put an Enemie in their mouthes, to feale a- 1406  
 way their Braines? that we fhould with ioy, pleafance, 1407  
 reuell and applaufe, transforme our felues into Beafts. 1408

*Iago*. Why? but you are now well enough: how 1409  
 came you thus recouered? 1410

*Caf*. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenneffe, to giue 1411  
 place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectneffe, fhewes me 1412  
 another to make me frankly defpife my felfe. 1413

*Iago*. Come, you are too fevere a Moraller. As the 1414  
 Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country ftands 1415

1308 had not so befallne ; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

1309 *Caf.* I will aske him for my place againe, bee shall tell me I am a  
1310 drunkard : had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would  
1311 stop em all : to be now a sensible man, by and by a foole, and pre-

1312 sently a beast. Euery vnordinate cup is vnblest, and the ingredience  
1428 1313 is a diuell.

1314 *Iag.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be  
1315 well vs'd ; exclaime no more against it ; and good Leutenant, I  
1316 thinke you thinke I loue you.

1317 *Caf.* I haue well approou'd it fir, -- I drunke ?

1318 *Iag.* You, or any man liuing may bee drunke at some time : I'll  
1319 tell you what you shall do, -- our Generals wife is now the Gene-  
1320 rall ; I may say so in this respect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp

1321 himselfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts  
1322 and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her, importune her shee'll  
1323 helpe to put you in your place againe : she is so free, so kind, so apt,  
1324 so blessed a disposition, that shee holds it a vice in her goodnesse,  
1325 not to doe more then shee is requested. This braule betweene  
1326 you and her husband, intreate her to splinter, and my fortunes  
1327 against any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue  
1328 shall grow stronger then twas before.

1329 *Caf.* You aduise mewith.

1448 1330 *Iag.* I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest kindnesse.

1331 *Caf.* I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I be-  
1332 seech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me ; I am desperate  
1333 of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

1334 *Iag.* You are in the right :

1335 Good night Leutenant, I must to the watch.

1336 *Caf.* Good night honest *Iago*.

*Exit.*

I could hartily wish this had not befallne : but since it is, as 1416  
it is, mend it for your owne good. 1417

*Caf.* I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell 1418  
me, I am a drunkard : had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, 1419  
such an answer would stop them all. To be now a fen- 1420  
sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh 1421  
strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnblefs'd, and the Ingre- 1422  
dient is a diuell. 1423

*Iago.* Come, come : good wine, is a good familiar 1424  
Creature, if it be well vs'd : exclaime no more against it. 1425  
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue 1426  
you. 1427

*Cassio.* I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke? 1428

*Iago.* You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a 1429  
time man. I tell you what you shall do : Our General's 1430  
Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, 1431  
for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the 1432  
Contemplation, marke : and deuotement of her parts 1433  
and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her : Impor- 1434  
tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is 1435  
of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, 1436  
she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more 1437  
then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene 1438  
you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my 1439  
Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of 1440  
your Loue, shall grow stonger, then it was before. 1441

*Cassio.* You aduise me well. 1442

*Iago.* I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest 1443  
kindnesse. 1444

*Cassio.* I thinke it freely : and betimes in the mor- 1445  
ning, I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to vndertake 1446  
for me : I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me. 1447

*Iago.* You are in the right : good night Lieutenant, I 1448  
must to the Watch. 1449

*Cassio.* Good night, honest *Iago*. 1450

*Exit Cassio.* 1451

1337 *Iag.* And what's he then, that faves I play the villaine,

1338 When this aduice is free I giue, and honeft,

1339 Probball to thinking, and indeed the courfe,

1340 To win the Moore agen? For tis moft eafie

1341 The in clining *Defdemona* to fubdue,

1342 In any honeft fuite, ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,

1343 As the free Elements: and then for her

1344 To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptifme,

1462 1345 All feales and fymbols of redeemed fin,

1346 His foule is fo infetter'd to her loue,

1347 That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,

1348 Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god

1349 With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?

1350 To counfell *Cafsio* to this parrallell courfe.

1351 Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,

1352 When diuells will their blackeft fins put on,

1353 They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,

1354 As I doe now: for while this honeft foole

1355 Plyes *Defdemona* to repaire his fortunes,

1356 And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore:

1357 I'le poure this peſtilence into his eare,

1358 That ſhe repeales him for her bodyes luſt;

1359 And by how much ſhe ſtriuies to doe him good,

1360 She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore,

1361 So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

1362 And out of her owne goodneſſe make the net

1363 That ſhall enmeſh em all:

*Enter Roderigo.*

1364 How now *Roderigo*?

1365 *Rod.* I do follow here in the chafe, not like a hound that hunts, but

1366 one that filles vp the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent, I ha bin to night



*Iago.* And what's he then, 1452  
 That faies I play the Villaine? 1453  
 When this aduife is free I giue, and honest, 1454  
 Probally to thinking, and indeed the courfe 1455  
 To win the Moore againe. 1456  
 For 'tis moft eafie 1457  
 Th'inclining *Defdemona* to fubdue 1458  
 In any honeft Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull 1459  
 As the free Elements. And then for her 1460  
 To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptifme, 1461  
 All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed fin : 1462  
 His Soule is fo enfetted to her Loue, 1463  
 That ſhe may make, vnmake, do what ſhe liſt, 1464  
 Euen as her Appetite ſhall play the God, 1465  
 With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine, 1466  
 To Counfell *Caffio* to this paralell courfe, 1467  
 Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell, 1468  
 When diuels will the blackeſt finnes put on, 1469  
 They do fuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes, 1470  
 As I do now. For whiles this honeſt Foole 1471  
 Plies *Defdemona*, to repaire his Fortune, 1472  
 And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore, 1473  
 Ile powre this peſtilence into his eare : 1474  
 That ſhe repeales him, for her bodies Luſt' 1475  
 And by how much ſhe ſtriueth to do him good, 1476  
 She ſhall vndo her Credite with the Moore. 1477  
 So will I turne her vertue into pitch, 1478  
 And out of her owne goodneſſe make the Net, 1479  
 That ſhall en-maſh them all. 1480  
 How now *Rodorigo* ? 1481

*Enter Rodorigo.* 1482

*Rodorigo.* I do follow heere in the Chace, not 1483  
 like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the 1484

1486 1367 exceedingly well cudgeld : I thinke the iffue will be, I fhall haue fo  
 1368 much experience for my paines, as that comes to, and no money at  
 1369 all, and with that wit returne to *Venice*.

1370 *Iag.* How poore are they, that ha not patience ?

1371 What wound did euer heale, but by degrees ?

1372 Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by wichcraft,

1373 And wit depends on dilatory time.

1374 Do'st not goe well ? *Cassio* has beaten thee,

1375 And thou, by that small hurt. haft casheird *Cassio*,

1376 Tho other things grow faire against the sun,

1377 But fruites that blofome first, will first be ripe,

1378 Content thy selfe awhile ; bi'the masse tis morning ;

1379 Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short :

1380 Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,

1381 Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :

1382 Nay get thee gon. Some things are to be done,

1383 My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,

1384 I'll fet her on.

1385 My selfe awhile, to draw the Moore apart,

1386 And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,

1387 Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way,

1388 Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay.

1389

*Exeunt.*

1390 *Enter Cassio, with Musicians and the Clowne.*

1510 1391 *Cas.* **M**Afters, play here, I will content your paines.

1392 Something that's briefe, and bid good morrow Generall

1393 *Clo.* Why masters, ha your instruments bin at Naples, that they

1394 speake i'the nose thus ?

1395 *Boy.* How fir, how ?

Crie. My Money is almost spent ; I haue bin to night 1485  
 exceedingly well Cudgell'd : And I thinke the issue 1486  
 will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines ; 1487  
 And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re- 1488  
 turne againe to Venice. 1489

*Iago.* How poore are they that haue not Patience ? 1490  
 What wound did euer heale but by degrees ? 1491

Thou know'ft we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft 1492  
 And Wit depends on dilatory time : 1493

Dos't not go well ? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, 1494

And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio* : 1495

Though other things grow faire against the Sun, 1496

Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe : 1497

Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning ; 1498

Pleasure, and Action, make the houres feeme short. 1499

Retire thee, go where thou art Billited : 1500

Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter : 1501

Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.* 1502

Two things are to be done : 1503

My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistris : 1504

Ile fet her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, 1505

And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde 1506

Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way : 1507

Dull not Deuce, by coldneffe, and delay. *Exit.* 1508

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.* 1509

*Cassio.* Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines, 1510  
 Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General. 1511

*Clo.* Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Na- 1512  
 ples, that they speake i'th'Nose thus ? 1513

*Mus.* How Sir ? how ? 1514

1396 *Clo.* Are theſe I pray, cald wind Inſtruments ?

1397 *Boy.* I marry are they fir.

1398 *Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tayle.

1399 *Boy.* Whereby hangs a tayle fir ?

1400 *Clo.* Marry fir, by many a winde Inſtrumnet that I know : But  
1401 maſters heere's money for you, and the Generall ſo likes your mu-  
1402 ſique, that hee defires you of all loues, to make no more noyſe  
1403 with it.

1404 *Boy,* Well fir, we will not.

1405 *Clo.* If you haue any muſique that may not bee heard, to't  
1406 againe, but as they ſaay, to heare muſique, the Generall does not  
1407 greatly care.

1408 *Boy.* We ha none ſuch fir.

1528 1409 *Clo.* Then put your pipes in your bag, for I'le away ; goe, va-  
1410 niſh away.

1411 *Caf.* Doeſt thou heare my honeſt friend ?

1412 *Clo.* No, I heare not your honeſt friend, I heare you.

1413 *Caf.* Preethee keepe vp thy quilletts, there's a poore peece of  
1414 gold for thee : if the Gentlewoman that attends the Cenerals wife  
1415 be ſtirring, tell her there's one *Cafſio*, entreats her alittle fauour of  
1416 ſpeech -- wilt thou doe this ?

1417 *Clo.* She is ſtirring fir, if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to no-  
1418 tifie vnto her. *Enter Iago.*

1419 *Caf.* Doe good my friend : In happy time *Iago.*

1420 *Iag.* You ha not bin a bed then.

1421 *Caf.* Why no, the day had broke before we parted :

1422 I ha made bold *Iago*, to ſend in to your wife, -- my ſuite to her,

1544 1423 Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*,

1424 Procure me ſome acceſſe.

1425 *Iag.* I'le ſend her to you preſently,

1426 And Ile deuife a meane to draw the Moore

1427 Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe,

1428 May be more free. *Exit.*

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                              |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>Clo.</i> Are theſe I pray you, winde Inſtruments?                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1515                         |
| <i>Muf.</i> I marry are they fir.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 1516                         |
| <i>Clo.</i> Oh, thereby hangs a tale.                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 1517                         |
| <i>Muf.</i> Whereby hangs a tale, fir?                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 1518                         |
| <i>Clow.</i> Marry fir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know. But Maſters, heere's money for you : and the Generall ſo likes your Muſick, that he deſires you for loues fake to make no more noiſe with it.                                     | 1519<br>1520<br>1521<br>1522 |
| <i>Muf.</i> Well Sir, we will not.                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 1523                         |
| <i>Clo.</i> If you haue any Muſicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they ſay) to heare Muſicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.                                                                                                  | 1524<br>1525<br>1526         |
| <i>Muf.</i> We haue none ſuch, fir.                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 1527                         |
| <i>Clow.</i> Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vaniſh into ayre, away. <i>Exit Mu.</i>                                                                                                                                      | 1528<br>1529                 |
| <i>Caffio</i> Doſt thou heare me, mine honeſt Friend?                                                                                                                                                                                             | 1530                         |
| <i>Clo.</i> No, I heare not your honeſt Friend :<br>I heare you.                                                                                                                                                                                  | 1531<br>1532                 |
| <i>Caffio.</i> Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee ; if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be ſtirring, tell her, there's one <i>Caffio</i> entertreats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this? | 1533<br>1534<br>1535<br>1536 |
| <i>Clo.</i> She is ſtirring fir : if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. <i>Exit Clo.</i>                                                                                                                                  | 1537<br>1538                 |

*Enter Iago.* 1539

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| In happy time, <i>Iago.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1540                         |
| <i>Iago.</i> You haue not bin a-bed then?                                                                                                                                                                      | 1541                         |
| <i>Caffio.</i> Why no : the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold ( <i>Iago</i> ) to fend in to your wife : My ſuite to her is, that ſhe will to vertuous <i>Deſdemona</i> Procure me ſome acceſſe. | 1542<br>1543<br>1544<br>1545 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Ile fend her to you preſently :<br>And Ile deuife a meane to draw the Moore<br>Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe<br>May be more free. <i>Exit</i>                                  | 1546<br>1547<br>1548<br>1549 |

1429 *Caf.* I humbly thanke you for it: I neuer knew

1430 A Florentine more kinde and honeft:

1431 *Enter Emilla.*

1432 *Em.* Good morrow good Leiutenant, I am forry

1433 For your difpleafure, but all will foone be well,

1434 The Generall and his wife are talking of it,

1556 1435 And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly: the Moore replies,

1436 That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,

1437 And great affinity, and that in wholefome wifedome,

1438 He might not but refuſe you: but he proteſts he loues you,

1439 And needes no other fuitor but his likings,

1440 To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,

1441 To bring you in againe.

1442 *Caf.* Yet I beſeech you,

1443 If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,

1444 Giue me aduantage of ſome briefe diſcourſe

1565 1445 With *Deſdemona* alone.

1446 *Em.* Pray you come in,

1447 I will beſtow you where you ſhall haue time,

1448 To ſpeake your boſome freely.

1449

*Exeunt.*

1450 *Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen.*

1451 *Oth.* Theſe letters giue *Iago*, to the Pilate,

1452 And by him, doe my duties to the State;

1453 That done, I will be walking on the workes,

1454 Repaire there to me.

1455 *Iag.* Well my good Lord, I'll do't.

1456 *Oth.* This fortification Gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?

1457 *Gent.* We waite vpon your Lordſhip.

1458

*Exeunt.*

|                                                           |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Cassio.</i> I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew    | 1550 |
| A Florentine more kinde, and honest.                      | 1551 |
| <i>Enter Emilia.</i>                                      | 1552 |
| <i>Emil.</i> Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am forrie     | 1553 |
| For your displeasure : but all will fure be well.         | 1554 |
| The Generall and his wife are talking of it,              | 1555 |
| And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,       | 1556 |
| That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,              | 1557 |
| And great Affinitie : and that in wholsome Wifedome       | 1558 |
| He might not but refuse you. But he protefts he loues you | 1559 |
| And needs no other Sutor, but his likings                 | 1560 |
| <br>To bring you in againe.                               | 1561 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Yet I beseech you,                         | 1562 |
| If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,                | 1563 |
| Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourfe                | 1564 |
| With <i>Desdemona</i> alone.                              | 1565 |
| <i>Emil.</i> Pray you come in :                           | 1566 |
| I will bestow you where you shall haue time               | 1567 |
| To speake your bosome freely.                             | 1568 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> I am much bound to you.                    | 1569 |

*Scœna Secunda.*

|                                                                                              |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.</i>                                                   | 1570 |
| <br><i>Othe.</i> These Letters giue ( <i>Iago</i> ) to the Pylot,                            | 1571 |
| And by him do my duties to the Senate :                                                      | 1572 |
| That done, I will be walking on the Workes,                                                  | 1573 |
| Repaire there to mee.                                                                        | 1574 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.                                                  | 1575 |
| <i>Oth.</i> This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't ?                                  | 1576 |
| <i>Gent.</i> Well waite vpon your Lordship. <span style="float: right;"><i>Exeunt</i></span> | 1577 |

1459 *Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia.*

1579 1460 *Des.* Be thou assur'd good *Cassio*, I will doe

1461 All my abilities in thy behalfe.

1462 *Em.* Good Madam do, I know it grieues my husband,

1463 As if the case were his.

1464 *Desd.* O that's an honest fellow :- do not doubt *Cassio*,

1465 But I will haue my Lord and you againe,

1466 As friendly as you were.

1467 *Cas.* Bountious Madame,

1468 What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,

1469 Hee's neuer any thing but your true seruant.

1470 *Desd.* O sir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord :

1471 You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd,

1472 He shall in strangest, stand no farther off,

1473 Then in a politique distance.

1474 *Cas.* I but Lady,

1475 The pollicy may either last so long,

1476 Or feede vpon such nice, and watrish diet,

1477 Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance,

1478 That I being absent, and my place supplied,

1479 My Generall will forget my loue and seruice :

1600 1480 *Desd.* Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,

1481 I giue thee warrant of thy place; assure thee

1482 If I doe vow a friendship, I'll performe it

1483 To the last Article ; my Lord shall neuer rest,

1484 I'll watch him tame, and talke him out of patience ;

1485 His bed shall seeme a schoole, his boord a shrift,

1486 I'll intermingle euery thing he does,

1487 With *Cassio's* fuite ; therefore be merry *Cassio*

1488 For thy foiliciter shall rather die,

1489 Then giue thee cause : away.



*Scœna Tertia.*


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|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 1578                                                                         |
| <i>Def.</i> Be thou assur'd (good <i>Cassio</i> ) I will do<br>All my abilities in thy behalfe.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 1579<br>1580                                                                 |
| <i>Emil.</i> Good Madam do :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 1581                                                                         |
| I warrant it greeues my Husband,<br>As if the caufe were his.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 1582<br>1583                                                                 |
| <i>Def.</i> Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt <i>Cassio</i><br>But I will haue my Lord, and you againe<br>As friendly as you were.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1584<br>1585<br>1586                                                         |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Bounteous Madam,<br>What euer shall become of <i>Michael Cassio</i> ,<br>He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1587<br>1588<br>1589                                                         |
| <i>Def.</i> I know't : I thanke you : you do loue my Lord :<br>You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd<br>He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,<br>Then in a politique distance.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 1590<br>1591<br>1592<br>1593                                                 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> I, but Lady,<br>That policie may either last so long,<br>Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,<br>Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,<br>That I being absent, and my place supply'd,<br>My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 1594<br>1595<br>1596<br>1597<br>1598<br>1599                                 |
| <i>Def.</i> Do not doubt that : before <i>Emilia</i> here,<br>I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,<br>If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it<br>To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,<br>Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience ;<br>His Bed shall feeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,<br>Ile intermingle euery thing he do's<br>With <i>Cassio's</i> fuite : Therefore be merry <i>Cassio</i> ,<br>For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,<br>Then giue thy caufe away. | 1600<br>1601<br>1602<br>1603<br>1604<br>1605<br>1606<br>1607<br>1608<br>1609 |

1490 *Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*

1491 *Em.* Madam, here comes my Lord.

1492 *Caf.* Madam, I'll take my leaue.

1493 *Desd.* Why stay and heare me speake.

1494 *Caf.* Madam not now, I am very ill at ease,

1495 Vnfit for mine owne purpose.

1496 *Desd.* Well, doe your discretion.

*Exit Cassio.*

1497 *Iag.* Ha, I like not that.

1498 *Oth.* What doest thou say?

1499 *Iag.* Nothing my Lord, or if, I know not what.

1500 *Oth.* Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

1621 1501 *Iag.* *Cassio* my Lord? -- no sure, I cannot thinke it,

1502 That he would sneake away so guilty-like,

1503 Seeing you comming.

1504 *Oth.* I doe beleeeue twas he.

1505 *Desd.* How now my Lord,

1506 I haue beene talking with a fuitter here,

1507 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

1508 *Oth.* Who i't you meane?

1509 *Desd.* Why your Leiutenant *Cassio*, good my Lord,

1510 If I haue any grace or power to moue you,

1511 His present reconfiliation take:

1512 For if he be not one that truely loues you,

1513 That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,

1514 I haue no iudgement in an honest face,

1515 I preethee call him backe.

1636 1516 *Oth.* Went he hence now?

1517 *Desd.* Yes faith, so humbled,

1518 That he has left part of his griefes with me,

1519 I suffer with him; good loue call him backe,

1520 *Oth.* Not now sweete *Desdemona* some other time.

1521 *Desd.* But shal't be shortly?

1522 *Oth.* The sooner sweete for you.

1523 *Desd.* Shal't be to night at supper?

1524 *Oth.* No, not to night.

1525 *Desd.* To morrow dinner then?

|                |                                                    |                         |
|----------------|----------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
|                | <i>Enter Othello, and Iago.</i>                    | 1610                    |
| <i>Emil.</i>   | Madam, heere comes my Lord.                        | 1611                    |
| <i>Cassio.</i> | Madam, Ile take my leaue.                          | 1612                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | Why stay, and heare me speake.                     | 1613                    |
| <i>Cassio.</i> | Madam, not now : I am very ill at ease,            | 1614                    |
|                | Vnfit for mine owne purposes.                      | 1615                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | Well, do your difcretion.                          | <i>Exit Cassio</i> 1616 |
| <i>Iago.</i>   | Hah? I like not that.                              | 1617                    |
| <i>Othel.</i>  | What doft thou say?                                | 1618                    |
| <i>Iago.</i>   | Nothing my Lord ; or if—I know not what.           | 1619                    |
| <i>Othel.</i>  | Was not that <i>Cassio</i> parted from my wife?    | 1620                    |
| <i>Iago.</i>   | <i>Cassio</i> my Lord? No fure, I cannot thinke it | 1621                    |
|                | That he would steale away fo guilty-like,          | 1622                    |
|                | Seeing your comming.                               | 1623                    |
| <i>Oth.</i>    | I do beleeeue 'twas he.                            | 1624                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | How now my Lord?                                   | 1625                    |
|                | I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,            | 1626                    |
|                | A man that languifhes in your difpleafure.         | 1627                    |
| <i>Oth.</i>    | Who is't you meane?                                | 1628                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | Why your Lieutenant <i>Cassio</i> : Good my Lord,  | 1629                    |
|                | If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,         | 1630                    |
|                | His prefent reconciliation take,                   | 1631                    |
|                | For if he be not one, that truly loues you,        | 1632                    |
|                | That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,       | 1633                    |
|                | I haue no iudgement in an honeft face.             | 1634                    |
|                | I prythee call him backe.                          | 1635                    |
| <i>Oth.</i>    | Went he hence now?                                 | 1636                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | I foorth ; fo humbled,                             | 1637                    |
|                | That he hath left part of his greefe with mee      | 1638                    |
|                | To fuffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.     | 1639                    |
| <i>Othel.</i>  | Not now (sweet <i>Desdemon</i> ) fome other time.  | 1640                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | But fhall't be fhortly?                            | 1641                    |
| <i>Oth.</i>    | The fooner (Sweet) for you.                        | 1642                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | Shall't be to night, at Supper?                    | 1643                    |
| <i>Oth.</i>    | No, not to night.                                  | 1644                    |
| <i>Def.</i>    | To morrow Dinner then?                             | 1645                    |

1526 *Oth.* I shall not dine at home,

1527 I meete the Captaines, at the Cittadell.

1648 1528 *Desd.* Why then to morrow night, or Tuedday morne,

1529 On Tuedday morne, or night, or Wensday morne,

1530 I preethee name the time, but let it not

1531 Exceed three dayes : Ifaith hee's penitent,

1532 And yet his trespasse, in our common reason,

1533 (Saue that they say, the warres must make examples,

1534 Out of her best) is not almost a fault,

1535 To incurre a priuate checke : when shall he come ?

1536 Tell me *Othello* : I wonder in my soule,

1537 What you could aske me, that I should deny ?

1538 Or stand so muttering on ? What *Michael Caspio* ?

1539 That came a wooing with you, and so many a time

1540 When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly,

1541 Hath tane your part, to haue so much to doe

1542 To bring him in ? Birlady I could doe much.

1543 *Oth.* Preethee no more, let him come when he will,

1544 I will deny thee nothing.

1665 1545 *Desd.* Why this is not a boone,

1546 Tis as I should intreate you weare your gloues :

1547 Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,

1548 Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit

1549 To your owne person : nay, when I haue a suite,

1550 Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,

1551 It shall be full of poise and difficulty,

1552 And fearefull to be granted.

1553 *Oth.* I will deny thee nothing,

1554 Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,

1555 To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

1556 *Desd.* Shall I deny you ? no, farewell my Lord.

1557 *Oth.* Farewell my *Desdomena*, I'll come to thee straight.

1558 *Desd.* *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,

1559 What ere you be I am obedient. *Exit Desd.and Em.*

1560 *Oth.* Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,

1561 But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,

|                                                                     |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Oth.</i> I shall not dine at home :                              | 1646 |
| I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.                             | 1647 |
| <i>Def.</i> Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,             | 1648 |
| On Tuesday noone, or night ; on Wednesday Morne.                    | 1649 |
| I prythee name the time, but let it not                             | 1650 |
| Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent :                        | 1651 |
| And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason                         | 1652 |
| (Saue that they say the warres must make example)                   | 1653 |
| Out of her best, is not almost a fault                              | 1654 |
| T'encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come ?                    | 1655 |
| Tell me <i>Othello</i> . I wonder in my Soule                       | 1656 |
| What you would aske me, that I should deny,                         | 1657 |
| Or stand so mam'ring on ? What ? <i>Michael Cassio</i> ,            | 1658 |
| That came a woing wirh you ? and so many a time                     | 1659 |
| (When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)                            | 1660 |
| Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do                          | 1661 |
| To bring him in ? Trust me, I could do much.                        | 1662 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Prythee no more : Let him come when he will :           | 1663 |
| I will deny thee nothing.                                           | 1664 |
| <i>Def.</i> Why, this is not a Boone :                              | 1665 |
| 'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,                    | 1666 |
| Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,                  | 1667 |
| Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit                              | 1668 |
| To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a fuite                       | 1669 |
| Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,                          | 1670 |
| It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,                    | 1671 |
| And fearefull to be granted.                                        | 1672 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I will deny thee nothing.                               | 1673 |
| Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,                          | 1674 |
| To leaue me but a little to my selfe.                               | 1675 |
| <i>Def.</i> Shall I deny you ? No : farewell my Lord.               | 1676 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Farewell my <i>Desdemona</i> , Ile come to thee strait. | 1677 |
| <i>Def.</i> <i>Emilia</i> come ; be as your Fancies teach you :     | 1678 |
| What ere you be, I am obedient. <i>Exit.</i>                        | 1679 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Excellent wretch : Perdition catch my Soule             | 1680 |
| But I do loue thee : and when I loue thee not,                      | 1681 |

1683 1562 Chaos is come againe. *Iag.* My noble Lord.

1563 *Oth.* What doest thou say *Iago* ?

1564 *Iag.* Did *Michael Caspio* when you wooed my Lady,

1565 Know of your loue ?

1566 *Oth.* He did from first to last : -- Why doest thou aske ?

1567 *Iag.* But for a satisfaction of my thoughts.

1568 No further harme.

1569 *Oth.* Why of thy thought *Iago* ?

1570 *Iag.* I did not thinke he had beene acquainted with her.

1571 *Oth.* O yes, and went betweene vs very often.

1572 *Iag.* Indeed ?

1573 *Oth.* Indeed ? Indeed, difern't thou ought in that ?

1574 Is he not honest ?

1575 *Iag.* Honest my Lord ? *Oth.* Honest ? I honest.

1576 *Iag.* My Lord, for ought I know.

1577 *Oth.* What doest thou thinke ?

1578 *Iag.* Thinke my Lord ?

1579 *Oth.* Thinke my Lord ? By heauen he ecchoes me.

1580 As if there were some monster in his thought :

1581 Too hideous to be shewne : thou didst meane something ;

1582 I heard thee say but now, thou lik'ft not that,

1583 When *Caspio* left my wife : what didst not like ?

1584 And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,

1585 In my whole course of wooing, thou cridst indeed ?

1586 And didst contract, and purse thy brow together,

1587 As if thou then hadst shut vp in thy braine,

1588 Some horrible counsell : if thou doest loue me,

1589 Shew me thy thought.

1713 1590 *Iag.* My Lord, you know I loue you.

1591 *Oth.* I thinke thou doest,

1592 And for I know, thou art full of loue and honesty,

1593 And weighest thy words, before thou giue em breath,

1594 Therefore these stops of thine affright me the more :

|                                                               |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Chaos is come againe.                                         | 1682 |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Noble Lord.                                   | 1683 |
| <i>Oth.</i> What dost thou fay, <i>Iago</i> ?                 | 1684 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Did <i>Michael Cassio</i>                        | 1685 |
| When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?                     | 1686 |
| <i>Oth.</i> He did, from first to last :                      | 1687 |
| Why dost thou aske?                                           | 1688 |
| <i>Iago.</i> But for a satisfaction of my Thought,            | 1689 |
| No further harme.                                             | 1690 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Why of thy thought, <i>Iago</i> ?                 | 1691 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir. | 1692 |
| <i>Oth.</i> O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.             | 1693 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Indeed?                                          | 1694 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?  | 1695 |
| Is he not honest?                                             | 1666 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Honest, my Lord?                                 | 1697 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Honest? I, Honest.                                | 1698 |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Lord, for ought I know.                       | 1699 |
| <i>Oth.</i> What do'st thou thinke?                           | 1700 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Thinke, my Lord?                                 | 1701 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me ;         | 1702 |
| As if there were some Monster in thy thought                  | 1703 |
| Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean somthing :           | 1704 |
| I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,              | 1705 |
| When <i>Cassio</i> left my wife. What didd'st not like?       | 1706 |
| And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,                 | 1707 |
| Of my whole course of wooing ; thou cried'st, Indeede?        | 1708 |
| And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,            | 1709 |
| As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine                 | 1710 |
| Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,                | 1711 |
| Shew me thy thought.                                          | 1712 |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Lord, you know I loue you.                    | 1713 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I thinke thou do'st :                             | 1714 |
| And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,            | 1715 |
| And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,        | 1716 |
| Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more :          | 1717 |

- 1595 For such things in a false disloyall knaue,  
 1596 Are trickes of custome; but in a man that's iust,  
 1597 They are close denotements, working from the heart,  
 1598 That passion cannot rule.  
 1599 *Iag.* For *Michael Casio*,  
 1600 I dare presume, I thinke that he is honest,  
 1601 *Oth.* I thinke so to.  
 1602 *Iag.* Men should be that they feeme,  
 1603 Or those that be not, would they might feeme none.  
 1604 *Oth.* Certaine, men should be what they feeme.  
 1605 *Iag.* Why then I thinke *Casio's* an honest man.  
 1606 *Oth.* Nay yet there's more in this,  
 1607 I preethee speake to me to thy thinkings :  
 1731 1608 As thou doest ruminare, and giue the worst of thought,  
 1609 The worst of word.  
 1610 *Iag.* Good my Lord pardon me ;  
 1611 Though I am bound to euery act of duty,  
 1612 I am not bound to that all flaues are free to,  
 1613 Vtter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false :  
 1614 As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things  
 1615 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
 1616 But some vncleanely apprehensions,  
 1617 Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in Session fit  
 1618 With meditations lawfull?  
 1619 *Oth.* Thou doest conspire against thy friend *Iago*,  
 1620 If thou but thinkest him wrongd, and makest his eare  
 1621 A stranger to thy thoughts.  
 1622 *Iag.* I doe beseech you,  
 1746 1623 Though I perchance am vicious in my ghesse,  
 1624 As I confesse it is my natures plague,  
 1625 To spy into abuses, and oft my ieaalousie  
 1626 Shapes faults that are not, I intreate you then,  
 1627 From one that so imperfectly coniects,  
 1628 You'd take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble,  
 1629 Out of my scattering, and vntrue obseruance ;  
 1630 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,



|                                                                    |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| For such things in a false disloyall Knaue                         | 1718 |
| Are trickes of Custome : but in a man that's iust,                 | 1719 |
| They're close dilations, working from the heart,                   | 1720 |
| That Passion cannot rule.                                          | 1721 |
| <i>Iago.</i> For <i>Michael Cajsio</i> ,                           | 1722 |
| I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.                      | 1723 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I thinke so too.                                       | 1724 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Men should be what they seeme,                        | 1725 |
| Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.                 | 1726 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Certaine, men should be what they seeme.               | 1727 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why then I thinke <i>Cajsio's</i> an honest man.      | 1728 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Nay, yet there's more in this ?                        | 1729 |
| I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,                       | 1730 |
| As thou dost ruminat, and giue thy worst of thoughts               | 1731 |
| The worst of words.                                                | 1732 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Good my Lord pardon me,                               | 1733 |
| Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,                          | 1734 |
| I am not bound to that : All Slaues are free :                     | 1735 |
| Vtter my Thoughts ? Why say, they are vild, and false ?            | 1736 |
| As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things                     | 1737 |
| Sometimes intrude not ? Who ha's that breath so pure,              | 1738 |
| Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions                                    | 1739 |
| Keepe Leete, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions fit                    | 1740 |
| With meditations lawfull ?                                         | 1741 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend ( <i>Iago</i> ) | 1742 |
| If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare              | 1743 |
| A stranger to thy Thoughts.                                        | 1744 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I do beseech you,                                     | 1745 |
| Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse                         | 1746 |
| (As I confesse it is my Natures plague                             | 1747 |
| To spy into Abuses, and of my ieaousie                             | 1748 |
| Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome                     | 1749 |
| From one, that so imperfectly conceits,                            | 1750 |
| Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble               | 1751 |
| Out of his scattering, and vnshure obseruance :                    | 1752 |
| It were not for your quiet, nor your good,                         | 1753 |

1631 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wifedome,  
 1632 To let you know my thoughts,  
 1633 *Oth.* Zouns.  
 1634 *Iag.* Good name in man and woman's deere my Lord ;  
 1635 Is the immediate Jewell of our foules :  
 1636 Who steales my purfe, steals trash, tis something, nothing,

1637 Twas mine, tis his, and has bin flaue to thousands :  
 1638 But he that filches from me my good name,  
 1763 1639 Robs me of that, which not inriches him,  
 1640 And makes me poore indeed.  
 1641 *Oth.* By heauen I'll know thy thought.  
 1642 *Iag.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,  
 1643 Nor shall not, whilst tis in my custody :

1644 O beware ieaoufie.  
 1645 It is the greene eyd monster, which doth mocke  
 1646 That meate it feedes on. That Cuckold liues in bliffe,  
 1647 Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger :  
 1648 But oh, what damned minutes tells be ore,  
 1649 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loues.  
 1650 *Oth.* O misery.  
 1651 *Iag.* Poore and content is rich, and rich enough,  
 1652 But riches, finelesse, is as poore as winter,  
 1653 To him that euer feares he shall be poore :  
 1779 1654 Good God, the foules of all my tribe defend  
 1655 From ieaoufie,  
 1656 *Oth.* Why, why is this ?  
 1657 Thinkst thou I'de make a life of ieaoufie ?  
 1658 To follow still the changes of the Moone  
 1659 With fresh suspitions ? No, to be once in doubt,  
 1660 Is once to be resolud : exchange me for a Goate,  
 1661 When I shall turne the businesse of my foule  
 1662 To such exufflicate, and blowne fummifes,  
 1663 Matching thy inference : tis not to make me ieaalous,  
 1664 To say my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,

|                                                            |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Nor for my Manhood, Honefty, and Wifedome,                 | 1754 |
| To let you know my thoughts,                               | 1755 |
| <i>Oth.</i> What doft thou meane ?                         | 1756 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Good name in Man, & woman( deere my Lord )    | 1757 |
| Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules ;                  | 1758 |
| Who fteales my purfe, fteales trash :                      | 1759 |
| 'Tis fomething, nothing ;                                  | 1760 |
| 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin flauē to thoufands :     | 1761 |
| But he that filches from me my good Name,                  | 1762 |
| Robs me of that, which not enriches him,                   | 1763 |
| And makes me poore indeed.                                 | 1764 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Ile know thy Thoughts.                         | 1765 |
| <i>Iago.</i> You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,    | 1766 |
| Nor fhall not, whil'ft 'tis in my cuftodie.                | 1767 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Ha ?                                           | 1768 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Oh, beware my Lord, of iea loufie,            | 1769 |
| It is the greene-ey'd Monfter, which doth mocke            | 1770 |
| The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliffe,       | 1771 |
| Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger :          | 1772 |
| But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,                   | 1773 |
| Who dotes, yet doubt's : Suspects, yet foundly loues ?     | 1774 |
| <i>Oth.</i> O miferie.                                     | 1775 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough, | 1776 |
| But Riches finefse, is as poore as Winter,                 | 1777 |
| To him that euer feares he fhall be poore :                | 1778 |
| Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend             | 1779 |
| From Iea loufie.                                           | 1780 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Why ? why is this ?                            | 1781 |
| Think'ft thou, I'd make a Life of Iea loufie ;             | 1782 |
| To follow ftill the changes of the Moone                   | 1783 |
| With freſh fufpitions ? No : to be once in doubt,          | 1784 |
| Is to be refolu'd : Exchange me for a Goat,                | 1785 |
| When I fhall turne the bufineſſe of my Soule               | 1786 |
| To fuch exufficate, and blow'd Surmifes,                   | 1787 |
| Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iea lious,     | 1788 |
| To fay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,        | 1789 |

- 1665 Is free of speech, sings, playes, and dances well ;  
 1666 Where vertue is, these are more vertuous :  
 1667 Nor from mine owne weake merrits will I draw  
 1668 The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,  
 1669 For she had eies, and chose me : no *Iago*,  
 1670 I'le see before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,  
 1671 And on the prooffe, there is no more but this :  
 1797 1672 Away at once with loue or iealousie.  
 1673 *Iag.* I am glad of it, for now I shall haue reason,  
 1674 To shew the loue and duty that I beare you,  
 1675 With franker spirit : therefore as I am bound  
 1676 Receiue it from me : I speake not yet of prooffe,  
 1677 Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio* ;  
 1678 We are your eie thus, not iealous, nor secure,  
 1679 I would not haue your free and noble nature,  
 1680 Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't :  
 1681 I know our Countrey disposition well,  
 1807 1682 In *Venice* they doe let God see the pranks  
 1683 They dare shew their husbands : their best conscience,  
  
 1684 Is not to leaue vndone, but keepe vnknewne.  
 1685 *Oth.* Doest thou say so.  
 1686 *Iag.* She did deceiue her father marrying you ;  
 1687 And when she seem'd to shake and feare your looks,  
 1688 She lou'd them most.     *Oth.* And so she did.  
  
 1689 *Iag.* Why go too then,  
 1690 She that so young, could giue out such a seeming,  
 1691 To feale her fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,  
 1692 He thought twas witchcraft : but I am much too blame,  
  
 1693 I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,  
 1822 1694 For too much louing you.  
 1695 *Oth.* I am bound to thee for euer.  
 1696 *Iag.* I see this hath a little dash't your spirits.  
 1697 *Oth.* Not a iot, not a iot.

|                                                             |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances :              | 1790 |
| Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.                   | 1791 |
| Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw               | 1792 |
| The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,                 | 1793 |
| For she had eyes, and chose me. No <i>Iago</i> ,            | 1794 |
| Ile see before I doubt ; when I doubt, proue ;              | 1795 |
| And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,              | 1796 |
| Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie.                       | 1797 |
| <i>Ia.</i> I am glad of this : For now I shall haue reason  | 1798 |
| To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you                  | 1799 |
| With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)              | 1800 |
| Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe :           | 1801 |
| Looke to your wife, obserue her well with <i>Cassio</i> ,   | 1802 |
| Weare your eyes, thus : not Iealous, nor Secure :           | 1803 |
| I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,               | 1804 |
| Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd : Looke too't :              | 1805 |
| I know our Country disposition well :                       | 1806 |
| In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks                | 1807 |
| They dare not shew their Husbands.                          | 1808 |
| Their best Conscience,                                      | 1809 |
| Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.                | 1810 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Dost thou say so ?                              | 1811 |
| <i>Iago.</i> She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,      | 1812 |
| And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your looks,         | 1813 |
| She lou'd them most.                                        | 1814 |
| <i>Oth.</i> And so she did.                                 | 1815 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why go too then :                              | 1816 |
| Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming            | 1817 |
| To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,                | 1818 |
| He thought 'twas Witchcraft.                                | 1819 |
| But I am much too blame :                                   | 1820 |
| I humbly do beseech you of your pardon                      | 1821 |
| For too much louing you.                                    | 1822 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I am bound to thee for euer.                    | 1823 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits : | 1824 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Not a iot, not a iot.                           | 1825 |

1698 *Iag.* Ifaith I feare it has.

1699 I hope you will confider what is fpoke,

1700 Comes from my loue : But I doe fee you are moou'd,

1701 I am to pray you, not to fraine my fpeech,

1702 To grofer iffues, nor to larger reach,

1703 Then to fufpition.

1704 *Oth.* I will not.

1705 *Iag.* Should you doe fo my Lord,

1706 My fpeech fhould fall into fuch vile fucceffe,

1707 As my thoughts aime not at : *Cafsio's* my trusty friend :

1708 My Lord, I fee you are moou'd.

1709 *Oth.* No, not much moou'd,

1710 I doe not thinke but *Defdemona's* honeft.

1711 *Iag.* Long liue fhe fo, and long liue you to thinke fo.

1712 *Oth.* And yet how nature erring from it felfe.

1845 1713 *Iag.* I, there's the point : as to be bold with you,

1714 Not to affect many propofed matches,

1715 Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,

1716 Where to we fee in all things, nature tends ;

1717 Fie we may fmell in fuch a will, moft ranke

1718 Foule difproportion : thoughts vnnaturall.

1719 But pardon me : I doe not in pofition,

1720 Deftinctly fpeake of her, tho I may feare

1721 Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,

1722 May fall to match you with her countrey formes,

1723 And happily repent.

1724 *Oth.* Farewell, if more

1725 Thou doeft perceiue, let me know more, fet on

1726 Thy wife to obferue ; leaue me *Iago*.

1727 *Iag.* My Lord I take my leaue.

1728 *Oth.* Why did I marry ? This honeft creature doubtleffe

|                                                      |      |
|------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Iago.</i> Trust me, I feare it has :              | 1826 |
| I hope you will confider what is fpoke               | 1827 |
| Comes from your Loue.                                | 1828 |
| But I do see y'are mou'd :                           | 1829 |
| I am to pray you, not to straine my fpeech           | 1830 |
| To groffer iffues, nor to larger reach,              | 1831 |
| Then to Sufpition.                                   | 1832 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I will not.                              | 1833 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Should you do fo(my Lord)               | 1834 |
| My fpeech fhould fall into fuch vilde fucceffe,      | 1835 |
| Which my Thoughts aym'd not.                         | 1836 |
| <i>Caffio's</i> my worthy Friend :                   | 1837 |
| My Lord, I fee y'are mou'd.                          | 1838 |
| <i>Oth.</i> No, not much mou'd :                     | 1839 |
| I do not thinke but <i>Defdemona's</i> honeft.       | 1840 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Long liue ſhe fo ;                      | 1841 |
| And long liue you to thinke fo.                      | 1842 |
| <i>Oth.</i> And yet how Nature erring from it felfe. | 1843 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I, there's the point :                  | 1844 |
| As (to be bold with you)                             | 1845 |
| Not to affect many propofed Matches                  | 1846 |
| Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,           | 1847 |
| Whereto we fee in all things, Nature tends :         | 1848 |
| Foh, one may ſmel in fuch, a will moft ranke,        | 1849 |
| Foule difproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.           | 1850 |
| But ( pardon me ) I do not in poſition               | 1851 |
| Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare         | 1852 |
| Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,         | 1853 |
| May fal to match you with her Country formes,        | 1854 |
| And happily repent.                                  | 1855 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Farewell, farewell :                     | 1856 |
| If more thou doſt perceiue, let me know more :       | 1857 |
| Set on thy wife to obferue.                          | 1858 |
| Leaue me <i>Iago.</i>                                | 1859 |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Lord, I take my leaue.               | 1860 |
| <i>Othel.</i> Why did I marry ?                      | 1861 |

- 1863 1729 Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.  
 1730 My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,  
 1731 *Iag.* To scan this thing no further, leaue it to time,  
 1732 Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* haue his place,  
 1733 For sure he fills it vp with great ability :  
 1734 Yet if you please to hold him off awhile,  
 1735 You shall by that perceiue him and his meanes ;  
 1736 Note if your Lady straine her entertainment,  
 1737 With any frong or vehement importunity,  
 1738 Much will be seene in that, in the meane time,  
 1739 Let me be thought too busie in my feares,  
 1740 As worthy cause I haue, to feare I am ;  
 1875 1741 And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.  
 1742 *Oth.* Feare not my gouernement.  
 1743 *Iag.* I once more take my leaue. *Exit*  
 1744 *Oth.* This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,  
 1745 And knowes all qualities, with a learned spirit  
 1746 Of humaine dealing : if I doe prooue her haggard,  
 1747 Tho that her Iesses were my deare heart frings,  
 1748 I'de whistle her off, and let her downe the wind,  
 1749 To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,  
 1750 And haue not those soft parts of conuersation,  
 1751 That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind  
 1752 Into the valt of yeares; yet that's not much,  
 1753 Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releife  
 1754 Must be to lothe her : O curse of marriage,  
 1755 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
 1890 1756 And not their appetites : I had rather be a Toade,  
 1757 And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,  
 1758 Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,  
 1759 For others vses : yet tis the plague of great ones,  
 1760 Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the base,  
 1761 Tis destiny, vnshunnable, like death :  
 1762 Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,  
 1763 When we doe quicken : *Desdemona* comes,



|                                                          |                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| This honest Creature (doubtleffe)                        | 1862              |
| Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolde.        | 1863              |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor | 1864              |
| To scan this thing no farther : Leauē it to time,        | 1865              |
| Although 'tis fit that <i>Cassio</i> haue his Place ;    | 1866              |
| For sure he filles it vp with great Ability ;            | 1867              |
| Yet if you please, to him off a-while :                  | 1868              |
| You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes :         | 1869              |
| Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment              | 1870              |
| With any strong, or vehement importunitie, '             | 1871              |
| Much will be seene in that : In the meane time,          | 1872              |
| Let me be thought too busie in my feares,                | 1873              |
| ( As worthy cause I haue to feare I am )                 | 1874              |
| And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.              | 1875              |
| <i>Oth.</i> Feare not my gouernment.                     | 1876              |
| <i>Iago.</i> I once more take my leaue.                  | <i>Exit.</i> 1877 |
| <i>Oth.</i> This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,          | 1878              |
| And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit          | 1879              |
| Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,           | 1880              |
| Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,      | 1881              |
| I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde         | 1882              |
| To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,              | 1883              |
| And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation            | 1884              |
| That Chamberers haue : Or for I am declin'd              | 1885              |
| Into the vale of yeares ( yet that's not much )          | 1886              |
| Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe                 | 1887              |
| Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage !             | 1888              |
| That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,          | 1889              |
| And not their Appetites ? I had rather be a Toad,        | 1890              |
| And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,                   | 1891              |
| Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue                  | 1892              |
| For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,      | 1893              |
| Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,               | 1894              |
| 'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death :                   | 1895              |
| Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,            | 1896              |
| When we do quicken. Looke where she comes :              | 1897              |

1764 If she be false, O then heauen mocks it selfe,

1765 I'll not beleuee it.

1766 *Enter Desdemona and Emillia.*

1767 *Desd.* How now my deare *Othello*?

1768 Your dinner, and the generous Ilander

1769 By you inuited, doe attend your presence,

1770 *Oth.* I am to blame.

1771 *Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

1772 *Oth.* I haue a paine vpon my forehead, here.

1773 *Des.* Faith that's with watching, t'will away againe;

1774 Let me but bind your head, within this houre

1775 It will be well againe.

1911 1776 *Oth.* Your napkin is too little:

1777 Let it alone, come I'll goe in with you.

1778 *Des.* I am very forry that you are not well.

1779 *Em.* I am glad I haue found this napkin,

*Ex. Oth. and*

1780 This was her first remembrance from the Moore,

*Desd.*

1781 My wayward husband, hath a hundred times

1782 Wooed me to steale it, but she so loues the token,

1783 For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it,

1784 That she referues it euer more about her,

1785 To kisse, and talke to; I'll ha the worke taine out,

1786 And giu't *Iago*: what hee'll doe with it,

1787 Heauen knowes, not I,

*Enter Iago.*

1788 I nothing know, but for his fantasie.

1789 *Iag.* How now, what doe you here alone?

1926 1790 *Em.* Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.

1791 *Iag.* A thing for me, it is a common thing.

1792 *Em.* Ha?

1793 *Iag.* To haue a foolish thing.

*Enter Desdemona and Emilia.* 1898

If she be false, Heaven mock'd it selfe : 1899  
Ile not beleue't. 1900

*Des.* How now, my deere *Othello*? 1901  
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders 1902  
By you invited, do attend your presence. 1903

*Oth.* I am too blame. 1904

*Des.* Why do you speake so faintly? 1905  
Are you not well? 1906

*Oth.* I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere. 1907

*Des.* Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe. 1908

Let me but binde it hard, within this houre 1909

It will be well. 1910

*Oth.* Your Napkin is too little : 1911

Let it alone : Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.* 1912

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well. 1913

*Emil.* I am glad I haue found this Napkin : 1914

This was her first remembrance from the Moore, 1915

My wayward Husband hath a hundred times 1916

Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token, 1917

(For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it) 1918

That she referues it euermore about her, 1919

To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out, 1920

And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it 1921

Heauen knowes, not I : 1922

I nothing, but to please his Fantasie. 1923

*Enter Iago.* 1924

*Iago.* How now? What do you heere alone? 1925

*Emil.* Do not you chide : I haue a thing for you. 1926

*Iago.* You haue a thing for me? 1927

It is a common thing—— 1928

*Emil.* Hah? 1929

*Iago.* To haue a foolish wife. 1930

1794 *Em.* O, is that all? what will you giue me now,

1795 For that fame handkercher?

1796 *Iag.* What handkercher?

1797 *Em.* What handkercher?

1798 Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,

1799 That which so often you did bid me steale.

1800 *Iag.* Ha't stole it from her?

1801 *Em.* No faith, she let it drop by negligence,

1989 1802 And to the aduantage, I being here, took't vp :

1803 Looke here it is.

1804 *Iag.* A good wench, giue it me.

1805 *Em.* What will you doe with it, that you haue bin

1806 So earnest to haue me filch it?

1807 *Iag.* Why, what's that to you?

1808 *Em.* If it be not for some purpose of import,

1809 Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad,

1810 When she shall lacke it.

1811 *Iag.* Be not you knowne on't, I haue vse for it :-- go leaue me ;

1812 I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this napkin, *Exit Em.*

1813 And let him finde it : trifles light as ayre,

1814 Are to the ieaious, confirmations strong

1815 As proofes of holy writ, this may doe something,

1816 Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,

1817 Which at the first are scarce found to distast.

1657 1818 But with a little art, vpon the blood, *Ent. Othello.*

1819 Burne like the mindes of sulphure : I did fay so :

1820 looke where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,

1821 Nor all the drouisie firrops of the world,

1822 Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe,

1823 Which thou owedst yesterday.

1824 *Oth.* Ha, ha, false to me, to me?

1825 *Iag.* Why how now Generall? no more of that.

1826 *Oth.* Auant, be gone, thou hast set me on the racke,

|                                                             |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now     | 1931 |
| For that fame Handkerchiefe.                                | 1932 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What Handkerchiefe?                            | 1933 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> What Handkerchiefe?                            | 1934 |
| Why that the Moore first gaue to <i>Desdemona</i> ,         | 1935 |
| That which so often you did bid me steale.                  | 1936 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Haft stolne it from her?                       | 1937 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> No : but she let it drop by negligence,        | 1938 |
| And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp :             | 1939 |
| Looke, heere 'tis.                                          | 1940 |
| <i>Iago.</i> A good wench, giue it me.                      | 1941 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> What will you do with't, that you haue bene    | 1942 |
| so earnest to haue me filch it?                             | 1943 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why, what is that to you?                      | 1944 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> If it be not for some purpose of import,       | 1945 |
| Giue't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad                | 1946 |
| When she shall lacke it.                                    | 1947 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Be not acknowne on't :                         | 1948 |
| I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me. <i>Exit Æmil.</i>          | 1949 |
| I will in <i>Cassio's</i> Lodging loose this Napkin,        | 1950 |
| And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,                | 1951 |
| Are to the iealous, confirmations strong,                   | 1952 |
| As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.             | 1953 |
| The Moore already changes with my poyson :                  | 1954 |
| Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,          | 1955 |
| Which at the first are scarce found to distaste :           | 1956 |
| But with a little acte vpon the blood,                      | 1957 |
| Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.             | 1958 |
| <i>Enter Othello.</i>                                       | 1959 |
| Looke where he comes : Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,           | 1960 |
| Nor all the drowfie Syrrups of the world                    | 1961 |
| Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe              | 1962 |
| Which thou owd'ft yesterday.                                | 1963 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Ha, ha, false to mee?                           | 1964 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why how now Generall? No more of that.         | 1965 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Auant, be gone : Thou haft fet me on the Racke: | 1966 |

1827 I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,

1828 Then but to know a little.

1829 *Iag.* How now my Lord ?

1830 *Oth.* What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust :

1831 I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,

1832 I slept the next night well, was free, and merry ;

1833 I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips,

1834 He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,

1835 Let him not know'r, and hee's not rob'd at all.

1836 *Iag.* I am sorry to heare this.

1977 1837 *Oth.* I had bin happy if the generall Campe,

1838 Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweete body,

1839 So I had nothing knowne : O now for euer

1840 Farewell the tra nquile mind, farewell content :

1841 Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres :

1842 That makes ambition vertue : O farewell,

1843 Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,

1844 The spirit-firring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife ;

1845 The royall Banner, and all quality,

1846 Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.

1847 And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,

1848 The immortall *Ioues* great clamor counterfeit ;

1849 Farewell, *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

1850 *Iag.* Ift possible my Lord ?

1851 *Oth.* Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a whore,

1992 1852 Be sure of it, giue me the ocular prooffe,

1853 Or by the worth of mans eternall soule,

1854 Thou hadst bin better haue beene borne a dog,

1855 Then answer my wak'd wrath.

1856 *Iag.* Ift come to this ?

1857 *Oth.* Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,

1858 That the probation, beare no'hinge, nor loope,

1859 To hang a doubt on : or woe vpon thy life.

1860 *Iag.* My noble Lord.

1861 *Oth.* If thou doest slander her, and torture me,

1862 Neuer pray more, abandon all remorse.

|                                                                 |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,                         | 1967 |
| Then but to know't a little.                                    | 1968 |
| <i>Iago.</i> How now, my Lord ?                                 | 1969 |
| <i>Oth.</i> What sence had I, in her stolne houres of Luft ?    | 1970 |
| I saw't not, thought it not : it harm'd not me :                | 1971 |
| I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.    | 1972 |
| I found not <i>Cassio's</i> kiffes on her Lippes :              | 1973 |
| He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,                  | 1974 |
| Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.                 | 1975 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I am sorry to heare this ?                         | 1976 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,           | 1977 |
| Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,                     | 1978 |
| So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer                       | 1979 |
| Farewell the Tranquill minde ; farewell Content ;               | 1980 |
| Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,              | 1981 |
| That makes Ambition, Vertue ! Oh farewell ;                     | 1982 |
| Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,             | 1983 |
| The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,                | 1984 |
| The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,                            | 1985 |
| Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre :              | 1986 |
| And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates                  | 1987 |
| Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,                  | 1988 |
| Farewell : <i>Othello's</i> Occupation's gone.                  | 1989 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Is't possible, my Lord ?                           | 1990 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore ;      | 1991 |
| Be sure of it : Giue me the Occular prooffe,                    | 1992 |
| Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,                         | 1993 |
| Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog                     | 1994 |
| Then answer my wak'd wrath.                                     | 1995 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Is't come to this ?                                | 1996 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Make me to see't : or ( at the least ) so proue it, | 1997 |
| That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,                  | 1998 |
| To hang a doubt on : Or woe vpon thy life.                      | 1999 |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Noble Lord.                                     | 2000 |
| <i>Oth.</i> If thou dost slander her, and torture me,           | 2001 |
| Neuer pray more : Abandon all remorse                           | 2002 |

1863 On horrors head, horrors accumulate :  
 1864 Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,  
 1865 For nothing canst thou to damnation ad greater then that.

1866 *Iag.* O grace, O heauen defend me,  
 1867 Are you a man, haue you a foule or fence ?  
 1868 God buy you, take mine office, — O wretched foole,  
 1869 That liest to make thine honesty a vice,  
 2011 1870 O monstrous world, take note, take note, O world,  
 1871 To be direct and honest, is not safe,  
 1872 I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,  
 1873 I'le loue no friend, since loue breedes such offence.  
 1874 *Oth.* Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest.  
 1875 *Iag.* I should be wife, for honestie's a foole,  
 2017 1876 And looses that it workes for ;

2026 1877 I see fir, you are eaten vp with passion,  
 1878 I doe repent me that I put it to you,  
 1879 You would be fatisfied.  
 1880 *Oth.* Would, nay, I will.  
 1881 *Iag.* And may, but how, how fatisfied my Lord ?  
 2031 1882 Would you, the superuifor grossely gape on,  
 1883 Behold her topt ?  
 1884 *Oth.* Death and damnation -- oh.  
 1885 *Iag.* It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,  
 1886 To bring em to that prospect, dam em then,  
 1887 If euer mortall eyes did see them boulder  
 1888 More then their owne ; what then, how then ?  
 1889 What shall I say ? where's satisfaction ?



|                                                           |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate :                     | 2003 |
| Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd ;         | 2004 |
| For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,                 | 2005 |
| Greater then that.                                        | 2006 |
| <i>Iago.</i> O Grace ! O Heauen forgiue me !              | 2007 |
| Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Senſe ?               | 2008 |
| God buy you : take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,        | 2009 |
| That lou'ſt to make thine Honeſty, a Vice !               | 2010 |
| Oh monſtrous world ! Take note, take note (O World)       | 2011 |
| To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.                     | 2012 |
| I thank you for this profit, and from hence               | 2013 |
| Ile loue no Friend, ſith Loue breeds ſuch offence.        | 2014 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Nay ſtay : thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.          | 2015 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I ſhould be wife ; for Honeſtie's a Foole,   | 2016 |
| And looſes that it workes for.                            | 2017 |
| <i>Oth.</i> By the World,                                 | 2018 |
| I thinke my Wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not :       | 2019 |
| I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not :    | 2020 |
| Ile haue ſome prooſe. My name that was as freſh           | 2021 |
| As <i>Dians</i> Viſage, is now begrim'd and blacke        | 2022 |
| As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,          | 2023 |
| Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,                 | 2024 |
| Ile not indure it. Would I were fatis ſied.               | 2025 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I ſee you are eaten vp with Paſſion :        | 2026 |
| I do repent me, that I put it to you.                     | 2027 |
| You would be ſatiſfied ?                                  | 2028 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Would? Nay, and I will.                       | 2029 |
| <i>Iago.</i> And may : but how ? How ſatiſfied, my Lord ? | 2030 |
| Would you the ſuper-viſion groſſely gape on ?             | 2031 |
| Behold her top'd ?                                        | 2032 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Death, and damnation. Oh !                    | 2033 |
| <i>Iago.</i> It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,      | 2034 |
| To bring them to that Proſpect : Damne them then,         | 2035 |
| If euer mortall eyes do ſee them boulſter                 | 2036 |
| More then their owne. What then ? How then ?              | 2037 |
| What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction ?                  | 2038 |

- 1890 It is impossible you should see this.  
 1891 Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,  
 1892 As salt as Wolues, in pride ; and fooles as grosse,  
 1893 As ignorance made drunke : But yet I say,  
 1894 If imputation and strong circumstances,  
 1895 Which leade directly to the doore of truth,  
 1896 Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.
- 2046 1897 *Oth.* Giue me a liuing reason, that thee's disloyall.  
 1898 *Iag.* I doe not like the office,  
 1899 But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,  
 1900 Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,  
 1901 I will goe on : I lay with *Cassio* lately,  
 1902 And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep,  
 1903 There are a kinde of men so loose of soule,  
 1904 That in their sleepees will mutter their affaires,  
 1905 One of this kinde is *Cassio* :  
 1906 In sleepe I heard him say. Sweete *Desdemona*,  
 1907 Let vs be merry, let vs hide our loues ;  
 1908 And then sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
- 2058 1909 Cry out, sweete creature, and then kisse me hard,  
 1910 As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,  
 1911 That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg  
 1912 Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiffed, and then  
 1913 Cried, curfed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.  
 1914 *Oth.* O Monstrons, monstrous.  
 1915 *Iag.* Nay, this was but his dreame.  
 1916 *Oth.* But this deuoted a fore-gone conclusion,  
 1917 *Iag.* Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,  
 1918 And this may helpe to thicken other proofes.  
 1919 That doe demonstrate thinly.  
 1920 *Oth.* I'le teare her all to peeces.  
 1921 *Iag.* Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,  
 1922 She may be honest yet, tell me but this,  
 1923 Haue you not sometimes seene a handkercher,  
 1924 Spotted with strawberries in your wiues hand.  
 1925 *Oth.* I gaue her such a one, twas my first gift.

|                                                           |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| It is impossible you should see this,                     | 2039 |
| Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,         | 2040 |
| As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse          | 2041 |
| As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I fay,                | 2042 |
| If imputation, and strong circumstances,                  | 2043 |
| Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,               | 2044 |
| Will giue you fatisfaction, you might haue't.             | 2045 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Giue me a liuing reafon she's difloyall.      | 2046 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I do not like the Office.                    | 2047 |
| But fith I am entred in this caufe fo farre               | 2048 |
| (Prick'd too't by foolifh Honefty, and Loue)              | 2049 |
| I will go on. I lay with <i>Caffio</i> lately,            | 2050 |
| And being troubled with a raging tooth,                   | 2051 |
| I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,             | 2052 |
| So loofe of Soule, that in their fleepes will mutter      | 2053 |
| Their Affayres : one of this kinde is <i>Caffio</i> :     | 2054 |
| In fleepe I heard him fay, fweet <i>Desdemona</i> ,       | 2055 |
| Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,                    | 2056 |
| And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand;         | 2057 |
| Cry, oh fweet Creature : then kiffe me hard,              | 2058 |
| As if he pluckt vp kifses by the rootes,                  | 2059 |
| That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,      | 2060 |
| And figh, and kiffe, and then cry curfed Fate,            | 2061 |
| That gaue thee to the Moore.                              | 2062 |
| <i>Oth.</i> O monftrous ! monftrous !                     | 2063 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Nay, this was but his Dreame.                | 2064 |
| <i>Oth.</i> But this denoted a fore-gone conclufion,      | 2065 |
| 'Tis a fhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.          | 2066 |
| <i>Iago.</i> And this may helpe to thicken other proofes, | 2067 |
| That do demonftrate thinly.                               | 2068 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Ile teare her all to peeces.                  | 2069 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Nay yet be wife ; yet we fee nothing done,   | 2070 |
| She may be honeft yet : Tell me but this,                 | 2071 |
| Haue you not fometimes feene a Handkerchiefe              | 2072 |
| Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand ?           | 2073 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I gaue her fuch a one : 'twas my firft gift.  | 2074 |

- 1926 *Iag.* I know not that, but such a handkercher,  
 1927 I am fure it was your wiues, did I to day  
 2077 1928 See *Cafsio* wipe his beard with.  
 1929 *Oth.* If't be that.  
 1930 *Iag.* If it be that, or any, it was hers,  
 1931 It ſpeakes againſt her, with the other proofes.  
 1932 *Oth.* O that the flauē had forty thouſand liues,  
 1933 One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge :  
 1934 Now doe I fee t is time, looke here *Iago*,  
 1935 All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen,— tis gone.  
 1936 Ariſe blacke vengeance, from thy hollow Cell,  
 1937 Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and harted Throne,  
 1938 To tirranous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,  
 1939 For tis of Aſpecks tongues.  
 1940 *Iag.* Pray be content. *he kneeles.*  
 1941 *Oth.* O blood, *Iago*, blood.  
 1942 *Iag.* Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change.  
 2092 1943 *Oth.* Neuer :  
  
 2100 1944 In the due reuerence of a ſacred vow,  
 1945 I here ingage my words.  
 1946 *Iag.* Doe not riſe yet :  
 1947 Witneſſe you euer-burning lights aboue;  
 1948 You Elements that clip vs round about, *Iago kneeles.*  
 1949 Witneſſe that here, *Iago* doth giue vp  
 1950 The excellency of his wit, hand, heart,  
 1951 To wrong'd *Othello's* ſeruiſe : let him command,  
 1952 And to obey, ſhall be remorce,  
 2109 1953 VVhat bloody worke ſo euer.  
 1954 *Oth.* I greeete thy loue :

|                                                           |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Iago.</i> I know not that : but such a Handkerchiefe   | 2075 |
| (I am sure it was your wifes) did I to day                | 2076 |
| See <i>Cassio</i> wipe his Beard with.                    | 2077 |
| <i>Oth.</i> If it be that.                                | 2078 |
| <i>Iago.</i> If it be that, or any, it was hers.          | 2079 |
| It speaks against her with the other proofes.             | 2080 |
| <i>Othel.</i> O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues : | 2081 |
| One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.               | 2082 |
| Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere <i>Iago</i> ,         | 2083 |
| All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.     | 2084 |
| Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,             | 2085 |
| Wield vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne          | 2086 |
| To tyrannous Hate. Swell before with thy fraught,         | 2087 |
| For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.                             | 2088 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Yet be content.                              | 2089 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Oh blood, blood, blood.                       | 2090 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Patience I say : your minde may change.      | 2091 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Neuer <i>Iago</i> . Like to the Ponticke Sea, | 2092 |
| Whose Icie Current, and compulsive course,                | 2093 |
| Neu'r keeps retyring ebbe, but keeps due on               | 2094 |
| To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont :                  | 2095 |
| Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace             | 2096 |
| Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,       | 2097 |
| Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge                    | 2098 |
| Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,               | 2099 |
| In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,                     | 2100 |
| I heere engage my words.                                  | 2101 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Do not rise yet :                            | 2102 |
| Witnesse you euer-burning Lights aboue,                   | 2103 |
| You Elements, that clip vs round about,                   | 2104 |
| Witnesse that heere <i>Iago</i> doth giue vp              | 2105 |
| The execution of his wit, hands, heart,                   | 2106 |
| To wrong'd <i>Othello's</i> Seruice. Let him command,     | 2107 |
| And to obey shall be in me remorse,                       | 2108 |
| What bloody business euer.                                | 2109 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I greet thy loue,                             | 2110 |

1955 Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
 1956 And will vpon the infant put thee to't,  
 1957 VWithin these three dayes, let me heare thee fay,  
 1958 That *Cassio's* not aliue,  
 1959 *Iag.* My friend is dead :  
 1960 Tis done as you request, but let her liue.

1961 *Oth.* Dam her lewd minks · O damher,

1962 Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw  
 1963 To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,  
 1964 For the faire diuell : now art thou my Leutenant. .

2124 1965 *Iag.* I am your owne for euer.

1966

*Exeunt :*

1967 *Enter Desdemonia Emilia and the Clowne.*

1968 *Def.* Do you know sirs, where the Leutenant *Cassio* lies ?

1969 *Clo.* I dare not fay he lies any where.

1970 *Def.* VVhy man ?

1971 He is a Souldier, and for one to fay a Souldier lies, is stabbing.

2132 1972 *Def.* Go to, where lodges he ?

2136 1973 *Clo.* I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuife a lodging  
 1974 and fay he lies there, were to lie in my throate.

2139 1975 *Defd.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report ?

1976 *Clo,* I will cathechize the world for him, that is, make questions  
 1977 And by them answer.

1978 *Defd.* Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my  
 1979 Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

|                                                                 |                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,           | 2111                |
| And will vpon the instant put thee too't.                       | 2112                |
| Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,                 | 2113                |
| That <i>Cassio's</i> not alieu.                                 | 2114                |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Friend is dead :                                | 2115                |
| 'Tis done at your Request.                                      | 2116                |
| But let her liue.                                               | 2117                |
| <i>Oth.</i> Damne her lewde Minx :                              | 2118                |
| O damne her, damne her.                                         | 2119                |
| Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw                         | 2120                |
| To furnish me with some fwift meanes of death                   | 2121                |
| For the faire Diuell.                                           | 2122                |
| Now art thou my Lieutenant.                                     | 2123                |
| <i>Iago.</i> I am your owne for euer.                           | <i>Exeunt.</i> 2124 |
| <br>                                                            |                     |
| <i>Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.</i>                      | 2125                |
| <i>Des.</i> Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant <i>Cassio</i>  | 2126                |
| lyes ?                                                          | 2127                |
| <i>Clow.</i> I dare not say he lies any where.                  | 2128                |
| <i>Des.</i> Why man ?                                           | 2129                |
| <i>Clow.</i> He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, | 2130                |
| 'tis stabbing.                                                  | 2131                |
| <i>Des.</i> Go too : where lodges he ?                          | 2132                |
| <i>Clow.</i> To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where   | 2133                |
| I lye.                                                          | 2134                |
| <i>Des.</i> Can any thing be made of this ?                     | 2135                |
| <i>Clow.</i> I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-     | 2136                |
| uife a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were   | 2137                |
| to lye in mine owne throat.                                     | 2138                |
| <i>Des.</i> Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by re-     | 2139                |
| port ?                                                          | 2140                |
| <i>Clow.</i> I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make  | 2141                |
| Questions, and by them answer.                                  | 2142                |
| <i>Des.</i> Seeke him, bidde him come hither : tell him, I      | 2143                |
| haue mou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will            | 2144                |
| be well.                                                        | 2145                |

1980 *Clo.* To doe this is within the compasse of a man, and therefore  
 1981 I'll attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*  
 1982 *Defd.* Where should I loose that handkercher *Emillia?*

1983 *Em.* I know not Madam.

1984 *Def.* Beleeue me, I had rather loose my purse  
 1985 Full of Crueltyes : and but my noble Moore  
 1886 Is true of minde, and made of no such baseness,  
 1987 As ielous creatures are, it were enough,  
 1988 To put him to ill thinkiug.

1989 *Em.* Is he not ielous :

2157 1990 *Defd.* Who he ? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,  
 1991 Drew all such humors from him. *Enter Othello.*

1992 *Em.* Looke where he comes.

1993 *Def.* I will not leaue him now,  
 1994 Let *Cassio* be cald to him : how is it with you my Lord ?

1995 *Oth.* Well my good Lady : O hardnesse to dissemble :  
 1996 How doe you *Desdemona* ?

1997 *Def.* Well, my good Lord.

1998 *Oth.* Giue me your hand, this hand is moift my Lady.

1999 *Def.* It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

2169 2000 *Oth.* This argues fruitfulnessse and liberall heart,  
 2001 Not hot and moift, this hand of yours requires  
 2002 A sequester from liberty : fasting and praying,  
 2003 Much castigation, exercise deuout ;  
 2004 For heere's a young and swetting diuell here,  
 2005 That commonly rebels : tis a good hand,  
 2006 A franke one.

2007 *Def.* You may indeed say so,

2008 For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

2009 *Oth.* A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,  
 2010 But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.

2011 *Def.* I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promise.



|                                                               |      |
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| <i>Clo.</i> To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,   | 2146 |
| and therefore I will attempt the doing it. <i>Exit Clo.</i>   | 2147 |
| <i>Def.</i> Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, <i>Æ-</i> | 2148 |
| <i>milia</i> ?                                                | 2149 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> I know not Madam.                                | 2150 |
| <i>Def.</i> Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse       | 2151 |
| Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore                     | 2152 |
| Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneffe,              | 2153 |
| As iealous Creatures are, it were enough                      | 2154 |
| To put him to ill-thinking.                                   | 2155 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Is he not iealous ?                              | 2156 |
| <i>Def.</i> Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,     | 2157 |
| Drew all such humors from him.                                | 2158 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Looke where he comes.                            | 2159 |
| <i>Enter Othello.</i>                                         | 2160 |
| <i>Def.</i> I will not leaue him now, till <i>Cassio</i> be   | 2161 |
| Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord ?                   | 2162 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Well my good Lady. Oh har dnes to diffemble !     | 2163 |
| How do you, <i>Desdemona</i> ?                                | 2164 |
| <i>Def.</i> Well, my good Lord.                               | 2165 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Giue me your hand.                                | 2166 |
| This hand is moist, my Lady.                                  | 2167 |
| <i>Def.</i> It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.        | 2168 |
| <i>Oth.</i> This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart :  | 2169 |
| Hot, hot, and moyft This hand of yours requires               | 2170 |
| A sequester from Liberty : Fasting, and Prayer,               | 2171 |
| Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,                            | 2172 |
| For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere                 | 2173 |
| That commonly rebels : 'Tis a good hand,                      | 2174 |
| A franke one.                                                 | 2175 |
| <i>Def.</i> You may (indeed) say so :                         | 2176 |
| For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.                  | 2177 |
| <i>Oth.</i> A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands :  | 2178 |
| But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.                    | 2179 |
| <i>Def.</i> I cannot speake of this :                         | 2180 |
| Come, now your promise.                                       | 2181 |

2012 *Oth.* What promise chucked?

2013 *Def.* I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

2014 *Oth.* I have a fault and fullen shame offends me,

2185 2015 Lend me thy handkercher,

2016 *Def.* Here my Lord.

2017 *Oth.* That which I gave you.

2018 *Def.* I have it not about me

2019 *Oth.* Not.

2020 *Def.* No faith my Lord.

2021 *Oth.* That's a fault: that handkercher

2022 Did an *Egyptian* to my mother give,

2023 She was a charmer, and could almost read

2024 The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,

2025 'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father

2026 Intirely to her love: But if she lost it,

2027 Intirely to her love: But if she lost it,

2028 Or made a gift of it: my father's eye

2029 Should hold her loathely, and his spirits should hunt

2030 After new fancies: she dying, gave it me,

2031 And bid me when my fate would have me give,

2032 To give it her; I did so, and take heed on't,

2202 2033 Make it a darling, like your precious eye,

2034 To lose, or give't away, were such perdition,

2035 As nothing else could match.

2036 *Def.* I't possible?

2037 *Oth.* 'Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,

2038 A Sybell that had numbered in the world,

2039 The Sun to make two hundred compasses,

2040 In her propheticke fury, sowed the work;

2041 The worms were hallowed that did breed the filke,

2042 And it was died in Mummy, with the skilfull

2043 Conferences of maidens hearts.

2044 *Def.* If aith i't true?

2045 *Oth.* Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.

2046 *Def.* Then would to God, that I had neuer seen it.

2047 *Oth.* Ha, wherefore?

|                                                                    |      |
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| <i>Oth.</i> What promise, Chucke ?                                 | 2182 |
| <i>Def.</i> I haue sent to bid <i>Cassio</i> come speake with you. | 2183 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I haue a fault and sorry Rhewme offends me :           | 2184 |
| Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.                                         | 2185 |
| <i>Def.</i> Heere my Lord,                                         | 2186 |
| <i>Oth.</i> That which I gaue you.                                 | 2187 |
| <i>Def.</i> I haue it not about me.                                | 2188 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Not ?                                                  | 2189 |
| <i>Def.</i> No indeed, my Lord.                                    | 2190 |
| <i>Oth.</i> That's a fault : That Handkerchiefe                    | 2191 |
| Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue :                                | 2192 |
| She was a Charmer, and could almost read                           | 2193 |
| The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,           | 2194 |
| 'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father                    | 2195 |
| Intirely to her loue : But if she lost it,                         | 2196 |
| Or made a Gift of it, my Fathers eye                               | 2197 |
| Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt               | 2198 |
| After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,                          | 2199 |
| And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)                      | 2200 |
| To giue it her. I did so ; and take heede on't,                    | 2201 |
| Make it a Darling, like your precious eye :                        | 2202 |
| To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,                   | 2203 |
| As nothing else could match. <i>Def.</i> Is't possible ?           | 2204 |
| <br>                                                               |      |
| <i>Oth.</i> 'Tis true : There's Magicke in the web of it :         | 2205 |
| A <i>Sybill</i> that had numbred in the world                      | 2206 |
| The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,                          | 2207 |
| In her Prophetick furie sow'd the Worke :                          | 2208 |
| The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,               | 2209 |
| And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull                      | 2210 |
| Conferu'd of Maidens hearts.                                       | 2211 |
| <i>Def.</i> Indeed ? Is't true ?                                   | 2212 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Most veritable, therefore lookd too't well.            | 2213 |
| <i>Def.</i> Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?        | 2214 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Ha? wherefore ?                                        | 2215 |

- 2216 2048 *Def.* Why doe you speake so startingly and rashly.  
 2049 *Oth.* I'ft loſt? i'ft gone? ſpeake, is it out o'the way?  
 2050 *Def.* Heauen bleſſe vs.  
 2051 *Oth.* Say you?  
 2052 *Def.* It is not loſt, but what and if it were?  
 2053 *Oth.* Ha.  
 2054 *Def.* I fay it is not loſt.  
 2055 *Oth.* Fetch't, let me ſee it,  
 2056 *Def.* Why ſo I can ſir, but I will not now,  
 2057 This is a tricke, to put me from my fuite,  
 2058 I pray let *Cafſio*, be receiu'd againe.  
 2059 *Oth.* Fetch me that handkercher, my mind miſgiues.
- 2229 2060 *Def.* Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more ſufficient man.
- 2061 *Oth.* The handkercher.  
 2062 *Def.* I pray talke me of *Cafſio*.  
 2063 *Oth.* The handkercher.  
 2064 *Def.* A man that all his time,  
 2065 Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,  
 2066 Shar'd dangers with you.  
 2067 *Oth.* The handkercher.  
 2068 *Def.* Ifaith you are too blame.  
 2069 *Oth.* Zouns. *Exit.*  
 2070 *Em.* Is not this man iealous?  
 2071 *Def.* I ne're ſaw this before:  
 2072 Sure there's ſome wonder in this handkercher,  
 2073 I am moſt vnhappy in the loſſe.  
 2074 *Enter Iago and Caffio.*  
 2075 *Em.* Tis not a yeere or two ſhewes vs a man,  
 2076 They are all but ſtomacks, and we all but foode;  
 2077 They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,  
 2078 They belch vs; looke you, *Cafſio* and my husband.

|                                                                      |                           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Def.</i> Why do you speake so startingly, and rash ?              | 2216                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> Is't loft ? Is't gon? Speake, is't out o'th'way ?        | 2217                      |
| <i>Def.</i> Bleffe vs.                                               | 2218                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> Say you ?                                                | 2219                      |
| <i>Def.</i> It is not loft : but what and if it were ?               | 2220                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> How ?                                                    | 2221                      |
| <i>Def.</i> I say it is not loft.                                    | 2222                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> Fetcht, let me see't.                                    | 2223                      |
| <i>Def.</i> Why fo I can : but I will not now :                      | 2224                      |
| This is a tricke to put me from my fuite,                            | 2225                      |
| Pray you let <i>Cassio</i> be receiu'd againe.                       | 2226                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,                              | 2227                      |
| My minde mis-giues.                                                  | 2228                      |
| <i>Def.</i> Come, come : you'l neuer meete a more suffi-<br>ent man. | 2229                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> The Handkerchiefe.                                       | 2231                      |
| <br>                                                                 |                           |
| <i>Def.</i> A man that all his time                                  | 2232                      |
| Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue ;                        | 2233                      |
| Shar'd dangers with you.                                             | 2234                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> The Handkerchiefe.                                       | 2235                      |
| <i>Def.</i> Infooth, you are too blame.                              | 2236                      |
| <i>Oth.</i> Away.                                                    | <i>Exit Othello.</i> 2237 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Is not this man iealous ?                               | 2238                      |
| <i>Def.</i> I neu'r saw this before.                                 | 2239                      |
| Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchikfe,                     | 2240                      |
| I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.                                | 2241                      |
| <br>                                                                 |                           |
| <i>Æmil.</i> 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man :               | 2242                      |
| They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,                     | 2243                      |
| They eat vs hungerly, and when they are full                         | 2244                      |
| They belch vs.                                                       | 2245                      |
| <i>Enter Iago, and Cassio.</i>                                       | 2246                      |
| <br>                                                                 |                           |
| Looke you, <i>Cassio</i> and my Husband.                             | 2247                      |

- 2079 *Iag.* There is no other way, tis she must doe it,  
 2249 2080 And loe the happineffe, goe, and importune her.  
 2081 *Def.* How now good *Cafsio*, what's the news with you ?
- 2082 *Caf.* Madam, my former fuite : I doe befeech you,  
 2083 That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe  
 2084 Exift, and be a member of his loue,  
 2085 Whom I, with all the duty of my heart  
 2086 Intirely honour, I would not be delayed :  
 2087 If my offence be of fuch mortall kind,  
 2088 That neither feruice past, nor present forrowes,  
 2089 Nor purpos'd merrit, in futurity  
 2090 Can ranfome me, into his loue againe  
 2091 But to know so, must be my benefit,  
 2092 So shall I cloth me in a forc'd content,  
 2263 2093 And shoote my selfe vp in some other courfe,  
 2094 To fortunes almes.
- 2095 *Def.* Alas thrice gentle *Cafsio*,  
 2096 My aduocation is not now in tune;  
 2097 My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him  
 2098 Were he in fauour, as in humor altred.  
 2099 So helpe me, euery spirit sanctified,  
 2100 As I haue spoken for you, all my best,  
 2101 And stood within the blanke of his displeasure.  
 2102 For my free speech : you must a while be patient,  
 2103 What I can doe I will, and more I will  
 2104 Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.
- 2105 *Iag.* Is my Lord angry ?  
 2106 *Em* He went hence but now,  
 2107 And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.
- 2278 2108 *Iag.* Can he be angry ? I haue seene the Cannon,  
 2109 When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre ;  
 2110 And (like the Diuell) from his very arme,  
 2111 Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry ?  
 2112 Something of moment then : I will goe meete him,  
 2113 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

|                                                                       |                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| <i>Iago.</i> There is no other way : 'tis the must doo't :            | 2248             |
| And loe the happineffe : go, and importune her.                       | 2249             |
| <i>Def.</i> How now (good <i>Cassio</i> ) what's the newes with you ? | 2250<br>2251     |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Madam, my former fuite. I do befeech you,              | 2252             |
| That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe                            | 2253             |
| Exift, and be a member of his loue,                                   | 2254             |
| Whom I, with all the Office of my heart                               | 2255             |
| Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.                               | 2256             |
| If my offence, be of fuch mortall kinde,                              | 2257             |
| That nor my Seruice paff, nor present Sorrowes,                       | 2258             |
| Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,                                       | 2259             |
| Can ranfome me into his loue againe,                                  | 2260             |
| But to know fo, must be my benefit :                                  | 2261             |
| So fhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,                             | 2262             |
| And fhut my felfe vp in fome other courfe                             | 2263             |
| To Fortunes Almes.                                                    | 2264             |
| <i>Def.</i> Alas (thrice-gentle <i>Cassio</i> )                       | 2265             |
| My Aduocation is not now in Tune ;                                    | 2266             |
| My Lord, is not my Lord ; nor fhould I know him,                      | 2267             |
| Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.                              | 2268             |
| So helpe me euery fpirit fanctified,                                  | 2269             |
| As I haue fpoken for you all my beft,                                 | 2270             |
| And stood within the blanke of his difpleafure                        | 2271             |
| For my free fpeech. You must awhile be patient :                      | 2272             |
| What I can do, I will : and more I will                               | 2273             |
| Then for my felfe, I dare. Let that fuffice you.                      | 2274             |
| <i>Iago.</i> Is my Lord angry ?                                       | 2275             |
| <i>Emil.</i> He went hence but now :                                  | 2276             |
| And certainly in ftrange vnquietneffe.                                | 2277             |
| <i>Iago.</i> Can he be angry ? I haue feene the Cannon                | 2278             |
| When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,                         | 2279             |
| And like the Diuell from his very Arme                                | 2280             |
| Puff't his owne Brother : And is he angry ?                           | 2281             |
| Something of moment then : I will go meet him,                        | 2282             |
| There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.                           | <i>Exit</i> 2283 |

- 2284 2114 *Desd.* I preethee do fo : something fure of State,  
 2115 Either from *Venice*, or some vnhatct practice,  
 2116 Made demonftrable here in *Cypres* to him,  
 2117 Hath pudled his cleere fpirit, and in fuch cafes  
 2118 Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,  
 2119 Tho great ones are the obiect,  
 2120 Tis euen fo : for let our finger ake,  
 2121 And it endues our other heathfull members,  
 2122 Euen to that fence of paine ; nay, we muft thinke,  
 2123 Men are not gods,  
 2124 Nor of them looke for fuch obseruances  
 2125 As fits the Bridall : befrew me much *Emillia*,  
 2126 I was (vnhandfome, warrior as I am)  
 2127 Arraigning his vnkindenffe with my foule ;  
 2128 But now I finde, I had fubbornd the witneffe,  
 :2298 2129 And hee's indited falfly.  
 2130 *Em.* Pray heauen it be State matters, as you thinke,  
 2131 And no conception, nor no iealous toy  
 2132 Concerning you.  
 2133 *Desd.* Alas the day, I neuer gaue him caufe.  
 2134 *Em.* But iealous foules will not be answered fo,  
 2135 They are not euer iealous for the caufe,  
 2136 But iealous for they are iealous : tis a monfter,  
 2137 Begot vpon it felfe, borne on it felfe.  
 2138 *Desd.* Heauen keepe that monfter from *Othello's* mind.  
 2139 *Em.* Lady, Amen.  
 2140 *Des.* I will goe feeke him, *Cafsio* walke here about,  
 2141 If I doe finde him fit, I'll moue your fuite, *Exeunt Desd.*  
 2142 And feeke to effect it to my vttermoft. *and Emillia.*  
 2143 *Caf.* I humbly thanke your Ladifhip.  
  
 2314 2144 *Bian.* Saue you friend *Cafsio.* *Enter Bianca.*  
 2145 *Caf.* What make you from home ?  
 2146 How is it with you my moft faire *Bianca* ?  
 2147 Ifaith fweete loue I was comming to your houfe.



*Def.* I prythee do fo. Something fure of State, 2284  
 Either from Venice, or some vnatch'd practife 2285  
 Made demonftrable heere in Cyprus, to him, 2286  
 Hath pudled his cleare Spirit : and in fuch cafes, 2287  
 Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things, 2288  
 Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen fo. 2289  
 For let our finger ake, and it endues 2290  
 Our other healthfull members, euen to a fenfe 2291  
 Of paine. Nay, we muft thinke men are not Gods, 2292

Nor of them looke for fuch obseruancie 2293  
 As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*, 2294  
 I was ( vnhandfome Warrior, as I am ) 2295  
 Arraigning his vnkindneffe with my foule : 2296  
 But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witneffe, 2297  
 And he's Indited falſely. 2298

*Æmil.* Pray heauen it bee 2299  
 State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, 2300  
 Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you. 2301

*Def.* Alas the day, I neuer gaue him caufe. 2302

*Æmil.* But Iealious foules will not be anfwer'd fo ; 2303  
 They are not euer iealious for the caufe, 2304  
 But iealious, for they're iealious. It is a Monster 2305  
 Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe. 2306

*Def.* Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind. 2307

*Æmil.* Lady, Amen. 2308

*Def.* I will go ſeeke him. *Caffio*, walke heere about : 2309  
 If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite, 2310  
 And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *Exit* 2311

*Caf.* I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip. 2312

*Enter Bianca.* 2313

*Bian.* 'Sawe you (Friend *Caffio*.) 2314

*Caffio.* What make you from home ? 2315

How is't with you, my moſt faire *Bianca* ? 2316

Indeed (ſweet Loue) I was comming to your houſe. 2317

2148 *Bian.* And I was going to your Lodging *Cafsio* ;  
 2149 What, keepe a weeke away ? feuen daies and nights,  
 2150 Eightfcore eight houres, and louers abfent houres,  
 2151 More tedious then the diall, eightfcore times,  
 2152 No weary reckoning.

2153 *Caf.* Pardon me *Bianca*,

2324 2154 I haue this while with laden thoughts bin preft,  
 2155 But I fhall in a more conuenient time,  
 2156 Strike off this fcore of abfence : fweete *Bianca*,  
 2157 Take me this worke out.

2158 *Bian.* Oh *Cafsio*, whence came this ?

2159 This is fome token froma newer friend,  
 2160 To the felt abfence, now I feele a caufe,  
 2161 Ift come to this ?

2162 *Caf.* Go to woman,

2163 Throw your vile gheffes in the diueils teeth,  
 2164 From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,  
 2165 That this is from fome miftriffe, fome remembrance.  
 2166 No by my faith *Bianca*,

2167 *Bian.* Why who's is it ?

2339 2168 *Caf.* I know not fweete, I found it in my chamber,

2169 I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,  
 2170 As like enough it will, I'de haue it coppied,  
 2171 Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.

2172 *Bian.* Leaue you, wherefore ?

2173 *Caf.* I doe attend here on the Generall,  
 2174 And thinke it no addition, nor my wifh,  
 2175 To haue him fee me woman'd.

2176 *Bian.* But that you doe not loue me :

2177 I pray you bring me on the way alittle,  
 2178 And fay, if I fhall fee you foone at night.

2179 *Caf.* Tis but a little way, that I canbring you,  
 2180 For I attend here, but I'll fee you foone.

|                                                               |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Bian.</i> And I was going to your Lodging, <i>Cassio</i> . | 2318 |
| What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?            | 2319 |
| Eight fcore eight houres? And Louers absent howres            | 2320 |
| More tedious then the Diall, eight fcore times?               | 2321 |
| Oh weary reck'ning.                                           | 2322 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Pardon me, <i>Bianca</i> :                     | 2323 |
| I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,           | 2324 |
| But I shall in a more continueate time                        | 2325 |
| Strike off this fcore of absence. Sweet <i>Bianca</i>         | 2326 |
| Take me this worke out.                                       | 2327 |
| <i>Bianca.</i> Oh <i>Cassio</i> , whence came this?           | 2328 |
| This is some Token from a newer Friend,                       | 2329 |
| To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause:                     | 2330 |
| Is't come to this? Well, well.                                | 2331 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Go too, woman :                                | 2332 |
| Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth,                  | 2333 |
| From whence you haue them. You are iealous now,               | 2334 |
| That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;             | 2335 |
| No, in good troth <i>Bianca</i> .                             | 2336 |
| <i>Bian.</i> Why, who's is it?                                | 2337 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> I know not neither :                           | 2338 |
| I found it in my Chamber,                                     | 2339 |
| I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded                     | 2340 |
| (As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:             | 2341 |
| Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.               | 2342 |
| <i>Bian.</i> Leaue you? Wherefore?                            | 2343 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> I do attend heere on the Generall,             | 2344 |
| And thinke it no addition nor my wish                         | 2345 |
| To haue him see me woman'd.                                   | 2346 |
| <i>Bian.</i> Why, I ptay you?                                 | 2347 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Not that I loue you not.                       | 2348 |
| <i>Bian.</i> But that you do not loue me.                     | 2349 |
| I pray you bring me on the way a little,                      | 2350 |
| And say, if I shall see you soone at night?                   | 2351 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,    | 2352 |
| For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.                    | 2353 |

2181 *Bian.* Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

*Exeunt.*

## *Actus. 4.*

2356 2182

*Enter Iago and Othello,*

2183 *Iag.* Will you thinke so?

2184 *Oth.* Thinke so *Iago.*

2185 *Iag.* What, to kisse in priuate?

2186 *Oth.* An vnauthoriz'd kisse.

2187 *Iag.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,

2188 An houre, or more, not meaning any harme.

2189 *Oth.* Naked abed *Iago,* and not meane harme?

2190 It is hypocrisie against the diuell:

2191 They that meane vertuoufly, and yet doe so,

2192 The diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen:

2193 *Iag.* So they doe nothing, tis a veniall flip;

2194 But if I giue my wife a handkercher.

2195 *Oth.* What then?

2196 *Iag.* Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,

2197 She may, I thinke, bestow't on any man.

2198 *Oth.* She is protectres of her honour to,

2373 2199 May she giue that?

2200 *Iag.* Her honour is an essence that's not seene,

2201 They haue it very oft, that haue it not:

2202 But for the handkercher.

2203 *Oth.* By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:

2204 Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory,

2205 As doth the Rauen o're the infected house,

2206 Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.

2207 *Iag.* I, what of that?

2208 *Oth.* That's not so good now.

2383 2209 *Iag.* What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?

*Bian.* 'Tis very good : I muft be circumftanc'd. 2354  
*Exeunt omnes.* 2355

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Othello, and Iago.* 2356

*Iago.* Will you thinke fo? 2357  
*Oth.* Thinke fo, *Iago*? 2358  
*Iago.* What, to kiffe in priuate? 2359  
*Oth.* An vnauthoriz'd kiffe? 2360  
*Iago.* Or to be naked with her Friend in bed, 2361  
 An houre, or more, not meaning any harme? 2362  
*Oth.* Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme? 2363  
 It is hypocrifie againft the Diuell : 2364  
 They that meane vertuoufly, and yet do fo, 2365  
 The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen. 2366  
*Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall flip : 2367  
 But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe. 2368  
*Oth.* What then? 2369  
*Iago.* Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers, 2370  
 She may (I thinke) beftow't on any man. 2371  
*Oth.* She is Protectrefse of her honor too : 2372  
 May ſhe giue that? 2373  
*Iago.* Her honor is an Effence that's not feene, 2374  
 They haue it very oft, that haue it not. 2375  
 But for the Handkerchiefe. 2376  
*Othe.* By heauen, I would moft gladly haue forgot it : 2377  
 Thou faidft (oh, it comes ore my memorie, 2378  
 As doth the Rauens o're the infectious houfe : 2379  
 Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe. 2380  
*Iago.* I : what of that? 2381  
*Othe.* That's not fo good now. 2382  
*Iag.* What if I had faid, I had feene him do you wrong? 2383

2210 Or heard him fay (as knaues be fuch abroad)  
 2211 Who hauing by their owne importunate fuite,  
 2212 Or by the voluntaty dotage of fome miftris,  
 2213 Conuincd, or fupplied them, cannot chufe,  
 2214 But they muft blab.

2389 2215 *Oth.* Hath he faid any thing ?

2216 *Iag.* He hath my Lord, but be you well affur'd,  
 2217 No more then hee'l vnfwear.

2218 *Oth.* What hath he fayd ?

2219 *Iag.* Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.

2220 *Oth.* But what ?      *Iag.* Lye.

2221 *Oth.* With her ?

2222 *Iag.* With her, on her, what you will.

2223 *Oth.* Lie with her, lie on her ? We fay lie on her, when they bely

2400 2224 her ; lye with her, Zouns, that's fulfome, handkerchers, Confession,

2406 2225 hankerchers.

*He fals downe.*

2226 *Iag.* Worke on my medicine, worke : thus credulous fooles are  
 2227 caught, and many worthy and chafte dames, euen thus all guiltleffe,  
 2228 meete reproach ; What ho my Lord, my Lord I fay, *Othello*, -- how  
 2229 now *Cafsio*.      *Enter Caffio.*

2230 *Caf.* What's the matter ?

2231 *Iag.* My Lord is falne into an Epilepfy,  
 2232 This is his fecond fit, he had one yefterday.

2233 *Caf.* Rub him about the Temples.

2234 *Iag.* No, forbear,

2235 The Lethergie, muft haue his quiet courfe,

|                                                             |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroa d,                | 2384 |
| Who hauing by their owne importunate fuit,                  | 2385 |
| Or voluntary dota ge of some Miftris,                       | 2386 |
| Conuincd or supply'd them, cannot chuse                     | 2387 |
| But they must blab.)                                        | 2388 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Hath he said any thing ?                        | 2389 |
| <i>Iago.</i> He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,     | 2390 |
| No more then he'le vn-sweare.                               | 2391 |
| <i>Oth.</i> What hath he said ?                             | 2392 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why, that he did : I know not what he did.     | 2393 |
| <i>Othe.</i> What ? What ?                                  | 2394 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Lye.                                           | 2395 |
| <i>Oth.</i> With her ?                                      | 2396 |
| <i>Iago.</i> With her ? On her : what you will.             | 2397 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Lye with her ? lye on her ? We say lye on her, | 2398 |
| when they be-lye-her. Lye with her : that's fullsome :      | 2399 |
| Handkerchiefe : Confessions : Handkerchiefe. To con-        | 2400 |
| fesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,   | 2401 |
| and then to confesse : I tremble at it. Nature would not    | 2402 |
| inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some    | 2403 |
| Iustruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)    | 2404 |
| Noses, Eares, and Lippes : is't possible. Confesse ? Hand-  | 2405 |
| kerchiefe ? O diuell. <i>Falls in a Traunce.</i>            | 2406 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Worke on,                                      | 2407 |
| My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,       | 2408 |
| And many worthy, and chaste Dames euen thus,                | 2409 |
| (All guiltlesse)meete reproach ; what hoa ? My Lord ?       | 2410 |
| My Lord, I say : <i>Othello.</i>                            | 2411 |
| <i>Enter Cassio.</i>                                        | 2412 |
| How now <i>Cassio</i> ?                                     | 2413 |
| <i>Cas.</i> What's the matter ?                             | 2414 |
| <i>Iago.</i> My Lord is false into an Epilepsie,            | 2415 |
| This is his second Fit : he had one yesterday.              | 2416 |
| <i>Cas.</i> Rub him about the Temples.                      | 2417 |
| <i>Iago.</i> The Lethargie must haue his quiet course :     | 2418 |

- 2236 If not he foames at mouth, and by and by  
 2237 Breakes out to sauage madnesse : looke he stirres :  
 2238 Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,  
 2239 He will recouer straight, when he is gon,  
 2240 I would on great occasion speake with you.  
 2424 2241 How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head ?  
 2242 *Oth.* Doeft thou mocke me ?  
 2243 *Iag.* I mocke you ? no by Heauen,  
 2244 Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.  
 2245 *Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.  
 2246 *Iag.* There's many a beast then in a populous City,  
 2247 And many a ciuill monster.  
 2248 *Oth.* Did he confesse ?  
 2249 *Iag.* Good fir be a man,  
 2250 Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,  
 2251 May draw with you, there's millions now alieue,  
 2252 That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,  
 2253 Which they dare sweare peculiar : your case is better :  
 2254 O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,  
 2438 2255 To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,  
 2256 And to suppose her chaste : No, let me know,  
 2257 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.  
 2258 *Oth.* O thou art wife, tis certaine.  
 2259 *Iag.* Stand you awhile apart,  
 2260 Confine your selfe but in a patient list :  
 2261 Whilst you were here ere while, mad with your grieffe,  
 2262 A passion most vnfuting such a man,  
 2263 *Cassio* came hither, I shifted him away,  
 2447 2264 And layed good scufe, vpon your extacy,  
 2265 Bid him anon retire, and here speake with me,  
 2266 The which he promifde : but incaue your selfe,  
 2267 And marke the Ieeres, the Iibes, and notable scornes,  
 2268 That dwell in euery region of his face ;  
 2269 For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
 2270 Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,  
 2271 He has, and is againe to cope your wife :



|                                                            |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| If not, he foames at mouth : and by and by                 | 2419 |
| Breakes out to fauge madneffe. Looke, he stirres :         | 2420 |
| Do you withdraw your felfe a little while,                 | 2421 |
| He will recouer straight : when he is gone,                | 2422 |
| I would on great occafion, fpeake with you.                | 2423 |
| How is it Generall ? Haue you not hurt your head ?         | 2424 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Dost thou mocke me ?                          | 2425 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I mocke you not, by Heauen:                   | 2426 |
| Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.             | 2427 |
| <i>Othe.</i> A Horned man's a Monfter, and a Beaft.        | 2428 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Ther's many a Beaft then in a populous Citty, | 2429 |
| And many a ciuill Monfter.                                 | 2430 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Did he confesse it ?                          | 2431 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Good Sir, be a man :                          | 2432 |
| Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd              | 2433 |
| May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,             | 2434 |
| That nightly lye in thofe vnproper beds,                   | 2435 |
| Which they dare fweare peculiar. Your cafe is better.      | 2436 |
| Oh, 'tis the fpight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,         | 2437 |
| To lip a wanton in a fecure Cowch;                         | 2438 |
| And to fuppoze her chaft. No, let me know,                 | 2439 |
| And knowing what I am, I know what fhe fhallbe.            | 2440 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Oh, thou art wife : 'tis certaine.            | 2441 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Stand you a while apart,                      | 2442 |
| Confine your felfe but in a patient Lift,                  | 2443 |
| Whil'ft you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grieffe     | 2444 |
| (A paffion moft refulting fuch a man)                      | 2445 |
| <i>Caffio</i> came hither. I fhifted him away,             | 2446 |
| And layd good fcufes vpon your Extafie,                    | 2447 |
| Bad him anon returne : and heere fpeake with me,           | 2448 |
| The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your felfe,           | 2449 |
| And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes      | 2450 |
| That dwell in euery Region of his face.                    | 2451 |
| For I will make him tell the Tale anew;                    | 2452 |
| Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when                | 2453 |
| He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.                  | 2454 |

- 2272 I fay, but marke his ieafture, mary patience,  
 2273 Or I fhall fay, you are all in all, in fpleene,  
 2274 And nothing of a man.  
 2458 2275 *Oth.* Doeft thou heare *Iago*,  
 2276 I will be found moft cunning in my patience ;  
 2277 But doeft thou heare, moft bloody.  
 2278 *Iag.* That's not amiffe :  
 2279 But yet keepe time in all ; will you withdraw ?  
 2280 Now will I queftion *Cafsio* of *Bianca* ;  
 2281 A hufwife that by felling her defires,  
 2282 Buys her felfe bread and cloathes : it is a Creature,  
 2283 That dotes on *Cafsio* : as tis the frumpets plague  
 2284 To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent.Caffio* :  
 2285 He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine  
 2286 From the exceffe of laughter : here he comes :
- 2471 2287 As he fhall fmile, *Othello* fhall goe mad,  
 2288 And his vnbookifh ieaouloufie muft confter  
 2289 Poore *Cafsio's* fmiles, geftures, and light behauiour,  
 2290 Quite in the wrong : How doe you now Leutenant'  
 2291 *Caf.* The worfer, that you giue me the addition,  
 2292 Whofe want euen kills me.  
 2293 *Iag.* Ply *Defdemona* well, and you are fure on't.  
 2294 Now if this fuite lay in *Bianca's* power,  
 2295 How quickly fhould you fpeed.  
 2479 2296 *Caf.* Alas poore Catuue.  
 2297 *Oth.* Looke how he laughes already.  
 2298 *Iag.* I neuer knew a womanloue man fo.  
 2299 *Caf.* Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith ſhe loues me.  
 2300 *Oth.* Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.  
 2301 *Iag.* Doe you heare *Cafsio* ?  
 2302 *Oth.* Now he importunes him to tell it on,  
 2303 Goe to, well faid.  
 2304 *Iag.* She giues it out that you fhall marry her,  
 2305 Doe you intend it ?

I fay, but marke his gesture : marry Patience, 2455  
 Or I shall fay y'are all in all in Spleene, 2456  
 And nothing of a man. 2457

*Othe.* Do'st thou heare, *Iago*, 2458  
 I will be found most cunning in my Patience : 2459  
 But (do'st thou heare)most bloody. 2460

*Iago.* That's not amisse, 2461  
 But yet keepe time in all : will you withdraw ? 2462  
 Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*, 2463  
 A Hufwife, that by felling her desires 2464  
 Buys her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature 2465  
 That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague 2466  
 To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one) 2467  
 He, when he heares of her, cannot restrain 2468  
 From the exceffe of Laughter. Heere he comes. 2469

*Enter Cassio.* 2470

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad : 2471  
 And his vnbookish Ielousie must conferue 2472  
 Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaiours 2473  
 Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant ? 2474

*Cas.* The worser, that you giue me the addition, 2475  
 Whose want euen killes me. 2476

*Iago.* Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't : 2477  
 Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre, 2478  
 How quickly should you speed ? *Cas.* Alas poore Caitiffe. 2479

*Oth.* Looke how he laughs already. 2480

*Iago.* I neuer knew woman loue man so. 2481

*Cas.* Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me. 2482

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly : and laughs it out. 2483

*Iago.* Do you heare *Cassio* ? 2484

*Oth.* Now he importunes him 2485

To tell it o're : go too, well said, well said. 2486

*Iago.* She giues it out, that you shall marry her. 2487

Do you intend it ? 2488

2306 *Caf.* Ha, ha, ha.

2490 2307 *Oth.* Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph ?

2308 *Caf.* I marry her ? I prethee beare some charity to my wit,

2309 Doe not thinke it so vnwholefome : ha, ha, ha.

2310 *Oth.* So, fo, fo, fo, laugh that wins.

2311 *Iag.* Faith the cry goes, you shall marry her.

2312 *Caf.* Preethee say true.

2313 *Iag.* I am a very villaine elfe.

2314 *Oth.* Ha you stor'd me well.

2315 *Caf.* This is the monkies own giuing out ; she is perfwaded I wil

2501 2316 marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promise.

2317 *Oth.* *Iago* beckons me, now he begins the story.

2318 *Caf.* She was heere euen now, shee haunts me in euery place, I

2319 was tother day, talking on the sea banke, with certaine *Venetians*, and

2320 thither comes this bauble, by this hand she fals thus about my neck.

2321 *Oth.* Crying, O deare *Cafsio*, as it were : his iecture imports it.

2322 *Caf.* So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me ; so hales, and puls

2323 me, ha, ha, ha.

2324 *Oth.* Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber.

2325 I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.

2326 *Caf.* Well, I must leaue her company.

*Enter Bianca.*

2327 *Iag.* Before me, looke where she comes,

2328 Tis such another ficho ; marry a perfum'd one, what doe you meane

2329 by this hanting of me.

2330 *Bian.* Let the diuel and his dam haunt you, what did you meane

2331 by that same handkercher, you gaue mee euen now ? I was a fine

2332 foole to take it ; I must take out the whole worke, a likely peece of

2333 worke, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who

2334 left it there : this is some minxes token, and I must take out the

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <i>Caf.</i> Ha, ha, ha.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 2489                                 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Do ye triumph, Romaine ? do you triumph ?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 2490                                 |
| <i>Caf.</i> I marry. What ? A customer ; prythee beare<br>Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 2491<br>2492                         |
| So vnwholefome. Ha, ha, ha.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 2493                                 |
| <i>Oth.</i> So, fo, fo, fo : they laugh, that winnes.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 2494                                 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why the cry goes, that you marry her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 2495                                 |
| <i>Caf.</i> Prythee fay true.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 2496                                 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I am a very Villaine else.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 2497                                 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Haue you scoar'd me ? Well.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 2498                                 |
| <i>Caf.</i> This is the Monkeys owne giuing out :<br>She is perfwaded I will marry her                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 2499<br>2500                         |
| Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 2501                                 |
| <i>Oth.</i> <i>Iago</i> becomes me : now he begins the story.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 2502                                 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> She was heere euen now : she haunts me in e-<br>uery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-<br>banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the<br>Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.                                                                                | 2503<br>2504<br>2505<br>2506         |
| <i>Oth.</i> Crying oh deere <i>Cassio</i> , as it were: his iecture im-<br>ports it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 2507<br>2508                         |
| <i>Cassio.</i> So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me :<br>So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 2509<br>2510                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Cham-<br>ber : oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I<br>shall throw it to.                                                                                                                                                            | 2511<br>2512<br>2513                 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Well, I must leaue her companie.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 2514                                 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Before me : looke where she comes.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 2515                                 |
| <i>Enter Bianca.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                      |
| <i>Caf.</i> 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?<br>What do you meane by this haunting of me ?                                                                                                                                                                                            | 2516<br>2518                         |
| <i>Bian.</i> Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you : what<br>did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue<br>me euen now ? I was a fine Foole to take it : I must take<br>out the worke ? A likely piece of worke, that you should<br>finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. | 2519<br>2520<br>2521<br>2522<br>2523 |

2335 worke ; there, giue it the hobby horse, wherefoeuer you had it, I'll  
2526 2336 take out no worke on't.

2337 *Caf.* How now my sweete *Bianca*, how now, how now ?

2338 *Oth.* By heauen that should be my handkercher.

2339 *Bian.* An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will  
2340 not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

2341 *Iag.* After her, after her.

2342 *Caf.* Faith I must, shee'll raile i'the streete else.

2343 *Iag.* Will you sup there ?

2344 *Caf.* Faith I intend so.

2345 *Iag.* Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very faine speake  
2346 with you.

2347 *Caf.* Preethee come, will you ?

2348 *Iag.* Goe to, say no more. *Exit Caffio.*

2349 *Oth.* How shall I murder him *Iago* ?

2541 2350 *Iag.* Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice ?

2351 *Oth.* O *Iago*,

2352 *Iag.* And did you see the handkercher ?

2353 *Oth.* Was that mine ?

2354 *Oth.* I would haue him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire  
2355 woman, a sweete woman.

2356 *Iag.* Nay you must forget.

2357 *Oth.* And let her rot and perish, and be damb'd to night, for she  
2358 shall not liue : no, my heart is turn'd to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts

2554 2359 my hand : O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by  
2360 an Emperours side, and command him tasks.

2361 *Iag.* Nay that's not your way.

2362 *Oth.* Hang her, I doe but say what she is : So delicate with her  
2363 needle, an admirable musition, O shee will sing the sauagenesse  
2364 out of a Beare ; of so hye and plentious wit and inuention.

|                                                                |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?        | 2524 |
| There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wherefoeuer you had          | 2525 |
| it, Ile take out no worke on't.                                | 2526 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> How now, my sweete <i>Bianca</i> ?              | 2527 |
| How now? How now?                                              | 2528 |
| <i>Othe.</i> By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.       | 2529 |
| <i>Bian.</i> If you'le come to supper to night you may, if     | 2530 |
| you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. <i>Exit</i> | 2531 |
| <i>Iago.</i> After her : after her.                            | 2532 |
| <i>Cas.</i> I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.          | 2533 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Will you sup there?                               | 2534 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> Yes, I intend so.                               | 2535 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Well, I may chance to see you : for I would ve-   | 2536 |
| ry faine speake with you.                                      | 2537 |
| <i>Cas</i> Prythee come : will you?                            | 2538 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Go too : say no more.                             | 2539 |
| <i>Oth.</i> How shall I murder him, <i>Iago.</i>               | 2540 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?      | 2541 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Oh, <i>Iago.</i>                                   | 2542 |
| <i>Iago.</i> And did you see the Handkerchiefe?                | 2543 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Was that mine?                                     | 2544 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Yours by this hand : and to see how he prizes     | 2545 |
| the foolish woman your wife : she gaue it him, and he          | 2546 |
| hath giu'n it his whore.                                       | 2547 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I would haue him nine yeeres a killing :           | 2548 |
| A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?                   | 2549 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Nay, you must forget that.                        | 2550 |
| <i>Othello.</i> I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to    | 2551 |
| night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to       | 2552 |
| stone : I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world       | 2553 |
| hath not a sweeter Creature : she might lye by an Em-          | 2554 |
| perours side, and command him Taskes.                          | 2555 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Nay, that's not your way.                         | 2556 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Hang her, I do but say what she is : so delicate  | 2557 |
| with her Needle : an admirable Musitian. Oh she will           | 2558 |
| sing the Sauagenesse out of a Beare : of so high and plen-     | 2559 |
| teous wit, and inuention?                                      | 2560 |

2365 *Iag.* Shee's the worfe for all this.

2366 *Oth.* A thousand thousand times: and then of fo gentle a con-  
2367 dition.

2368 *Iag.* I, too gentle.

2566 2369 *Oth.* I that's certaine, but yet the pittie of it *Iago*, the pittie.

2370 *Ia.* If you be fo fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend,  
2371 for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

2372 *Oth.* I will chop her into meffes — cuckold me !

2373 *Iag.* O tis foule in her.

2374 *Oth.* With mine Officer.

2375 *Iag.* That's fouler.

2376 *Oth.* Get me some poifon *Iago*, this night I'll not expofultate  
2377 with her, left her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this  
2378 night *Iago*.

2379 *Iag.* Doe it not with poifon, ftrangle her in her bed, euen the  
2380 bed ſhe hath contaminated.

2381 *Oth.* Good, good, the iuſtice of it pleaſes very good.

2382 *Iag.* And for *Cafſio*, let me bee his vndertaker: you ſhall heare  
2383 more by midnight. *A Trumpet.*

2384 *Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, and Attendants.*

2585 2385 *Oth.* Excellent good :

2386 What Trumpet is that fame ?

2387 *Iag.* Something from *Venice* fure, tis *Lodouico*,

2388 Come from the Duke, and ſee your wife is with him.

2389 *Lod.* God faue the worthy Generall.

2390 *Oth.* With all my heart fir.

2391 *Lod.* The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greeete you.

2392 *Oth.* I kiſſe the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

2593 2393 *Def.* And what's the newes good coufen *Lodouico* ?



|                                                                           |      |
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| <i>Iago.</i> She's the worse for all this.                                | 2561 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :                           | 2562 |
| And then of so gentle a condition ?                                       | 2563 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I too gentle.                                                | 2564 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Nay that's certaine :                                        | 2565 |
| But yet the pittie of it, <i>Iago</i> : oh <i>Iago</i> , the pittie of it | 2566 |
| <i>Iago.</i>                                                              | 2567 |
| <i>Iago.</i> If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie : giue her             | 2568 |
| pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere                | 2569 |
| no body.                                                                  | 2570 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I will chop her into Meffes : Cuckold me ?                    | 2571 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Oh, 'tis foule in her.                                       | 2572 |
| <i>Oth.</i> With mine Officer ?                                           | 2573 |
| <i>Iago.</i> That's fouler.                                               | 2574 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Get me some poyson, <i>Iago</i> , this night. Ile not        | 2575 |
| expostulate with her : leaft her body and beautie vnpro-                  | 2576 |
| uide my mind againe : this night <i>Iago.</i>                             | 2577 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,              | 2578 |
| Euen the bed she hath contaminated.                                       | 2579 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Good, good :                                                  | 2580 |
| The Iustice of it pleases : very good.                                    | 2581 |
| <i>Iago.</i> And for <i>Cassio</i> , let me be his vndertaker :           | 2582 |
| You shall heare more by midnight.                                         | 2583 |
| <br><i>Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.</i>                     | 2584 |
| <br><i>Othe.</i> Excellent good : What Trumpet is that fame ?             | 2585 |
| <br><i>Iago.</i> I warrant something from Venice,                         | 2586 |
| 'Tis <i>Lodouico</i> , this, comes from the Duke.                         | 2587 |
| See, your wife's with him.                                                | 2588 |
| <i>Lodo.</i> Saue you worthy Generall.                                    | 2589 |
| <i>Othe.</i> With all my heart Sir.                                       | 2590 |
| <i>Lod.</i> The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.               | 2591 |
| <i>Othe.</i> I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.                   | 2592 |
| <i>Des.</i> And what's the newes, good cozen <i>Lodouico</i> ?            | 2593 |

- 2394 *Iag.* I am very glad to see you Seignior :—welcome to *Cyprus*.
- 2395 *Lod.* I thanke you, how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?
- 2396 *Iag.* Lives fir.
- 2397 *Def.* Coufen, there's false betwene him and my Lord,
- 2398 An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.
- 2399 *Oth.* Are you sure of that?
- 2400 *Def.* My Lord.
- 2401 *Oth.* This faile you not to doe, as you will. —
- 2402 *Lod.* He did not call, hee's busie in the paper :
- 2403 Is there diuision betwene thy Lord and *Cassio*?
- 2404 *Def.* A most unhappy one, I would doe much
- 2405 To atone them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.
- 2607 2406 *Oth.* Fire and Brimstone.
- 2407 *Def.* My Lord.
- 2408 *Oth.* Are you wife?
- 2409 *Defd.* What, is he angry?
- 2410 *Lod.* May be the letter mou'd him ;
- 2411 For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
- 2412 Deputing *Cassio* in his gouernement.
- 2413 *Defd.* By my troth, I am glad on't.
- 2414 *Oth.* Indeed.
- 2415 *Def.* My Lord.
- 2416 *Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.
- 2618 2417 *Def.* How sweete *Othello*?
- 2418 *Oth.* Diuell.
- 2419 *Def.* I haue not deferu'd this.
- 2420 *Lod.* My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*,
- 2421 Tho I should sweare I saw't : tis very much,
- 2422 Make her amends, she weepes.
- 2423 *Oth.* O Diuell, Diuell,
- 2424 If that the earth could teeme with womens teares
- 2425 Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile :
- 2426 Out of my fight.
- 2427 *Def.* I will not stay to offend you.
- 2428 *Lod.* Truly an obedient Lady :
- 2630 2429 I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.

|                                                                |      |
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| <i>Iago.</i> I am very glad to see you Signior:                | 2594 |
| Welcome to Cyprus.                                             | 2595 |
| <i>Lod.</i> I thanke you : how do's Lieutenant <i>Cassio</i> ? | 2596 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Liues Sir,                                        | 2597 |
| <i>Def.</i> Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,      | 2598 |
| An vnkind breach : but you shall make all well.                | 2599 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Are you fure of that ?                            | 2600 |
| <i>Def.</i> My Lord ?                                          | 2601 |
| <i>Othe.</i> This faile you not to do, as you will——           | 2602 |
| <i>Lod.</i> He did not call : he's buſie in the paper,         | 2603 |
| Is there deuifion 'twixt my Lord, and <i>Cassio</i> ?          | 2604 |
| <i>Def.</i> A moſt vnhappy one : I would do much               | 2605 |
| T'attone them, for the loue I beare to <i>Cassio</i> .         | 2606 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Fire, and brimeſtone.                              | 2607 |
| <i>Def.</i> My Lord.                                           | 2608 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Are you wiſe ?                                     | 2609 |
| <i>Def.</i> What is he angrie ?                                | 2610 |
| <i>Lod.</i> May be thLetter mou'd him.                         | 2611 |
| For as I thinke, they do command him home,                     | 2612 |
| Deputing <i>Cassio</i> in his Gouernment.                      | 2613 |
| <i>Def.</i> Truſt me, I am glad on't.                          | 2614 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Indeed ?                                          | 2615 |
| <i>Def.</i> My Lord ?                                          | 2616 |
| <i>Othe.</i> I am glad to ſee you mad.                         | 2617 |
| <i>Def.</i> Why, ſweete <i>Othello</i> ?                       | 2618 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Diuell.                                           | 2619 |
| <i>Def.</i> I haue not deſeru'd this.                          | 2620 |
| <i>Lod.</i> My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,     | 2621 |
| Though I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't. 'Tis very much,                | 2622 |
| Make her amends : ſhe weepes.                                  | 2623 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Oh diuell, diuell :                               | 2624 |
| If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,              | 2625 |
| Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a Crocodile :                 | 2626 |
| Out of my fight.                                               | 2627 |
| <i>Def.</i> I will not ſtay to offend you.                     | 2628 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Truly obedient Lady :                              | 2629 |
| I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her backe.                     | 2630 |

2430 *Oth.* Miftriffe.

2431 *Def* My Lord.

2432 *Oth.* What would you with her fir ?

2433 *Lod.* Who, I my Lord ?

2434 *Oth.* I, you did wish that I would make her turne :

2435 Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet go on,

2436 And turne againe, and she can weepe fir, weepe ;

2437 And thee's obedient, as you say, obedient ;

2438 Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,

2439 Concerning this fir : O well painted passion :

2641 2440 I am commanded here : -- get you away,

2441 I'll fend for you anon : -- Sir, I obey the mandat,

2442 And will returne to *Venice* : -- hence, auant,

2443 *Cafsio* shall haue my place; and fir to night

2444 I doe intreate that we may sup together,

2445 You are welcome fir to *Cypres*, -- goates and monkies.

2446 *Lod.* Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate

2447 Call all in all sufficient ? This the noble nature,

2448 Whom passion could not shake ? Whose solid vertue,

2449 The shot of accident, nor dart of chance

2450 Could neither graze, nor peirce ?

2451 *Iag.* He is much changed.

2654 2452 *Lod.* Are his wits safe ? is he not light of braine ?

2453 *Iag.* He's that he is, I may not breathe my censure,

2454 What he might be, if as he might, he is not,

2455 I would to heauen he were.

2456 *Lod.* What, strike his wife.

2457 *Iag.* Faith that was not so well ; yet would I knew

2458 That stroke would proue the worst.

2459 *Lod.* Is it his vse ?

2460 Or did the letters worke vpon his blood.

2461 And new create this fault ?

2462 *Iag.* Alas, alas.

2463 It is not honesty in me to speake,

2464 What I haue seene and knowne, you shall obserue him,

|                                                             |                   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Othe.</i> Miftris.                                       | 2631              |
| <i>Def.</i> My Lord.                                        | 2632              |
| <i>Othe.</i> What would you with her, Sir?                  | 2633              |
| <i>Lod.</i> Who I, my Lord?                                 | 2634              |
| <i>Othe.</i> I, you did wifh, that I would make her turne : | 2635              |
| Sir, fhe can turne, and turne : and yet go on               | 2636              |
| And turne againe. And fhe can weepe, Sir, weepe.            | 2637              |
| And fhe's obedient : as you fay obedient.                   | 2638              |
| Very obedient : proceed you in your tear es.                | 2639              |
| Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted paffion)              | 2640              |
| I am commanded home : get you away :                        | 2641              |
| Ile fend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,              | 2642              |
| And will returne to Venice. Hence, au aunt :                | 2643              |
| <i>Caffio</i> fhall haue my Place. And Sir, to night        | 2644              |
| I do entreat, that we may fup together.                     | 2645              |
| You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.                              | 2646              |
| Goates, and Monkeys.                                        | <i>Exit.</i> 2647 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Is this the Noble Moore, whom our fvll Senate   | 2648              |
| Call all in all fufficient? Is this the Nature              | 2649              |
| Whom Paffion could not shake? Whofe folid vertue            | 2650              |
| The fhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance                    | 2651              |
| Could neither graze, nor pierce?                            | 2652              |
| <i>Iago.</i> He is much chang'd.                            | 2653              |
| <i>Lod.</i> Are his wits fafe? Is he not light of Braine?   | 2654              |
| <i>Iago.</i> He's that he is : I may not breath my cenfure. | 2655              |
| What he might be : if what he might, he is not,             | 2656              |
| I would to heauen he were.                                  | 2657              |
| <i>Lod.</i> What? Strike his wife?                          | 2658              |
| <i>Iago.</i> 'Faith that was not fo well : yet would I knew | 2659              |
| That froke would proue the worft.                           | 2660              |
| <i>Lod.</i> Is it his vfe?                                  | 2661              |
| Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,                   | 2662              |
| And new create his fault?                                   | 2663              |
| <i>Iago.</i> Alas, alas :                                   | 2664              |
| It is not honeftie in me to fpeake                          | 2665              |
| What I haue feene, and knowne. You fhall obferue him,       | 2666              |

2465 And his owne courses will denote him fo,  
 2466 That I may faue my fpeech : doe but goe after,  
 2467 And marke how he continues.  
 2468 *Lod.* I am forry that I am deceiu'd in him.  
 2469

*Exeunt.*

2470

*Enter Othello and Emillia.*

2672 2471 *Oth.* You haue feene nothing then.  
 2472 *Em.* Nor euer heard, nor euer did fufpect.  
 2473 *Oth.* Yes, and you haue feene *Cafsio* and fhe together.  
 2474 *Em.* But then I faw no harme, and then I heard  
 2475 Each fillable that breath made vp betweene 'em.  
 2476 *Oth.* What, did they neuer whifper?  
 2477 *Em.* Neuer, my Lord.  
 2478 *Oth.* Nor fend you out o'the way?  
 2479 *Em.* Neuer.  
 2480 *Oth.* To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing?  
 2481 *Em.* Neuer, my Lord.  
 2482 *Oth.* That's ftrange.  
 2483 *Em.* I durft my Lord, to wager fhe is honeft,  
 2484 Lay downe my foule at ftake : if you thinke other,  
 2485 Remoue your thought, it doth abufe your bofome,  
 2486 If any wretch ha put this in your head,  
 2688 2487 Ler heauens requite it with the Serpents curfe,  
 2488 For if fhe be not honeft, chafte, and true,  
 2489 There's no man happy, the pureft of her Sex  
 2490 Is foule as flander. *Exit Emillia.*  
 2491 *Oth.* Bid her come hither, goe,  
 2492 She fayes enough, yet fhe's a fimple bawde,  
 2493 That cannot fay as much : this is a fubtle whore,  
 2494 A clofet, locke and key, of villainous fecrets,  
 2495 And yet fhee'll kneele and pray, I ha feene her do't.

And his owne courfes will deonte him fo, 2667  
 That I may faue my fpeech : do but go after 2668  
 And marke how he continues. 2669  
*Lod.* I am forry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.* 2670

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Othello, and Emilia.* 2671

*Othe.* You haue feene nothing then ? 2672  
*Emil.* Nor euer heard : nor euer did fufpect. 2673  
*Othe.* Yes, you haue feene *Caffio*, and fhe together. 2674  
*Emil.* But then I faw no harme : and then I heard,  
 Each fyllable that breath made vp betweene them. 2676  
*Othe.* What ? Did they neuer whifper ? 2677  
*Emil.* Neuer my Lord. 2678  
*Othe.* Nor fend you out o'th'way ? 2679  
*Emil.* Neuer. 2680  
*Othe.* To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no- 2681  
*Emil.* Neuer my Lord, (thing ? 2682  
*Othe.* That's ftrange. 2683  
*Emil.* I durft(my Lord)to wager, fhe is honeft : 2684  
 Lay downe my Soule at ftake : If you thinke other, 2685  
 Remoue your thought. It doth abufe your bofome: 2686  
 If any wretch haue put this in your head, 2687  
 Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curfe, 2688  
 For if fhe be not honeft, chafte, and true, 2689  
 There's no man happy. The pureft of their Wiues 2690  
 Is foule as Slander. 2691  
*Othe.* Bid her come hither : go. *Exit Emilia.* 2692  
 She faies enough : yet fhe's a fimple Baud 2693  
 That cannot fay as much. This is a fubtile Whore : 2694  
 A Cloffet Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets, 2695  
 And yet fhe'le kneele, and pray : I haue feene her do't. 2696

2697 2496

*Enter Desdemona and Emilia.*2497 *Des.* My Lord, what is your will ?2498 *Oth.* Pray chucked come hither.2499 *Des.* What is your pleasure ?2500 *Oth.* Let me see your eyes -- looke in my face.2501 *Des.* What horrible fancy's this ?2502 *Oth.* Some of your function mistrise,

2503 Leau procreants alone, and shut the dore,

2504 Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,

2505 Your mistery, your mistery : nay dispatch.

*Exit Em.*2506 *Des.* Vpon my knees, what does your speech import ?

2507 I vnderstand a fury in your words,

2508 But not the words.

2509 *Oth.* Why, what art thou ?2510 *Des.* Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.2711 2511 *Oth.* Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,

2512 Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselues

2513 Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd.

2514 Sweare thou art honest.

2515 *Des.* Heauen doth truly know it.2516 *Oth.* Heauen truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.2517 *Des.* To whom, my Lord, with whom ? how am I false ?2518 *Oth.* O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.2519 *Des.* Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe ?

2520 Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord ?

2521 If haply you my father doe suspect,

2522 An Instrument of this your calling backe,

2523 Lay not your blame on me ; if you haue left him,

2524 Why I haue left him too.

2726 2525 *Oth.* Had it pleas'd heauen

2526 To try me with affliction, had he ram'd

2527 All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,

2528 Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,

2529 Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,



*Enter Desdemona, and Æmilia.* 2697

|                                                                 |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Def.</i> My Lord, what is your will ?                        | 2698 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Pray you Chucke come hither.                       | 2699 |
| <i>Def.</i> What is your pleafure ?                             | 2700 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Let me fee your eyes : looke in my face.            | 2701 |
| <i>Def.</i> What horrible Fancie's this ?                       | 2702 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Some of your Functio n Miftris :                   | 2703 |
| Leaue Procreants alone, and fhut the doore:                     | 2704 |
| Cough, or cry hem; if any bod ycome :                           | 2705 |
| Your Myftery, your Myftery : May difpatch. <i>Exit Æmi.</i>     | 2706 |
| <i>Def.</i> Vpon my knee, what doth your fpeech import?         | 2707 |
| I vnderftand a Fury in your words.                              | 2708 |
| <br>                                                            |      |
| <i>Othe.</i> Why ? What art thou ?                              | 2709 |
| <i>Def.</i> Your wife my Lord : your true and loyall wife.      | 2710 |
| <i>Othello.</i> Come fweare it : damne thy felfe, leaft         | 2711 |
| being like one of Heauen, the diuells themfelues fhould         | 2712 |
| fearre to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd : fweare       | 2713 |
| thou art honeft.                                                | 2714 |
| <i>Def.</i> Heauen doth truely know it.                         | 2715 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falfe as hell. | 2716 |
| <i>Def.</i> To whom my Lord ?                                   | 2717 |
| With whom ? How am I falfe ?                                    | 2718 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Ah <i>Desdemon</i> , away, away, away.             | 2719 |
| <i>Def.</i> Alas the heauy day : why do you weepe ?             | 2720 |
| Am I the motiue of thefe teares my Lord ?                       | 2721 |
| If happely you my Father do fufpect,                            | 2722 |
| An Infrument of this your calling backe,                        | 2723 |
| Lay not your blame on me : if you haue loft him,                | 2724 |
| I haue loft him too.                                            | 2725 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Had it pleas'd Hcauen,                             | 2726 |
| To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd                      | 2727 |
| All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:                  | 2728 |
| Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes,                      | 2729 |
| Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmoft hopes,                   | 2730 |

- 2530 I should haue found in some part of my foule  
 2531 A drop of patience ; but alas, to make me  
 2532 A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,  
 2533 To point his flow vnmoouing fingers at -- oh, oh,  
 2534 Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.  
 2535 But there : where I haue garner'd vp my heart,  
 2536 Where either I must liue, or beare no life,  
 2738 2537 The fountaine, from the which my currant ruines,  
 2538 Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,  
 2539 Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades  
 2540 To knot and gender in : turne thy complexion there,  
 2541 Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,  
 2542 I here looke grim as Hell.  
 2543 *Def.* I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.  
 2544 *Oth.* O I, as summers flies, are in the shambles,  
 2545 That quicken euen with blowing :  
 2546 O thou blacke weede, why art so louely faire ?  
 2547 Thou smell'st so sweete, that the fence akes at thee,  
 2548 Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.  
 2549 *Def.* Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed ?  
 2550 *Oth.* Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,  
 2752 2551 Made to write whore on ? -- What, committed ?

2552 Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winks,  
 2553 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,  
 2554 Is husht within the hallow mine of earth,  
 2555 And will not hear't : -- what committed, - impudent strumpet.

2556 *Def.* By heauen you doe me wrong.  
 2557 *Oth.* Are not you a strumpet ?  
 2558 *Def.* No, as I am a Christian :  
 2559 If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,  
 2560 From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,  
 2561 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

|                                                           |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| I should haue found in some place of my Soule             | 2731 |
| A drop of patience. But alas, to make me                  | 2732 |
| The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,                  | 2733 |
| To point his slow, and mouing finger at.                  | 2734 |
| Yet could I beare that too, well, very well :             | 2735 |
| But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,               | 2736 |
| Where either I must liue, or beare no life,               | 2737 |
| The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,           | 2738 |
| Or elfe dries vp : to be discarded thence,                | 2739 |
| Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades               | 2740 |
| To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there :       | 2741 |
| Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,             | 2742 |
| I heere looke grim as hell.                               | 2743 |
| <i>Def.</i> I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.      | 2744 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,   | 2745 |
| That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed :            | 2746 |
| Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,          | 2747 |
| That the Sense akes at thee,                              | 2748 |
| Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.                        | 2749 |
| <i>Def.</i> Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed ?    | 2750 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Was this faire Paper ? This most goodly Book | 2751 |
| Made to write Whore vpon ? What committed,                | 2752 |
| Committed ? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,                   | 2753 |
| I should make very Forges of my cheekes,                  | 2754 |
| That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,                  | 2755 |
| Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed ?             | 2756 |
| Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moore winks :      | 2757 |
| The bawdy winde that kisses all it meetes,                | 2758 |
| Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth                 | 2759 |
| And will not hear't. What committed ?                     | 2760 |
| <i>Def.</i> By Heauen you do me wrong.                    | 2761 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Are not you a Strumpet ?                     | 2762 |
| <i>Def.</i> No, as I am a Christian.                      | 2763 |
| If to preferue this vessell for my Lord,                  | 2764 |
| From any other foule vnlawfull touch                      | 2765 |
| Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.                       | 2766 |

2562 *Oth.* What, not a whore ?

2563 *Def.* No, as I shall be faued.

*Enter Emillia.*

2564 *Oth.* Ift poffible ?

2565 *Def.* O heauen forgiueneffe.

2566 *Oth.* I cry you mercy,

2567 I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,

2568 That married with *Othello* : you miftriffe,

2775 2569 That haue the office oppofite to *S. Peter*,

2570 And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you ;

2571 We ha done our courfe ; there's money for your paines,

2572 I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counfell. *Exit.*

2573 *Em.* Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue ?

2574 How doe you Madam, how doe you my good Lady ?

2575 *Def.* Faith halfe afleepe.

2576 *Em.* Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord ?

2577 *Def.* With who ?

2578 *Em.* Why with my Lord Madam.

2579 *Def.* I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emillia*,

2580 I cannot weepe, nor anfwer haue I none,

2581 But what should goe by water : preethee to night

2791 2582 Lay on my bed our wedding fheetes, remember,

2583 And call thy husband hither.

2584 *Em.* Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*

2585 *Def.* Tis meete I fould be vſde fo, very well ;

2586 How haue I bin behau'd, that he might fticke

2587 The ſmalleſt opinion, on my greateſt abuſe.

2588 *Iag.* What is your pleaſure, Madam,

*Enter Iago.*

2589 How iſt with you ?

*and Emillia.*

2590 *Def.* I cannot tell : thoſe that doe teach young babes

2591 Doe it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taskes,

|                                                                                       |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Othe.</i> What, not a Whore ?                                                      | 2767 |
| <i>Def.</i> No, as I shall be fau'd.                                                  | 2768 |
| <i>Othe.</i> Is't possible ?                                                          | 2769 |
| <i>Def.</i> Oh Heauen forgieue vs.                                                    | 2770 |
| <i>Othe.</i> I cry you mercy then .                                                   | 2771 |
| I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,                                         | 2772 |
| That married with <i>Othello</i> . You Miftris,                                       | 2773 |
| <i>Enter Æmilia.</i>                                                                  | 2774 |
| That haue the office oppofite to Saint <i>Peter</i> ,                                 | 2775 |
| And keeps the gate of hell. You, you : I you.                                         | 2776 |
| We haue done our courfe: there's money for your paines :                              | 2777 |
| I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counfaile. <i>Exit.</i>                       | 2778 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue ?                                | 2779 |
| How do you Madam ? how do you my good Lady ?                                          | 2780 |
| <i>Def.</i> Faith, halfe a sleepe.                                                    | 2781 |
| <i>Æmi.</i> Good Madam,                                                               | 2782 |
| What's the matter with my Lord ?                                                      | 2783 |
| <i>Def.</i> With who ?                                                                | 2784 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Why, with my Lord, Madam ?                                               | 2785 |
| <i>Def.</i> Who is thy Lord ?                                                         | 2786 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> He that is yours, fweet Lady.                                            | 2787 |
| <i>Def.</i> I haue none : do not talke to me, <i>Æmilia</i> ,                         | 2788 |
| I cannot weepe : nor anfweres haue I none,                                            | 2789 |
| Bnt what fould go by water. Prythee to night,                                         | 2790 |
| Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,                                           | 2791 |
| And call thy husband hither.                                                          | 2792 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Heere's a change indeed. <span style="float: right;"><i>Exit.</i></span> | 2793 |
| <i>Def.</i> 'Tis meete I fould be vs'd fo : very meete.                               | 2794 |
| How haue I bin behau'd, that he might fticke                                          | 2795 |
| The fmall't opinion on my leaft mifv'e ?                                              | 2796 |
| <i>Enter Iago, and Æmilia.</i>                                                        | 2797 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What is your pleafure Madam ?                                            | 2798 |
| How is't with you ?                                                                   | 2799 |
| <i>Def.</i> I cannot tell : thofe that do teach yong Babes                            | 2800 |
| Do it with gentle meanes, and eafie taskes.                                           | 2801 |

- 2592 He might ha chid me fo, for in good faith,  
 2593 I am a child at chiding.
- 2804 2594 *Iag.* What is the matter Lady ?  
 2595 *Em.* Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath fo bewhor'd her,  
 2596 Throwne fuch defpite, and heauy termes vpon her,  
 2597 As true hearts cannot beare.
- 2598 *Def.* Am I that name *Iago* ?  
 2599 *Iag.* What name faire Lady ?  
 2600 *Def.* Such as she faves my Lord did fay I was ?  
 2601 *Em.* He call'd her whore : A begger in his drinke,  
 2602 Could not haue layed fuch tearmes vpon his Callet.
- 2603 *Iag.* Why did he fo ?  
 2604 *Def.* I doe not know, I am fure I am none fuch.  
 2605 *Iag.* Doe not weepe, doe not weepe : alas the day.  
 2606 *Em.* Has she forooke fo many noble matches,
- 2817 2607 Her Father, and her Countrey, all her friends,  
 2608 To be cald whore ? would it not make one weepe ?  
 2609 *Def.* It is my wretched fortune.  
 2610 *Iag.* Befhrew him for it; how comes this tricke vpon him ?
- 2611 *Def.* Nay, heauen doth know.  
 2612 *Em.* I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,  
 2613 Some bufie and inſinuating rogue,  
 2614 Some cogging, coufening flauie, to get ſome office,  
 2615 Haue not deuifde this flander, I'le be hang'd elfe.
- 2827 2616 *Iag.* Fie, there is no fuch man, it is impoffible.  
 2617 *Def.* If any fuch there be, heauen pardon him.  
 2618 *Em.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones :
- 2619 Why ſhould he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
- 2620 What place, what time, what for me, what likelihood ?
- 2621 The Moore's abus'd by ſome outragious knaue :  
 2622 Some baſe notorious knaue, ſome ſcuruy fellow,  
 2623 O heauen, that fuch companions thoudſt vnfold,

|                                                               |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| He might haue chid me so : for in good faith                  | 2802 |
| I am a Child to chiding.                                      | 2803 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What is the matter Lady ?                        | 2804 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Alas( <i>Iago</i> )my Lord hath so bewhor'd her, | 2805 |
| Throwne such difpight, and heauy termes vpon her              | 2806 |
| That true hearts cannot beare it.                             | 2807 |
| <i>Def.</i> Am I that name, <i>Iago</i> ?                     | 2808 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What name, (faire Lady ?)                        | 2809 |
| <i>Def.</i> Such as she said my Lord did say I was.           | 2810 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> He call'd her whore : a Begger in his drinke :   | 2811 |
| Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.              | 2812 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Why did he so ?                                  | 2813 |
| <i>Def.</i> I do not know : I am sure I am none such.         | 2814 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Do not weepe, do not weepe : alas the day.       | 2815 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Hath she forfooke so many Noble Matches ?        | 2816 |
| Her Father ? And her Country ? And her Friends ?              | 2817 |
| To be call'd Whore ? Would it not make one weepe ?            | 2818 |
| <i>Def.</i> It is my wretched Fortune.                        | 2819 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Beshrew him for't :                              | 2820 |
| How comes this Tricke vpon him ?                              | 2821 |
| <i>Def.</i> Nay, Heauen doth know.                            | 2822 |
| <i>Æmi.</i> I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,      | 2823 |
| Some busie and insinuating Rogue,                             | 2824 |
| Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,             | 2825 |
| Haue not deuis'd this Slander : I will be hang'd else.        | 2826 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Fie, there is no such man : it is impossible.    | 2827 |
| <i>Def.</i> If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.          | 2828 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> A halter pardon him :                            | 2829 |
| And hell gnaw his bones.                                      | 2830 |
| Why should he call her Whore ?                                | 2831 |
| Who keeps her companie ?                                      | 2832 |
| What Place ? What Time ?                                      | 2833 |
| What Forme ? What liklyhood ?                                 | 2834 |
| The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,              | 2835 |
| Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.                | 2836 |
| Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,            | 2837 |

2838 2624 And put in euery honest hand a whip,  
 2625 To lash the rascal naked through the world,  
 2626 Euen from the East to the West.  
 2627 *Iag.* Speake within dores.  
 2628 *Em.* O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,  
 2629 That turnd your wit, the feamy side without,  
 2630 And made you to suspect me with the Moore.  
 2631 *Iag.* You are a foole, goe to.  
 2632 *Def.* O Good *Iago*,  
 2633 VVhat shall I doe to win my Lord againe?  
 2634 Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,  
 2849 2635 I know not how I lost him.

2863 2636 *Iag.* I pray you be content, tis but his humour,  
 2637 The businesse of the State does him offence,  
 2638 And he does chide with you.  
 2639 *Def.* If t'were no other.  
 2640 *Iag.* Tis but so, I warrant you;  
 2641 Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper,  
 2642 And the great Messengers of *Venice* stay,  
 2643 Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well. *Exit women*

2872 2644 How now *Roderigo*?

*Enter Roderigo.*



|                                                            |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| And put in euery honeft hand a whip                        | 2838 |
| To lafh the Rafcals naked through the world,               | 2839 |
| Euen from the Eaft to th'West.                             | 2840 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Speake within doore.                          | 2841 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh fie vpon them: fome fuch Squire he was     | 2842 |
| That turn'd your wit, the feamy-fide without,              | 2843 |
| And made you to fufpect me with the Moore.                 | 2844 |
| <i>Iago.</i> You are a Foole: go too.                      | 2845 |
| <i>Def.</i> Alas <i>Iago</i> ,                             | 2846 |
| What fhall I do to win my Lord againe ?                    | 2847 |
| Good Friend, go to him : for by this light of Heauen,      | 2848 |
| I know not how I loft him. Heere I kneele :                | 2849 |
| If ere my will did trefpaffe 'gainft his Loue,             | 2850 |
| Either in difcourfe of thought, or actuall deed,           | 2851 |
| Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence                | 2852 |
| Delighted them : or any other Forme,                       | 2853 |
| Or that I do not yet, and euer did,                        | 2854 |
| And euer will, ( though he do shake me off                 | 2855 |
| To beggerly diuorcement ) Loue him deerely,                | 2856 |
| Comfort forfwear me. Vnkindneffe may do much,              | 2857 |
| And his vnkindneffe may defeat my life,                    | 2858 |
| But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot fay Whore,               | 2859 |
| It do's abhorre me now I fpeake the word,                  | 2860 |
| To do the Act, that might the addition earne,              | 2861 |
| Not the worlds Maffe of vanitie could make me.             | 2862 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I pray you be content : 'tis but his humour : | 2863 |
| The bufineffe of the State do's him offence.               | 2864 |
| <br>                                                       |      |
| <i>Def.</i> If 'twere no other.                            | 2865 |
| <i>Iago.</i> It is but fo, I warrant,                      | 2866 |
| Hearke how thefe Instruments fummon to fupper :            | 2867 |
| The Mefengers of Venice ftaiues the meate,                 | 2868 |
| Go in, and weepe not : all things fhall be well.           | 2869 |
| <i>Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.</i>                        | 2870 |
| <br>                                                       |      |
| <i>Enter Rodorigo.</i>                                     | 2871 |
| How now <i>Rodorigo</i> ?                                  | 2872 |

2645 *Rod* I doe not finde that thou dealft iuftly with me.

2646 *Iag.* VVhat in the contrary?

2647 *Rod.* Euery day, thou doffest me, with fome deuife *Iago*;

2648 And rather, as it feemes to me, thou keepeft from me,

2649 All conueniency, then fupplieft me, with the leaft

2650 Aduantage of hope : I will indeed no longer indure it,

2651 Nor am I yet perfwaded to put vp in peace, what already

2652 I haue foolishly fufferd.

2882 2653 *Iag.* Will you heare me *Roderigo* ?

2883 2654 *Rod.* Faith I haue heard too much, for your words,

2655 And performance are no kin together.

2656 *Iag.* You charge me moft vniuftly.

2657 *Rod.* I haue waftef my felfe out of meanes : the Iewels you haue

2658 had from me, to deliuer to *Defdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted

2659 a Votarift : you haue told me ſhe has receiu'd em, and return'd mee

2660 expectation, and comforts, of fuddaine refpect, and acquittance, but

2661 I finde none.

2662 *Iag.* Well, goe to, very good.

2663 *Rod.* Very well, goe to, I cannot goe to man, it is not very well,

2664 by this hand, I fay tis very ſcuruy, and begin to finde my felfe fopt

2665 in it.

2666 *Iag.* Very well.

2897 2667 *Rod.* I fay it is not very well : I will make my felfe knowne to

2668 *Defdemona*, if ſhe will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my

2669 ſuite, and repent my vnlawfull follicitation, if not, affure your felfe

2670 I'll feeke ſatisfaction of you.

2671 *Iag.* You haue ſaid now.

2672 *Rod.* I, and I haue ſaid nothing, but what I proteft entendment

2673 of doing.

2674 *Iag.* Why now I ſee there's mettle in thee, and euen from this

2675 time doe build on thee, a better opinion then euer before, giue me

2676 thy hand *Roderigo* : Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt iuſt concep-

- Rod.* I do not finde 2873  
That thou deal'st iustly with me. 2874
- Iago.* What in the contrarie? 2875
- Rodori.* Euery day thou dafts me with some deuise, 2876  
*Iago,* and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep't from 2877  
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad- 2878  
uantage of hope : I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor 2879  
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I 2880  
haue foolishly suffred. 2881
- Iago.* Will you heare me *Rodorigo*? 2882
- Rodori.* I have heard too much : and your words and 2883  
Performances are no kin together. 2884
- Iago.* You charge me most vniustly. 2885
- Rodo.* With naught but truth : I haue wasted my 2886  
selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from 2887  
me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a 2888  
Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiud them, 2889  
and return'd me expectations and comforts of fodaine 2890  
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none. 2891
- Iago.* Well, go too : very well. 2892
- Rod.* Very well, go too : I cannot go too, (man) nor 2893  
tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy : and begin to 2894  
finde my selfe fopt in it. 2895
- Iago.* Very well. 2896
- Rodor.* I tell you, 'tis not very well : I will make my 2897  
selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my 2898  
Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw- 2899  
full sollicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke 2900  
satisfaction of you. 2901
- Iago.* You haue said now. 2902
- Rodo.* I : and said nothing but what I protest intend- 2903  
ment of doing. 2904
- Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee : and 2905  
euen from this instant do build on thee a better o- 2906  
pinion then euer before : giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*. 2907  
Thou hast taken against me a most iust excepti- 2908

2677 tion, but yet I protest, I haue delt most directly in thy affaires.

2678 *Rod.* It hath not appeared.

2912 2679 *Iag.* I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is

2680 not without wit and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that  
2681 within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleue now,  
2682 then eues, I meane purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it, if

2683 thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take mee  
2684 from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

2685 *Rod.* Well, is it within reason and compasse?

2686 *Iag.* Sir, there is especiall command come from *Venice*,  
2687 To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

2688 *Rod.* Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*  
2689 Returne againe to *Venice*.

2690 *Iag.* O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him  
2691 The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd  
2692 Here by some accident, wherein none can be so  
2693 determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

2694 *Rod.* How doe you meane remouing of him?

2695 *Iag.* Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,  
2696 Knocking out his braines.

2697 *Rod.* And that you would haue me to doe.

2935 2698 *Iag.* I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit, and right, hee sups  
2699 to night with a harlot, and thither will I goe to him; -- he knowes  
2700 not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going

2701 thence, which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one,  
2702 you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your  
2703 attempt, and hee shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd  
2704 at it, but goe along with mee, I will shew you such a necessity in his  
2705 death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. it is

on : but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy 2909  
Affaire. 2910

*Rod.* It hath not appeer'd. 2911

*Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd : and 2912  
your suspition is not without wit and iudgement. 2913  
But *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which 2914  
I haue greater reason to beleue now then euer ( I 2915  
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour ) this night 2916  
shew it. If thou rhe next night following enioy not 2917  
*Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treache- 2918  
rie, and deuise Engines for my life. 2919

*Rod.* Well: what is it ? Is it within, reason and com- 2920  
passe ? 2921

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial Commission come from 2922  
Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place. 2923

*Rod.* Is that true ? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* 2924  
returne againe to Venice. 2925

*Iago.* Oh no : he goes into Mauritania and taketh 2926  
away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his a- 2927  
bode be lingred heere by some accident. Where- 2928  
in none can be so determinate, as the remouing of 2929  
*Cassio*. 2930

*Rod.* How do you meane remouing him ? 2931

*Iago.* Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* 2932  
place : knocking out his braines. 2933

*Rod.* And that you would haue me to do. 2934

*Iago.* I : if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a 2935  
right. He sups to night with a Harlotry : and thither 2936  
will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable 2937  
Fortune, if you will watch his going thence ( which 2938  
I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one ) 2939  
you may take him at your pleasure, I will be neere 2940  
to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene 2941  
vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with 2942  
me : I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that 2943  
you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It 2944

2706 now high supper time, and the night growes to waft : about it.

2707 Enter *Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emilia,*

2708 and Attendants.

2709 *Rod.* I will heare further reason for this.

2948 2710 *Iag.* And you shall be satisfied. *Ex. Iag. and Rod.*

2711 *Lod.* I do beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

2712 *Oth.* O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

2713 *Lod.* Madame, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.

2714 *Def.* Your honour is most welcome.

2715 *Oth.* Will you walke sir : --- O *Desdemona.*

2716 *Def.* My Lord.

2717 *Oth.* Get you to bed, o'the instant I will be return'd, forthwith,

2718 dispatch your Attendant there, --- looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

2719 *Def.* I will my Lord.

2720 *Em.* How goes it now ? he lookes gentler then he did.

2721 *Def.* He saies he will returne incontinent :

2722 He hath commanded me to goe to bed,

2723 And bad me to dismisse you.

2724 *Em.* Dismisse me ?

2725 *Def.* It was his bidding, therefore good *Emilia,*

2726 Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,

2727 We must not now displease him.

2728 *Em.* I would you had neuer seene him.

2729 *Def.* So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,

is now high fupper time : and the night growes to waft. 2945  
 About it. 2946

*Rod.* I will heare further reason for this. 2947

*Iago.* And you shalbe fatisfi'd. *Exeunt.* 2948

*Scena Tertia.*

*Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Emilia,* 2949  
*and Atendants.* 2950

*Lod.* I do befeech you Sir, trouble your felfe no further. 2951

*Oth.* Oh pardon me : 'twill do me good to walke. 2952

*Lodoui.* Madam, good night : I humbly thanke your 2953

Ladyship. 2954

*Des.* Your Honour is most welcome. 2955

*Oth.* Will you walke Sir ? Oh *Desdemona.* 2956

*Des.* My Lord. 2957

*Othello.* Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re- 2958  
 turn'd forthwith : difmiffe your Attendant there : look't 2959  
 be done. *Exit.* 2960

*Des.* I will my Lord. 2961

*Em.* How goes it now ? He lookes gentler then he did. 2962

*Des.* He faies he will returne incontinent, 2963

And hath commanded me to go to bed, 2964

And bid me to difmiffe you, 2965

*Emi.* Difmiffe me ? 2966

*Des.* It was his bidding : therefore good *Emilia,* 2967

Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu. 2968

We must not now displeafe him. 2969

*Emil.* I, would you had neuer feene him. 2970

*Des.* So would not I : my loue doth fo approue him, 2971

2730 That euen his stubborneneffe, his checks and frownes.

2731 Prethee vnpin me ; haue grace and fauour in them.

2732 *Em.* I haue laied these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.

2733 *Des.* All's one good faith : how foolish are our minds ?

2734 If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me

2735 In one of those same sheetes.

2736 *Em.* Come, come, you talke.

2737 *Des.* My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,

2738 She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,

2739 And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,

2740 An old thing 'twas, but it exprest her fortune,

2983 2741 And she died finging it, that Song to night,

3005 2742 Will not goe from my mind--harke, who's that knocks ?

3006 2743 *Em.* It is the wind.



|                                                                        |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| That euen his stubborneffe, his checks, his frownes,                   | 2972 |
| (Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.                             | 2973 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.          | 2974 |
| <i>Def.</i> All's one : good Father, how foolifh are our minds ?       | 2975 |
| If I do die before, prythee throw'd me                                 | 2976 |
| In one of these fame Sheetes.                                          | 2977 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Come, come : you talke.                                   | 2978 |
| <i>Def.</i> My Mother had a Maid call'd <i>Barbarie</i> ,              | 2979 |
| She was in loue : and he she lou'd prou'd mad,                         | 2980 |
| And did forfake her. She had a Song of Willough,                       | 2981 |
| An old thing 'twas : but it exprefs'd her Fortune,                     | 2982 |
| And she dy'd finging it. That Song to night,                           | 2983 |
| Will not go from my mind : I haue much to do,                          | 2984 |
| But to go hang my head all at one side                                 | 2985 |
| And sing it like poore <i>Brabarie</i> : prythee dispatch.             | 2986 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne ?                       | 2987 |
| <i>Def.</i> No, vn-pin me here,                                        | 2988 |
| This <i>Lodouico</i> is a proper man.                                  | 2989 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> A very handsome man.                                      | 2990 |
| <i>Def.</i> He speaks well.                                            | 2991 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd                 | 2992 |
| barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.                   | 2993 |
| <i>Def.</i> <i>The poore Soule sat finging, by a Sicamour tree.</i>    | 2994 |
| <i>Sing all a green e Willough:</i>                                    | 2995 |
| <i>Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,</i>                    | 2996 |
| <i>Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.</i>                              | 2997 |
| <i>The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes</i>          | 2998 |
| <i>Sing Willough, &amp;c.</i>                                          | 2999 |
| <i>Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,</i>          | 3000 |
| <i>Sing Willough, &amp;c.</i> (Lay by these)                           | 3001 |
| <i>Willough, Willough.</i> (Prythee high thee : he'le come anon)       | 3002 |
| <i>Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.</i>                  | 3003 |
| <i>Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.</i>                    | 3004 |
| (Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks ?                    | 3005 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> It's the wind.                                            | 3006 |
| <i>Def.</i> <i>I cald my Loue false Loue : but what said he then ?</i> | 3007 |

2744 *Def.* Now get thee gone, good night :

2745 Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping ?

3012 2746 *Em.* Tis neither here nor there.

3018 2747 *Def.* Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world ?

2748 *Em.* Why would not you.

2749 *Def.* No, by this heavenly light.

2750 *Em.* Nor I neither, by this heavenly light,

2751 I might doe it as well in the darke.

2752 *Def.* Would thou doe such a thing for all the world ?

2753 *Em.* The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,

2754 For a small vice.

3026 2755 *Def.* Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.

2756 *Em.* By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done

2757 it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt ring ; or for mea-

2758 sures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or Petticotes, nor Caps, nor any

2759 such exhibition ; but for the whole world ? vds pittty, who would

2760 not make her husband a Cuckole, to make him a Monarch ? I should

2761 venture purgatory for it.

2762 *Def.* Beshrew me, if I would doe such a wrong,

2763 For the whole world.

2764 *Em.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world; and hauing the

2765 world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you

2766 might quickly make it right.

2767 *Def.* I doe not thinke there is any such woman.

2768 *Em.* Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would fore

3041 2769 the world they played for.

|                                                               |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Sing Willough, &amp;c.</i>                                 | 3008 |
| <i>If I court no women, you'le couch with no men.</i>         | 3009 |
| So get thee gone, good night : mine eyes do itch :            | 3010 |
| Doth that boade weeping ?                                     | 3011 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> 'Tis neyther heere, nor there*                   | 3012 |
| <i>Def.</i> I haue heard it faid fo. O these Men, these men ! | 3013 |
| Do'st thou in conscience thinke(tell me <i>Æmilia</i> )       | 3014 |
| That there be women do abuse their husbands                   | 3015 |
| In such grosse kinde ?                                        | 3016 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> There be some such, no question.                 | 3017 |
| <i>Def.</i> Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?  | 3018 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Why, would not you ?                             | 3019 |
| <i>Def.</i> No, by this Heauenly light.                       | 3020 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:           | 3021 |
| I might doo't as well i'th'darke.                             | 3022 |
| <i>Def.</i> Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world ?   | 3023 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> The world's a huge thing :                       | 3024 |
| It is a great price, for a small vice.                        | 3025 |
| <i>Def.</i> Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.              | 3026 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when      | 3027 |
| I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a         | 3028 |
| ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,        | 3029 |
| Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for       | 3030 |
| all the whole world : why, who would not make her hus-        | 3031 |
| banda Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-           | 3032 |
| ture Purgatory for't.                                         | 3033 |
| <i>Def.</i> Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong            | 3034 |
| For the whole world.                                          | 3035 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world ;       | 3036 |
| and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in         | 3037 |
| your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.         | 3038 |
| <i>Def.</i> I do not thinke there is any such woman.          | 3039 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Yes, a dozen : and as many to'th'vantage, as     | 3040 |
| would fore the world they plaid for.                          | 3041 |
| But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults                   | 3042 |
| If Wiues do fall : (Say, that they slacke their duties,       | 3043 |

3080 2770 *Def.* Good night good night : God me such vſage fend,

2771 Not to picke bad from bad, but by bad mend.

2772

*Exeunt.*

### *Actus. 5.*

2773 *Enter Iago and Roderigo,*

2774 *Iag.* Here ſtand behind this Bulke, ſtraite will he come,

2775 Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

2776 Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be at thy elboe ;

2777 It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of that,

2778 And fixe moſt firme thy reſolution.

2779 *Rod.* Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

2780 *Iag.* Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy ſword.

2781 *Rod.* I haue no great deuotion to the dead ;

|                                                              |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;                 | 3044 |
| Or else breake out in peeuisſh Iealouſies,                   | 3045 |
| Throwing reſtraint vpon vs : Or ſay they ſtrike vs,          | 3046 |
| Or ſcant our former hauing in deſpight)                      | 3047 |
| Why we haue galled : and though we haue ſome Grace,          | 3048 |
| Yet haue we ſome Reuenge. Let Husbands know,                 | 3049 |
| Their wiues haue ſenſe like them : They ſee, and ſmell,      | 3050 |
| And haue their Palats both for ſweet, and ſowre,             | 3051 |
| As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,                   | 3052 |
| When they change vs for others ? Is it Sport?                | 3053 |
| I thinke it is : and doth Affection breed it ?               | 3054 |
| I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres ?             | 3055 |
| It is ſo too. And haue not we Affections ?                   | 3056 |
| Defires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue ?                | 3057 |
| Then let them vſe vs well : elſe let them know,              | 3058 |
| The illes we do, their illes inſtruct vs ſo.                 | 3059 |
| <i>Def.</i> Good night, good night :                         | 3060 |
| Heauen me ſuch vſes ſend,                                    | 3061 |
| Not to picke bad, from bad ; but by bad, mend. <i>Exeunt</i> | 3062 |

*Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

|                                                              |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.</i>                             | 3063 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Heere, ſtand behinde this Barke,                | 3064 |
| Straight will he come :                                      | 3065 |
| Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home :                | 3066 |
| Quicke, quicke, feare nothing ; Ile be at thy Elbow,         | 3067 |
| It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that;                | 3068 |
| And fixe moſt firme thy Reſolution.                          | 3069 |
| <i>Rod.</i> Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.           | 3070 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Heere, at thy hand : Be bold, & take thy ſtand. | 3071 |
| <i>Rod.</i> I haue no great deuotion to the deed,            | 3072 |

2782 And yet he has giuen me satisfying reafons,  
 2783 Tis but a man gone : forth my fword, he dies.  
 2784 *Iag.* I haue rubd this young gnat almost to the fenfe,  
 2785 And he growes angry now : whether he kill *Cafsio*,  
 2786 Or *Cafsio* him, or each doe kill the other,  
 3078 2787 Euery way makes my game ; liue *Roderigo*.  
 2788 He calls me to a reftitution large,  
 2789 For Gold and Iewells, that I bobd from him,  
 2790 As gifts to *Defdemona* :  
 2791 It muft not be, if *Cafsio* doe remaine,  
 2792 He has a daily beauty in his life,  
 2793 That makes me vgly : and befides, the Moore  
 2794 May vnfold me to him ; there ftand I in perrill :  
 2795 No, he muft die, be't fo, I heare him comming. *Ent.Caf.*

2796 *Rod.* I know his gate, tis he, villaine thou dieft.  
 2797 *Caf.* That thruft had bin my enemy indeed,  
 2798 But that my coate is better then thou think'ft,  
 2799 I will make prooffe of thine.  
 2800 *Rod.* O I am flaine.  
 2801 *Caf.* I am maind for euer, light ho, murder, murder.

3095 2802 *Enter Othello.*  
 2803 *Oth.* The voice of *Cafsio*, *Iago* keeps his word.  
 2804 *Rod.* O villaine that I am.  
 2805 *Oth.* Harke tis euen fo.  
 2806 *Caf.* O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.  
 2807 *Oth.* Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeft and Iuft,  
 2808 That haft fuch noble fenfe of thy friends wrong,  
 2809 Thou teacheft me; – minion, your deare lies dead,  
 2810 And your fate hies apace; ftrumpet I come ;  
 2811 Forth of my heart, thofe charmes thine eyes are blotted,  
 2812 Thy bed luft-ftaind, fhall with luft's blood be spotted. *Ex.*

3107 2813 *Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.*  
 2814 *Caf.* What ho, no watch, no paffage, murder, murder

|                                                                      |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| And yet he hath giuen me fatisfying Reafons :                        | 3073 |
| 'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword : he dies.                       | 3074 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I haue rub'd this yong Quat almoft to the fenfe,        | 3075 |
| And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill <i>Caffio</i> ,            | 3076 |
| Or <i>Caffio</i> him, or each do kill the other,                     | 3077 |
| Eury way makes my gaine. Liue <i>Rodorigo</i> ,                      | 3078 |
| He calles me to a reftitution large                                  | 3079 |
| Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,                          | 3080 |
| As Guifts to <i>Defdemona</i> .                                      | 3081 |
| It muft not be : If <i>Caffio</i> do remaine,                        | 3082 |
| He hath a dayly beauty in his life,                                  | 3083 |
| That makes me vgly : and befides, the Moore                          | 3084 |
| May vnfold me to him : there ftand I in much perill :                | 3085 |
| No, he muft dye. But fo, I heard him comming.                        | 3086 |
| <i>Enter Caffio.</i>                                                 | 3087 |
| <i>Rod.</i> I know his gate, 'tis he : Villaine thou dyeft.          | 3088 |
| <i>Caf.</i> That thruft had beene mine enemy indeed,                 | 3089 |
| But that my Coate is better then thou know'ft :                      | 3090 |
| I will make prooffe of thine.                                        | 3091 |
| <i>Rod.</i> Oh, I am flaine.                                         | 3092 |
| <i>Caffio.</i> I am maym'd for euer :                                | 3093 |
| Helpe hoa : Murther, murther.                                        | 3094 |
| <i>Enter Othello.</i>                                                | 3095 |
| <i>Oth.</i> The voyce of <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Iago</i> keeps his word. | 3096 |
| <i>Rod.</i> O Villaine that I am.                                    | 3097 |
| <i>Oth.</i> It is euen fo.                                           | 3098 |
| <i>Caf.</i> Oh helpe hoa : Light, a Surgeon.                         | 3099 |
| <i>Oth.</i> 'Tis he : O braue <i>Iago</i> , honeft, and iuft,        | 3100 |
| That haft fuch Noble fenfe of thy Friends wrong,                     | 3101 |
| Thou teacheft me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,                      | 3102 |
| And your vnbleft Fate highes : Strumpet I come :                     | 3103 |
| For of my heart, thofe Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted .             | 3104 |
| Thy Bed luft-ftain'd, fhall with Lufts blood bee fotted.             | 3105 |
| <i>Exit Othello.</i>                                                 | 3106 |
| <i>Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.</i>                                  | 3107 |
| <i>Caf.</i> What hoa? no Watch? No paffage ?                         | 3108 |
| Murther, Murther.                                                    | 3109 |

2815 *Grat.* Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.

2816 *Caf.* O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.

2817 *Rod.* O wretched villaine.

2818 *Lod.* Two or three grones, it is a heauy night,

2819 These may be counterfeits, let's think't vn safe

2820 To come into the cry without more helpe.

2821 *Rod.* No body come, then shall I bleed to death.

3118 2822 *Enter Iago with a light.*

2823 *Lod.* Harke.

2824 *Grat.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with lights and weapons,

2825 *Iag.* Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder

2826 *Lod.* I doe not know.

2827 *Iag.* Did not you heare a cry?

2828 *Caf.* Here, here, for heauens sake helpe me.

2829 *Iag.* What's the matter.

2830 *Grat.* This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

2831 *Lod.* The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

2832 *Iag.* What are you here, that cry so grieuoufly?

2833 *Caf.* *Iago*, O I am spoil'd, vndone by villaines,

2834 Giue me some helpe.

2835 *Iag.* O my Leutenant: what villaines haue done this?

3135 2836 *Caf.* I thinke the one of them is heere about,

2837 And cannot make away.

2838 *Iag.* O treacherous villaines:

2839 What are you there? come in and giue some helpe.

2840 *Rod.* O, helpe me here.

2841 *Caf.* That's one of em.

2842 *Iag.* O murderous flauie, O villaine.

2843 *Rod.* O dambd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog,-- o, o, o.

2844 *Ia.* Kill him i'the dark? where be those bloody theeues?

2845 How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:

2846 What may you be, are you of good or euill?



|                                                              |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Gra.</i> 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull. | 3110 |
| <i>Caf.</i> Oh helpe.                                        | 3111 |
| <i>Loao.</i> Hearke.                                         | 3112 |
| <i>Rod.</i> Oh wretched Villaine.                            | 3113 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night ;          | 3114 |
| These may be counterfeits : Let's think't vnfafe             | 3115 |
| To come into the cry, without more helpe.                    | 3116 |
| <i>Rod.</i> Nobody come : then shall I bleed to death.       | 3117 |
| <i>Enter Iago.</i>                                           | 3118 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Hearke.                                          | 3119 |
| <i>Gra.</i> Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and   | 3120 |
| Weapons.                                                     | 3121 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Who's there ?                                   | 3122 |
| Who's noyfe is this that cries on murther ?                  | 3123 |
| <i>Lodo.</i> We do not know.                                 | 3124 |
| <i>Iago,</i> Do not you heere a cry ?                        | 3125 |
| <i>Caf.</i> Heere, heere : for heauen sake helpe me.         | 3126 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What's the matter ?                             | 3127 |
| <i>Gra.</i> This is <i>Othello's</i> Ancient, as I take it.  | 3128 |
| <i>Lodo.</i> The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow,        | 3129 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What are you heere, that cry so greeuoufly ?    | 3130 |
| <i>Caf. Iago?</i> Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines :     | 3131 |
| Giue me some helpe.                                          | 3132 |
| <i>Iago.</i> O mee, Lieutenant !                             | 3133 |
| What Villaines haue done this ?                              | 3134 |
| <i>Caf.</i> I thinke that one of them is heereabout,         | 3135 |
| And cannot make away.                                        | 3136 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Oh treacherous Villaines :                      | 3137 |
| What are you there ? Come in, and giue some helpe.           | 3138 |
| <i>Rod.</i> O helpe me there.                                | 3139 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> That's one of them.                           | 3140 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Oh murd'rous Slaue ! O Villaine !               | 3141 |
| <i>Rod.</i> O damn'd <i>Iago!</i> O inhumane Dogge !         | 3142 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Kill men i'th'darke ?                           | 3143 |
| Where be these bloody Theeues ?                              | 3144 |
| How silent is this Towne ? Hoa, murther, murther.            | 3145 |
| What may you be ? Are you of good, or euill ?                | 3146 |

2847 *Lod.* As you fhall proue vs, praife vs.

2848 *Iag.* Seignior *Lodouico*.

2849 *Lod.* He fir.

3150 2850 *Iag.* I cry you mercy : here's *Cafsio* hurt by villaines

2851 *Grat.* *Cafsio*.

2852 *Iag.* How is it brother ?

2853 *Caf.* My leg is cut in two.

2854 *Iag.* Mary heauen forbid :

2855 Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it with my fhirt.

2856 *Enter Bianca.*

2857 *Bian.* What is the matter ho, who ift that cried ?

2858 *Iag.* Who ift that cried.

2859 *Bian.* O my deare *Cafsio*, O my fweete *Cafsio*, *Cafsio*, *Cafsio*.

2860 *Iag.* O notable ftrumpet : *Cafsio* may you fufpect

2861 Who they fhould be, that thus haue mangled you ?

2862 *Caf.* No.

2863 *Gra.* I am forry to find you thus, I haue bin to feeke you.

2864 *Bian.* Alas he faints, O *Cafsio*, *Cafsio*, *Cafsio*.

3169 2865 *Iag.* Gentlemen all, I doe fufpect this trash

2866 To beare a part in this : patience a while good *Cafsio* :

2867 Lend me a light ; know we this face, or no ?

2868 Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man :

2869 *Roderigo* ? no, yes fure : O heauen *Roderigo*.

2870 *Gra.* What of *Venice* ?

2871 *Iag.* Euen he fir, did you know him ?

2872 *Gra.* Know him ? I.

2873 *Iag.* Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon :

2874 Thefe bloody accidents muft excufe my manners,

2875 That fo neglected you.

2876 *Gra.* I am glad to fee you.

2877 *Iag.* How doe you *Cafsio* ? O a chaire, a chaire.

|                                                                                 |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Lod.</i> As you fhall proue vs, praife vs.                                   | 3147 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Signior <i>Lodouico</i> ?                                          | 3148 |
| <i>Lod.</i> He Sir.                                                             | 3149 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I cry you mercy : here's <i>Caffio</i> hurt by Villaines.          | 3150 |
| <i>Gra.</i> <i>Caffio</i> ?                                                     | 3151 |
| <i>Iago.</i> How is't Brother ?                                                 | 3152 |
| <i>Caf.</i> My Legge is cut in two.                                             | 3153 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Marry heauen forbid :                                              | 3154 |
| Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my fhirt.                                    | 3155 |
| <i>Enter Bianca.</i>                                                            | 3156 |
| <i>Bian.</i> What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd ?                      | 3157 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Who is't that cry'd ?                                              | 3158 |
| <i>Bian.</i> Oh my deere <i>Caffio</i> ,                                        | 3159 |
| My sweet <i>Caffio</i> : Oh <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> .     | 3160 |
| <i>Iago.</i> O notable Strumpet. <i>Caffio</i> , may you fufpect                | 3161 |
| Who they fhould be, that haue thus mangled you ?                                | 3162 |
| <i>Caf.</i> No.                                                                 | 3163 |
| <i>Gra.</i> I am forry to finde you thus ;                                      | 3164 |
| I haue beene to feeke you.                                                      | 3165 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Lend me a Garter. So : ————Oh for a Chaire                         | 3166 |
| To beare him eafily hence.                                                      | 3167 |
| <i>Bian.</i> Alas he faints. Oh <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> , <i>Caffio</i> . | 3168 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Gentlemen all, I do fufpect this Trafh                             | 3169 |
| To be a party in this Iniurie.                                                  | 3170 |
| Patience awhile, good <i>Caffio</i> . Come, come ;                              | 3171 |
| Lend me a Light : know we this face, or no ?                                    | 3172 |
| Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman                                         | 3173 |
| <i>Rodorigo</i> ? No : Yes fure : Yes, 'tis <i>Rodorigo</i> .                   | 3174 |
| <i>Gra.</i> What, of Venice ?                                                   | 3175 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Euen he Sir : Did you know him ?                                   | 3176 |
| <i>Gra.</i> Know him? I.                                                        | 3177 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Signior <i>Gratiano</i> ? I cry your gentle pardon :               | 3178 |
| Thefe bloody accidents muft excufe my Manners,                                  | 3179 |
| That fo neglected you.                                                          | 3180 |
| <i>Gra.</i> I am glad to fee you.                                               | 3181 |
| <i>Iago.</i> How do you <i>Caffio</i> ? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.                 | 3182 |

2878 *Gra. Roderigo.*

2879 *Iag.* He, tis he : O that's well faid, a chaire :

3186 2880 Some good man beare him carefully from hence,  
 2881 I'le fetch the Generalls Surgeon : for you mistriffe,  
 2882 Saue you your labour, he that lies flaine here *Cafsio*,  
 2883 Was my deare friend, what malice was betwixt you ?  
 2884 *Caf.* None in the world, nor doe I know the man.  
 2885 *Iag.* What, looke you pale ? O beare him out o'th aire  
 2886 Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistriffe ?  
 2887 Doe you perceiue the ieasures of her eye,  
 2888 Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon :  
 2889 Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,  
 2890 Doe you see Gentlemen ? Nay guiltineffe  
 2891 Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter Em.*  
 2892 *Em.* 'Las what's the matter ? what's the matter husband ?

2893 *Iag.* *Cafsio* has here bin fet on in the darke,

3201 2894 By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't.

2895 Hee's almost flaine, and *Roderigo* dead.

2896 *Em.* Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cafsio*.

2897 *Iag.* This is the fruite of whoring, pray *Emillia*,

2898 Goe know of *Cafsio*, where he supt to night :

2899 What, doe you shake at that ?

2900 *Bian.* He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

2901 *Iag.* O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

2902 *Em.* Fie, fie vpon thee strumpet.

2903 *Bian.* I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,

2904 As you, that thus abuse me.

2905 *Em.* As I : fough, fie vpon thee.

2906 *Iag.* Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cafsio* drest,

2907 Come mistriffe, you must tell's another tale.

2908 *Emillia*, runne you to the Cittadell,

2909 And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt :

|                                                                    |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Gra. Rodorigo?</i>                                              | 3183 |
| <i>Iago.</i> He, he, 'tis he :                                     | 3184 |
| Oh that's well faid, the Chaire.                                   | 3185 |
| Some good man beare him carefully from hence,                      | 3186 |
| Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Miftris,                 | 3187 |
| Saue you your labour. He that lies flaine heere ( <i>Cassio</i> )  | 3188 |
| Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?                  | 3189 |
| <i>Caf.</i> None in the world : nor do I know the man?             | 3190 |
| <i>Iago.</i> What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.        | 3191 |
| Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Miftris?                  | 3192 |
| Do you perceiue the gaffneffe of her eye?                          | 3193 |
| Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.                       | 3194 |
| Behold her well : I pray you looke vpon her :                      | 3195 |
| Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineffe will fpeake                 | 3196 |
| Though tongues were out of vse.                                    | 3197 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Alas, what is the matter?                             | 3198 |
| What is the matter, Husband?                                       | 3199 |
| <i>Iago.</i> <i>Cassio</i> hath heere bin fet on in the darke      | 3200 |
| By <i>Rodorigo</i> , and Fellowes that are scap'd :                | 3201 |
| He's almost flaine, and <i>Rodorigo</i> quite dead.                | 3202 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Alas good Gentleman : alas good <i>Cassio</i> .       | 3203 |
| <i>Iago.</i> This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe <i>Æmilia</i> , | 3204 |
| Go know of <i>Cassio</i> where he fupt to night.                   | 3205 |
| What, do you shake at that?                                        | 3206 |
| <i>Bian.</i> He fupt at my house, but I therefore shake not,       | 3207 |
| <i>Iago.</i> O did he so? I charge you go with me.                 | 3208 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.                            | 3209 |
| <i>Bian.</i> I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,              | 3210 |
| As you that thus abuse me.                                         | 3211 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> As I? Fie vpon thee.                                  | 3212 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Kinde Gentlemen :                                     | 3213 |
| Let's go see poore <i>Cassio</i> drest.                            | 3214 |
| Come Miftris, you must tel's another Tale.                         | 3215 |
| <i>Æmilia</i> , run you to the Cittadell,                          | 3216 |
| And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd :                      | 3217 |

2910 Will you goe on, I pray, this is the night,  
 3219 2911 That either markes me, or foredoes me quite.  
 2912

*Exeunt.*

2913 *Enter Othello with a light.*

2914 *Oth.* It is the caufe, it is the caufe, my foule,  
 2915 Let me not name it to you, you chafte ftarres :  
 2916 It is the caufe, yet I'le not fhed her blood,  
 2917 Nor fcarre that whiter skin of hers, then fnow,  
 2918 And fsmooth, as monumentall Alablafter ;  
 2919 Yet fhe muft die, elfe fhee'll betray more men,  
 2920 Put out the light, and then put out the light :  
 2921 If I quench thee, thou flaming minifter,  
 2922 I can againe, thy former light reftore,  
 2923 Should I repent me ; but once put out thine,  
 2924 Thou cunning patterne of excelling nature,  
 3232 2925 I know not where is that promethian heate,  
 2926 That can thy light returne : when I haue pluckt the rofe,

2927 I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,  
 2928 It muft needes wither ; I'le fmell it on the tree,  
 2929 A balmy breath, that doth almoft perfwade  
 2930 Iuftice her felfe to breake her fword once more,  
 2931 Be thus, when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 2932 And loue thee after : once more, and this the laft,  
 2933 So sweete was ne're fo fatall : I muft weepe,  
 2934 But they are cruell teares ; this forrowes heauenly,  
 3243 2935 It ftrikes when it does loue : fhe wakes.

2936 *Def.* Who's there, *Othello* ?

2937 *Oth.* I, *Defdemona*.

2938 *Def.* Will you come to bed my Lord ?

2939 *Oth.* Haue you prayed to night, *Defdemona* ?

*He  
 kifses her.*

Will you go on afore? This is the night 3218  
 That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt* 3219

*Scœna Secunda.*

*Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.* 3220

*Oth.* It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule) 3221  
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres, 3222  
 It is the Cause. Yet Ile not fhed her blood, 3223  
 Nor fcarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow, 3224  
 And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster : 3225  
 Yet she muft dye, elfe fhee'l betray more men : 3226  
 Put out the Light, and then put out the Light : 3227  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister, 3228  
 I can againe thy former light restore, 3229  
 Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light, 3230  
 Thou cunning'ft Patterne of excelling Nature, 3231  
 I know not where is that *Promethæan* heate 3232  
 That can thy Light re-Lume. 3233  
 When I haue pluck'd thy Rose, 3234  
 I cannot giue it vitall growth againe, 3235  
 It needs muft wither. Ile fmell thee on the Tree. 3236  
 Oh Balmy breath, that doft almost perfwade 3237  
 Iuftice to breake her Sword. One more, one more : 3238  
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, 3239  
 And loue thee after. One more, and that's the laft. 3240  
 So fweet, was ne're fo fatall. I muft weepe, 3241  
 But they are cruell Teares : This forrow's heavenly, 3242  
 It ftrikes, where it doth loue. She wakes, 3243  
*Des.* Who's there? *Othello*? 3244  
*Othel.* I *Desdemona*. 3245  
*Des.* Will you come to bed, my Lord? 3246  
*Oth.* Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*? 3247

2940 *Def.* I my Lord :

2941 *Oth.* If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,

2942 Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,

2943 Sollicite for it fraite.

2944 *Def.* Alas my Lord, what may you meane by that ?

2945 *Oth.* Well doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,

2946 I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,

2947 No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy foule.

2948 *Def.* Talke you of killing ?

2949 *Oth.* I, I doe.

3259 2950 *Def.* Then heauen haue mercy on me.

2951 *Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.

2952 *Def.* If you fay so, I hope you will not kill me.

2953 *Oth.* Hum.

2954 *Def.* And yet I feare you, for you are fatal then,

2955 When your eyes roule so. why I should feare, I know not,

2956 Since guiltineffe I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

2957 *Oth.* Thinke on thy finnes.

2958 *Def.* They are loues I beare to you.

2959 *Oth.* And for that thou diest.

2960 *Def.* That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing,

2961 Alas, why gnaw you so your neather lip ?

2962 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,

3273 2963 These are portents : but yet I hope

2964 They doe not point on me.

2965 *Oth.* Peace, and be still.

2966 *Def.* I will, so, what's the matter ?

2967 *Oth.* That handkercher which I so lou'd, and gaue thee,

2968 Thou gauest to *Cafsio*.

2969 *Def.* No, by my life and foule,

2970 Send for the man and aske him.

2971 *Oth.* Sweete foule take heed, take heed of periury,

2972 Thou art on thy death-bed.

2973 *Def.* I, but not yet to die.



|                                                                 |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Def.</i> I my Lord.                                          | 3248 |
| <i>Oth.</i> If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime             | 3249 |
| Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,                       | 3250 |
| Solicite for it ftraight.                                       | 3251 |
| <i>Def.</i> Alacke, my Lord,                                    | 3252 |
| What may you meane by that ?                                    | 3253 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by         | 3254 |
| I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,                         | 3255 |
| No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.              | 3256 |
| <i>Def.</i> Talke you of killing ?                              | 3257 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I, I do.                                            | 3258 |
| <i>Def.</i> Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.                      | 3259 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Amen, with all my heart.                            | 3260 |
| <i>Def.</i> If you fay, I hope you will not kill me.            | 3261 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Humh.                                               | 3262 |
| <i>Def.</i> And yet I feare you : for you're fatall then        | 3263 |
| When your eyes rowle so.                                        | 3264 |
| Why I should feare, I know not,                                 | 3265 |
| Since guiltineffe I know not : But yet I feele I feare.         | 3266 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Thinke on thy finnes.                               | 3267 |
| <i>Def.</i> They are Loues I beare to you.                      | 3268 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I, and for that thou dy'ft.                         | 3269 |
| <i>Def.</i> That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.     | 3270 |
| Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip ?                         | 3271 |
| Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame :                    | 3272 |
| These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,                    | 3273 |
| They do not point on me.                                        | 3274 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Peace, and be still.                                | 3275 |
| <i>Def.</i> I will so : What's the matter ?                     | 3276 |
| <i>Oth.</i> That Handkerchiefe                                  | 3277 |
| Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'it to <i>Cassio</i> . | 3278 |
| <i>Def.</i> No by my Life, and Soule : fend for the man,        | 3279 |
| And aske him.                                                   | 3280 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,       | 3281 |
| Thou art on thy death-bed.                                      | 3282 |
| <i>Def.</i> I, but not yet to dye.                              | 3283 |

- 2974 *Oth.* Yes, presently :
- 3285 2975 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,  
 2976 For to deny each article with oath,  
 2977 Cannot remoue, nor choke the strong conceit,  
 2978 That I doe groane withall : thou art to die.  
 2979 *Def.* Then Lord haue mercy on me.  
 2980 *Oth.* I say Amen.  
 2981 *Def.* And haue you mercy too :  
 2982 I neuer did offend you in my life, -- neuer lou'd *Cassio*,  
 2983 But with such generall warrant of heauen,  
 2984 As I might loue : I neuer gaue him token.  
 2985 *Oth.* By heauen I saw my handkercher in his hand,  
 2986 O periured woman, thou doest stone thy heart,  
 2987 And makest me call, what I intend to doe,  
 2988 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,  
 2989 I saw the handkercher.  
 2990 *Def.* He found it then,  
 2991 I neuer gaue it him, send for him hither,  
 3302 2992 And let him confesse a truth.  
 2993 *Oth.* He has confest.  
 2994 *Def.* What, my Lord ?  
 2995 *Oth.* Thar he hath --- vds death.  
 2996 *Def.* How, vnlawfully ?  
 2997 *Oth.* I.  
 2998 *Def.* He will not say so.  
 2999 *Oth.* No, his mouth is stop'd,  
 3000 Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.  
 3001 *Def.* My feare interprets then, -- what is he dead ?  
 3002 *Oth.* Had all his haire bin liues,  
 My great reuenge had stomacke for 'em all.  
 3003 *Def.* Alas he is betraid, and I vndone.  
 3004 *Oth.* O strumpet, -- weepest thou for him to my face ?  
 3005 *Def.* O bannish me, my Lord, but kill me not.  
 3006 *Oth.* Downe strumpet.  
 3007 *Def.* Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night  
 3008 *Oth.* Nay, an you friue.

|                                                             |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Oth.</i> Presently.                                      | 3284 |
| Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne :               | 3285 |
| For to deny each Article with Oath,                         | 3286 |
| Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception             | 3287 |
| That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.                   | 3288 |
| <i>Def.</i> O Heauen haue mercy on me.                      | 3289 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I say, Amen.                                    | 3290 |
| <i>Def.</i> And haue you mercy too. I neuer did             | 3291 |
| Offend you in my life ; neuer lou'd <i>Cassio</i> ,         | 3292 |
| But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,                 | 3293 |
| As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.                    | 3294 |
| <i>Oth.</i> By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.     | 3295 |
| O periu'r'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,               | 3296 |
| And makes me call, what I intend to do,                     | 3297 |
| A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.                     | 3298 |
| I saw the Handkerchiefe.                                    | 3299 |
| <i>Def.</i> He found it then :                              | 3300 |
| I neuer gaue it him : Send, for him hither :                | 3301 |
| Let him confesse a truth.                                   | 3302 |
| <i>Oth.</i> He hath confest.                                | 3303 |
| <i>Def.</i> What, my Lord ?                                 | 3304 |
| <i>Oth.</i> That he hath vs'd thee.                         | 3305 |
| <i>Def.</i> How? vnlawfully ?                               | 3306 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I.                                              | 3307 |
| <i>Def.</i> He will not say so.                             | 3308 |
| <i>Oth.</i> No : his mouth is stopp'd :                     | 3309 |
| Honest <i>Iago</i> hath 'tane order for't.                  | 3310 |
| <i>Def.</i> Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead ?      | 3311 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge   | 3312 |
| Had stomacke for them all.                                  | 3313 |
| <i>Def.</i> Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.             | 3314 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Out Strumpet : weep'st thou for him to my face? | 3315 |
| <i>Def.</i> O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.          | 3316 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Downe Strumpet.                                 | 3317 |
| <i>Def.</i> Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.        | 3318 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Nay, if you striue.                             | 3319 |

3320 3009 *Def.* But halfe an houre, but while I fay one prayer.

3010 *Oth.* Tis too late. *he stifles her.*

3011 *Def.* O Lord, Lord, Lord. *Emillia calls within.*

3012 *Em.* My Lord, my Lord, what ho, my Lord, my Lord.

3013 *Oth.* What voyce is this ? not dead ? not yet quite dead ?

3014 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,

3015 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- fo, fo.

3016 *Em.* What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

3017 *Oth.* Who's there ?

3018 *Em.* O good my Lord, I'de speake a word with you.

3019 *Oth.* Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by : shee's dead :

3020 Tis like she comes to speake of *Cafsios* death ;

3021 The noyse was here ; ha, no more mouing,

3022 Still as the graue : shall she come in ? were't good ?

3023 I thinke she stirres againe; no, what's the best ?

3024 If she come in, shee'll fure speake to my wife.

3025 My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife ;

3026 O insupportable : O heauy houre.

3027 Me thinks it should be now a huge Ecclips

3344 3028 Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,

3029 Should yawne at alteration.

3030 *Em.* I doe befeech you I may speake with you, - good my Lord.

3031 *Oth.* I had forgot thee : O come in *Emillia*.

3032 Soft, by and by ; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent. Emil.*

3033 Where art thou ? whats the matter with thee now ?

3034 *Em.* O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.

3035 *Oth.* What, now ?

|                                                                 |      |
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| <i>Def.</i> But halfe an houre.                                 | 3320 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Being done, there is no pawfe.                      | 3321 |
| <i>Def.</i> But while I fay one prayer.                         | 3322 |
| <i>Oth.</i> It is too late.                                     | 3323 |
| <i>Smothers her.</i>                                            | 3323 |
| <i>Æmilia at the doore.</i>                                     | 3324 |
| <br>                                                            |      |
| <i>Æmil.</i> My Lord, my Lord ? What hoa ?                      | 3325 |
| My Lord, my Lord.                                               | 3326 |
| <i>Oth.</i> What noife is this ? Not dead? not yet quite dead ? | 3327 |
| I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,                             | 3328 |
| I would not haue thee linger in thy paine ?                     | 3329 |
| So, fo.                                                         | 3330 |
| <i>Æmil.within.</i> What hoa? my Lord, my Lord ?                | 3331 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Who's there ?                                       | 3332 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh good my Lord, I would fpeake a word             | 3333 |
| with you.                                                       | 3334 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Yes : 'Tis <i>Æmilia</i> : by and by. Shee's dead.  | 3335 |
| 'Tis like fhe comes to fpeake of <i>Caffio</i> 's death :       | 3336 |
| The noife was high. Hah, no more moouing ?                      | 3337 |
| Still as the Graue. Shall fhe come in? Wer't good ?             | 3338 |
| I thinke fhe ftirres againe No, what's beft to do ?             | 3339 |
| If fhe come in, fhee'l fure fpeake to my wife :                 | 3340 |
| My wife, my wife : what wife ? I haue no wife.                  | 3341 |
| Oh infupportable ! Oh heauy houre !                             | 3342 |
| Me thinkes, it fould be now a huge Eclipse                      | 3343 |
| Of Sunne, and Moone ; and that th'affrighted Globe              | 3344 |
| Did yawne at Alteration.                                        | 3345 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> I do befeech you                                   | 3346 |
| That I may fpeake with you. Oh good my Lord.                    | 3347 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I had forgot thee : oh come in <i>Æmilia</i> .      | 3348 |
| Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.                     | 3349 |
| Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now ?               | 3350 |
| <i>Enter Æmilia.</i>                                            | 3351 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers            | 3352 |
| done.                                                           | 3353 |
| • <i>Oth.</i> What ? now ?                                      | 3354 |

- 3036 *Em.* But now my Lord.  
 3037 *Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,  
 3038 She comes more neere the earth, then she was wont,  
 3039 And makes men mad.  
 3040 *Em.* *Cafsio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,  
 3041 Cal'd *Roderigo*.  
 3381 3042 *Oth.* *Roderigo* kild, and *Cafsio* kild ?  
 3043 *Em.* No, *Cafsio* is not kild.  
 3044 *Oth.* Not *Cafsio* kild, then murders out of tune,  
 3045 And fweete reuenge growes harsh.  
 3046 *Def.* O falfly, falfly murdered.  
 3047 *Em.* O Lord, what cry is that ?  
 3048 *Oth.* That ? what ?  
 3049 *Em.* Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce;  
 3050 Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,  
 3051 Sweete *Desdemona*, O fweete Miftresse speake.  
 3052 *Def.* A guiltleffe death I die.  
 3053 *Em.* O who has done this deed ?  
 3054 *Def.* No body, I my felfe, farewell :  
 3055 Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *She dies.*  
 3375 3056 *Oth.* Why, how should she be murdered ?  
 3057 *Em.* Alas, who knowes ?  
 3058 *Oth.* You heard her fay, her felfe, it was not I.  
 3059 *Em.* She fayd fo, I muft needes report a truth.  
 3060 *Oth.* She's like a lyer, gone to burning Hell,  
 3061 Twas I that kild her.  
 3062 *Em.* O, the more Angell she,  
 3063 And you the blacker diuell.  
 3064 *Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.  
 3065 *Em.* Thou doest bely her, and thou art a diuell.  
 3066 *Oth.* She was false as water.  
 3067 *Em.* Thou as rash as fire,  
 3068 To fay that she was false : O she was heauenly true.  
 3069 *Oth.* *Cafsio* did top her, aske thy husband else,  
 3070 O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
 3390 3071 But that I did proceed, vpon iust grounds,  
 3072 To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                              |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>Æmil.</i> But now, my Lord.                                                                                                                                                                          | 3355                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> It is the very error of the Moone,<br>She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,<br>And makes men mad.                                                                                  | 3356<br>3357<br>3358         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> <i>Cassio</i> , my Lord, hath kill'd<br>A young Venetian, call'd <i>Rodorigo</i> .                                                                                                         | 3359<br>3360                 |
| <i>Oth.</i> <i>Rodorigo</i> kill'd? and <i>Cassio</i> kill'd?                                                                                                                                           | 3361                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> No, <i>Cassio</i> is not kill'd.                                                                                                                                                           | 3362                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> Not <i>Cassio</i> kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,<br>And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.                                                                                                    | 3363<br>3364                 |
| <i>Def.</i> O falfely, falfely murder'd.                                                                                                                                                                | 3365                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Alas! what cry is that?                                                                                                                                                                    | 3366                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> That? What?                                                                                                                                                                                 | 3367                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.<br>Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,<br>Sweet <i>Desdemona</i> , oh sweet Miftris, speake.                                         | 3368<br>3369<br>3370         |
| <i>Def.</i> A guiltlesse death, I dye.                                                                                                                                                                  | 3371                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh who hath done this deed?                                                                                                                                                                | 3372                         |
| <i>Def.</i> No body : I my selfe, farewell :                                                                                                                                                            | 3373                         |
| Commend me to my kinde Lord : oh farewell.                                                                                                                                                              | 3374                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> Why, how should she be murdred?                                                                                                                                                             | 3375                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Alas : who knowes?                                                                                                                                                                         | 3376                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> You heare her fay her selfe, it was not I.                                                                                                                                                  | 3377                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> She said so : I must needs report the truth.                                                                                                                                               | 3378                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,<br>'Twas I that kill'd her.                                                                                                                         | 3379<br>3380                 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-<br>er Diuell.                                                                                                                                   | 3381<br>3382                 |
| <i>Oth.</i> She turn'd to folly : and she was a whore.                                                                                                                                                  | 3383                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.                                                                                                                                                | 3384                         |
| <i>Oth.</i> She was false as water.                                                                                                                                                                     | 3385                         |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Thou art rash as fire, to say<br>That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.                                                                                                             | 3386<br>3387                 |
| <i>Oth.</i> <i>Cassio</i> did top her : Ask thy husband else.<br>O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:<br>But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds<br>To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all. | 3388<br>3389<br>3390<br>3391 |

3073 *Em.* My husband ?

3074 *Oth.* Thy husband.

3075 *Em.* That she was false to wedlocke ?

3076 *Oth.* I, with *Cassio* : nay, had she bin true,  
3077 If heauen would make me such another world,

3078 Of one intire and perfect Crifolite,

3079 I'de not haue sold her for it.

3080 *Em.* My husband ?

3081 *Oth.* I, twas he that told me first,

3082 An honest man he is, and hates the slime,

3083 That flicks on filthy deedes.

3084 *Em.* My husband ?

3404 3085 *Oth.* What needes this iteration ? woman, I say thy husband.

3086 *Em.* If he say so, may his pernicious foule

3087 Rot halfe a graine a day : he lies to'th heart,

3088 She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.

3089 *Oth.* Ha ?

3090 *Em.* Doe thy worst,

3091 This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,

3092 Then thou wast worthy her.

3093 *Oth.* Peace, you were best.

3094 *Em.* Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,

3095 As I haue to be hurt : O gull, O dolt,

3096 As ignorant as dirtt ; thou hast done a deed --

3097 I care not for thy sword, I'le make thee know,

3098 Tho I lost twenty liues : helpe, helpe, O helpe ;

3099 The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.



|                                                            |      |
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| <i>Æmil.</i> My Husband ?                                  | 3392 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Thy Husband.                                   | 3393 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> That she was false to Wedlocke ?              | 3394 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I, with <i>Cassio</i> : had she bin true,      | 3395 |
| If Heauen would make me such another world,                | 3396 |
| Of one entyre and perfect Chryfolite,                      | 3397 |
| I'd not haue sold her for it.                              | 3398 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> My Husband?                                   | 3399 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I, 'twas he that told me on her first,         | 3400 |
| An honest man he is, and hates the slime                   | 3401 |
| That stickes on filthy deeds.                              | 3402 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> My Husband ?                                  | 3403 |
| <i>Oth.</i> What needs this itterance, Woman ?             | 3404 |
| I say, thy Husband.                                        | 3405 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Oh Miftris,                                   | 3406 |
| Villany hath made mockes with loue :                       | 3407 |
| My Husband say she was false ?                             | 3408 |
| <i>Oth.</i> He, Woman ;                                    | 3409 |
| I say thy Husband : Do'ft vnderstand the word ?            | 3410 |
| My Friend, thy Husband ; honest, honest <i>Iago</i> .      | 3411 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> If he say so, may his pernicious Soule        | 3412 |
| Rot halfe a graine a day : he lyes to'th'heart,            | 3413 |
| She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.              | 3414 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Hah ?                                          | 3415 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Do thy wotft :                                | 3416 |
| This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,              | 3417 |
| Then thou was't worthy her.                                | 3418 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Peace, you were best.                          | 3419 |
| <i>Æmil.</i> Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm, | 3420 |
| As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,                    | 3421 |
| As ignorant as durt : thou hast done a deed                | 3422 |
| (I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,            | 3423 |
| Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe :     | 3424 |
| The Moore hath kill'd my Miftris. Murther, murther.        | 3425 |

3426 3100

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.*3101 *Mon.* What is the matter ? how now General ?3102 *Em.* O, are you come *Iago* ? you haue done well,

3103 That men must lay their murder on your neck.

3104 *All.* What is the matter ?3105 *Em.* Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'ft a man ;

3106 He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false,

3107 I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine :

3108 Speake, for my heart is full.

3109 *Iag.* I told him what I thought, and told no more.

3110 Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.

3111 *Em.* But did you euer tell him she was false ?3112 *Iag.* I did.3113 *Em.* You told a lie, an odious damned lie ;

3114 Vpon my foule, a lie, a wicked lie :

3115 She false with *Cassio* ; did you say with *Cassio* ?3116 *Iag.* With *Cassio* mistresse ; go to, charme your tongue.3448 3117 *Em.* I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake.3461 3118 *Iag.* What are you mad, I charge you get you home.

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.* 3426

- Mon.* What is the matter ? How now General ? 3427  
*Emil.* Oh, are you come, *Iago* : you haue done well, 3428  
 That men must lay their Murthers on your necke. 3429  
*Gra.* What is the matter ? 3430  
*Emil.* Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'ft a man : 3431  
 He sayes, thou told'ft him that his wife was false : 3432  
 I know thou did'ft not : thou'rt not such a Villain. 3433  
 Speake, for my heart is full. 3434  
*Iago.* I told him what I thought, 3435  
 And told no more 3436  
 Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true. 3437  
*Emil.* But did you euer tell him, 3438  
 She was false ? 3439  
*Iago.* I did. 3440  
*Emil.* You told a Lye an odious damned Lye : 3441  
 Vpon my Soule, a Lye ; a wicked Lye. 3442  
 Shee false with *Cassio* ? 3443  
 Did you say with *Cassio* ? 3444  
*Iago.* With *Cassio*, Miftris ? 3445  
 Go too, charme your tongue. 3446  
*Emil.* I will not charme my Tongue ; 3447  
 I am bound to speake, 3448  
 My Miftris heere lyes murdered in her bed. 3449  
*All.* Oh Heauens, forefend. 3450  
*Emil.* And your reports haue fet the Murder on. 3451  
*Othello.* Nay flare not Masters, 3452  
 It is true indeede. 3453  
*Gra.* 'Tis a strange Truth. 3454  
*Ment.* O monstrous Acte. 3455  
*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany : 3456  
 I thinke vpon't, I thinke : I smel't : O Villany : 3457  
 I thought so then : Ile kill my selfe for greefe. 3458  
 O villany ! villany ! 3459  
*Iago.* What, are you mad ? 3460  
 I charge you get you home. 3461

- 3119 *Em.* Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake,  
 3120 Tis proper I obey him, but not now :  
 3121 Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.  
 3122 *Oth* Oh, oh, oh. *Oth. fals on the bed.*  
 3123 *Em.* Nay, lay thee downe, and rore,  
 3124 For thou haft kild the sweetest innocent,  
 3125 That ere did lift vp eye.  
 3126 *Oth.* O she was foule :  
 3127 I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,  
 3128 Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt,  
 3129 I know this act shewes terrible and grim.  
 3474 3130 *Gra.* Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,  
  
 3131 Thy match was mortall to him, and pure grieffe,  
 2132 Shore his old thread atwane : did he liue now,  
 3133 This fight would make him doe a desperate turne,  
 3134 Yea curfe his better Angell from his side,  
 3135 And fall to reprobation.  
 3480 3136 *Oth.* Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,  
 3137 That she with *Cassio*, hath the act of shame  
 3138 A thousand times committed ; *Cassio* confest it,  
 3139 And she did gratifie his amorous workes,  
 3140 With the recognifance and pledge of loue,  
 3141 Which I first gaue her ; I saw it in his hand,  
 3142 It was a handkercher ; an Antique token  
 3143 My father gaue my mother.  
 3144 *Em.* O God, O heauenly God.  
 3145 *Iag.* Zouns, hold your peace.  
 3146 *Em.* 'Twill out, 'twill : I hold my peace fir, no,  
 3147 I'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre,  
 3148 Let heauen, and men, and diuells, let em all,  
 3149 All, all cry shame against me, yet I'le speake.  
 3150 *Iag.* Be wife. and get you home.  
 3151 *Em.* I will not.  
 3152 *Gra.* Fie, your sword vpon a woman ?  
 3497 3153 *Em.* O thou dull Moore, that handkercher thou speakst on,

|                                                            |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Emil.</i> Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to ſpeake : | 3462 |
| 'Tis proper I obey him ; but not now :                     | 3463 |
| Perchance <i>Iago</i> , I will ne're go home.              | 3464 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Oh, oh, oh.                                    | 3465 |
| <i>Emil.</i> Nay, lay thee downe, and roare :              | 3466 |
| For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,                | 3467 |
| That ere did liſt vp eye.                                  | 3468 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Oh ſhe was fowle !                             | 3469 |
| I ſcarſe did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,        | 3470 |
| Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands haue newly ſtopp'd :     | 3471 |
| I know this acte ſhewes horrible and grim.                 | 3472 |
| <i>Gra.</i> Poore <i>Deſdemon</i> :                        | 3473 |
| I am glad thy Father's dead,                               | 3474 |
| Thy Match was mortall to him : and pure greefe             | 3475 |
| Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,            | 3476 |
| This fight would make him do a deſperate turne :           | 3477 |
| Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,                | 3478 |
| And fall to Reprobance.                                    | 3479 |
| <i>Oth.</i> 'Tis pittifull : but yet <i>Iago</i> knowes    | 3480 |
| That ſhe with <i>Caffio</i> , hath the Act of ſhame,       | 3481 |
| A thouſand times committed. <i>Caffio</i> confeſt it,      | 3482 |
| And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes                    | 3483 |
| With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue                  | 3484 |
| Which I firſt gaue her : I ſaw it in his hand :            | 3485 |
| It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token                   | 3486 |
| My Father gaue my Mother.                                  | 3487 |
| <i>Emil.</i> Oh Heauen ! oh heauenly Powres !              | 3488 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Comè, hold your peace.                        | 3489 |
| <i>Emil.</i> 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace ?             | 3490 |
| No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North ;               | 3491 |
| Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,             | 3492 |
| All, all, crie ſhame againſt me, yet Ile ſpeake.           | 3493 |
| <i>Iago.</i> Be wife, and get you home.                    | 3494 |
| <i>Emil.</i> I will not.                                   | 3495 |
| <i>Gra.</i> Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.                  | 3496 |
| <i>Emil.</i> Oh thou dull Moore,                           | 3497 |

- 3154 I found by fortune, and did giue my husband  
 3155 For often with a folemne earnestneffe,  
 3156 More then indeed belong'd to fuch a trifle,  
 3157 He beg'd of me to steale it.  
 3158 *Iag.* Villainous whore.  
 3159 *Em.* She gaue it *Cafsio*? no alas I found it,  
 3160 And I did giu't my husband.  
 3161 *Iag.* Filth thou lieft.  
 3507 3162 *Em.* By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,  
 3163 O murderous Coxcombe ! what fould fuch a foole  
 3164 Doe with fo good a woman ?  
 3165 *The Moore runnes at Iago. Iago kills his wife.*  
 3166 *Oth.* Are there no ftones in heauen,  
 3167 But what ferues for the thunder ? pretious villaine.  
  
 3168 *Gra.* The woman falls, fure he has kild his wife.  
  
 3169 *Em.* I, I, O lay me by my miftrefse fide. *Exit Iago.*  
 3170 *Gra.* Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.  
 3171 *Mon.* Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,  
 3172 Which I haue here recouered from the Moore :  
 3173 Come, guard the dore without, let him not paffe,  
 3174 But kill him rather, I'le after that fame villaine,  
 3521 3175 For tis a damned flaue. *Exit Mont. and Gratiano.*  
 3176 *Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
 3177 But euery puny whipfter gets my fword,  
 3178 But why fould honour out liue honefty ?  
 3525 3179 Let it goe all.  
  
 3529 3180 *Em.* Moore, fhe was chafte, fhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,  
 3181 So come my foule to bliffe, as I fpeake true ;  
 3182 So fpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *fhe dies.*  
 3183 *Oth.* I haue another weapon in this chamber,

|                                                               |                   |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of                           | 3498              |
| I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband :                 | 3499              |
| For often, with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,                       | 3500              |
| (More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)                  | 3501              |
| He begg'd of me, to ſteale't.                                 | 3502              |
| <i>Iago.</i> Villanous Whore.                                 | 3503              |
| <i>Emil.</i> She giue it <i>Caffio</i> ? No, alas I found it, | 3504              |
| And I did giu't my Husband.                                   | 3505              |
| <i>Iago.</i> Filth, thou lyeſt.                               | 3506              |
| <i>Emil.</i> By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen :         | 3507              |
| Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what ſhould ſuch a Foole               | 3508              |
| Do with ſo good a wife ?                                      | 3509              |
| <br>                                                          |                   |
| <i>Oth.</i> Are there no ſtones in Heauen,                    | 3510              |
| But what ferues for the Thunder ?                             | 3511              |
| Precious Villaine.                                            | 3512              |
| <i>Gra.</i> The woman falles :                                | 3513              |
| Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.                                 | 3514              |
| <i>Emil.</i> I, I : oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.             | 3515              |
| <i>Gra.</i> Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.                | 3516              |
| <i>Mon.</i> 'Tis a notorious Villain : take you this weapon   | 3517              |
| Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore :                       | 3518              |
| Come guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,              | 3519              |
| But kill him rather. Ile after that ſame villaine,            | 3520              |
| For 'tis a damned Slaue.                                      | <i>Exit.</i> 3521 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I am not valiant neither :                        | 3522              |
| But euery Punie whipſter gets my Sword.                       | 3523              |
| But why ſhould Honor out-liue Honesty ?                       | 3524              |
| Eet it go all.                                                | 3525              |
| <i>Emil.</i> What did thy Song boad Lady ?                    | 3526              |
| Hearke, canſt thou heare me ? I will play the Swan,           | 3527              |
| And dye in Muſicke : <i>Willough, Willough, Willough.</i>     | 3528              |
| Moore, ſhe was chaſte : She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,         | 3529              |
| So come my Soule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true :                | 3530              |
| So ſpeaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.                         | 3531              |
| <i>Oth.</i> I haue another weapon in this Chamber,            | 3532              |

3184 It is a fword of Spaine, the Ifebrookes temper ;  
 3185 O here it is ; Vncle I muft come forth. *Gra.within.*  
 3186 *Gra.* If thou attempt it, it will coft thee deere,  
 3187 Thou haft no weapon, and perforce muft fuffer.  
 3188 *Oth.* Looke in vpon me then, and fpeake to me,  
 3189 Or naked as I am, I will affault thee.  
 3190 *Gra.* What is the matter ?  
 3191 *Oth.* Behold, I haue a weapon,  
 3192 A better neuer did it felfe fustaine  
 3193 Vpon a Souldiers thigh : I haue feene the day,  
 3194 That with this little arme, and this good fword,  
 3195 I haue made my way through more impediments,  
 3196 Then twenty times you ftop : but O vaine boaft,  
 3546 3197 Who can controule his Fate ? tis not fo now,

3554 3198 Pale as thy fmocke, when we fhall meete at count,  
 3199 This looke of thine, will hurle my foule from heauen.  
 3200 And fiends will fnatch at it : cold, cold, my girle,  
 3201 Euen like thy chafity; O curfed flauē :  
 3202 Whippe me you Diuells,  
 3203 From the poffeffion of this heavenly fight,  
 3204 Blow me about in winds, roast me in fulphure,  
 3205 Wash me in fleepe downe gulphes of liquid fire :  
 3206 O *Defdemona, Defdemoua* dead, O, o, o.

3207 *Enter Lodouico, Montano, Iago, and Officers*  
 3208 *Caffio in a Chaire.*

3565 3209 *Lod.* Where is this rash and moft infortunate man.  
 3210 *Oth.* That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.  
 3211 *Lod.* Where is this Viper, bring the villaine forth.



|                                                             |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper :          | 3533 |
| Oh heere it is : Vnkle I muft come forth.                   | 3534 |
| <i>Gra.</i> If thou attempt it, it will cofte thee deere ;  | 3535 |
| Thou haft no weapon, and perforce muft fuffer.              | 3536 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Looke in vpon me then, and fpeake with me,      | 3537 |
| Or naked as I am I will affault thee.                       | 3538 |
| <i>Gra.</i> What is the matter?                             | 3539 |
| <i>Othel.</i> Behold, I haue a weapon :                     | 3540 |
| A better neuer did it felfe fustaine                        | 3541 |
| Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue feene the day,                | 3542 |
| That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,            | 3543 |
| I haue made my way through more impediments                 | 3544 |
| Then twenty times your ftop. But ( oh vaine boaft )         | 3545 |
| Who can controll his Fate ? 'Tis not fo now.                | 3546 |
| Be not affraid, though you do fee me weapon'd :             | 3547 |
| Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt                  | 3548 |
| And verie Sea-marke of my vtmoft Saile.                     | 3549 |
| Do you go backe difmaid? 'Tis a loft feare :                | 3550 |
| Man but a Ruff againft <i>Othello's</i> brest,              | 3551 |
| And he retires. Where fhould <i>Othello</i> go ?            | 3552 |
| Now: how doft thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,         | 3553 |
| Pale as thy Smocke : when we fhall meete at compt,          | 3554 |
| This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,        | 3555 |
| And Fiends will fnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle ?        | 3556 |
| Euen like thy chafity. O Curfed, curfed Slaue !             | 3557 |
| Whip me ye Diuels,                                          | 3558 |
| From the poffeffion of this Heauenly fight :                | 3559 |
| Blow me about in windes, roaft me in Sulphure,              | 3560 |
| Wafh me in fteepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.              | 3561 |
| Oh <i>Desdemon</i> ! dead <i>Desdemon</i> : dead. Oh, oh !  | 3562 |
| <br>                                                        |      |
| <i>Enter Lodouico, Caffio, Montano, and Iago,</i>           | 3563 |
| <i>with Officers.</i>                                       | 3564 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Where is this rash, and moft vnfortunate man ?  | 3565 |
| <i>Oth.</i> That's he that was <i>Othello</i> : heere I am. | 3566 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Where is that Viper ?                           | 3567 |
| Bring the Villaine forth.                                   | 3568 |

- 3212 *Oth.* I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable  
 3213 If thou beest a diuell, I cannot kill thee.  
 3214 *Lod.* Wring his sword from him.  
 3215 *Iag.* I bleed fir, but not kil'd.  
 3216 *Oth.* I am not forry neither, I'de haue thee liue,  
 3217 For in my fense tis happineffe to die.  
 3218 *Lod.* O thou *Othello*, that wert once so good,  
 3219 Falne in the practife of a damned slaue,  
 3220 What should be said to thee ?  
 3221 *Oth.* Why any thing,  
 3222 An honourable murderer if you will :  
 3223 For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.  
 3224 *Lod.* This wretch hath part confest his villainy :  
 3225 Did you and he consent in *Cafsio's* death ?  
 3226 *Oth.* I.  
 3227 *Caf.* Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cause.  
 3228 *Oth.* I doe beleue it, and I aske you pardon,  
 3586 3229 Will you pray, demand that demy diuell,  
 3230 Why he hath thus infnar'd my soule and body ?  
 3231 *Iag.* Demand me nothing, what you know you know,  
 3232 From this time forth I neuer will speake word.  
 3233 *Lod.* What not to pray ?  
 3234 *Grat.* Torments will op'e your lips.  
 3235 *Oth.* Well, thou doest best.  
 3594 3236 *Lod.* Sir, you shall vnderstand what hath befallne,  
  
 3237 Which, as I thinke you know not : here is a letter,  
 3238 Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo* ;  
 3239 And here another; the one of them imports  
 3240 The death of *Cafsio* ; to be vnderooke -- by *Roderigo*.  
  
 3600 3241 *Oth.* O villaine.  
 3601 3242 *Caf.* Most heathenish, and most grosse.  
 3243 *Lod.* Now heres another discontented paper,  
 3244 Found in his pocket too, and this it feemes,  
 3245 *Roderigo* meant to haue sent this damned villaine,

|                                                                |      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Oth.</i> I look down towards his feet ; but that's a Fable, | 3569 |
| If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.              | 3570 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Wrench his Sword from him.                         | 3571 |
| <i>Iago.</i> I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.                      | 3572 |
| <i>Othel.</i> I am not forry neither, Il'd haue thee liue :    | 3573 |
| For in my fense, 'tis happineffe to die.                       | 3574 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Oh thou <i>Othello</i> , that was once fo good,    | 3575 |
| Falne in the practife of a curfed Slaue,                       | 3576 |
| What fhall be faide to thee.                                   | 3577 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Why any thing :                                    | 3578 |
| An honourable Murderer, if you will :                          | 3579 |
| For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.                   | 3580 |
| <i>Lod.</i> This wretch hath part confest his Villany :        | 3581 |
| Did you and he confent in <i>Caffio</i> 's death.              | 3582 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I.                                                 | 3583 |
| <i>Caf.</i> Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you caufe.            | 3584 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon :           | 3585 |
| Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,                     | 3586 |
| Why he hath thus enfnar'd my Soule and Body.                   | 3587 |
| <i>Iag.</i> Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :      | 3588 |
| From this time forth, I neuer will fpeake word.                | 3589 |
| <i>Lod.</i> What? not to pray ?                                | 3590 |
| <i>Gra.</i> Torments will ope your lips.                       | 3591 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Well, thou doft best.                              | 3592 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Sir,                                               | 3593 |
| You fhall vnderftand what hath befallne,                       | 3594 |
| ( Which, as I thinke, you know not ) heere is a Letter         | 3595 |
| Found in the pocket of the flaine <i>Rodorigo</i> ,            | 3596 |
| And heere another, the one of them imports                     | 3597 |
| The death of <i>Caffio</i> , to be vndertooke                  | 3598 |
| By <i>Rodorigo</i> .                                           | 3599 |
| <i>Oth.</i> O Villaine !                                       | 3600 |
| <i>Caffio.</i> Mofl Heathenifh, and mofl groffe.               | 3601 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Now, heere's another difcontented paper            | 3602 |
| Found in his pocket too : and this it feemes                   | 3603 |
| <i>Rodorigo</i> meant t'haue fent this damned villaine :       | 3604 |

- 3246 But that belike, *Iago*, in the nicke  
 3247 Came in, and fatisfied him.  
 3248 *Oth.* O the pernitiuous catieffe !  
 3249 How came you *Cassio* by a handkercher,  
 3250 That was my wifes ?  
 3251 *Cas.* I found it in my chamber,  
 3252 And he himfelfe confest it euen now,  
 3253 That there he dropt it, for a fpeciall purpofe ;  
 3254 Which wrought to his defire.  
 3614 3255 *Oth.* O foole, foole, foole.  
 3256 *Cas.* There is befides in *Roderigoes* letter  
 3257 How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him,  
 3258 Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,  
 3259 That I was caft ; and euen but now he fpake,  
 3260 After long feeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,  
 3261 *Iago* fet him on.  
 3262 *Lod.* You muft forfake this roome, and goe with vs,  
 3263 Your power and your command is taken off,  
 3264 And *Cassio* rules in *Cypres* : for this flauē,  
 3265 If there be any cunning cruelty,  
 3266 That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
 3267 It fhall be his : you fhall clofe prifoner reft,  
 3268 Till that the nature of your fault be knowne  
 3628 3269 To the *Venetian* State ; come, bring him away.  
 3270 *Oth.* Soft you, a word or two,  
 3271 I haue done the State fome feruice, and they know't ;  
 3272 No more of that : I pray you in your letters,  
 3273 When you fhall thefe vnlucky deedes relate,  
 3274 Speake of them as they are ; nothing extenuate,  
 3275 Nor fet downe ought in malice, then muft you fpēake,  
  
 3276 Of one that lou'd not wifely, but too well :  
 3277 Of one not eafily ieaious, but being wrought,  
 3278 Perplext in the extreame ; of one whole hand,  
 3639 3279 Like the bafe *Indian*, threw a pearle away,  
 3280 Richer then all his Tribe : of one whole fubdued eyes,

|                                                               |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| But that (belike) <i>Iago</i> in the interim                  | 3605 |
| Came in, and fatis fi'd him.                                  | 3606 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Oh thou pernitiuous Caitiffe ;                    | 3607 |
| How came you ( <i>Cassio</i> ) by that Handkerchiefe          | 3608 |
| That was my wiuies ?                                          | 3609 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> I found it in my Chamber :                     | 3610 |
| And he himfelfe confest it but euen now,                      | 3611 |
| That there he dropt it for a fpeciall purpofe,                | 3612 |
| Which wrought to his defire.                                  | 3613 |
| <i>Othel.</i> O Foole, foole, foole !                         | 3614 |
| <i>Cassio.</i> There is befides, in <i>Rodorigo's</i> Letter, | 3615 |
| How he vpbraides <i>Iago</i> , that he made him               | 3616 |
| Braue me vpon the Watch : whereon it came                     | 3617 |
| That I was caft : and euen but now he fpake                   | 3618 |
| ( After long feeming dead ) <i>Iago</i> hurt him,             | 3619 |
| <i>Iago</i> fet him on.                                       | 3620 |
| <i>Lod.</i> You muft forfake this roome, and go with vs :     | 3621 |
| Your Power, and your Command is taken off,                    | 3622 |
| And <i>Cassio</i> rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,            | 3623 |
| If there be any cunning Crueltie,                             | 3624 |
| That can torment him much, and hold him long,                 | 3625 |
| It fhall be his. You fhall clofe Prifoner reft,               | 3626 |
| Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne                  | 3627 |
| To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.                      | 3628 |
| <i>Oth.</i> Soft you ; a word or two before you goe :         | 3629 |
| I haue done the State fome feruice, and they know't :         | 3630 |
| No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,                  | 3631 |
| When you fhall thefe vnluckie deeds relate,                   | 3632 |
| Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,                     | 3633 |
| Nor fet downe ought in malice.                                | 3634 |
| Then muft you fpeake,                                         | 3635 |
| Of one that lou'd not wifely, but too well :                  | 3636 |
| Of one, not eafily Iealious, but being wrought,               | 3637 |
| Perplexed in the extreame : Of one, whofe hand                | 3638 |
| (Like the bafe Iudean) threw a Pearle away                    | 3639 |
| Richer then all his Tribe : Of one, whofe fub du'd Eyes,      | 3640 |

3281 Albeit vnufed to the melting moode,  
 3282 Drops teares as faft as the *Arabian* trees,  
 3283 Their medicinall gum ; fet you downe this,  
 3284 And fay besides, that in *Aleppo* once,  
 3285 Where a *Malignant* and a *Turband Turke*,  
 3286 Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State ;  
 3287 I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,  
 3288 And fmote him thus. *He flabs himfelfe.*

3289 *Lod.* O bloody period.

3290 *Gra.* All that's fpoke is mard.

3291 *Oth.* I kift thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,

3652 3292 Killing my felfe, to die vpon a kiffe. *He dies.*

3293 *Caf.* This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,  
 3294 For he was great of heart.

3295 *Lod.* O Spartane dog,

3296 More fell then anguifh, hunger or, the Sea,

3297 Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed :

3298 This is thy worke, the obiect poifons fight,

3660 3299 Let it be hid : *Gratiano*, keepe the houfe,

3300 And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore :

3301 For they fucceed to you, to you Lord Gouvernour,

3302 Remaines the cenfure of this hellifh villaine,

3303 The time, the place, the torture : O inforce it,

3304 My felfe will fraite aboard, and to the State,

3666 3305 This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

3306

*Exeunt omnes.*

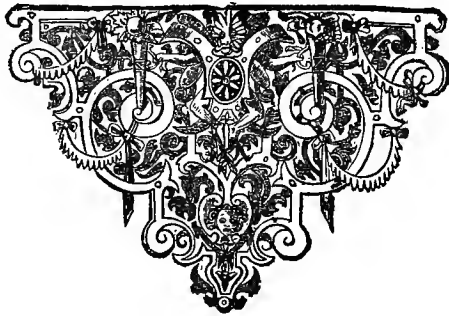
*FINIS.*

|                                                               |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Albeit vn-vfed to the melting moode,                          | 3641 |
| Drops teares as faft as the Arabian Trees                     | 3642 |
| Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this :                 | 3643 |
| And fay besides, that in <i>Aleppo</i> once,                  | 3644 |
| Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke                        | 3645 |
| Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,                     | 3646 |
| I tooke by th'throat the circumcifed Dogge,                   | 3647 |
| And fmoate him, thus.                                         | 3648 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Oh bloody period.                                 | 3649 |
| <i>Gra.</i> All that is fpoke, is marr'd.                     | 3650 |
| <i>Oth.</i> I kift thee, ere I kill'd thee : No way but this, | 3651 |
| Killing my felfe, to dye vpon a kiffe. <i>Dyes</i>            | 3652 |
| <i>Caf.</i> This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon :  | 3653 |
| For he was great of heart.                                    | 3654 |
| <i>Lod.</i> Oh Sparton Dogge :                                | 3655 |
| More fell then Anguifh, Hunger, or the Sea :                  | 3656 |
| Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed :                   | 3657 |
| This is thy worke :                                           | 3658 |
| The Obiect poyfons Si ght,                                    | 3659 |
| Let it be hid. <i>Gratiano</i> , keepe the houfe,             | 3660 |
| And feize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,                     | 3661 |
| For they fucceede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,             | 3662 |
| Remaines th eCenfure of this hellifh villaine :               | 3663 |
| The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it :             | 3664 |
| My felfe will fraight aboard, and to the State,               | 3665 |
| This heauie AËt, with heauie heart relate. <i>Exeunt.</i>     | 3666 |

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FINIS.


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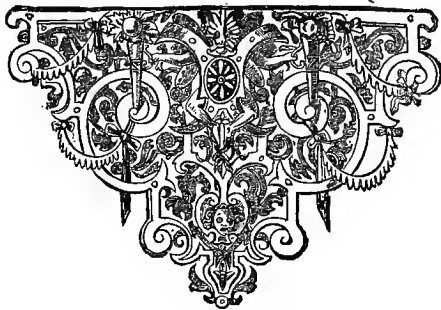




## The Names of the Actōrs. 3667

(: \* \* :)

|                                                                                                             |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|  thello, <i>the Moore.</i> | 3668 |
| Brabantio, <i>Father to Desdemona.</i>                                                                      | 3669 |
| Cassio, <i>an Honourable Lieutenant.</i>                                                                    | 3670 |
| Iago, <i>a Villaine.</i>                                                                                    | 3671 |
| Rodorigo, <i>a gull'd Gentleman.</i>                                                                        | 3672 |
| <i>Duke of Venice.</i>                                                                                      | 3673 |
| <i>Senators.</i>                                                                                            | 3674 |
| Montano, <i>Gouernour of Cyprus.</i>                                                                        |      |
| <i>Gentlemen of Cyprus.</i>                                                                                 | 3675 |
| Lodouico, <i>and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.</i>                                                         | 3676 |
| <i>Saylors.</i>                                                                                             | 3677 |
| <i>clowne.</i>                                                                                              | 3678 |
| <br>                                                                                                        |      |
| Desdemona, <i>wife to Othello.</i>                                                                          | 3679 |
| Æmilia, <i>Wife to Iago.</i>                                                                                | 3680 |
| Bianca, <i>a Curtezan.</i>                                                                                  | 3681 |



# OTHELLO.

## COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH THE 1622 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

| SIGNATURE.           | THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE. |                |
|----------------------|---------------------------|----------------|
|                      | AT QUARTO LINE.           | AT FOLIO LINE. |
| B                    | 23                        | 24             |
| B 2                  | 96                        | 91             |
| B 3                  | 167                       | 181            |
| B 4                  | 239                       | 255            |
| C                    | 311                       | 334            |
| C 2                  | 384                       | 420            |
| C 3                  | 458                       | 498            |
| C 4                  | 531                       | 572            |
| D                    | 605                       | 645            |
| D 2                  | 679                       | 726            |
| D 3                  | 742                       | 786            |
| D 4                  | 815                       | 864            |
| E                    | 889                       | 946            |
| E 2                  | 963                       | 1032           |
| E 3                  | 1034                      | 1112           |
| E 4                  | 1108                      | 1201           |
| F                    | 1179                      | 1282           |
| F 2                  | 1253                      | 1356           |
| F 3                  | 1327                      | 1440           |
| F v. (or blank)      | 1400                      | 1519           |
| G                    | 1473                      | 1593           |
| G 2                  | 1546                      | 1666           |
| G 3                  | 1619                      | 1742           |
| G 4                  | 1693                      | 1821           |
| H                    | 1767                      | 1901           |
| H 2                  | 1841                      | 1881           |
| H 3                  | 1915                      | 2064           |
| H 4                  | 1989                      | 2157           |
| I                    | 2063                      | 2231           |
| I 2                  | 2137                      | 2305           |
| I 3 (misprinted I 4) | 2205                      | 2379           |
| I 4                  | 2279                      | 2462           |
| K                    | 2353                      | 2544           |
| K 2                  | 2427                      | 2627           |
| K 3                  | 2499                      | 2700           |
| K 4                  | 2573                      | 2779           |
| L                    | 2647                      | 2876           |
| L 2                  | 2720                      | 2962           |
| L 3                  | 2791                      | 3082           |
| L 4                  | 2865                      | 3169           |
| M                    | 2939                      | 3247           |
| M 2                  | 3012                      | 3332           |
| M 3                  | 3086                      | 3412           |
| M 4                  | 3160                      | 3505           |
| N                    | 3234                      | 3591           |

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH  
THE FIRST FOLIO.

| FIRST FOLIO<br>COLUMN. | BANKSIDE<br>LINE. | FIRST FOLIO<br>COLUMN. | BANKSIDE/<br>LINE. |
|------------------------|-------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1st column, page 310   | 46                | 1st column, page 325   | 1926               |
| 2d " " 310             | 93                | 2d " " 325             | 1992               |
| 1st " " 311            | 159               | 1st " " 326            | 2058               |
| 2d " " 311             | 216               | 2d " " 326             | 2124               |
| 1st " " 312            | 279               | 1st " " 327            | 2185               |
| 2d " " 312             | 337               | 2d " " 327             | 2249               |
| 1st " " 313            | 400               | 1st " " 328            | 2314               |
| 2d " " 313             | 466               | 2d " " 328             | 2373               |
| 1st " " 314            | 530               | 1st " " 329            | 2438               |
| 2d " " 314             | 595               | 2d " " 329             | 2501               |
| 1st " " 315            | 660               | 1st " " 330            | 2566               |
| 2d " " 315             | 725               | 2d " " 330             | 2630               |
| 1st " " 316            | 783               | 1st " " 331            | 2688               |
| 2d " " 316             | 847               | 2d " " 331             | 2752               |
| 1st " " 317            | 913               | 1st " " 332            | 2817               |
| 2d " " 317             | 975               | 2d " " 332             | 2882               |
| 1st " " 318            | 1041              | 1st " " 333            | 2948               |
| 2d " " 318             | 1098              | 2d " " 333             | 3009               |
| 1st " " 319            | 1163              | 1st " " 334            | 3069               |
| 2d " " 319             | 1228              | 2d " " 334             | 3135               |
| 1st " " 320            | 1293              | 1st " " 335            | 3201               |
| 2d " " 320             | 1359              | 2d " " 335             | 3259               |
| 1st " " 321            | 1423              | 1st " " 336            | 3325               |
| 2d " " 321             | 1486              | 2d " " 336             | 3391               |
| 1st " " 322            | 1544              | 1st " " 337            | 3455               |
| 2d " " 322             | 1600              | 2d " " 337             | 3521               |
| 1st " " 323            | 1665              | 1st " " 338            | 3586               |
| 2d " " 323             | 1731              | 2d " " 338             | 3652               |
| 1st " " 324            | 1797              | 1st " " 339            | 3659               |
| 2d " " 324             | 1863              | 2d " " 339             | 3666               |















