

**The Tragedie of Othello from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies,
histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall
copies. — Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, &
tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7**

This text was downloaded from <http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/>, where you can also find digital images of the Bodleian First Folio. It is published by the Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford, under a [CC BY 3.0](#) licence.

The first phase of the Bodleian First Folio project, to conserve the book, photograph it, and publish the images freely online, was funded, with [grateful thanks](#), by donations from the public.

The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

Find out more about this book's [remarkable history](#), [the campaign](#), and [the work that led to its digitization](#).

**THE TRAGEDIE OF
Othello, the Moore of Venice.**

[\[Page 310\]](#)

The Tragedie of Othello.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

NEuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if y^e strings were thine, should'st know of this.

Ia.

But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rodo.

Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago.

Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)

Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuision of a Battaile knows
More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be.
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.
Rod.

By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago.

Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curse of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to 'th'first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?

Rod.

I would not follow him then.

Iago.

O Sir content you.

I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Casheer'd.
Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but showes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themselues Homage.
These Fellowes haue some soule,

And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rod.

What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago.

Call vp her Father:

Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Rodo.

Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago.

Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populus Citties.

Rodo.

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

Iago.

Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.

Bra.

Above.

What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo.

Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago.

Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra.

Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago.

Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your [\[Page 311\]](#) the Moore of Venice.
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tugging your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,

Or else the deuill will make a Grand-sire of you.

Arise I say.

Bra.

What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod.

Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra.

Not I: what are you?

Rod.

My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra.

The worsser welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:

In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,

My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse

(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)

Vpon malitious knauerie, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod.

Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra.

But thou must needs be sure,

My spirits and my place haue in their power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo.

Patience good Sir.

Bra.

What tell'st thou me of Robbing?

This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rodo.

Most graue *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Ia.

Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,

if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,

and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daugh

ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Ne

phewes neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens:

and Gennets for Germaines.

Bra.

What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia.

I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh

ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra.

Thou art a Villaine.

Iago.

You are a Senator.

Bra.

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

Rod.

Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue
That from the sence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: straight sat [...]sfe your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra.

Strike on the Tinder, hoa:

Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.

Light, I say, light.

Exit.

Iag.

Farewell: for I must leaue you.

It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safetie cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra.

It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitterness. Now *Rodorigo*,

Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
Rodo.

Truely I thinke they are.

Bra.

Oh Heauen: how got she out?

Oh treason of the blood.

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds

By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,

By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood

May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,

Of some such thing?

Rod.

Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

Bra.

Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.

Some one way, some another. Doe you know

Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod.

I thinke I can discouer him, if you please

To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra.

Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,

(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)

And raise some speciall Officers of might:

On good *Rodorigo*, I will deserue your paines.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia.

Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,

Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th'conscience

To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie

Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times

I had thought t'haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Othello.

'Tis better as it is.

Iago.

Nay but he prated,

And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes

Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue

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

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,

That the Magnifico is much belou'd,

And hath in his effect a voice potentiall

As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,
The [\[Page 312\]](#)The Tragedie of Othello
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.

Othel.

Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemon*a,
I would not my vnhouse'd free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?
Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago.

Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othel.

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

Iago.

By *Ianus*, I thinke no.

Othel.

The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio.

The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Euen on the instant.

Othello.

What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio.

Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,
To search you out.

Othel.

'Tis well I am found by you:

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

Cassio.

Aunciant, what makes he heere?

Iago.

Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,

If it proue lawfull prize, he' [...] made for euer.

Cassio.

I do not vnderstand.

Iago.

He's married.

Cassio.

To who?

Iago.

Marry to□ Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel.

Haue with you.

Cassio.

Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago.

It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,

He comes to bad intent.

Othello.

Holla, stand there.

Rodo.

Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra.

Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago.

You, *Rodorigo*? Come Sir, I am for you.

Othe.

Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra.

Oh thou foule Theefe,

Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her

For Ile referre me to all things of sense,

(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)

Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,

So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd

The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,

Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)

Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,

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

Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,

Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,

That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othe.

Hold your hands

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.

Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it

Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe

To answere this your charge?

Bra.

To Prison, till fit time

Of Law, and course of direct Session

Call thee to answer.

Othe.

What if I do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisf'd,

Whose Messengers are heere about my side,

Vpon some present businesse of the State,

To bring me to him.

Officer.

'Tis true most worthy Signior,

The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,

I am sure is sent for.

Bra.

How? The Duke in Counsell?

In this time of the night? Bring him away;

Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,

Or any of my Brothers of the State,

Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:

For if such Actions may haue passage free,

Bond-slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

Exeunt.

scæna Tertia.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke.

There's no composition in this Newes,

That giues them Credite.

1. Sen.

Indeed, they are disproportioned;

My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.

Duke.

And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. Sena.

And mine two Hundred:

But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,

(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke.

Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:

I do not so secure me in the Error,

But the maine Article I do approue

In fearefull sense.

Saylor

within.

What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A

[\[Page 313\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Officer.

A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke.

Now? What's the businesse?

Sailor.

The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the State,

By Signior *Angelo.*

Duke.

How say you by this change?

1. Sen.

This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant

To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider

Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;

And let our selues againe but vnderstand,

That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question beare it,

For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,

But altogether lackes th'abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,

We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,

To leaue that latest, which concernes him first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine

To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

Duke.

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

Officer.

Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen.

The *Ottamites*, Reueren'd, and Gracious,

Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,

Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.

1. Sen.

I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?

Mess.

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

Duke.

'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?

1. Sen.

He's now in Florence.

Duke.

Write from vs,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. Sen.

Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

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

Duke.

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

Bra.

So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular grieffe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and swallowe [...]ther sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke.

Why? What's the matter?

Bra.

My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen.

Dead?

Bra.

I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke.

Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son

Stood in your Action.

Bra.

Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seems
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All.

We are verie sorry for't.

Duke.

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

Bra.

Nothing, but this is so.

Othe.

Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round vn-varnish'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra.

A Maiden, neuer bold:

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

Sen.

But *Othello*, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel.

I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Duke.

Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Othe.

Aunciant, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present
How [\[Page 314\]](#)The Tragedie of Othello
How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Duke.

Say it *Othello*.

Othe.

Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
To th'very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Antropophague*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,

Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
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 instinctiuely: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke.

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

Bra.

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

Des.

My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra.

God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child;
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.
Duke.

Let me speake like your selfe:

And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
What cannot be preseru'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse griefe.
Bra.

So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare: [...]
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.
Duke.

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

Othe.

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

Duke.

Why at her Fathers?

Bra.

I will not haue it so.

Othe.

Nor I.

Des.

Nor would I there recide,

To put my Father in impatient thoughts

By being in his eye. Most [Gracious] Duke,

To my vnfolding, lend your prosperous eare,

And let me finde a Charter in your voice

T'assist my simplenesse.

Duke.

What would you *Desdemona*?

Des.

That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,

My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

May [\[Page 315\]](#) the Moore of Venice.

May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd

Euen to the very quality of my Lord;

I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,

And to his Honours and his valiant parts,

Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.

So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind

A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,

The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:

And I a heauie interim shall support

By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Othe.

Let her haue your voice.

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not

To please the pallate of my Appetite:

Nor to comply with heat the yong affects

In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.

But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:

And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke

I will your serious and great businesse scant

When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes

Of feather'd *Cupid*, seele with wanton dulnesse

My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:

That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:

Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,

And all indigne, and base aduersities,

Make head against my Estimation.

Duke.

Be it as you shall priuately determine,

Either for her stay, or going: th'Affaire cries hast:

And speed must answer it.

Sen.

You must away to night.

Othe.

With all my heart.

Duke.

At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.

Othe.

So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke.

Let it be so:

Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen.

Adieu braue Moore, vse *Desdemona* well.

Bra.

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

Exit.

Othe.

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

Exit.

Rod.

Iago.

Iago.

What saist thou Noble heart?

Rod.

What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago.

Why go to bed and sleepe.

Rod.

I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago.

If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why
thou silly Gentleman?

Rod.

It is sillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment:
and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
our Physition.

Iago.

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

Rod.

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

Iago.

Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are
thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net
tels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede vp Time:
Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with
many: either to haue it sterrill with idlenesse, or manu
red with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable au
thoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensu
alitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would
conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we
haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
Stings, or vnbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod.

It cannot be.

Iago.

It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown
Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend,
and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of
perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee
then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say
put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona*
should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence
ment in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Seque
stration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores
are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money.
The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts,
shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She
must change for youth: when she is sated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo
ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo
ney thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be
twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be
not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drow
ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra

ther to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo.

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

Iago.

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

Rod.

Where shall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago.

At my Lodging.

Rod.

Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago.

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

Rod.

Ile sell all my Land.

Exit.

Iago.

Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such Snpe,
But [\[Page 316\]](#)The Tragedie of Othello
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Nose
As Asses are:
I hau't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon.

What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

1. Gent.

Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:

I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon.

Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:

If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2

A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:

For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:

I neuer did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Mon.

If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3

Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon.

How? Is this true?

3

The Ship is heere put in: A *Verennessa*, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himself at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon.

I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouvernour.

3

But this same *Cassio*, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon.

Pray Heauens he be:

For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Otbello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent.

Come, let's do so;

For euery Minute is expectancie

Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassi.

Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon.

Is he well ship'd?

Cassio.

His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio.

What noise?

Gent.

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

Cassio.

My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernor.

Gent.

They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio.

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

Gent.

I shall.

Exit.

Mon.

But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?

Cassio.

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

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent.

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

Cassio.

Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclodge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon.

What is she?

Cassio.

She that I spake of:

Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in *Desdemonaes* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,

The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.

Des.

I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio

[\[Page 317\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Cas.

He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des.

Oh, but I feare:

How lost you company?

Cassio.

The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.
Within.

A Saile, a Saile.

Gent.

They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio.

See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaul your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie.

Iago.

Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough.

Des.

Alas: she ha's no speech.

Iago.

Infaith too much:

I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil.

You haue little cause to say so.

Iago.

Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit
chens: Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended:
Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your
Beds.

Des.

Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.

Iago.

Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.

Æmil.

You shall not write my praise.

Iago.

No, let me not.

Desde.

What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago.

Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Des.

Come on, assay.

There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago.

I Madam.

Des.

I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago.

I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is deliuer'd.

*If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,
The ones for vse, the other vseth it.*

Des.

Well prais'd:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago.

*If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.*

Des.

Worse, and worse.

Æmil.

How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago.

*She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.*

Desde.

These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th'Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish.

Iago.

*There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.*

Desde.

Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-
uing woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her
merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it
selfe.

Iago.

*She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:
She that in wisdom neuer was so fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a night, (if euer such nightes were)*

Des.

To do what?

Iago.

To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Desde.

Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
not learne of him *Æmillia*, though he be thy husband.

How say you (*Cassio*) is he not a most prophane, and li
berall Counsailor?

Cassio.

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

Iago.

He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis
per. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as *Cassio*. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan
trie, it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fin
gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curt
sie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your
sake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cassio.

'Tis truely so.

Des.

Let's meete him, and recieue him.

Cassio.

Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth.

O, my faire Warriour.

Des.

My deere *Othello*.

Othe.

It giues me wonder great, as my content

To see you heere before me.

Oh my Soules Ioy:

If after euery Tempest, come such Calmes,

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

And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas

Olympus high: and duck againe as low,

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

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

My Soule hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this,

Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.

Des.

The Heauens forbid

But that our Loues

And Comforts should increase

Euen as our dayes do grow.

Othe.

Amen to that (sweet Powers)

I cannot speake enough of this content,

It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.

And this, and this the greatest discords be
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago.

Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe
the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.
ttOthe.

[\[Page 318\]](#)

The Tragedie of Othello

Othe.

Come: let vs to the Castle.

Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:

The [...]urkes are drown'd.

How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?

(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,

I haue found great loue among'st them. Oh my Sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I doate

In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,

Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:

Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,

He is a good one, and his worthynesse

Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago.

Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.

Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men

being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,

more then is natue to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to

night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell

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

Rod.

With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago.

Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in

structed. Marke me with what violence she first lou'd

the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall

lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet

heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight

shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood

is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a

game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.

Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners,

and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now

for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate

tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,

gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil

instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.

Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn

forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of

this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no

further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme

of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occa
sion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad
uantages, though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe.
A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
woman hath found him already.

Rodo.

I cannot belecue that in her, she's full of most
bless'd condition.

Iago.

Bless'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is
made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would
neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou
not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not
marke that?

Rod.

Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

Iago.

Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when
these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate
conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you
not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc
casion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
tainting his discipline, or from what other course
you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi
nister.

Rod.

Well.

Iago.

Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a
gaine, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you
haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I
shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment
most profitably remoued, without the which there were
no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rodo.

I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor
tunity.

Iago.

I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare well.

Exit.

Rodo.

Adieu.

Iago.

That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Desdemona*
A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am euen'd with him, wife, for wift.
Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Ielouzie so strong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

[Act 2, Scene 2]

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald.

It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete: euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this pre [\[Page 319\]](#) the Moore of Venice.

[present] houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*.
Exit.

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Othe.
Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas.
Iago, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't.

Othe.
Iago, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you.
Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Iago.

Cas.
Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.
Iago.
Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
o'th'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the
loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame;
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas.
She's a most exquisite Lady.
Iago.
And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas.
Indeed she s a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago.

What an eye she ha's?
Me thinkes it sounds a parley to prouocation.

Cas.
An inuiting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modest.

Iago.
And when she speakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Cas.
She is indeed perfection.
Iago.

Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu
tenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-
sure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cas.

Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore,
and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wish
Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter-
tainment.

Iago.

Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
drinke for you.

Cassio.

I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iago.

What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-
lants desire it.

Cas.

Where are they?

Iago.

Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Cas.

Ile do't, but it dislikes me.

Exit.

Iago.

If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistris dogge.
Now my sicke Foole *Rodorigo*,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)
Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Cas.

'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already.

Mon.

Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago.

Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:

And let me the Cannakin clinke.

A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas.

'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago.

I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your English.

Cassio.

Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinke?

Iago.

Why, he drinke you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas.

To the health of our Generall.

Mon.

I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice.

Iago.

Oh sweet England.

King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,

His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,

He held them Six pence all to deere,

With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:

He was a night of high Renowne,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,

And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Cassio.

Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.

Iago.

Will you heare't againe?

Cas.

No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's those things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must not be saued.

Iago.

It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas.

For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.

Iago.

And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio.

I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue
no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our
sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not
thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this
is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke
now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent.

Excellent well.

Cas.

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

Exit.

Monta.

To th'Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the
Watch.

Iago.

You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And giue direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,
The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this Island.

Mont.

But is he often thus?

Iago.

'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont.

It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in *Cassio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago.

How now *Rodorigo*?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon.

And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second

With one of an ingraft Infirmite,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago.

Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas.

You Rogue: you Rascal.

Mon.

What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas.

A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod.

Beate me?

Cas.

Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon.

Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio.

Let me go (Sir)

Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon.

Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio.

Drunke?

Iago.

Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:

Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:

The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'le be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe.

What is the matter heere?

Mon.

I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.

Othe.

Hold for your liues.

Iag.

Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:

Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth.

Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that

Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with greeuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?
Iago.

I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any begining to this peeuish oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Othe.

How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?
Cas.

I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Othe.

Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.
Mon.

Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selues, it be a sinne
When violence assailes vs.
Othe.

Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (hauing my best iudgement collid)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on.
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,

To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?

Mon.

If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago.

Touch me not so neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio*.
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreats his pause:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might say before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,
Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

[\[Page 321\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Othe.

I know *Iago*

Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.

Des.

What is the matter (Deere?)

Othe.

All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,

My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Exit.

Iago.

What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas.

I, past all Surgery.

Iago.

Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas.

Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue
lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of
myselfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation,
Iago, my Reputation.

Iago.

As I am an honest man I had thought you had
receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de
seruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you
repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are
but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli
cie, then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of
fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
him againe, and he's yours.

Cas.

I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian
with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call
thee Diuell.

Iago.

What was he that you follow'd with your
Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas.

I know not.

Iago.

Is't possible?

Cas.

I remember a masse of things, but nothing di
stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale a
way their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance,
reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Iago.

Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?

Cas.

It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago.

Come, you are too seuerer a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas.

I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnblest'd, and the Ingredient is a diuell.

Iago.

Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.

Cassio.

I haue well approoued it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago.

You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken ioynt between you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cassio.

You aduise me well.

Iago.

I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest kindnesse.

Cassio.

I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to vndertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check 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 saies I play the Villaine?

When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,

Proball to thinking, and indeed the course

To win the Moore againe.

For 'tis most easie

Th'inclinyng *Desdemona* to subdue

In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull

As the free Elements. And then for her

To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptisme,

All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:

His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue,

That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,

Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,

With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,

To Counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course,

Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,

When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,

They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,

As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole

Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,

Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:

That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust'

And by how much she striues to do him good,

She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.

So will I turne her vertue into pitch.

And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,

That shall en-mash them all.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo.

I do follow heere in the Chace, not

like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the

Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night

exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue tt3 will [\[Page 322\]](#) The Tragedie of

Othello

will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines;

And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re

turne againe to Venice.

Iago.

How poore are they that haue not Patience?

What wound did euer heale but by degrees?

Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft

And Wit depends on dilatory time:

Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,

And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*:

Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:
Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.
Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:
Nay get thee gone.

Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done:
My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistris:
Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he [...]may *Cassio* finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clowne

Cassio.

Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo.

Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Naples,
that they speake i'th'Nose thus?

Mus.

How Sir? how?

Clo.

Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus.

I marry are they sir.

Clo.

Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus.

Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow.

Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the General
so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues
sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus.

Well Sir, we will not.

Clo.

If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard,
too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the
General do's not greatly care.

Mus.

We haue none such, sir.

Clow.

Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile
away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.

Exit Mu.

Cassio.

Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo.

No, I heare not your honest Friend:

I heare you.

Cassio.

Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore
peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends
the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* en
treats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo.

She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall
seeme to notifie vnto her.

Exit Clo.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago*.

Iago.

You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio.

Why no: the day had broke before we parted.

I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife:

My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some accesse.

Iago.

Ile send her to you presently:

And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore

Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse

May be more free.

Exit.

Cassio.

I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew

A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Enter Emilia.

Æmil.

Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie

For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.

The Generall and his wife are talking of it,

And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,

That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,

And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome

He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you

And needs no other Suitor, but his likings

To bring you in againe.

Cassio.

Yet I beseech you,

If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,

Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse
With *Desdemon* alone.

Æmil.

Pray you come in:

I will bestow you where you shall haue time
To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio.

I am much bound to you.

scæna Secunda.

[Act 3, Scene 2]

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe.

These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to mee.

Iago.

Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth.

This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent.

Well waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt

scæna Tertia.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des.

Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil.

Good Madam do:

I warrant it greeues my Husband,
As if the cause were his.

Des.

Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio*
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.

Cassio.

Bounteous Madam,
What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Des.

I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.

Cassio.

I, but Lady,
That policie may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Des.

Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,
I [\[Page 323\]](#) the Moore of Venice.

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it
To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suite: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then giue thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Æmil.

Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio.

Madam, Ile take my leaue.

Des.

Why stay, and heare me speake.

Cassio.

Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purposes.

Des.

Well, do your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iago.

Hah? I like not that.

Othel.

What dost thou say?

Iago.

Nothing my Lord; or if I know not what.

Othel.

Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago.

Cassio my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.

Oth.

I do beleeeue 'twas he.

Des.

How now my Lord?

I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth.

Who is't you meane?

Des.

Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe.

Oth.

Went he hence now?

Des.

I sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Othel.

Not now (*sweet Desdemon*) some other time.

Des.

But shall't be shortly?

Oth.

The sooner (*Sweet*) for you.

Des.

Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth.

No, not to night.

Des.

To morrow Dinner then?

Oth.

I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Des.

Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Saue that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her best, is not almost a fault
T'encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth.

Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Des.

Why, this is not a Boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,

Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.

Oth.

I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Des.

Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Oth.

Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee strait.

Des.

Emilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient.

Exit.

Oth.

Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iago.

My Noble Lord.

Oth.

What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago.

Did *Michael Cassio*

When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Oth.

He did, from first to last:

Why dost thou aske?

Iago.

But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Oth.

Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago.

I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

Oth.

O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.

Iago.

Indeed?

Oth.

Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago.

Honest, my Lord?

Oth.

Honest? I, Honest.

Iago.

My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth.

What do'st thou thinke?

Iago.

Thinke, my Lord?

Oth.

Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife. What didd'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago.

My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth.

I thinke thou do'st:

And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,
They're close dilations, working from the heart,
That Passion cannot rule.

Iago.

For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth.

I thinke so too.

Iago.

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

Oth.

Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iago.

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

Oth.

Nay, yet there's more in this?

I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts
The [\[Page 324\]](#) The Tragedie of Othello
The worst of words.

Iago.

Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce?

As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth.

Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his care
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago.

I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vnshure obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth.

What dost thou meane?

Iago.

Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth.

Ile know thy Thoughts.

Iago.

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.

Oth.

Ha?

Iago.

Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes [...]els he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

Oth.

O miserie.

Iago.

Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,

To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealousie.

Oth.

Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Iealousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufflicate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie.

Ia.

I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.

Oth.

Dost thou say so?

Iago.

She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth.

And so she did.

Iago.

Why go too then:

Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.

But I am much too blame:

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.

Oth.

I am bound to thee for euer.

Iago.

I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:

Oth.

Not a iot, not a iot.

Iago.

Trust me, I feare it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke

Comes from your Loue.

But I do see y'are mou'd:

I am to pray you, not to straine my speech

To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,

Then to Suspition.

Oth.

I will not.

Iago.

Should you do so (my Lord)

My speech should fall into such vilde successe,

Which my Thoughts aym'd not.

Cassio's my worthy Friend:

My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.

Oth.

No, not much mou'd:

I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago.

Long liue she so;

And long liue you to thinke so.

Oth.

And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.

Iago.

I, there's the point:

As (to be bold with you)

Not to affect many proposed Matches

Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,

Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:

Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,

Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.

But (pardon me) I do not in position

Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare

Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,

May fal to match you with her Country formes,

And happily repent.

Oth.

Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:

Set on thy wife to obserue.

Leaue me *Iago*.

Iago.

My Lord, I take my leaue.

Othel.

Why did I marry?
This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolde.

[...]go

[\[Page 325\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Iago.

My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leau it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;
For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a-while:
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Oth.

Feare not my gouernment.

Iago.

I once more take my leau.

Exit.

Oth.

This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:

Ile not beleue't.

Des.

How now, my deere *Othello*?

Your dinner, and the generous Islanders

By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth.

I am too blame.

Des.

Why do you speake so faintly?

Are you not well?

Oth.

I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Des.

Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.

Let me but binde it hard, within this houre

It will be well.

Oth.

Your Napkin is too little:

Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.

Exit.

Des.

I am very sorry that you are not well.

Æmil.

I am glad I haue found this Napkin:

This was her first remembrance from the Moore,

My wayward Husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,

(For he coniu'd her, she should euer keepe it)

That she reserues it euermore about her,

To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,

And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it

Heauen knowes, not I:

I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago.

How now? What do you heere alone?

Æmil.

Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago.

You haue a thing for me?

It is a common thing □

Æmil.

Hah?

Iago.

To haue a foolish wife.

Æmil.

Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now

For that same Handkerchiefe.

Iago.

What Handkerchiefe?

Æmil.

What Handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,

That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago.

Hast stolne it from her?

Æmil.

No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago.

A good wench, giue it me.

Æmil.

What will you do with't, that you haue bene
so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iago.

Why, what is that to you?

Æmil.

If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iago.

Be not acknowne on't:

I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me.

Exit Æmil.

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealious, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Oth.

Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago.

Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth.

Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Iago.

How now, my Lord?

Oth.

What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago.

I am sorry to heare this?

Oth.

I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell;
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throats
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago.

Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth.

Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular prooffe,
Or [\[Page 326\]](#)The Tragedie of Othello
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago.

Is't come to this?

Oth.

Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago.

My Noble Lord.

Oth.

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago.

O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.

Oth.

Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.

Iago.

I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth.

By the World,

I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.

Iago.

I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth.

Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago.

And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth.

Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago.

It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them boulder
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Oth.

Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Iago.

I do not like the Office.

But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,

And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth.

O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago.

Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth.

But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago.

And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth.

Ile teare her all to peeeces.

Iago.

Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?

Oth.

I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago.

I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth.

If it be that.

Iago.

If it be that, or any, it was hers.

It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Othel.

O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickets tongues.

Iago.

Yet be content.

Oth.

Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago.

Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth.

Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,

Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

Iago.

Do not rise yet:

Witness you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witness that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Seruice. Let him command,
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer.

Oth.

I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliuie.

Iago.

My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue.

Oth.

Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago.

I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Scena

[\[Page 327\]](#)

the Moore of Venice

Scena Quarta.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des.

Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
lyes?

Clow.

I dare not say he lies any where.

Des.

Why man?

Clo.

He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes,
'tis stabbing.

Des.

Go too: where lodges he?

Clo.

To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where
I lye.

Des.

Can any thing be made of this?

Clo.

I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de
uise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were
to lye in mine owne throat.

Des.

Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re
port?

Clo.

I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
Questions, and by them answer.

Des.

Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I
haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will
be well.

Clo.

To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,
and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit Clo.

Des.

Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Æ*
milia?

Æmil.

I know not Madam.

Des.

Beleue me, I had rather haue lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As iealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil.

Is he not iealious?

Des.

Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Æmil.

Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des.

I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?
Oth.
Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona*?
Des.
Well, my good Lord.
Oth.
Giue me your hand.
This hand is moist, my Lady.
Des.
It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
Oth.
This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,
For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell here
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des.
You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth.
A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des.
I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise.
Oth.
What promise, Chucke?
Des.
I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
Oth.
I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.
Des.
Heere my Lord.
Oth.
That which I gaue you.
Des.
I haue it not about me.
Oth.
Not?
Des.
No indeed, my Lord.
Oth.
That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)
To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des.

Is't possible?

Oth.

'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conseru'd of Maidens hearts.

Des.

Indeed? Is't true?

Oth.

Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des.

Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Oth.

Ha? wherefore?

Des.

Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?

Oth.

Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?

Des.

Blesse vs.

Oth.

Say you?

Des.

It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth.

How?

Des.

I say it is not lost.

Oth.

Fetcht, let me see't.

Des.

Why so I can: but I will not now:

This is a tricke to put me from my suite,

Pray you let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth.

Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,

My minde mis-giues.

Des.

Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more suffici
ent man.

Oth.

The Handkerchiefe.

Des.

A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth.

The Handkerchiefe.

Des.

Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth.

Away.

Exit Othello.

Æmil.

Is not this man iealous?

Des.

I neu'r saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Æmil.

'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago.

There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her.

Des.

[\[Page 328\]](#)

The Tragedie of Othello

Des.

How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with
you?

Cassio.

Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course

To Fortunes Almes.

Des.

Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*)

My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.

So helpe me euey spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago.

Is my Lord angry?

Æmil.

He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago.

Can he be angry? I haue seen the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Diuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Exit.

Des.

I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnatch'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,
And he's Indited falsely.

Æmil.

Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

Des.

Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Æmil.

But Iealious soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer ieaious for the cause,
But ieaious, for they're ieaious. It is a Monster

Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des.

Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Æmil.

Lady, Amen.

Des.

I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about:

If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,

And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

Exit

Cas.

I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian.

'Sae you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio.

What make you from home?

How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*?

Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house.

Bian.

And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.

What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?

Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres

More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?

Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio.

Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,

But I shall in a more continuate time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*

Take me this worke out.

Bianca.

Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some Token from a newer Friend,

To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio.

Go too, woman:

Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth,

From whence you haue them. You are ielialous now,

That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;

No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian.

Why, who's is it?

Cassio.

I know not neither:

I found it in my Chamber,

I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded

(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:

Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian.

Leaue you? Wherefore?

Cassio.

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

Bian.

Why, I [pray] you?

Cassio.

Not that I loue you not.

Bian.

But that you do not loue me.

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

Cassio.

'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.

Bian.

'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago.

Will you thinke so?

Oth.

Thinke so, *Iago*?

Iago.

What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth.

An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago.

Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth.

Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?

It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago.

If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:

But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth.

What then?

Iago.

Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

Oth.

She is Protectresse of her honor too:

May she giue that?

Iago.

[\[Page 329\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Iago.

Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,

They haue it very oft, that haue it not.

But for the Handkerchiefe.

Othe.

By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:

Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,

As doth the Rauen o're the infectious house:

Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago.

I: what of that?

Othe.

That's not so good now.

Iag.

What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?

Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad,

Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,

Conuinc'd or supply'd them, cannot chuse

But they must blab.)

Oth.

Hath he said any thing?

Iago.

He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,

No more then he'le vn-sweare.

Oth.

What hath he said?

Iago.

Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Othe.

What? What?

Iago.

Lye.

Oth.

With her?

Iago.

With her? On her: what you will.

Othe.

Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,

when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:

Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con

fesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,

and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not

inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some

Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)

Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Hand

kerchiefe? O diuell.

Falls in a Traunce.

Iago.
Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chast Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: *Othello*.

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio*?

Cas.

What's the matter?

Iago.

My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Cas.

Rub him about the Temples.

Iago.

The Lethargie must haue his quyete course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight: when he is gone
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?

Othe.

Dost thou mocke me?

Iago.

I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Othe.

A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Iago.

Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monster.

Othe.

Did he confesse it?

Iago.

Good Sir, be a man:

Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in these vnproper beds,
Which they dare Sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in secure Cowch;
And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth.

Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.

Iago.

Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grieffe

(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery 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 agine [...]o cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Othe.

Do'st thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.

Iago.

That's not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Huswife that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad:
And his vnbookish Ielousie must conserue
Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behaiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Cas.

The worser, that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen killes me.

Iago.

Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
How quickly should you speed?

Cas.

Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth.

Looke how he laughes already.

Iago.

I neuer knew woman loue man so.

Cas.

Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.

Oth.

Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.

Iago.

Do you heare *Cassio*?

Oth.

Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.

Iago.

She giues it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas.

Ha, ha, ha.

Oth.

Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Cas.

I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth.

So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago.

Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas.

Prythee say true.

Iago.

I am a very Villaine else.

Oth.

Haue you scoar'd me? Well.

Cas.

This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise.

v^v*Othe*.

[\[Page 330\]](#)

The Tragedie of Othello

Oth.

Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.

Cassio.

She was heere euen now: she haunts me in e
uery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea
banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the
Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth.

Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his iesture im
ports it.

Cassio.

So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth.

Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Cham
ber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I
shall throw it to.

Cassio.

Well, I must leaue her companie.

Iago.

Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas.

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

Bian.

Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what
did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue
me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take
out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should
finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.
This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?
There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoeuer you had
it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio.

How now, my sweete *Bianca*?

How now? How now?

Othe.

By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian.

If you'le come to supper to night you may, if
you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

Exit

Iago.

After her: after her.

Cas.

I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.

Iago.

Will you sup there?

Cassio.

Yes, I intend so.

Iago.

Well, I may chance to see you: for I would ve
ry faine speake with you.

Cas.

Prythee come: will you?

Iago.

Go too; say no more.

Oth.

How shall I murther him, *Iago*.

Iago.

Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth.

Oh, *Iago*.

Iago.

And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Oth.

Was that mine?

Iago.

Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes
the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him, [...]and he
hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth.

I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago.

Nay, you must forget that.

Othello.

I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to
night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to
stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world
hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Em
perours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago.

Nay, that's not your way.

Othe.

Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate
with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will
sing the Sauagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plen
teous wit, and inuention?

Iago.

She's the worse for all this.

Othe.

Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago.

I too gentle.

Othe.

Nay that's certaine:

But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it

Iago.

Iago.

If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her
pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere
no body.

Oth.

I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago.

Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth.

With mine Officer?

Iago.

That's fouler.

Othe.

Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not
expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnpro
uide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago.

Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
Euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth.

Good, good:

The Iustice of it pleases: very good.

Iago.

And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker:

You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe.

Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Iago.

I warrant something from Venice,

'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lodo.

Saue you worthy Generall.

Othe.

With all my heart Sir.

Lod.

The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe.

I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des.

And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?

Iago.

I am very glad to see you Signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod.

I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago.

Liues Sir,

Des.

Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,

An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othe.

Are you sure of that?

Des.

My Lord?

Othe.

This faile you not to do, as you will□

Lod.

He did not call: he's busie in the paper,

Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?

Des.

A most vnhappy one: I would do much

T'attone [...]them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth.

Fire, and brimstone.

Des.

My Lord.

Oth.

Are you wise?

Des.

What is he angrie?

Lod.

May be th Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Gouernment.

Des.

Trust me, I am glad on't.

Othe.

Indeed?

Des.

My Lord?

Othe.

I am glad to see you mad.

Des.

Why, sweete *Othello*?

Othe.

Diuell.

Des.

I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod.

My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,
Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: she weepes.

Othe.

Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:
Out of my sight.

Des.

I will not stay to offend you.

Lod.

Truely obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Oth

[\[Page 331\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Othe.

Mistris.

Des.

My Lord.

Othe.

What would you with her, Sir?

Lod.

Who I, my Lord?

Othe.

I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:

Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.

And she's obedient: as you say obedient.

Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.

Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:
Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys.

Exit.

Lod.

Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago.

He is much chang'd.

Lod.

Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago.

He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.

Lod.

What? Strike his wife?

Iago.

'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
That stroke would proue the worst.

Lod.

Is it his vse?

Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago.

Alas, alas:

It is not honestie in me to speake
What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
And his owne courses will [denote] him so,
That I may saue my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.

Lod.

I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Scena Secundas.

[Act 4, Scene 2]

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Othe.

You haue seene nothing then?

Æmil.

Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.

Othe.

Yes, you haue seene *Cassio*, and she together.

Æmil.

But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.

Othe.

What? Did they neuer whisper?

Æmil.

Neuer my Lord.

Othe.

Nor send you out o'th'way?

Æmil.

Neuer.

Othe.

To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no
(thing?

Æmil.

Neuer my Lord.

Othe.

That's strange.

Æmil.

I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:

Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,

Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:

If any wretch haue put this in your head,

Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues

Is foule as Slander.

Othe.

Bid her come hither: go.

Exit Æmilia.

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud

That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:

A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,

And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Æmilia.

Des.

My Lord, what is your will?

Othe.

Pray you Chucke come hither.

Des.

What is your pleasure?

Oth.

Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.

Des.

What horrible Fancie's this?

Othe.

Some of your Function Mistris:

Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:

Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:

Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.

Exit Æmi.

Des.

Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I vnderstand a Fury in your words.

Othe.

Why? What art thou?

Des.

Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.

Othello.

Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should
feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare
thou art honest.

Des.

Heauen doth truely know it.

Othe.

Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des.

To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Othe.

Ah *Desdemon*, away, away, away.

Des.

Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

If happely you my Father do suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,

I haue lost him too.

Othe.

Had it pleas'd Heauen,

To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:

Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.

Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,

I should haue found in some place of my Soule

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,

To point his slow, and mouing finger at.

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

But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,

Where either I must liue, or beare no life,

The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,

Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,

Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades

To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:

Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,

I heere looke grim as hell.

Des.

I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Othe.
Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
That the Sense akes at thee,
Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.

Des.
Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?

Othe.
Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,
vv2Com. [\[Page 332\]](#)The Tragedie of Othello
Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The budy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Des.
By Heauen you do me wrong.

Othe.
Are not you a Strumpet?

Des.
No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Othe.
What, not a Whore?

Des.
No, as I shall be sau'd.

Othe.
Is't possible?

Des.
Oh Heauen forgiue vs.

Othe.
I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,

Enter Emilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.

Exit.

Æmil.
Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Des.

Faith, halfe a sleepe.

Æmi.

Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord?

Des.

With who?

Æmil.

Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des.

Who is thy Lord?

Æmil.

He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des.

I haue none: do not talke to me, *Æmilia*,

I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,

But what should go by water. Prythee to night,

Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,

And call thy husband hither.

Æmil.

Heere's a change indeed.

Exit.

Des.

'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.

How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke

The small'st opinion on my least misvse?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago.

What is your pleasure Madam?

How is't with you?

Des.

I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes

Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.

He might haue chid me so; for in good faith

I am a Child to chiding.

Iago.

What is the matter Lady?

Æmil.

Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her

That true hear [...]s cannot beare it.

Des.

Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago.

What name, (*faire Lady*?)

Des.

Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Æmil.

He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:

Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.

Iago.

Why did he so?

Des.

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

Iago.

Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Æmil.

Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?

Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one we [...]

Des.

It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago.

Beshrew him for't:

How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Des.

Nay, Heauen doth know.

Æmi.

I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,

Some busie and insinuating Rogue,

Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,

Haue not deuised this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago.

Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Des.

If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Æmil.

A halter pardon him:

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keeps her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What liklyhood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,

Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.

Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,

And put in euery honest hand a whip

To lashNote: A stain partially obscures this word. the Rascalls naked through the world,

Euen from the East to th'West.

Iago.

Speake within doore.

Æmil.

Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was

That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago.

You are a Foole: go too.

Des.

Alas *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,

I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:

If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,

Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deere,
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.
Iago.

I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Des.

If 'twere no other.

Iago.

It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod.

I do not finde
That thou deal'st iustly with me.

Iago.

What in the contrarie?

Rodori.

Euery day thou dafts me with some deuse
Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad
uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffred.

Iago.

Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodori. I

[\[Page 333\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Rodori.

I haue heard too much: and your words and
Performances are no kin together.

Iago.

You charge me most vniustly.

Rodo.

With naught but truth: I haue wasted my
selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you haue had from
me to deliuer *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a

Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them,
and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago.

Well, go too: very well.

Rod.

Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor
tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to
finde my selfe fopt in it.

Iago.

Very well.

Rodor.

I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my
selfe knowne to *Desdemona*. If she will returne me my
Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw
full sollicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke
satisfaction of you.

Iago.

You haue said now.

Rodo.

I: and said nothing but what I protest intend
ment of doing.

Iago.

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and
euen from this instant do build on thee a better o
pinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*.

Thou hast taken against me a most iust excepti
on: but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy
Affaire.

Rod.

It hath not appeer'd.

Iago.

I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and
your suspition is not without wit and iudgement.
But *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which
I haue greater reason to belecue now then euer (I
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night
shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not
Desdemona, take me from this world with Treache
rie, and deuse Engines for my life.

Rod.

Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com
passe?

Iago.

Sir, there is especiall Commission come from
Venice to depute *Cassio* in *Otbello's* place.

Rod.

Is that true? Why then *Otbello* and *Desdemona*
returne againe to Venice.

Iago.

Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his a bode be lingred heere by some accident. Where in none can be so determinate, as the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod.

How do you meane remouing him?

Iago.

Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod.

And that you would haue me to do.

Iago.

I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your A [...]empt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast.

About it.

Rod.

I will heare further reason for this.

Iago.

And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

[Act 4, Scene 3]

*Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Emilia,
and Atendants.*

Lod.

I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth.

Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodoui.

Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Des.

Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth.

Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des.

My Lord.

Othello.

Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re-
turn'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't
be done.

Exit.

Des.

I will my Lord.

Æm.

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

Des.

He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you.

Æmi.

Dismiss me?

Des.

It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil.

I, would you had neuer scene him.

Des.

So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Æmi.

I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Des.

All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.

Æmil.

Come, come: you talke.

Des.

My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Brabarie*: prythee dispatch.

Æmi.

Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Des.

No, vn-pin me here,
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Æmil.

A very handsome man.

Des.

He speakes well.

Æmil.

I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
Des.

The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?
Æmil.

It's the wind.

Des.

I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.
vv3So [\[Page 334\]](#)The Tragedie of Othello
So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?
Æmil.

'Tis neyther heere, nor there.

Des.

I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?
Æmil.

There be some such, no question.

Des.

Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil.

Why, would not you?

Des.

No, by this Heauenly light.

Æmil.

Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:

I might doo't as well i'th'darke.

Des.

Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?

Æmil.

The world's a huge thing:

It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des.

Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

Æmil.

Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus
band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven
ture Purgatory for't.

Des.

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil.

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

Des.

I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Æmil.

Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

Des.

Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago.

Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

Rod.

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

Iago.

Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.

Rod.

I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

Iago.

I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod.

I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

Cas.

That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod.

Oh, I am slaine.

Cassio.

I am maym'd for euer:

Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth.

The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod.

O Villaine that I am.

Oth.

It is euen so.

Cas.

Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth.

'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,
That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.

Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas.

What hoa? no Watch? No passage?

Murther, Murther.

Gra.

'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas.

Oh helpe.

Lodo.

Hearke.

Rod.

Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod.

Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;

These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vn safe

To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod.

Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod.

Hearke.

Gra.

Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and

Weapons.

Iago.

Who's there?

Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?

Lodo.

We do not know.

Iago.

Do not you heare a cry?

Cas.

Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.

Iago.

What's the matter?

Gra.

This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo.

The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago.

What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?

Cas.

Iago? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:

Giue me some helpe.

Iago.

O mee, Lieutenant!

What Villaines haue done this?

Cas.

I thinke that one of them is heereabout.

And [\[Page 335\]](#) the Moore of Venice.

And cannot make away.

Iago.

Oh treacherous Villaines:

What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.

Rod.

O helpe me there.

Cassio.

That's one of them.

Iago.

Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rod.

O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!

Iago.

Kill men i'th'darke?

Where be these bloody Theeues?

How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.

What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod.

As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iago.

Signior *Lodouico*?

Lod.

He Sir.

Iago.

I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.

Gra.

Cassio?

Iago.

How is't Brother?

Cas.

My Legge is cut in two.

Iago.

Marry heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian.

What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago.

Who is't that cry'd?

Bian.

Oh my deere *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago.

O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect

Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

Cas.

No.

Gra.

I am sorry to finde you thus;

I haue beene to seeke you.

Iago.

Lend me a Garter. So: Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence.

Bian.

Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago.

Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra.

What, of Venice?

Iago.

Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra.

Know him? I.

Iago.

Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra.

I am glad to see you.

Iago.

How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

Gra.

Rodorigo?

Iago.

He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

Cas.

None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago.

What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
Though tongues were out of vse.

Æmil.

Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago.

Cassio hath heere bin set on in the darke
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Æmil.

Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.

Iago.

This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Æmilia*,

Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian.

He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago.

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

Æmil.

Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

Bian.

I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil.

As I? Fie vpon thee.

Iago.

Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore *Cassio* drest.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Exeunt

scæna Secunda.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth.

It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,

It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,

Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:

Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,

I can againe thy former light restore,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that *Promethe* [...]n heate

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,

I ca [...]ot giue it vitall growth againe,

It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade

Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Des.

Who's there? *Othello?*

Othel.

I *Desdemona*.

Des.

Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth.

Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemon?*

Des.

I my Lord.

Oth.

If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.

Des.

Alacke, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?

Oth.

Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:

I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,

No, Heuens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.

Des.

Talke you of killing?

Oth.

I, I do.

Des.

Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.

Oth.

[\[Page 336\]](#)

The Tragedie of Othello

Oth.

Amen, with all my heart.

Des.

If you say, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth.

Humh.

Des.

And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then

When your eyes rowle so.

Why I should feare, I know not,

Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.

Oth.

Thinke on thy sinnes.

Des.

They are Loues I beare to you.

Oth.

I, and for that thou dy'st.

Des.

That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth.

Peace, and be still.

Des.

I will so: What's the matter?

Oth.

That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.

Des.

No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.

Oth.

Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des.

I, but not yet to dye.

Oth.

Presently.

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.

Des.

O Heauen haue mercy on me.

Oth.

I say, Amen.

Des.

And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.

Oth.

By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.

Des.

He found it then:

I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:

Let him confesse a truth.

Oth.

He hath confest.

Des.

What, my Lord?

Oth.
That he hath vs'd thee.
Des.
How? vnlawfully?
Oth.
I.
Des.
He will not say so.
Oth.
No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Des.
Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth.
Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all.
Des.
Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth.
Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des.
O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth.
Downe Strumpet.
Des.
Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth.
Nay, if you striue.
Des.
But halfe an houre.
Oth.
Being done, there is no pawse.
Des.
But while I say one prayer.
Oth.
It is too late.
Smothers ber.

Æmilia at the doore.

Æmil.
My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth.
What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.
Æmil.
within.
What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth.
Who's there?

Æmil.

Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you.

Oth.

Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:

The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?

Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?

I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?

If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:

My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.

Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!

Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse

Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe

Did yawne at Alteration.

Æmil.

I do beseech you

That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Oth.

I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil.

Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done.

Oth.

What? now?

Æmil.

But now, my Lord.

Oth.

It is the very error of the Moone,

She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Æmil.

Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd

A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth.

Rodorigo kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil.

No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth.

Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,

And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.

Des.

O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Æmil.

Alas! what cry is that?

Oth.

That? What?

Æmil.

Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.

Des.

A guiltlesse death, I dye.

Æmil.

Oh who hath done this deed?

Des.

No body: I my selfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.

Oth.

Why, how should she be murdred?

Æmil.

Alas: who knowes?

Oth.

You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

Æmil.

She said so: I must needs report the truth.

Oth.

She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil.

Oh the more Angell she, and you the black
er Diuell.

Oth.

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

Æmil.

Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth.

She was false as water.

Æmil.

Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.

Oth.

Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:

But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds

To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil.

[\[Page 337\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Æmil.

My Husband?

Oth.

Thy Husband.

Æmil.

That she was false to Wedlocke?

Oth.

I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,

If Heauen would make me such another world,

Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,

I'd not haue sold her for it.

Æmil.

My Husband?

Oth.

I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeds.

Æmil.

My Husband?

Oth.

What needs this itterance, Woman?

I say, thy Husband.

Æmil.

Oh Mistris,

Villany hath made mockes with loue:

My Husband say she was false?

Oth.

He, Woman;

I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?

My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil.

If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

Oth.

Hah?

Æmil.

Do thy worst:

This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.

Oth.

Peace, you were best.

Æmil.

Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon.

What is the matter? How now Generall?

Æmil.

Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

Gra.

What is the matter?

Æmil.

Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.

Speake, for my heart is full.

Iago.

I told him what I thought,

And told no more

Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Æmil.

But did you euer tell him,

She was false?

Iago.

I did.

Æmil.

You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:

Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.

Shee false with *Cassio*?

Did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago.

With *Cassio*, Mistris?

Go too, charme your tongue.

Emil.

I will not charme my Tongue;

I am bound to speake,

My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.

All.

Oh Heauens, forefend.

Emil.

And your reports haue set the Murder on.

Othello.

Nay stare not Masters,

It is true indeede.

Gra.

'Tis a strange Truth.

Mont.

O monstrous Acte.

Emil.

Villany, villany, villany:

I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:

I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.

O villany! villany!

Iago.

What, are you mad?

I charge you get you home.

Emil.

Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:

'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:

Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.

Oth.

Oh, oh, oh.

Emil.

Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth.

Oh she was fowle!

I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra.

Poore *Desdemon*:

I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.

Oth.

'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That she with *Cassio*, hath the Act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.

Emil.

Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!

Iago.

Come, hold your peace.

Emil.

'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iago.

Be wise, and get you home.

Emil.

I will not.

Gra.

Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Emil.

Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Iago.

Villanous Whore.

Emil.

She giue it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.

Iago.

Filth, thou lyezt.

Emil.

By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?

Oth.

Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what serues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.

Gra.

The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil.

I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.

Gra.

Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon.

'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue.

Exit.

Oth.

[\[Page 338\]](#)

The Tragedie of Othello

Oth.

I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-liue Honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil.

What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth.

I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra.

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

Oth.

Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra.

What is the matter?

Othel.

Behold, I haue a weapon:

A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Desdemon!* dead *Desdemon:* dead. Oh, oh!

*Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,
with Officers.*

Lod.
Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?
Oth.
That's he that was *Othello:* heere I am.
Lod.
Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth.
I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod.
Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago.
I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
Othel.
I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.
Lod.
Oh thou *Othello,* that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be saide to thee.
Oth.
Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
Lod.
This wretch hath part confest his Villany:

Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth.

I.

Cas.

Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.

Oth.

I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon:

Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag.

Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:

From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

Lod.

What? not to pray?

Gra.

Torments will ope your lips.

Oth.

Well, thou dost best.

Lod.

Sir,

You shall vnderstand what hath befalne,

(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter

Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,

And heere another, the one of them imports

The death of *Cassio*, to be vndertooke

By *Rodorigo*.

Oth.

O Villaine!

Cassio.

Most Heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod.

Now, heere's another discontented paper

Found in his pocket too: and this it seems

Rodorigo meant t'hauē sent this damned villaine:

But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim

Came in, and satisfi'd him.

Oth.

Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;

How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe

That was my wiues?

Cassio.

I found it in my Chamber:

And he himselfe confest it but euen now,

That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,

Which wrought to his desire.

Othel.

O Foole, foole, foole!

Cassio.

There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,

How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him

Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came

That I was cast: and euen but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod.

You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth.

Soft you; a word or two before you goe:

I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.

Then must you speake,

Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vs'd to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, thus.

Lod.

Oh bloody period.

Gra.

All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth.

I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

Dyes

Cassio.

[\[Page 339\]](#)

the Moore of Venice.

Cas.

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

Lod.

Oh Sparton Dogge:

More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:

This is thy worke:
The Obiect poysons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.
Exeunt.
FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(.✱.✱.)

- O Thello, *the Moore*.
- Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona*.
- Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant*.
- Iago, *a Villaine*.
- Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman*.
- *Duke of Venice*.
- *Senators*.
- Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus*.
- *Gentlemen of Cyprus*.
- Lodouico, *and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians*.
- *Saylors*.
- *Clowne*.
- Desdemona, *Wife to Othello*.
- *Æmilia, Wife to Iago*.
- Bianca, *a Curtezian*.