

Stage: The bed is visible in the most central location possible throughout the show,  
though it may not always be a bed.

Act I.

Scene 1. [129 lines /8:04]

*[Night, darkness. Enter RODERIGO, followed by IAGO.]*

RODERIGO: Tush, never tell me! I take't much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

IAGO: 'Sblood, but you'll not hear me! If ever I  
Did dream of such a matter, àbhor me.

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

IAGO: Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capped to him; and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.  
But he—as loving his own pride and purposes—  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance  
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,  
For “Certes,” says he, “I have already chose  
My officer.” And what was he?  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster—he, sir, had th'election,  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus too—his Moorship's ensign.

RODERIGO: I would not follow him then.

IAGO: O sir, content you.  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly followèd—for, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
In following him, I follow but myself—  
Heaven is my judge: I am not what I am.

RODERIGO: What a full fortune does the thicklips owe  
If he can carry't thus!

IAGO *[as if just noticing the balcony above]*: Call up her father:  
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets, plague him with flies.

RODERIGO: Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.  
What, ho! Brabantio, Signior Brabantio, ho!

IAGO: Awake! What, ho, Brabantio! Thieves, thieves, thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!

*[Enter above BRABANTIO in his underwear. During the following lines, SERVANT ONE, SERVANT THREE, SERVANT FOUR, and SERVANT FIVE, all undressed for bed, join him.]*

IAGO: Thieves, thieves!	BRABANTIO: What is the reason of this terrible summons?
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BRABANTIO: What is the matter there?

RODERIGO: Signior, is all your family within?

IAGO: Are your doors locked?

BRABANTIO: Why? Wherefore ask you this?

IAGO: 'Swounds, sir, you're robbed; for shame, put on your gown!

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

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

Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise!

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say!

BRABANTIO: What, have you lost your wits?

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

BRABANTIO: Not I; what are you?
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RODERIGO: My name is Rod' rigo.
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BRABANTIO: The worse welcome:
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BRABANTIO: I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:

BRABANTIO: In honest plainness thou hast heard me say My daughter is not for thee; and now in madness,	RODERIGO: Sir— Sir—
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BRABANTIO: Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come

BRABANTIO: To start my quiet. But thou must needs be sure	RODERIGO: Sir—
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BRABANTIO: My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

RODERIGO: Patience, good sir!

BRABANTIO: What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice:

My house is not a grange.

RODERIGO: Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO: 'Swounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you.

Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you, you'll have coursers for cousins and jennets for germans.

BRABANTIO: What profane wretch art thou?

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

BRABANTIO: Thou art a villain.

IAGO: You are a senator.

BRABANTIO *[to RODERIGO]*: This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Rod' rigo.

RODERIGO: Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent—

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

BRABANTIO *[to SERVANT FIVE]*: Strike on the tinder, ho!  
*[Exit SERVANT FIVE.]*

*[to SERVANT THREE]* Give me a taper.  
*[Exit SERVANT THREE.]*

*[to SERVANT ONE]* Call up all my people.  
*[Exit SERVANT ONE.]*

*[to an audience member]* This accident is not unlike my dream;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.

*[to SERVANT FOUR]* Light, I say, light!  
*[Exit SERVANT FOUR, pursued by BRABANTIO.]*

IAGO: Farewell, for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place  
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—  
Against the Moor; that you shall surely find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,  
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

*[Exit IAGO one way as BRABANTIO in his nightgown and SERVANT TWO, SERVANT THREE with a taper, SERVANT FOUR with light, SERVANT FIVE with tinder, and SERVANT SIX enter from below the window.]*

BRABANTIO *[to audience member]*: It is too true an evil. Gone she is;  
And what's to come of my despisèd time  
Is nought but bitterness. *[to RODERIGO]* Now Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her? *[to audience member]*—O unhappy girl!—  
*[to RODERIGO]* With the Moor say'st thou? *[to audience member]*—Who would be a father?—  
*[to RODERIGO]* How didst thou know 'twas she? *[to audience member]*—O she deceives me  
Past thought! *[to RODERIGO]*—What said she to you? *[to SERV. THREE]*—Get more tapers;  
*[Exit SERVANT THREE into the house.]*

[to SERVANT TWO] Raise all my kindred.

[Exit SERVANT TWO. SERVANT TWO becomes OFFICER TWO.]

[to RODERIGO] —Are they married, think you?

RODERIGO: Truly, I think they are.

BRABANTIO: O heaven, how got she out? O treason of the blood!

[to audience member] Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act. [to a different audience member] Is there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abused? [to RODERIGO] Have you not read, Roderigo,

Of some such thing?

RODERIGO: Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO: [to SERVANT SIX] Call up my brother.

[SERVANT SIX starts to exit.]

[to RODERIGO]—O would you had had her!

[Enter from house SERVANT THREE with more tapers and SERVANT ONE, who both collide with SERVANT SIX.]

[to servants] Some one way, some another!

[Exeunt SERVANT ONE and SERVANT SIX. SERVANT ONE becomes OFFICER ONE. SERVANT SIX becomes GRATIANO.]

[to RODERIGO] —Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

RODERIGO: I think I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard and go along with me.

BRABANTIO: Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call—

I may command at most. [to SERVANT FIVE] Get weapons, ho!

[SERVANT FIVE exits into the house.]

And raise some special officers of night:

[Exit SERVANT THREE. SERVANT THREE becomes OFFICER THREE.]

[to RODERIGO] On, good Rod'rigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt RODERIGO, BRABANTIO, and SERVANT FOUR. Enter SERVANT FIVE from house with weapons and exits after them.]

## Scene 2. [82 lines /5:08]

[Night, darkness. Enter OTHELLO, followed by IAGO.]

OTHELLO: 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO: Nay, but he spoke

Such scurvy terms against your honour that

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, sir,

Are you fast married?

[OTHELLO doesn't reply.]

Sir, the *magnifico* is much beloved

And hath a voice as double as the Duke's:

He will divorce you.

OTHELLO: Let him do his spite:

My services which I have done the Signory

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know—  
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall provulgate—I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhousèd free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the seas' worth.

*[Enter at some distance CASSIO, OFFICER ONE, and OFFICER TWO with lights.]*

But, look, what lights come yond?

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

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

IAGO: By Janus, I think no.

OTHELLO: The servants of the Duke? And my lieutenant?

*[CASSIO, OFFICER ONE, and OFFICER TWO salute.]*

The goodness of the night upon you, friends.  
What is the news?

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

OTHELLO: What is the matter, think you?

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

OTHELLO: 'Tis well I am found by you:  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you.

*[Exit OTHELLO into the house. CASSIO, IAGO, OFFICER ONE, and OFFICER TWO  
go at ease.]*

CASSIO: Ensign, what makes he here?

IAGO: Faith, he tonight hath boarded a land-carrack;  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

CASSIO: I do not understand.

IAGO: He's married.

CASSIO: To who?

IAGO: Marry, to—

*[Enter OTHELLO. CASSIO, IAGO, OFFICER ONE, and OFFICER TWO snap to attention.]*

Come, captain, will you go?

OTHELLO: Have with you.

*[Enter BRABANTIO, GRATIANO, RODERIGO, OFFICER THREE, SERVANT FOUR, and SERVANT FIVE.]*

CASSIO: Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO: It is Brabantio—general, be advised,  
He comes to bad intent.

OTHELLO: Holla, stand there.

RODERIGO: Signor, it is the Moor.

BRABANTIO: Down with him, thief!

*[All except OTHELLO draw their weapons; one phrase of a huge, chaotic streetbrawl erupts!]*

IAGO: You, Roderigo? Come, sir, I'm for you.

*[In the midst of the brawl, IAGO and RODERIGO engage one another in bogus swordsmanship. Meanwhile, OTHELLO strolls unarmed and unconcerned into the wild center of the melee.]*

OTHELLO: Keep up your bright swords—!

*[The melee falters, everyone still en garde, eyeing their opponents but listening to OTHELLO.]*

—for the dew will rust them.

Good signor, you shall more command with years

OTHELLO: Than with your weapons.	BRABANTIO: O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
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BRABANTIO: Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage that she shunned  
The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou—to fear, not to delight?  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.  
Lay hold upon him!

*[Phrase two of melee: the streetfighting breaks out again, CASSIO and IAGO moving in to defend OTHELLO from OFFICER THREE, SERVANT FOUR, and SERVANT FIVE.]*

If he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

OTHELLO: Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining and the rest!

*[Again, the combatants pause, eyeing one another.]*

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go

To answer this your charge?  
BRABANTIO: To prison, till fit time  
Call thee to answer.

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

OFFICER ONE: 'Tis true, most worthy signor:  
The Duke's in council, and your noble self  
I am sure is sent for.

BRABANTIO: How? The Duke in council?  
In this time of the night? Bring him away!

*[Exeunt OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, OFFICER ONE, OFFICER TWO, OFFICER THREE, SERVANT FOUR, and SERVANT FIVE. With impossible alacrity, OFFICER ONE becomes SENATOR; OFFICER TWO becomes SAILOR; OFFICER THREE becomes LODOVICO; SERVANT FOUR becomes DUKE; SERVANT FIVE becomes MESSENGER.]*

Mine's not an idle cause: The Duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bondslaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.  
*[Exeunt BRABANTIO and GRATIANO.]*

Scene 3. [315 lines /19:41]

*[Enter DUKE, followed by LODOVICO, both with letters.]*

LODOVICO: My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

DUKE: And mine a hundred and forty.

*[Enter SENATOR with another letter.]*

SENATOR: And mine, two hundred.

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

DUKE: Nay, it is possible enough to judgment—	SAILOR <i>[within]</i> : What ho, what ho, what ho!
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LODOVICO: A messenger from the galleys.

*[Enter SAILOR.]*

SENATOR: Now, the business?

*[SAILOR hands SENATOR a letter and exits. SAILOR becomes DESDEMONA.*

*SENATOR scans the letter.]*

SENATOR: The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes!

DUKE: How say you by this change?

LODOVICO: This cannot be,  
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant

To keep us in false gaze: When we consider  
Th'importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,  
And let ourselves again but understand,  
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks th'abilities  
That Rhodes is dressed in. If we make thought of this,  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain  
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

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

*[Enter MESSENGER.]*

SENATOR: Here is more news.

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

LODOVICO: Ay, so I thought: How many, as you guess?

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

MESSENGER: And prays you to believe him.

DUKE: 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.

DUKE: Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

LODOVICO: He's now in Florence.

DUKE: Write from us to him—post-post-haste, dispatch.

*[Exit MESSENGER one way as enter another way BRABANTIO, GRATIANO,  
RODERIGO, OTHELLO, IAGO, and CASSIO.]*

LODOVICO: Here's Gratiano and the valiant Moor.

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

*[to BRABANTIO]* I did not see you: Welcome, gentle signor—  
We lacked your counsel, and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO: So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me:  
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business  
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me. For my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows  
And it is still itself.

DUKE: Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO: My daughter; O my daughter!

LODOVICO: Dead?

BRABANTIO:

Ay, to me:

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted  
By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err—  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense—  
Sans witchcraft could not.

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

BRABANTIO: Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man: This Moor, whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate for the state affairs  
Hath hither brought.

LODOVICO: We are very sorry for't.

DUKE [*to OTHELLO*]: What, in your own part, can you say to this?

BRABANTIO: Nothing, but this is so.

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

BRABANTIO: A maiden never bold,  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blushed at herself, and she—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, everything—  
To fall in love with what she feared to look on?  
Why this should be, I therefore vouch again  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood  
He wrought upon her.

DUKE: To vouch this is no proof.

LODOVICO: But, Othello, speak:

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

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

DUKE: Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTHELLO: Ensign, conduct her—you best know the place.

*[IAGO salutes and exits.]*

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

DUKE: Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO: Her father loved me, oft invited me,  
Still questioned me the story of my life  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it—  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances:  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history,  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak—such was the process—  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intentively. I did consent,  
And often did beguile her of her tears  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore "in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!"  
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished  
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me,  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

*[Enter DESDEMONA and IAGO.]*

Here comes the lady: Let her witness it.

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

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

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

BRABANTIO: Goodbye, I've done!  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs.  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.  
Come hither, Moor:  
I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny  
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

*[Awkward silence.]*

I humbly beseech you, proceed to th' affairs of state.

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

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

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

BRABANTIO: I'll not have it so.

OTHELLO: Nor I.

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

DUKE: What would you, Desdemona?

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

OTHELLO: Your voices, lords: Beseech you let her will

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not  
To please the palate of my appetite,  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;  
And heaven defend your good souls that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me—no, when light-winged toys  
Of feathered Cupid seel with wanton dullness  
My speculative and officed instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

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

LODOVICO: You must away tonight.

DESDEMONA: Tonight, my lord?

DUKE: This night.

OTHELLO: With all my heart.

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

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

DUKE: Let it be so.  
Goodnight to everyone—*[to BRABANTIO]* and, noble signor,  
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*[Exit DUKE. DUKE becomes EMILIA.]*

LODOVICO: Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.  
*[Exit LODOVICO and SENATOR. LODOVICO becomes SECOND SOLDIER.  
SENATOR becomes BIANCA.]*

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

OTHELLO: My life upon her faith!  
*[Exit BRABANTIO and GRATIANO. BRABANTIO becomes FIRST SOLDIER.  
GRATIANO becomes THIRD SOLDIER.]*

Honest Iago,  
*[IAGO snaps to attention.]*  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
I prithee let thy wife attend on her,

And bring them after in the best advantage.  
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,  
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

*[Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and CASSIO.]*

IAGO *[sings to himself]*: I called my love false love, and what said he then?  
Sing all a green willow.  
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

RODERIGO *[from some forgotten corner]*: Iago.

IAGO: What sayst thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO: What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO: Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODERIGO: I will incontinently drown myself!

IAGO: If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman?

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

*[RODERIGO weeps in a fit of passion.]*

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

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

IAGO: Virtue? A fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus *[points at RODERIGO]*, or thus *[points at himself]*. The power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. We have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts—whereof I subsume this that you call “love”.

RODERIGO: It cannot be.

IAGO: It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man! Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies! I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills: Fill thy purse with money. She must change for youth: When she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. She must have change, she must. Therefore—

RODERIGO: Put money in my purse?

IAGO: If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning: Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, thou shalt enjoy her—therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

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

IAGO: Thou art sure of me—go, make money!—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of Time which will be delivered. Traverse!

IAGO: Go!	RODERIGO: Where—
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IAGO: Provide thy money! We will have more of this tomorrow.

IAGO: Adieu.	RODERIGO: Where—
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*[RODERIGO starts to rush out as IAGO returns to his game of solitaire only to suddenly turn back.]*

RODERIGO: Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

IAGO: At my lodging.

RODERIGO: I'll be with thee betimes!

IAGO: Go to, farewell.

*[RODERIGO starts to run out.]*

Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO: What say you?

IAGO: No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO: I'm changed.

IAGO: Go to, farewell.

*[Exit RODERIGO. Enter RODERIGO.]*

RODERIGO: I'll go sell all my land!

*[Exit RODERIGO. IAGO reveals the sign for the FIRST INTERMISSION.]*

IAGO: Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gained knowledge should profane

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

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

And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets

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

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

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

The better shall my purpose work on him.

*[Exit IAGO.]*

Act II.

Scene 1. [191 lines /11:56]

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*[The audience is called back into the space by rolls of approaching thunder and flashes of lightning. Enter from below SECOND SOLDIER, who removes the INTERMISSION sign and picks up the scattered playing cards. Enter FIRST SOLDIER above, looking out to sea. Enter from below MONTANO.]*

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

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

*[Sound of thunder and wind. Lightning.]*

MONTANO: Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land—

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.

SECOND SOLDIER: Do you but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane  
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,  
And quench the guards of th'ever-fixèd Pole.

MONTANO: If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise?

*[Enter THIRD SOLDIER from the seashore.]*

What shall we hear of this?

THIRD SOLDIER: News, lads! A noble ship is here put in,

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

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

THIRD SOLDIER: But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort  
Yet prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

MONTANO: Pray heavens he be!

For I have served him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!

*[MONTANO, FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER all start out for the seashore, as enter from that direction CASSIO, with BIANCA following.]*

CASSIO: Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle

That so approve the Moor! O let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

MONTANO: Is he well shipped?

CASSIO: His barque is stoutly timbered, his pilot  
Of very expert and approved allowance;

Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

CASSIO: Stand in bold cure.—What noise? <i>[SECOND SOLDIER races up to the cape to look.]</i>	VOICES <i>[offstage]</i> : A sail!
SECOND SOLDIER: The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea Stand ranks of people, and they cry "A sail!"	A sail!
CASSIO: My hopes do shape him for the governor.	A sail!

*[Offstage cannon heard.]*

SECOND SOLDIER: They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
Our friends at least.

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

THIRD SOLDIER: I shall.

*[Exit THIRD SOLDIER.]*

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

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

*[Enter THIRD SOLDIER.]*

How now? Who has put in?

THIRD SOLDIER: 'Tis one Iago, ensign to the general.

CASSIO: He's had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds,  
The guttered rocks and congregated sands  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

MONTANO: What is she?

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

*[Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, and RODERIGO, disguised as a sailor in the  
fakest beard in the world.]*

O behold,

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

*[CASSIO kneels.]*

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

DESDEMONA: I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
*[DESDEMONA offers CASSIO her hand and he kisses it and rises.]*

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

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

DESDEMONA: O but I fear—how lost you company?

CASSIO: The great contentiön of the sea and skies

CASSIO: Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail. VOICES *[offstage]*: A sail! A sail! A sail! A sail!

*[Offstage cannon heard.]*

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

CASSIO: See for the news.

*[Exit SECOND SOLDIER.]*

Good ensign, you are welcome. *[to EMILIA]* Welcome, mistress!

*[CASSIO kisses EMILIA a little too long.]*

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

IAGO: Sir, would she give you so much of her lips  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

IAGO: You'd have enough.

DESDEMONA: Alas, she has no speech!

IAGO: In faith, too much!

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

EMILIA: You have little cause to say so.

IAGO: Come on, come on! You're pictures out of doors;  
Bells in your parlors; wild-cats in your kitchens;  
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;  
Players in your housewifery; and housewives  
In your beds.

DESDEMONA: O fie upon thee, slanderer!

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

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

EMILIA: You shall not write my praise.

IAGO: No, let me not,

For I am nothing if not critical.

DESDEMONA: Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.

*[aside to IAGO]*: There's one gone to the harbour?

IAGO *[aside to DESDEMONA]*: Ay, madam.

DESDEMONA *[aside to IAGO]*: I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

CASSIO *[taking her hand]*: He speaks home, madam: You may relish him more in the  
soldier than in the scholar.

*[CASSIO kisses DESDEMONA's hand. Offstage trumpets sound.]*

IAGO: The Moor! I know his trumpet.

CASSIO: 'Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA: Let's meet him and receive him.

*[Enter OTHELLO and SECOND SOLDIER.]*

CASSIO: Lo, where he comes!

*[MONTANO, FIRST SOLDIER, THIRD SOLDIER, CASSIO, IAGO, and RODERIGO  
snap to attention.]*

OTHELLO: O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA: My dear Othello!

OTHELLO: It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy,  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have wakened death,  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

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

OTHELLO: Amen to that, sweet powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content:  
It stops me here, *[touches his heart]* it is too much of joy.  
*[OTHELLO and DESDEMONA kiss.]*

And this,

*[OTHELLO and DESDEMONA kiss. The onlookers grow a bit embarrassed.]*  
and this

*[OTHELLO and DESDEMONA kiss.]*

the greatest discords be

That e'er our hearts shall make! Let's to the castle.

*[OTHELLO abruptly remembers the surrounding crowd.]*

News, friends! The tempest hath so banged the Turks  
That their designment halts, for these mine eyes  
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet: Our wars are done,  
The Turks are drowned!

*[The men drop from attention and all cheer. Then MONTANO approaches  
OTHELLO and salutes.]*

*[to MONTANO]* How does my old acquaintance of this isle?

*[to DESDEMONA]* This is Montano, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.

MONTANO: I thank you, sir.

*[MONTANO presents OTHELLO with his badge of office. OTHELLO accepts, adorns himself in it, and returns the salute.]*

OTHELLO *[to DESDEMONA]*: Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—*[to IAGO]* I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.

*[IAGO salutes.]*

*[to DESDEMONA]*—Come, Desdemona.

*[OTHELLO starts to lead DESDEMONA offstage, but turns back.]*

*[to the rest]* Friends, well met at Cyprus!

*[All cheer as exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA. Then exeunt MONTANO, CASSIO, EMILIA, FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER and THIRD SOLDIER.]*

IAGO *[to RODERIGO]*: Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, list me: The lieutenant tonight watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him.

RODERIGO: With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO: Lay thy finger thus *[IAGO puts his finger on RODERIGO's lips]*, and let thy soul be instructed: Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. To love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it! Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and (to give satiety a fresh appetite) loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties—all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? Why none, why, none—a knave very voluble, handsome, and young, a slipper and subtle knave, a pestilent complete knave, a devilish knave, and the woman hath found him already.

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

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

RODERIGO: Yes, that I did—but that was but courtesy.

IAGO *[raises his hand in a vow]*: Lechery, by this hand!—*[extending his index finger]* an index to lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th'incorporate conclusion *[making a hole with one hand and slipping his index finger into it.]*

RODERIGO: Pish!

IAGO: But sir, be you ruled by me—I have brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight. Cassio knows you not; I'll not be far from you; do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline.

RODERIGO: Well.

IAGO: Sir, he's rash and very sudden in choler, and haply with his truncheon may strike at you—provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to

mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them.

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

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

RODERIGO: Adieu.

*[Exit RODERIGO.]*

IAGO: Now with as small a web as this will I  
Ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.  
He hath a daily beauty in his life  
That makes me ugly, and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected, framed to make women false;  
And though I fear he wears my nightcap too,  
The base of my suspicion is the Moor  
Hath leapt into my seat—the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife.

*[Exit IAGO.]*

Scene 2. [298 lines /18:38]

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*[Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and CASSIO.]*

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

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop  
Not to out-sport discretion.

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

OTHELLO: Iago is most honest.

*[Enter IAGO, unnoticed and out-of-the-way, with stoups of wine.]*

Michael, good night. Tomorrow with your earliest,  
Let me have speech with you. *[to DESDEMONA]*—Come, my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue:  
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.

*[OTHELLO kisses DESDEMONA.]*

*[to the rest]* Good night.

*[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA as CASSIO abruptly spies IAGO..]*

CASSIO: Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.

IAGO: Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

CASSIO: She's a most exquisite lady.

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

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

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

CASSIO: An inviting eye—and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO: And when she speaks, is't not an alarum to love?

CASSIO: She is indeed perfection.

IAGO: Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

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

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

CASSIO: I have drunk but one cup tonight—and that was craftily qualified too—and behold what innovation it makes here. *[CASSIO displays some early sign of inebriation.]*

I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO: What, man? 'Tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

CASSIO: Where are they?

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

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

*[Exit CASSIO.]*

IAGO *[sings to himself]*: I called my love false love, and what said he then?

Sing all a green willow.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

Sing willow, willow, willow.

*[Offstage cheer! Enter CASSIO arm-in-arm with BIANCA, and MONTANO, FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, THIRD SOLDIER, and RODERIGO.]*

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

MONTANO: Good faith, a little one—not past a pint,

As I am a soldier.

IAGO: Some wine, ho!

*[sings]* And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man;

O man's life's but a span—

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

CASSIO: Fore God, an exquisite song.

To the health of our general!

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

IAGO *[sings]*: King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he called the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine old cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

*[MONTANO, GENTLEMEN and RODERIGO chatter amongst themselves during the following lines.]*

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

IAGO: Will you hear't again?

CASSIO: No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.

*[A moment of uncertain quiet among the GENTLEMEN due to CASSIO's tone, then the chatter resumes.]*

Well, God's above all, and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

IAGO: It's true, good lieutenant.

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

IAGO: And so do I too, lieutenant.

CASSIO: Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: The lieutenant is to be saved before the ensign.

*[Everyone falls quiet at CASSIO's tone.]*

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

SECOND SOLDIER: Exquisite well,

*[THIRD SOLDIER stifles laughter.]*

CASSIO: Why, very well then—you must not think, then, that I am drunk.

*[Exit, carefully, CASSIO, followed by BIANCA.]*

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

*[FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER head above as IAGO speaks to MONTANO privately.]*

IAGO: You see this fellow that is gone before?

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar  
And give direction; and do but see his vice—  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pity of him:  
I fear the trust Othello put him in.

MONTANO: But is he often thus?

IAGO: 'Tis evermore  
The prologue to his sleep.

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

*[IAGO nods and MONTANO turns away for a moment.]*

MONTANO: And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place as his own second	IAGO <i>[aside to RODERIGO]</i> : How now, Roderigo? I pray you, after the lieutenant go.
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*[Exit RODERIGO.]*

MONTANO: With one of an ingraft infirmity:

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It were an honest action to say  
So to the Moor.

IAGO: Not I, for this fair island!  
I do love Cassio well, and would do much

IAGO: To cure him of this evil—But, hark, what noise?	[BIANCA screams.]
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RODERIGO [*offstage*]: Help! Help!

[*Enter CASSIO driving RODERIGO before him. FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER come running down from above.*]

CASSIO: 'Swounds, you rogue, you rascal!

MONTANO: What's the matter, lieutenant?

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

RODERIGO: Beat me?

CASSIO: Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*CASSIO beats RODERIGO.*]

MONTANO: Nay, good lieutenant!

[*MONTANO intercepts and stays CASSIO.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

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

MONTANO: Come, come, you're drunk.

CASSIO: Drunk?

[*CASSIO strikes MONTANO and draws. MONTANO, FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER all battle CASSIO.*]

IAGO [*aside to RODERIGO*]: Away, I say! Go out and cry a mutiny!

[*Exit RODERIGO.*]

IAGO: Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!	RODERIGO [ <i>offstage</i> ]: Mutiny! Mutiny! Mutiny!
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IAGO: Help, ho! Lieutenant! Sir Montano! Sir!

[*CASSIO stabs MONTANO.*]

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

[*An offstage bell rings and rings and rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell? Diablo!—Ho!

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

You'll be ashamed for ever.

[*Enter OTHELLO in his nightgown.*]

OTHELLO: What is the matter here?

MONTANO: 'Swounds, I bleed still!

I am hurt to th' death. [*lunges at CASSIO*] He dies!

OTHELLO: Hold, for your lives!

IAGO: Hold, ho! Lieutenant! Sir Montano! Gentlemen!

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! The general speaks to you: Hold, for shame!

[*OTHELLO strides into the thick of the brawl.*]

OTHELLO: Why, how now! Ho! From whence ariseth this?

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

[*OTHELLO, barehanded, separates the combatants.*]

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage  
Holds his soul light: He dies upon his motion.  
[to *THIRD SOLDIER*] Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle  
From her propriety.

[*Exit THIRD SOLDIER. The bell falls silent.*]

—What is the matter, masters?

—Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,  
Speak: Who began this?—On thy love I charge thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IAGO: Touch me not so near—  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio!  
Yet I persuade myself to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general:  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help,  
And Cassio following with determined sword  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)  
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I returned then, rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords  
And Cassio high in oath, which till tonight  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—  
For this was brief—I found them close together  
At blow and thrust, even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report.

*[aside to OTHELLO]* But men are men: The best sometimes forget.  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

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

*[Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA in nightgowns.]*  
Look if my gentle love be not raised up!  
I'll make thee an example.

*[OTHELLO strips off CASSIO's badge of office.]*

DESDEMONA: What's the matter?

OTHELLO: All's well now, sweeting: Come away to bed.  
*[to MONTANO]* Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.  
Lead him off.

*[FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER lead off MONTANO.]*

Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.  
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

**Deleted:** *[IAGO steps closer to OTHELLO as though to deliver him an aside.]*

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[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and EMILIA. CASSIO slumps to the ground.*]

IAGO: What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO: Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO: Marry, God forbid!

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

IAGO: As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more of sense in that than in "reputation". "Reputation" is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man! there are more ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood—a punishment more in policy than in malice. Sue to him again and he's yours.

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

IAGO: What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO: I know not.

CASSIO: I remember

IAGO: Is't possible?

CASSIO: a mass of things, but nothing distinctly—a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

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

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

IAGO: Come, you are too severe a moraller. I could heartily wish this had not so befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

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

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

CASSIO: I have well approved it, sir—I drunk?

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

CASSIO: You advise me well.

IAGO: In the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CASSIO: I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

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

CASSIO: Good night, honest Iago.

*[Exit CASSIO.]*

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

*[Enter RODERIGO with wounds.]*

How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO: My money is almost spent; I have been tonight exceedingly well  
cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains,  
and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

IAGO: How poor are they that have not patience!  
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.  
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio.  
Content thyself awhile. By th'mass, 'tis morning:  
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short!  
Retire thee, go where thou art billeted.  
Away, I say! Thou shalt know more hereafter—  
Nay, get thee gone!

*[Exit RODERIGO.]*

Two things are to be done:  
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress—

I'll set her on—

*[IAGO starts to exit but turns back.]*

Myself a while to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way.

*[Exit IAGO.]*

Act III.

Scene 1. [28 lines/1:45]

*[Enter CASSIO, in his best clothes, toward the house. Enter THIRD SOLDIER on the balcony about some business.]*

CASSIO *[calling]*: Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*[THIRD SOLDIER doesn't even look at CASSIO.]*

THIRD SOLDIER: No, I hear not your honest friend—I hear you.

CASSIO: There's a poor piece of gold for thee:

*[CASSIO throws a coin onto the balcony. THIRD SOLDIER regards it with contempt.]*

If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

THIRD SOLDIER: She is stirring, "sir":

*[THIRD SOLDIER pockets the coin.]*

*[imitates CASSIO]* If she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

CASSIO: Do, good my friend.

*[Exit THIRD SOLDIER above as IAGO enters below from the house.]*

In happy time, Iago.

IAGO: You have not been a-bed, then?

CASSIO: Why, no: the day had broke

Before we parted. I've made bold, Iago,

To send in to your wife. My suit to her

Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona

Procure me some access.

IAGO: I'll send her to you presently:

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way.

CASSIO: I humbly thank you for't.

*[IAGO meets EMILIA entering from the house; he indicates CASSIO with a nod and exits into the house. CASSIO embraces EMILIA. During the following speech, CASSIO tries to kiss and keep close to EMILIA while EMILIA speaks a little too loudly and formally and keeps throwing fearful glances back into the house.]*

EMILIA: Good morrow, good Lieutenant. I am sorry

For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it,

And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus

And great affinity; and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you.

*[EMILIA has apologetically, anxiously, separated herself from CASSIO by now.]*

But he protests he loves you

And needs no other suitor but his likings

To bring you in again.

CASSIO: Yet, I beseech you,

*[CASSIO gives EMILIA a present.]*

Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemon alone.

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

CASSIO: I am much bound to you.  
*[CASSIO gives EMILIA a long kiss until she breaks away; both exeunt into the house.]*

Scene 2. [6 lines /00:23]

*[Enter on the stage OTHELLO, FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER, and IAGO.]*

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

IAGO: Well, my good lord, I'll do't.  
*[Exit IAGO.]*

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

FIRST SOLDIER: We'll wait upon your lordship.  
*[Exeunt OTHELLO, FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER.  
SECOND SOLDIER becomes LODOVICO.]*

Scene 3. [263 lines /16:26]

*[Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CASSIO.]*

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

EMILIA: Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband  
As if the case were his.

DESDEMONA: Do not doubt, Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

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

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

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

DESDEMONA: Do not doubt that: Before Emilia here

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article. My lord shall never rest,  
I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle everything he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

[Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.]

EMILIA: Madam, here comes my lord.

CASSIO: Madam, I'll take my leave.

DESDEMONA: Why, stay, and hear me speak.

CASSIO: Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DESDEMONA: Well, do your discretion.

[Exit CASSIO.]

IAGO: Ha? I like not that.

OTHELLO: What dost thou say?

IAGO: Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.

OTHELLO: Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO: Cassio, my lord?—No, sure, I cannot think it  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,

IAGO: Seeing you coming.

OTHELLO: I do believe 'twas he.

DESDEMONA: How now, my lord!

DESDEMONA: I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTHELLO: Who is't you mean?

DESDEMONA: Why, your lieutenant, Cassio—good my lord,  
His present reconciliation take;  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face.

DESDEMONA: I prithee, call him back.

OTHELLO: Went he hence now?

DESDEMONA: Yes, faith: so humbléd

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

OTHELLO: Not now, sweet Desdemona—some other time.

DESDEMONA: But shall't be shortly?

OTHELLO: The sooner, sweet, for you.

DESDEMONA: Shall't be tonight at supper?

OTHELLO: No, not tonight.

DESDEMONA: Tomorrow dinner, then?

OTHELLO: I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

DESDEMONA: Why then tomorrow night, or Tuesday morn,  
On Tuesday noon, or night, on Wednesday morn—  
I prithee, name the time, but let it not  
Exceed three days. I'faith he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass scarcely is a fault  
T'incur a private check. When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello! I wonder in my soul  
What you would ask me, that I should deny  
Or stand so mamm'ring on? What? Michael Cassio,  
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part—to have so much to do  
To bring him in? By'r Lady, I could do much—

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

DESDEMONA: Why, this is not a boon:  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

OTHELLO: I will deny thee nothing.  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

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

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

DESDEMONA: Emilia, come. [*to OTHELLO*] Be as your fancies teach you:  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

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

IAGO: My noble lord—

OTHELLO: What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO: Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,  
Know of your love?

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

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

OTHELLO: Why of thy thought, Iago?

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

OTHELLO: O yes, and went between us very oft.	IAGO: Indeed!
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OTHELLO: Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?

OTHELLO: Is he not honest?  
IAGO: Honest, my lord?  
OTHELLO: Honest! Ay, honest.

IAGO: My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO: What dost thou think?

IAGO: Think, my lord?

OTHELLO [*imitates IAGO*]: "Think, my lord?" By heaven, thou echo'st me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:  
I heard thee say e'en now thou likedst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?  
And when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed?"  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

OTHELLO: Show me thy thought.  
IAGO: My lord, you know I love you.  
OTHELLO: I think thou dost;

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

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

OTHELLO: I think so too.

IAGO: Men should be what they seem.

OTHELLO: Certain, men should be what they seem.

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

OTHELLO: Nay, yet there's more in this!

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminat, and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

IAGO: Good my lord, pardon me:  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to—  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false?

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

IAGO: I do beseech you,  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

OTHELLO: What dost thou mean?

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

IAGO: And makes me poor <i>indeed</i> .	OTHELLO: <i>By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.</i>
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IAGO: You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTHELLO: Swounds!

IAGO: O beware, my lord, of jealousy!

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

IAGO: Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend	OTHELLO: O misery!
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IAGO: From jealousy!

OTHELLO: Why, why is this?

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

IAGO: I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason  
To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit. Therefore—as I am bound—  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof:  
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eyes thus: not jealous, nor secure—  
I would not have your free and noble nature  
Out of self-bounty be abused—look to't.  
I know our country disposition well:

In Venice they do let God see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTHELLO: Dost thou say so?

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

OTHELLO: And so she did.

IAGO: Why, go to then!

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

OTHELLO: I'm bound to thee for ever.

IAGO: I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTHELLO: Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO: I' faith, I fear it has.

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

IAGO: Than to suspiciön.

OTHELLO: I will not.

IAGO: Should you do so, my lord,

IAGO: My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aimed not at: Cassio's my worthy friend—  
My lord, I see you're moved.

OTHELLO: No, not much moved:

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO: Long live she so!—And long live you to think so!

OTHELLO: And yet how nature erring from itself—

IAGO: Ay, there's the point! As—to be bold with you—

Not to affect many proposèd matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—  
Foh! One may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural—  
But pardon me: I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her—though I may fear  
Her will may match you with her country forms  
And happily repent.

OTHELLO: Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:

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

IAGO: My lord, I take my leave.

*[IAGO salutes and starts to exit.]*

OTHELLO *[aside]*: Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless  
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*[IAGO returns.]*

IAGO: My lord, I would I might entreat your honour  
To scan this thing no farther: Leave it to time:  
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place—  
For sure he fills it up with great ability—  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means:  
Note if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity;  
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTHELLO: Fear not my government.

IAGO: I once more take my leave.

*[IAGO salutes and exits.]*

OTHELLO: This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learnèd spirit  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind  
To pray at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have, or for I am declined  
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—  
She's gone, I am abused, and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses.

*[Doors to the lobby open as DESDEMONA enters with EMILIA, who carries the INTERMISSION sign; from the lobby come sounds of MONTANO, FIRST SOLDIER, SECOND SOLDIER, and THIRD SOLDIER at dinner and revelry.]*

Look where she comes—

If she be false, O then heaven mocks itself:

I'll not believe't.

DESDEMONA: How now, my dear Othello?

*[During the following exchange, EMILIA sets up the INTERMISSION sign, turns up the lights, and exits first.]*

Your dinner, and the generous islanders

By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTHELLO: I am to blame.

DESDEMONA: Why do you speak so faintly?

Are you not well?  
OTHELLO: I have a pain upon my forehead, here.  
DESDEMONA: Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again.  
*[DESDEMONA takes out the handkerchief.]*  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.  
OTHELLO: Your napkin is too little.  
*[OTHELLO unthinkingly pushes away her handkerchief and it falls to the floor.]*  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.  
DESDEMONA: I'm very sorry that you are not well.  
*[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA. INTERMISSION begins, the handkerchief lying on the floor in plain sight.]*

Scene 4. [181 lines /11:19]

*[Enter EMILIA to retrieve the INTERMISSION sign. She discovers the handkerchief.]*  
EMILIA: I am glad I have found this napkin:  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Wooed me to steal it; but she so loves the token—  
For he conjured her she should ever keep it—  
That she reserves it evermore about her  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give't Iago: What he will do with it  
Heaven knows, not I—  
*[EMILIA tucks the handkerchief away on her person.]*  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.  
*[Enter IAGO.]*  
IAGO: How now? What do you here alone?  
EMILIA: Do not you chide: I have a thing for you.  
IAGO: A thing for me? It is a common thing—  
EMILIA: Hah?  
IAGO: To have a foolish wife.  
EMILIA: O is that all? What will you give me now  
For the same handkerchief?  
IAGO: What handkerchief?  
EMILIA: What handkerchief?  
Why that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,  
That which so often you did bid me steal.  
IAGO: Hast stol'n it from her?  
EMILIA: No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence,  
And, to th'advantage, I being here took't up:  
Look, here it is.  
IAGO: A good wench! Give it me.  
*[EMILIA teases it away from him.]*  
EMILIA: What will you do with't, that you've been so earnest

To have me filch it?

IAGO: Why, what's that to you?  
[IAGO gets the handkerchief.]

EMILIA: If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad

EMILIA: When she shall lack it.	IAGO: Be not acknown on't. I have use for it.
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IAGO: Go, leave me.

[Exit EMILIA.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison—

[Enter OTHELLO.]

IAGO: Look where he comes.	OTHELLO: Ha, ha, false to me? to me?
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IAGO: Why, how now, general? No more of that!

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

IAGO: How now, my lord?

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

IAGO: I'm sorry to hear this.

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

IAGO: Is't possible, my lord?

OTHELLO: Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore!  
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[OTHELLO lunges for IAGO and IAGO flees.]

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO: Is't come to this?  
*[OTHELLO grabs IAGO, but IAGO slips free.]*

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

IAGO: My noble lord—  
*[OTHELLO seizes IAGO by the throat. IAGO struggles helplessly, choking for air.]*

OTHELLO: If thou dost slander her and torture me,  
 Never pray more! Abandon all remorse,  
 On horror's head horrors accumulate,  
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed!  
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
 Greater than that.  
*[OTHELLO releases IAGO, who falls to the floor gasping.]*

IAGO: O grace! O heaven forgive me!  
 Are you a man? Have you a soul or sense?  
 God by you, take mine office—  
*[IAGO throws his insignia of rank at OTHELLO's feet.]*  
 O wretched fool  
 That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!  
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
 To be direct and honest is not safe—  
 I thank you for this profit, and from hence  
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTHELLO: Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.

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

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

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

OTHELLO: Would? Nay, I will.

IAGO: And may—but how? How “satisfied”, my lord?  
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
 Behold her tupp'd?

OTHELLO: Death and damnation! O!

IAGO: It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 To bring them to that prospect. Damn them then,

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

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

IAGO: I do not like the office;

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

OTHELLO: O monstrous! Monstrous!

IAGO: Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO: But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

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

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

OTHELLO: I'll tear her all to pieces!

IAGO: Nay, yet be wise: Yet we see nothing done—  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO: I gave her such a one—'twas my first gift.

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

OTHELLO: If it be that—

IAGO: If it be that, or any that was hers,

It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTHELLO: O that the slave had forty thousand lives—



*[Exeunt OTHELLO and IAGO.]*

Scene 5. [159 lines /9:56]

*[Enter THIRD SOLDIER about some business, then enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, looking for the handkerchief.]*

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

THIRD SOLDIER: I dare not say he lies anywhere.

DESDEMONA: Why, man?

THIRD SOLDIER: He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies—'tis stabbing.

DESDEMONA: Go to! Where lodges he?

THIRD SOLDIER: To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

DESDEMONA: Seek him, bid him come hither: Tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

*[Exit THIRD SOLDIER.]*

DESDEMONA: Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA: I know not, madam.

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

EMILIA: Is he not jealous?

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

*[Enter OTHELLO.]*

EMILIA: Look where he comes.

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

OTHELLO: How do you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA: Well, my good lord.

OTHELLO: Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

DESDEMONA: It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTHELLO: Hot, hot and moist! a young and sweating devil  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

DESDEMONA: You may indeed say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTHELLO: A liberal hand.

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

OTHELLO: What promise, chuck?

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

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

*[DESDEMONA gives OTHELLO a handkerchief.]*

DESDEMONA: Here, my lord.  
OTHELLO: That which I gave you.  
DESDEMONA: I have it not about me.  
OTHELLO: Not?  
DESDEMONA: No, faith, my lord.  
OTHELLO: That's a fault: That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it  
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love—but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathèd, and his spirits should hunt  
After new fancies. She dying gave it me  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,  
To give it her. I did so; and, take heed on't,  
To lose't or give't away were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.  
DESDEMONA: Is't possible?  
OTHELLO: 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:  
A sibyl, that had numbered in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sewed the work;  
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,  
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful  
Conserved of maidens' hearts.  
DESDEMONA: I' faith, is't true?  
OTHELLO: Most veritable; therefore look to't well.  
DESDEMONA: Then would to God that I had never seen't!  
OTHELLO: Ha? Wherefore?  
DESDEMONA: Why do you speak so startingly and rash?  
OTHELLO: Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is it out o'th' way?  
DESDEMONA: Heaven bless us!  
OTHELLO: Say you?  
DESDEMONA: It is not lost; but what an if it were?  
OTHELLO: How!  
DESDEMONA: I say, it is not lost.  
OTHELLO: Fetch't, let me see't.  
DESDEMONA: Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now:  
This is a trick to put me from my suit—  
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.  
OTHELLO: Fetch me the handkerchief; my mind misgives.  
DESDEMONA: Come, come: You'll never meet a more sufficient man—  
OTHELLO: The handkerchief!  
DESDEMONA: I pray talk me of Cassio—  
OTHELLO: The handkerchief!

DESDEMONA: A man that all his time  
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

DESDEMONA: <i>Shared dangers with you— I' faith, you are to blame!</i>	OTHELLO: <i>The handkerchief!</i>	<i>'Swounds!</i>
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*[Exit OTHELLO.]*

EMILIA: Is not this man jealous?

DESDEMONA: I ne'er saw this before.  
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief.

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

*[Enter IAGO with CASSIO following.]*

Look you, Cassio and my husband.

IAGO: There is no other way: 'tis she must do't—

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

CASSIO: Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you

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

DESDEMONA: Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune:  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favour as in humour altered.

IAGO: Is my lord angry?

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

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

DESDEMONA: I prithee do so.

*[Exit IAGO.]*

Something sure of state

Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;

For let our finger ache and it endues  
Our other, healthful members even to that sense  
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observancy  
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborned the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

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

DESDEMONA: Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

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

DESDEMONA: Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind.

EMILIA: Lady, amen!

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

CASSIO: I humbly thank your ladyship.

*[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA as BIANCA enters.]*

BIANCA: 'Save you, friend Cassio.

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

BIANCA: And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights?  
Eight-score eight hours?

CASSIO: O pardon me, Bianca:  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed;  
But I shall in a more continue time  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
*[CASSIO gives BIANCA the handkerchief.]*  
Take me this work out.

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

CASSIO: Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance—  
No, by my faith, Bianca.

BIANCA: Why, whose is it?  
CASSIO: I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well: ere it be demanded—  
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied.  
Take it and do't, and leave me for this time.  
BIANCA: Leave you? Wherefore?  
CASSIO: I do attend here on the general,  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me womaned.  
BIANCA: Why, I pray you?  
CASSIO: Not that I love you not.  
BIANCA: But that you do not love me.  
Say then if I shall see you soon at night.  
CASSIO: I'll see you soon.  
BIANCA: I must be circumstanced.  
*[Exit BIANCA one way, then exit CASSIO another.]*

Act IV.

Scene 1. [203 lines /12:41]

[Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.]

IAGO: Will you think so?

OTHELLO: Think so, Iago?

IAGO: What,  
To kiss in private?

OTHELLO: An unauthorized kiss!

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

OTHELLO: Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

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

OTHELLO: What then?

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

OTHELLO: She is protectress of her honour too:  
May she give that?

IAGO: Her honour is an essence that's not seen,  
They have it very oft that have it not.  
But, for the handkerchief—

OTHELLO: By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it!  
Thou said'st—O it comes o'er my memory  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

IAGO: Ay—what of that?

OTHELLO: That's not so good now.

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

OTHELLO: Hath he said anything?

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

OTHELLO: What hath he said?

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

OTHELLO: What? What?

IAGO: Lie—

OTHELLO: With her?

IAGO: With her, on her—what you will.

OTHELLO: Lie with her? Lie on her? We say “lie on her” when they belie her. Lie with her? 'Swounds, that's fulsome! Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief? I tremble at

it. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips! Is't possible? Confess? Handkerchief? O devil?

*[OTHELLO falls down in a trance.]*

IAGO: Work on, my med'cine, work!

*[Enter CASSIO.]*

What, ho, my lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!

CASSIO: What's the matter?

IAGO: My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy—

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

CASSIO: Rub him about the temples.

IAGO: No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course;  
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while:  
He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.

*[Exit CASSIO.]*

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

OTHELLO: Dost thou mock me?

IAGO: I mock you not, by heaven!

Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

OTHELLO: Did he confess it?

IAGO: Good sir, be a man;

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

OTHELLO: Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

IAGO: That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

*[OTHELLO withdraws.]*

*[sings to himself]:* I called my love false love, and what said he then?  
Sing all a green willow.  
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

*[Enter CASSIO.]*

*[aside]* And here he comes. *[to CASSIO]*—How do you now, lieutenant?

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

IAGO: Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't:  
*[speaking lower]* Now, if this suit lay in *[a whisper]* Bianca's power,  
How quickly should you speed!

CASSIO: Alas, poor caitiff!  
*[CASSIO laughs and laughs.]*

IAGO: I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO: Alas, poor rogue! I think i'faith she loves me.  
*[CASSIO laughs and laughs.]*

IAGO: Do you hear, Cassio?  
She gives it out that you shall marry her.  
Do you intend it?

*[CASSIO can't talk for laughing.]*

CASSIO: I marry—what, a customer? Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome.

*[CASSIO laughs and laughs.]*

IAGO: Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

CASSIO: Prithee, say true.

IAGO: I am a very villain else.

CASSIO: This is the monkey's own giving out: She is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*[IAGO subtly beckons to OTHELLO. OTHELLO moves closer to hear.]*

CASSIO: She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble: By this hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

*[CASSIO hangs on IAGO, laughing and laughing.]*

So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes, and pulls me— <i>[CASSIO laughs and laughs.]</i> Well, I	OTHELLO <i>[aside]</i> : O I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.
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CASSIO *[cont'd]*: must leave her company.

*[Enter BIANCA.]*

IAGO *[aside to CASSIO]*: Before me, look where she comes!

CASSIO *[to BIANCA]*: What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIANCA: Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it! I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token—and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse!

*[BIANCA throws down the handkerchief.]*

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

CASSIO: How now, my sweet Bianca? How now? How now?

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

*[Exit BIANCA.]*

IAGO: After her, after her!

CASSIO: Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

IAGO: Will you sup there?

CASSIO: Faith, I intend so.

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

CASSIO: Prithee come—will you?

IAGO: Go to, say no more.

*[Exit CASSIO.]*

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

IAGO: Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTHELLO: O Iago!

IAGO: And did you see the handkerchief?

OTHELLO: Was that mine?

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

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

IAGO: Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO: Ay, let her rot and perish and be damned tonight, for she shall not live!

No, my heart is turned to stone:

*[OTHELLO strikes his breast.]*

I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O the world hath not a sweeter creature: She might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

IAGO: Nay, that's not your way.

OTHELLO: Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle, an admirable musician—O she will sing the savageness out of a bear—of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

IAGO: She's the worse for all this.

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

IAGO: Ay, too gentle.

OTHELLO: Nay, that's certain—but yet the pity of it, Iago; O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

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

OTHELLO: I will chop her into messes—cuckold me?

IAGO: O 'tis foul in her.

OTHELLO: With mine officer!

IAGO: That's fouler.

OTHELLO: Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.

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

OTHELLO: Good, good, the justice of it pleases, very good.

IAGO: And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight.

OTHELLO: Excellent good.

*[Trumpet sounds offstage.]*

OTHELLO: What trumpet is that same?

IAGO: Something from Venice sure.

*[Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and GRATIANO.]*

'Tis Lodovico

Come from the Duke; and, see, your wife's with him.

LODOVICO: God save you, worthy general!

OTHELLO: With all my heart, sir.

LODOVICO: The Duke and senators of Venice greet you.

*[LODOVICO gives OTHELLO a letter.]*

OTHELLO: I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

*[OTHELLO kisses the letter, opens it, moves aside, and reads.]*

DESDEMONA: And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO: I'm very glad to see you, signor—

Welcome to Cyprus.

*[IAGO salutes, but LODOVICO notices IAGO's insignia of rank.]*

LODOVICO: I thank you—how does Lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO: Lives, sir.

DESDEMONA: Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

OTHELLO: Are you sure of that?

DESDEMONA: My lord?

*[OTHELLO continues reading.]*

LODOVICO: He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

DESDEMONA: A most unhappy one: I would do much

T'atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTHELLO: Fire and brimstone!

DESDEMONA: My lord?

OTHELLO: Are you wise?

DESDEMONA: What, is he angry?

LODOVICO: Maybe the letter moved him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

DESDEMONA: By my troth, I am glad on't.

OTHELLO: Indeed?

DESDEMONA: My lord?

OTHELLO: I am glad to see you mad.

DESDEMONA: Why, sweet Othello—

OTHELLO *[striking her]*: Devil!

*[A beat of astonished silence.]*

DESDEMONA: I have not deserved this.

LODOVICO: My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much—  
Make her amends: She weeps.

OTHELLO: O devil, devil!  
Out of my sight!

DESDEMONA: I will not stay to offend you.  
[DESDEMONA starts to exit.]

LODOVICO: Truly, an obedient lady.  
I do beseech your lordship call her back.

OTHELLO: Mistress! DESDEMONA: My lord? OTHELLO: What would you with her, sir? LODOVICO: Who, I, my lord?
---

OTHELLO: Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:  
[OTHELLO violently turns her again and again and again.]

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,  
Very obedient. [to DESDEMONA]—Proceed you in your tears?  
[to LODOVICO]—Concerning this, sir [to DESDEMONA]—O well-painted passion!  
[to LODOVICO]—I am commanded home. [to DESDEMONA]—Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon [to LODOVICO]—Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice [to DESDEMONA]—Hence, avaunt!  
[Exit DESDEMONA, followed by GRATIANO.]  
[aside] —Cassio shall have my place. [to LODOVICO]—And, sir, tonight  
I do entreat that we may sup together.  
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.[aside]—Goats and monkeys!  
[Exit OTHELLO.]

LODOVICO: Is this the noble Moor whom our full Senate  
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake?

IAGO: He is much changed.

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

IAGO: He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure  
What he might be; if what he might, he is not,  
I would to heaven he were.

LODOVICO: What? Strike his wife?

IAGO: 'Faith, that was not so well.

LODOVICO: Is it his use?

IAGO: It is not honesty in me to speak  
What I have seen and known. I'll save my speech.

LODOVICO: I'm sorry that I am deceived in him.  
[Exeunt LODOVICO and IAGO.]

Scene 2. [209 lines /13:04]

[Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.]

OTHELLO: You have seen nothing then?

EMILIA: Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTHELLO: Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

EMILIA: But then I saw no harm; and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTHELLO: What? Did they never whisper?

EMILIA: Never, my lord.

OTHELLO: Nor send you out o'the way?

EMILIA: Never.

OTHELLO: To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

EMILIA: Never, my lord.

OTHELLO: That's strange.

EMILIA: I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake: If you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse;  
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy: The purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

OTHELLO: Bid her come hither—go.  
*[Exit EMILIA.]*

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

*[Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.]*

DESDEMONA: My lord, what is your will?

OTHELLO: Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DESDEMONA: What is your pleasure?

OTHELLO: Let me see your eyes—  
Look in my face.

DESDEMONA: What horrible fancy's this?

OTHELLO *[to EMILIA]*: Some of your function, mistress,  
Leave procreants alone and shut the door,  
Cough or cry "Hem!" if anybody come.  
Your mystery, your mystery—nay, dispatch!

*[EMILIA exits. DESDEMONA kneels.]*

DESDEMONA: Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?  
I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

OTHELLO: Why, what art thou?

DESDEMONA: Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

OTHELLO: Come, swear it: Damn thyself. Be double-damned:  
Swear thou art honest.

DESDEMONA: Heaven doth truly know it.

OTHELLO: Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*[DESDEMONA jumps up and clings to OTHELLO.]*

DESDEMONA: To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

*[OTHELLO weeps, pushing her away.]*

OTHELLO: O Desdemon, away, away, away!

DESDEMONA: Alas the heavy day, why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me: If you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

OTHELLO: Had it pleased God

To try me with affliction, had he rained

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me

A fixèd figure for the scorn of time

To point his slow and moving finger at!

*[OTHELLO groans.]*

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

*[OTHELLO stares at DESDEMONA's crotch.]*

But there, where I have garnered up my heart,

Where either I must live or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs

Or else dries up—to be discarded thence,

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,

Ay, there, look grim as hell.

DESDEMONA: I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTHELLO: O ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

DESDEMONA: Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTHELLO: "Committed"! O thou public commoner,

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets

Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth

And will not hear't.—What committed?

Impudent strumpet!

DESDEMONA: By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTHELLO: Are you not a strumpet?

DESDEMONA: No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul unlawful touch

Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTHELLO: What, not a whore?

DESDEMONA: No, as I shall be saved.

OTHELLO: Is't possible?

DESDEMONA: O heaven forgive us!

OTHELLO: I cry you mercy then.

OTHELLO: I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. *[raises his voice]* You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter  
And keep the gate of hell,

*[OTHELLO throws open the door and finds EMILIA listening at it.]*

you, you!—Ay, you:

We've done our course; there's money for your pains;

*[OTHELLO throws money at EMILIA.]*

I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel.

*[Exit OTHELLO.]*

EMILIA: Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? How do you, my good lady?

DESDEMONA: Faith, half asleep.

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

DESDEMONA: With who?

EMILIA: Why, with my lord, madam.

DESDEMONA: Who is thy lord?

EMILIA: He that is yours, sweet lady.

DESDEMONA: I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia—

I cannot weep, nor answer have I none

But what should go by water. Prithee tonight

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,

And call thy husband hither.

EMILIA: Here's a change indeed.

*[Exit EMILIA.]*

DESDEMONA: 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

*[Enter EMILIA with IAGO.]*

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

EMILIA: Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her

That true hearts cannot bear it.

DESDEMONA: Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO: What name, fair lady?

DESDEMONA: Such as she says my lord did say I was.

EMILIA: He called her "whore": a beggar in his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

IAGO: Why did he so?

DESDEMONA: I do not know: I'm sure I am none such.

*[DESDEMONA weeps.]*

IAGO: Do not weep, do not weep—alas the day!

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

DESDEMONA: It is my wretched fortune.

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

DESDEMONA: Nay, heaven doth know.

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

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

DESDEMONA: If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

EMILIA: A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!  
Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?  
What place? What time? What form? What likelihood?  
The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,  
Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.  
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked through the world  
Even from the east to th'west!

IAGO: Speak within door.

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

IAGO: You are a fool—go to!

DESDEMONA: O God, Iago,  
What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him.

*[DESDEMONA kneels.]*

Here I kneel:

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed,  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense  
Delighted them in any other form,  
Or that I do not yet—and ever did,  
And ever will, though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me!

*[IAGO helps her rise.]*

I cannot say “whore”:

It does abhor me now I speak the word,  
To do the act that might th' addition earn  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

IAGO: I pray you, be content: 'tis but his humour;  
The business of the state does him offence.

DESDEMONA: If 'twere no other—

IAGO: 'Tis but so, I warrant.

*[Trumpets offstage.]*

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

*[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA. Enter RODERIGO. During the following exchange, which should take place far away from the central platform, on another part of the stage, EMILIA enters and fits the platform with wedding sheets, four posters, and a canopy, transforming it into a bed. When done, she exits.]*

IAGO: How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO: I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

IAGO: What in the contrary?

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

IAGO: Will you hear me, Roderigo?

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

IAGO: You charge me most unjustly.

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

IAGO: Well, go to, very well!

RODERIGO: "Very well", "go to"? I cannot "go to", man, nor 'tis not "very well"; by this hand, I say 'tis very scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped in it.

IAGO: Very well.

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

IAGO: You have said now.

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

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

RODERIGO: It hath not appeared.

IAGO: I grant indeed it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed which I have greater reason to believe now than ever—I mean purpose, courage and valour—this night show it. If thou

the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

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

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

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

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

RODERIGO: How do you mean “removing” of him?

IAGO: Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place—knocking out his brains.

RODERIGO: And that you would have me to do?

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

*[RODERIGO doesn't budge.]*

RODERIGO: I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO: And you shall be satisfied.

*[Exeunt IAGO and RODERIGO.]*

Scene 3. [98 lines /6:08]

*[Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and EMILIA.]*

LODOVICO: I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTHELLO: O pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk.

LODOVICO: Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*[LODOVICO kisses DESDEMONA's hand.]*

DESDEMONA: Your honour is most welcome.

OTHELLO: Will you walk, sir?

O Desdemona!

DESDEMONA: My lord?

OTHELLO *[aside to DESDEMONA]*: Get you to bed

On th' instant; I will be returned forthwith:

Dismiss your attendant there—look't be done.

DESDEMONA *[aside to OTHELLO]*: I will, my lord.

*[Exeunt OTHELLO and LODOVICO. This scene needs to evoke in the audience three distinct feelings simultaneously: 1) the daily routine of Emilia attending to Desdemona's needs, habitual, a trifle tedious for both of them; 2) the voyeuristic anticipation of the realization of Iago's pornographic imagination, the audience feeling they're spying on something intimate, private, forbidden, but also something they've been promised for a long time, that they long to witness, as if the next scene might merely be Othello and Desdemona fucking before their eyes, consummating a marriage as they make a child*

*and a new life; 3) a ritualistic aspect both women are unaware of, Desdemona being washed and dressed for sacrifice. The placeless unease of these should leave the audience afflicker in conflicting feelings: impatience, yearning, anxiety.]*

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

DESDEMONA: He says he will return incontinent,  
He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

EMILIA: Dismiss me?

DESDEMONA: It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:  
We must not now displease him.

EMILIA: I would you had never seen him.

DESDEMONA: So would not I: My love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his cheques, his frowns—  
Prithee, unpin me—have grace and favour in them.

*[EMILIA helps DESDEMONA undress.]*

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

DESDEMONA: All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!  
If I do die before thee, prithee shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

EMILIA: Come, come you talk!

DESDEMONA: My mother had a maid called Barbary;  
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,  
And did forsake her. She had a “Song of Willow”—  
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,  
And she died singing it. That song tonight  
Will not go from my mind. I have much to do  
But to go hang my head all at one side  
And sing it like poor Barbary: Prithee, dispatch.

EMILIA: Shall I go fetch your nightgown?

DESDEMONA: No, unpin me here.  
*[EMILIA helps DESDEMONA out of the rest of her clothes.]*  
This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMILIA: A very handsome man.

DESDEMONA: He speaks well.

EMILIA: I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch  
of his nether lip.

*[During the following song, EMILIA bathes or washes DESDEMONA and readies her  
for bed, DESDEMONA generally distracted and unconscious of EMILIA's labors.]*

DESDEMONA *[sings]*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow:  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee;  
Sing willow, willow, willow.  
The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones.

Sing willow—[to EMILIA] Lay by these—[sings] willow, willow.

[to EMILIA] Prithce, hie thee: He'll come anon.

[sings] Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve—

[aside] Nay, that's not next.

[An offstage thunk.]

Hark, who is't that knocks?

[DESDOMONA and EMILIA listen. The thunk sounds again, then again, and now and then through to the end of the scene.]

EMILIA: It's the wind.

DESDEMONA [sings]

I called my love "false love"; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men—

[suddenly to EMILIA] So, get thee gone, good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

EMILIA: 'Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA: I've heard it said so. O these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think—tell me, Emilia—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

EMILIA: There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA: Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA: Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA: No, by this heavenly light.

EMILIA: Nor I neither, by this heavenly light:

I might do't as well i'th'dark.

DESDEMONA: Wouldst thou do such a thing for all the world?

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

For a small vice.

DESDEMONA: God's troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA: By my troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world? 'Ud's pity, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DESDEMONA: Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world!

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

DESDEMONA: I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA: Yes, a dozen—and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults

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

And pour our treasures into foreign laps,

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite—  
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,  
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?  
It is so too. And have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well: Else let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DESDEMONA: Good night, good night. God me such uses send,  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

*[EMILIA exits as DESDEMONA lies down in the bed to sleep.]*

Act V.

Scene 1. [92 lines /5:45]

*[Night and darkness. Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.]*

IAGO: Here, stand behind this balk; straight will he come.  
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home—  
Quick, quick, fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow.  
It makes us or it mars us: Think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

RODERIGO: Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

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

*[IAGO retires.]*

RODERIGO *[aside]*: I have no great devotion to the deed,  
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons—  
*[aloud]* 'Tis but a man gone: Forth my sword, he dies!  
*[aside]* I know his gait, 'tis he.

*[Enter CASSIO; RODERIGO stabs him.]*

—Villain, thou diest!

CASSIO: That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou know'st—

*[CASSIO reveals under his clothes a privy coat or padded doublet, and draws his sword.]*

I will make proof of thine.

*[CASSIO and RODERIGO fight. CASSIO wounds RODERIGO and RODERIGO falls.]*

RODERIGO: O I am slain!

*[IAGO skulks up behind CASSIO and slices his leg, then exits as CASSIO falls.]*

CASSIO: I am maimed for ever. Help, ho! Murder! Murder!	RODERIGO: O villain that I am!
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*[Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]*

CASSIO: What ho! No watch? No passage? Murder, murder!	GRATIANO: 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.
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CASSIO: O help!	RODERIGO: O wretched villain!	LODOVICO: Hark!
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LODOVICO: Two or three groan. It is a heavy night;  
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe  
To come in to the cry without more help.

RODERIGO: Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.

*[Enter IAGO in a nightshirt with a light and his sword drawn.]*

LODOVICO: Hark!	GRATIANO: Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
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IAGO: Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?

LODOVICO: We do not know.

IAGO: Did not you hear a cry?

CASSIO: Here, here! For heaven sake help me!

IAGO: What's the matter?

IAGO: What are you here that cry so grievously?	GRATIANO: This is Othello's ensign, as I take it.
CASSIO: Iago? O I am spoiled, undone by villains—	LODOVICO: The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

CASSIO: Give me some help.

IAGO: O me, lieutenant! What villains have done this?

CASSIO: I think that one of them is hereabout

And cannot make away.

IAGO: O treacherous villains!  
[to LODOVICO and GRATIANO] What are you there? Come in and give some help.

RODERIGO: O help me here!

CASSIO: That's one of them.

IAGO: O murd'rous slave!  
O villain!

[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.]

RODERIGO: O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!

[RODERIGO dies.]

IAGO: Kill men i'th'dark! Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! Ho, murder, murder!

[to LODOVICO and GRATIANO] What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

LODOVICO: As you shall prove us, praise us.

IAGO: Signor Lodovico?

LODOVICO: He, sir.

IAGO: I cry you mercy—here's Cassio hurt by villains.

GRATIANO: Cassio?

IAGO: How is't, brother? CASSIO: My leg is cut in two. IAGO: Marry, heaven forbid!
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[Enter BIANCA.]

IAGO: Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.	BIANCA: What is the matter, ho? Who is't that cried?
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[IAGO removes his shirt to bind CASSIO's leg.]

IAGO: Who is't that cried?

BIANCA: O my dear Cassio,

BIANCA: My sweet Cassio, O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.	IAGO: O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
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IAGO: Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

CASSIO: No.	GRATIANO: I'm sorry to find you thus; I've been to seek you.
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IAGO: Lend me a garter. So.

[IAGO binds CASSIO's leg as MONTANO and FIRST SOLDIER enter.]

BIANCA: Alas, he faints!

BIANCA: O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!	IAGO: Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
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IAGO: To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come,

Lend me a light: Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman,

Rod' rigo! No?—Yes, sure!—O heaven! Rod' rigo.

GRATIANO: What, of Venice? IAGO: Even he, sir—did you know him? GRATIANO: Know him? Ay.
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IAGO: Signor Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,

That so neglected you.

GRATIANO: I am glad to see you.

IAGO: How do you, Cassio?

GRATIANO: Rod' rigo!

IAGO: He.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence,  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. *[to BIANCA]* For you, mistress,  
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

CASSIO: None in the world; nor do I know the man.

IAGO *[to BIANCA]*: What? Look you pale?

*[to MONTANO and FIRST SOLDIER]* O bear him out o'th' air.

*[to LODOVICO and GRATIANO]* Stay you, good gentlemen.

*[MONTANO and FIRST SOLDIER bear CASSIO offstage.]*

*[to BIANCA]* Look you pale, mistress?

*[to LODOVICO and GRATIANO]* Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?

*[to BIANCA]* Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

*[to LODOVICO and GRATIANO]* Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness

Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

*[Enter EMILIA.]*

EMILIA: 'Las, what's the matter? What's the matter, husband?

IAGO: Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Ròd'rigo and fellows that are scaped:

He's almost slain and Ròd'rigo quite dead.

EMILIA: Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio!

IAGO: This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.

*[to BIANCA]* What, do you shake at that?

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

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

EMILIA: Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

BIANCA: I am no strumpet;

But of life as honest as you that thus

Abuse me.

EMILIA: As I! Foh! Fie upon thee!

IAGO: Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.

*[to EMILIA]* —Emilia, run you to the citadel

And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.

*[EXIT EMILIA.]*

*[to BIANCA]* Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

*[IAGO seizes BIANCA and exits with her, LODOVICO and GRATIANO.]*

Scene 2. [321 lines /20:04]

*[Enter OTHELLO, with a candle, to DESDEMONA, still asleep in the bed.]*

OTHELLO: It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars:

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow

And smooth as monumental alabaster—

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light—  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It must needs wither. I'll smell thee on the tree—

*[OTHELLO kisses DESDEMONA as she sleeps.]*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword—one more, one more!

*[OTHELLO kisses DESDEMONA as she sleeps.]*

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee  
And love thee after—one more, and that's the last.

*[OTHELLO kisses DESDEMONA as she sleeps.]*

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

DESDEMONA: Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO: Ay, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA: Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO: Have you prayed tonight, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA: Ay, my lord.

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

DESDEMONA: Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTHELLO: Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,  
No—heavens forbid!—I would not kill thy soul.

DESDEMONA: Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO: Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA: Then heaven  
Have mercy on me!

OTHELLO: Amen, with all my heart!

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

DESDEMONA: And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then	OTHELLO: Humh!
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DESDEMONA: When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,  
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

OTHELLO: Think on thy sins.
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DESDEMONA: They are loves I bear to you.
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OTHELLO: Ay, and for that thou diest.
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DESDEMONA: That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,

DESDEMONA: They do not point on me.

OTHELLO: Peace, and be still.

DESDEMONA: I will so. What's the matter?

OTHELLO: That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee  
Thou gavest to Cassio.

DESDEMONA: No, by my life and soul—  
Send for the man and ask him.

OTHELLO: Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

DESDEMONA: Ay, but not yet to die.

OTHELLO: Yes, presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
That I do groan withal: Thou art to die.

DESDEMONA: Then Lord have mercy on me!

OTHELLO: I say, Amen.

DESDEMONA: And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love. I never gave him token.

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

O perjured woman, thou dost stone my heart,  
And makes me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.  
I saw the handkerchief.

DESDEMONA: He found it then;  
I never gave it him—send for him hither;  
Let him confess a truth.

OTHELLO: He hath confessed.

DESDEMONA: What, my lord?

OTHELLO: That he hath—'uds death!—used thee.

DESDEMONA: How? Unlawfully?

OTHELLO: Ay.

DESDEMONA: He will not say so.

OTHELLO: No, his mouth is stopped—  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

DESDEMONA: O my fear interprets—what, is he dead?

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

*[DESDEMONA weeps.]*

DESDEMONA: Alas, he is betrayed and I undone.

OTHELLO: Out, strumpet!—Weep'st thou for him to my face?

*[DESDEMONA grasps him in supplication.]*

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

OTHELLO: Down, strumpet!

DESDEMONA: Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight!

*[DESDEMONA struggles with OTHELLO.]*

OTHELLO: Nay, if you strive—

DESDEMONA: But half an hour?

OTHELLO: Being done, there is no pause.

DESDEMONA: But while I say one prayer?

OTHELLO: It is too late.

*[OTHELLO smothers DESDEMONA. A beat, then EMILIA bangs on the door.]*

EMILIA *[outside the door]*: My lord, my lord! What, ho! My lord, my lord!

OTHELLO: What noise is this? Not dead? Not yet quite dead?

EMILIA *[outside the door]*: What, ho! My lord, My lord!

OTHELLO: Who's there?

EMILIA *[outside the door]*: O good my lord, I'd speak a word with you!

OTHELLO: Yes—'tis Emilia.—*[calling]* by and by!—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:

The noise was high. Ha! No more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again—no. What's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife—

My wife, my wife! What wife? I have no wife.

O insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th'affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

EMILIA *[outside the door]*: I do beseech you

That I may speak with you—O good my lord!

OTHELLO: I had forgot thee—*[calling]* O come in, Emilia!

Soft—*[calling]* by and by!—let me the curtains draw.

*[OTHELLO closes the bed curtains.]*

OTHELLO *[calling]*: Where art thou?

*[OTHELLO unlocks and opens the door. Enter EMILIA.]*

What's the matter with thee now?

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

OTHELLO: What? Now?

EMILIA: But now, my lord. Cassio hath killed

A young Venetian called Rod'rigo.

OTHELLO: Roderigo killed? And Cassio killed?

EMILIA: No, Cassio is not killed.

OTHELLO: Not Cassio killed?

Then murder's out of tune, and sweet revenge

Grows harsh.

DESDEMONA *[almost inaudible]*: O falsely—, falsely—, murderèd!

EMILIA: Alas, what cry is that?

OTHELLO: That? What?

EMILIA: Out and alas! That was my lady's voice.

*[EMILIA throws open the bed curtains and discovers DESDEMONA.]*



Than thou wast worthy her.

OTHELLO: Peace, you were best.

EMILIA: Thou hast not half that power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull, O dolt

As ignorant as dirt, thou hast done a deed—

*[OTHELLO draws his sword on EMILIA.]*

I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives: help, help, ho, help!

The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murder, murder!

*[Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO and IAGO.]*

MONTANO: What is the matter? How now, general?

EMILIA: O are you come, Iago? You have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck!

EMILIA: <i>Disprove this villain</i> , if thou be'st a man:	GRATIANO: <i>What is the matter?</i>
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EMILIA *[cont'd]*: He says thou told'st him that his wife was false;

I know thou didst not—thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

IAGO: I told him what I thought; and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

EMILIA: But did you ever tell him she was false?

IAGO: I did.

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

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie:

She false with Cassio? Did you say with Cassio?

IAGO: With Cassio, mistress—go to, charm your tongue!

EMILIA: I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.

EMILIA: And your reports have set the murder on.	MONTANO, GRATIANO & IAGO: O heavens forfend!
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OTHELLO: Nay, stare not, masters, it is true, indeed.

GRATIANO: 'Tis a strange truth.

MONTANO: O monstrous act!

EMILIA: Villany, villany, villany! Now

I think upon't, I think I smelled a villany—

I thought so then. I'll kill myself for grief.

EMILIA: O villany, villany!	IAGO: What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.
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EMILIA: Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

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

OTHELLO: O, O, O!

*[OTHELLO falls on the bed.]*

EMILIA: Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

OTHELLO *[rising]*: O she was foul!

*[to GRATIANO]* I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

GRATIANO: Poor Desdemon, I'm glad thy father's dead:  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain; did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn.

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

EMILIA: O heaven, O heavenly powers!

IAGO: 'Swounds, hold your peace.

EMILIA: 'Twill out, 'twill out! I peace?

EMILIA [*cont'd*]: No, I will speak as liberal as the north;  
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

IAGO: Be wise and get you home.

EMILIA: I will not.

[*IAGO tries to stab EMILIA.*]

GRATIANO: Fie, your sword upon a woman?

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

IAGO: Villanous whore!

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

IAGO: Filth, thou liest!

EMILIA: By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:  
O murderous coxcomb, what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife?

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

[*OTHELLO runs at IAGO, but is disarmed by MONTANO, during which scuffle IAGO  
stabs EMILIA.*]

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

[*Exit IAGO.*]

EMILIA: Ay, ay. O lay me by my mistress' side.

[*EMILIA collapses into GRATIANO's arms.*]

GRATIANO: He's gone, but his wife's killed.

[*GRATIANO lays EMILIA on the bed beside DESDEMONA.*]

MONTANO: 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon

[*MONTANO gives OTHELLO's sword to GRATIANO.*]

Come guard the door without, let him not pass,

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

MONTANO: For 'tis a damnèd slave.

OTHELLO: *I am not valiant neither,*

*[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.]*

OTHELLO: But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should Honour outlive Honesty?

Let it go all.

EMILIA: What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music. *[sings]* "Willow, willow, willow".

Moor, she was chaste, she loved thee, cruel Moor—

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true!

*[EMILIA dies beside DESDEMONA on the bed.]*

OTHELLO: I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper—

*[OTHELLO finds the sword in an unexpected place.]*

O here it is: *[calling]* Uncle, I must come forth.

GRATIANO *[outside the door]*: If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

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

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*[Enter GRATIANO with his sword drawn.]*

GRATIANO: What is the matter?

OTHELLO: Behold, I have a weapon—

*[In one astonishing sequence, OTHELLO engages GRATIANO, disarms him, and*

*GRATIANO retreats helplessly before him.]*

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day

That, with this little arm and this good sword

I've made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop. But O vain boast!

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

Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed.

Do you go back dismayed? 'Tis a lost fear:

Man but a rush against Othello's breast

And he retires. Where should Othello go?

*[OTHELLO goes to the bed.]*

Now: How dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench,

Pale as thy smock, when we shall meet at count,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it.

*[OTHELLO touches DESDEMONA.]*

Cold, cold, my girl?

Even like thy chastity. O cursèd slave!

Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight,

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—

O Desdemon! Dead Desdemona! Dead!

*[OTHELLO howls. Then enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, and BIANCA supporting CASSIO]*

LODOVICO: Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

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

LODOVICO: Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

*[Enter FIRST SOLDIER dragging a bruised and beaten IAGO, his hands tied against his torso and feet bound together so he has no more mobility than a snake. OTHELLO approaches IAGO.]*

OTHELLO: I look down towards his feet—but that's a fable:

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

*[OTHELLO stabs IAGO and IAGO falls to the floor.]*

LODOVICO: Wrench his sword from him.

*[MONTANO and GRATIANO disarm OTHELLO as FIRST SOLDIER drags IAGO to his feet again.]*

IAGO *[to OTHELLO]*: I bleed, sir; but not killed.

OTHELLO: I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live,

For in my sense 'tis happiness to die.

LODOVICO: O thou, Othello, thou was once so good,

Fall'n in the practise of a damnèd slave,

*[LODOVICO strikes IAGO.]*

What shall be said to thee?

OTHELLO: Why, anything—

An honourable murderer, if you will,

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

LODOVICO: This wretch hath part confessed his villainy:

*[LODOVICO strikes IAGO.]*

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

OTHELLO: Ay.

CASSIO: Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTHELLO: I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

IAGO: Demand me nothing: What you know, you know;

From this time forth I never will speak word.

LODOVICO: What, not to pray?

GRATIANO *[striking IAGO]*: Torments will ope your lips.

OTHELLO: Well, thou dost best.

OTHELLO: How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's?

CASSIO: I found it in my chamber.

LODOVICO: You must forsake this room and go with us:	OTHELLO: O fool, fool, fool!
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LODOVICO *[cont'd]*: Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. *[seizing IAGO]* For this slave,

If there be any cunning cruelty

That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. *[hurts IAGO]* *[to OTHELLO]* You shall close prisoner rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away!

*[LODOVICO starts to lead out GRATIANO, MONTANO, CASSIO, BIANCA, FIRST SOLDIER and IAGO, but OTHELLO doesn't budge.]*

OTHELLO: Soft you, a word or two before you go:

I have done the state some service, and they know't—  
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: Then must you speak  
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,  
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe. Set you down this;  
And say besides that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
I took by th' throat the circumcisèd dog  
And smote him—thus.

*[OTHELLO stabs himself.]*

I kissed thee ere I killed thee—no way but this:  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

*OTHELLO kisses DESDEMONA, falls on the bed beside DESDEMONA and EMILIA,  
and dies.]*

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

LODOVICO *[grabbing IAGO by the hair]*: O Spartan dog,  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed:

*[LODOVICO forces IAGO to stare at the three corpses there.]*

This is thy work.

*[LODOVICO drops IAGO onto the floor.]*

The object poisons sight—

Let it be hid.

*[FIRST SOLDIER closes the curtains.]*

Gratiano, keep the house  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you; *[to CASSIO]* to you, lord governor,  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

*[LODOVICO yanks IAGO up by the hair to confront CASSIO.]*

The time, the place, the torture, *[throws IAGO on the ground]* O enforce it;  
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.