Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Roderigo

Enter tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (Iago) who haft had my purse,
As if th' things were thing's I should know of.
I, but you not Searme. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

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

Iago, Despise me
If I do not. Three Great ones of the Cittie,
(In personal suitte 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 losing his owne pride, and purpose)
Enrages them, with a bombast Circumstance,
Horrivly fill'd with epithites of warre,
Non-luizes my Meditations. For certes, sakes be,
I have already choos my Officer. And what was he?
For, sooth, a great Aristocratian,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
(A Fellow as mock damn'd as a faire Wife)
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the defeuation of a Battle knowes
More than a Spinster. Volee the Bookish Theorieke:
Wherein the Tangled Continu all can propone
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without praute)
Is all his Soullership. But he (Sir) had the election
And I of whom his eyes had teene the profece
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Chriifen'd, and Heation) must he be-leed, and cal'm'd
By Debtor, and Creditor. This Counter-caller,
He (in good time) until his Lieutenant be,
And I (being the marke) his Monarch's Auentent.

Roderigo By heaven, I rather would have him by his hangman.
Iago, Why there's no remedie.
'Tis the curse of Seneces,
Pretention goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each seconed
Stood Here to the thirt. Now Sir, be inge your selfe,
Whether in any just terms am Afford'd
To loose the Moor?

Iago, I would not follow him then.

Iago. Sir content you.
I follow him to seuer my turne upon him,
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Iago. Cannot be truely follow'd. You shall marke
Many a duniton and knee-croaking knave;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Wares out his time, much like his Master's life,
For naught but Prodender, & when he's old Caffiere'd
Whip me fuch hounsful knaves. Others there are
Who try'm'd in Formes, and Visions of Dutie,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselues,
And throwing but shoues of Scurce on their Lords
Do well chuse by them.

And when they have bin'd their Coates
Do themsevles Hommage.

These Fellowes have some foule,
And such a one do I profess my felic. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him I follow but my felic.

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and dutie,
But forming I, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Achen doth demonstrate
The nature act, and figure of my heart
In Complement extemee, 'tis not long after
But I will wearre my heart upon my fleete
For Daues to peck at; I am not what I am.

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

Iago, Call up her Father
Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaim him in the Streets. Insinue her kindmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymara dwell
Plague him with Flie; though that his joy be Joy,
Yet through such chances of vexation on's,
As it may loose some colour.

Roderigo Here is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.
Iago, Dear, with like timorous accent, and dire yll,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populous Cities.

Roderigo What hoa! Gratians Signior, Gratians hoa.
Iago, Awaken what hoa! Gratians! Theues, Theuzeug.
Looke to your hone, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theuzeug Theuzeug.

Iago. Sire, what is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Roderigo Signior is all your Family within?
Iago. Are your Daure's lock'd?

Iago. Sire, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your foule.
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tapping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the unforgotten Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the devil will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

_Bra._ What, have you left your wife ?
_Red._ Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice ?
_Bra._ Not I: who are you ?
_Red._ My name is Rodrigue.
_Bra._ The woffier welcome:
I have charg’d thee not to haunt about my doore;
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madness
(Being full of Supper, and distempering daughters) Vpon malitious knauser, do thou come To start my quiet.

_Red._ Sir, Sir, Sir.
_Bra._ But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
_Red._ Patience good Sir.
_Bra._ What tell’st thou me of Robbing ?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.
_Red._ Most grave, Sir.
_In simple and pure note, I come to you._
1. Sir: you are one of those that will not serve God,
if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you ferreuce,
and you think we are Russians, you have your Daughter
comet’d with a Barbary horse, you have your Neighbours neigh to you, you have Couriers for Cexruas ;
And Gennets for Germans.

_Bra._ What prophaner wretch art thou?

1. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beasit wait two backs.
_Bra._ Thou art a Villain. 
_Lago._ You are a Senator.

_Bra._ This thou shalt anwære: I know thee Rodrigue.
_Red._ Sir, I will anwære any thing. But I believe you
If’t be your pleasure, and most wife content, (As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Esten and dull watch o’th night,
Transported with no worce nor better guard,
But with a kame of common hire, a Ganderel,
To the grosse clapes of a Lascifious Moore: If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold, and faucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue
That from the fence of all Civilitie, I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I say againe, hath made a grosse revolt,
Tyng her Dutie, Beautie, War, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where; straight fat site your felle.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Juflice of the State
For thus defying you.

_Bra._ Strike on the Tinder, hoa: 
_Give me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not without my dreame,
Believe of it oppressest me already.
_Light, I say light. 
_Lago._ Farewell for I must leave you.
It is not meete, nor wholesome to my place
To be produc’d (as I say, I shall.)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some cheekes)
Cannot with safety call him. For he’s embark’d
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warrs,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their foules
Another of his Fadome, they have none,
To lead their Bussines. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell spaines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must shew out a Flag, and figne of Loue,
(Which is indeed but figne) that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagiraty the rais’d Search;
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torets.

_Bra._ It is too true an eull. Gone the Is.
And what’s to come of my despaired time,
Is naught but bitterneffe. Now Rodrigue,
Where di’d thou see her? (Oh unhappie Girle)
With the Moore failest thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How di’d thou know ‘twas she? (Oh she deceu’es me
Past thoughts) what said he to you? Get meet Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thynke you?

Red._ Truly I think they are.

_Bra._ Oh Heaven, how got she out? 
On treas’on of the blood.
Fathers, from hence strew not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charms,
By which the propriety of Youth, and Maihood
May be abs’d? Have you not read Rodrigue,
Of some such thing?
Red._ Yes Sir, I have indeed.

_Bra._ Call vp my Brother: oh you would had her,
Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Red._ I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

_Bra._ Pray you lead on. At evry house he crys, 
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some special Officers of might.
On good Rodrigue, I will defend your pairents.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Otello, Lago, Attendants, with Torches.

1. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very floufe o’th confidence
To do no contriv’d Murder: I lacke Iniquity
Sometyme to do me feruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought this hau’st yeald him here under the Ribbes,
Or else he is more portly in his mome,
Lago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such clamy, and provoking terms
Against your Honor, that with the little godinesse I haue
I didfull hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be affird of this,
That the Magnifico is much behind,
And hath in his eftect a voice potential
As double as the Duke: He will divorce you,
Or put upon you, what restraint or grievance,
The Tragedie of Othello

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Othello. Let him do his spight;
My Services, which I have done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. ’Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boating is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Siege. And my demerites
May speake (unbonnetted) as a proudt a Fortune
As that I have reach’d. For know Loges,
But that I loue the gentle Desdemone,
I would not my valoues free condition
Put into Circumcription, and Confinet,
For the Saus worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Caffio, with Torchies.

Iago. Those are the rated Father, and his Friends:
You were beft go in.

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

Iago. By Jove, I thinke no.
Othello. The Servants of the Duke?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodness of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the News?
Caffio. The Duke do’s greet you (General).
And he requires your hate, Poffl-hate appearance,
Esen on the infant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Caffio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a bussinesse of some heate. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent Meffengers
This very night, or one anothers hecles:
And many of the Comnen, rais’d and rest,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin horly call’d for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three general Quefts,
To search you out.

Othello. ’Tis well. I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the houfe,
And goe with you.
Caffio. Auncient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath board’d a Land Carrack,
If it prove lawfull price, he made for ever.

Caffio. I do not understand.

Iago. He’s married.
Caffio. To who?
Iago. Marry to — Come Captaine, will you go?
Othello. Have with you.
Caffio. Here come another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodrigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General be advi’t, he comes to bad meanes.

Othello. Holla, stand there.
Rodro. Signor, it is the Moore.

Iago. Diuine with him, Theefe.


Othello. Keep vp your bright Swords, for the dew will ruff them. Good Signior, you shall have command with yee, then with your Weapons.

Rodro. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where haft thou nowd my Daughter?
Dagnias thou sty, thou haft enchanted her.

For I rehearse me to all things o’ fience,
(If the in Chaine of Magick we are not bound)
Whether a Maid, to tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that the thun’d
The wealthy curled Dearling of our Nation,
Would ever hate (I encoure a general mocke)
Run from her Guardages the looite booms,
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if it is not groffe in fience,
That thou hast pra’n’d on her with foule Charmes,
Abus’d her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. He hauet dispun’d on,
’Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuer of the World, a praclifer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do refit
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othello. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Coc to fight, I should have known it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I go
To anwre this your charge?

Duke. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of strict Seffion
Call thee to anwser.

Othello. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith faith’d,
What Meffengers are hereby about my side,
Vpon some pretent businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. ’Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noblefelfe,
I am fure is fent for.

In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine’s not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as we’re their owne:
For if such Actions may haue paffage free,
Bond-faithes, and Pagans that our Statemen be. Excuss.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There’s no compoition in this Newer,
That giveth them Credite.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are di.ffproportioned;
My Letters lay, a Hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred fortie.

2. Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they jump not on a lift accompt,
(As in these Cafes where the ayme reports,
’Tis oft with difference yet do they all conforme.
A Turkhif Fleece, and bearing vp to Cyprus,
Duke. Nay, it is poffible enough to judgement.
I do not to secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approve
In heartfull fience.


Enter Sayer.

Officer. A
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 Angeloo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be.

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant.

To keep ve in safe gaze, when we consider

Th'importance of Cyprus to the Turke;

And let our selves hence but understand,

That as it more concerns the Turke then Rhodes,

So may be more facile question bear it,

For that it standeth not in such Warrelike brake,

But altogether lacketh sh'abilities.

That Rhodes is drest'd in. If we make thought of this, We must not think the Turke is so very still,

To leave that latest, which concerns him first,

Negledding an attempt of peace, and gaining

To war, and wage a danger profitfull.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence be not for Rhodes. Officer. Here is more Newsere.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Ottomans, Reuener'd, and Gracious,

Steering with due course toward the lie of Rhodes, Have there intimated them with an after Piece,

1. Sen. I, so thought; how many, as you guess?

Meff. Of thirtie Saile, and now they do re-turn

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trullie and moft Valiant Seruitor,

With his true dutie, recommends you thus,

And prays you to beleue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marsue Lucius is not he in Towne?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,

To him, Poff, Poff-haste, dispatch.

1. Sen. Here comes Embassio, and the Valiant Moore,

Enter Embassio, Orbello, Caffio, Iago, Rodrigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Orbello, we must straight employ you,

Against the general Enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome gentle Signior,

We lacke't your Counsaille, and your helpe to night.

Br. So did you yours; Good thy Grace pardon me.

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse

Hast rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care

Take hold on me. For my particular grieue

Is of so flood-yale, and ore-bearing Nature,

That it engulfs, and swallowes; thet sorrowes,

And is fill it felde.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Br. My Daughter; oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Br. 1, to me.

She is abd't, alone from me, and corrupted

By Spells, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;

For Nature, so preposterously 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 felde,
The Tragedie of Othello

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies house,
And fit in mine,

Duke. Say it Othello.

Ot. Her Father lou'd me, oft invited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battale, Sieges, Fortune,
That I have past,
I ran it through, even from my boyish dazes,
Till very earnest that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most distasteful chances;
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of hair, breadth escapes it's imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And fold to Bavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellous historie,
Whereof of Antanae and Defartes side,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heaven,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Præceile,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The Anacophiæ and men whose heads
Grew beneath their Shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Defilemen severely incline:
But full the house Affairs would draw her hence;
Which ever as she could with haite dispatch,
She'ld come againe, and with a greedy care
Denoare vp my discourse. Which I obferving,
Tooke once a pliant hour, and found good means,
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels the had something heard,
But not infintue: I did content,
And often did beguile her other teares,
When I did speake of some distasteful brooke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gave me for my paines a world of kisles:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitifull: 'twas wondrous pitifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that had her,
I shou'd but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would woore her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lou'd mefor the danger I had past,
And I lou'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady: Let her witness it.

Enter Defilemen, Sage, Attendant.

Duke. I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brahamant, take vp this mangled matter at the beest,
Men do their broken Weapons rather vf,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. Pray you hear her speake?
If the confente that she was half the wooer,
Dection on my head, of my bad blame,
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistress,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Company,
Where most you owe obedience?
Def. My Noble Father,
I do perceive heere a duties duty,
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learme me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Harb'st,
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preeiring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it you: Grace, on to the State Affaires
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do gue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haft already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake (Lewell)
I am glad at soule, I have no other Child.
For thy escape would teach me Tarratine
To hang coggles on them, I have done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe thefouer.
When remedies are past, the grisses are ended
By feeneing the worsel, which late on hopeless depended.
To morn a Misfortune that is past and gon.
Is the next way to draw new mischief on,
What cannot be prevent'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Injury a mock'y makes.
The rob'd that amuses, steals something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a booleful grieve.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not to long as we can butifie.

He beseeches the Sentence well; let nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heartes.
But he beseeches both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poor Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equinocall.
But worse are words, I never yet did hear.
That the bruised heart was pier'd through the ears.
I humbly beseech you proceed to the Affairs of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparacion
makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is
bell knowne to you, And though we have there a Substitu-
tute of most allowed efficience; yet opinion, a more
soueraigne Misfits of Effects, throwes a more faire
voice on you: you must therefore be content to ribber
the plouffe of your new Fortunes, with this more robust,
borne, and boisterous expedition.

Otbr. The Tiran Coftran, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steple Coach of Warre
My thince-druen bed of Downe. I do aguize
A Naturall and prompt Alcartie,
I finde in hardneffe, and do vsntake
This present: Warres against the Ottomanes.

Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and before
As leads with her breathing.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not have it so.

Duke. Nor vill not have it; for,
Def. Nor would I thereon considere,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Greatious Duke,
To my unfoolding, lend your prosperous care,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'Suffit my simplenee.

Duke. What would you Defilemen?

Def. That I lose the Moore, to live with him,
My downer-right violence, and florine of Fortunes,
May trumpeter to the world. My heart's subdue'd
Eve of the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's vulture in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my foule and Fortunes confecrate.
So that (deere Lord) I'll be left behind
A Moth of Peace and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I haste interally Ball support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Otho. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg is not
To pleae the pallace of my Appetite;
Not to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defuit, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her mind:
And Heaven defend your good foule, that you think
You will serios and great businesse finde
When the is with me. No, when light wing'd I Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid, with wanton dulceful
My speculatue, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disport corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let Houdre-wanes make a Skillett of my Helme,
To light my luge, and safe advertisers,
Make heare against my life listenation.
Duke. Be it as you shall prietously determine.
Either for her play, or going: th'Affaire cries halt:
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away tonight.
Otho. With all my heart.
Duke. At time t' th'morning, here we'll meete again.
Othello, I have some Office behind me
And shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of queulte and respect
As doth import you,

Otho. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and truth:
To his conueney I affigne my wife.
With what else needful, your good Grace shall think
To be sent for me,

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vereuse no delighted Beatrice lkke,
Your Son-in-law is faire more faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braine Moore, vif Desdemona well.
Bras. Look to her (Moore) if thou hast ells to see:
She's hers decid'd her Father, and may the.

Ethel. My life upon her faith. Henceforth Iago,
My Desdemona must I haue to cheere:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Desdemona, I have but an house
Of love, of worthy matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the thetime. Exit.

Iago. Red. Iago. What faith thou Nobles heart?
Red. What will I do, think'st thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.
Red. I will incontinuntary drown my feloe.
Iago. If thou doft, I shall never lose thee there. Why thou full Gentleman?
Red. It is fillyness to lose, when to lose is torment:
And then have we a preciptation to dye, when death is our Puyffition.

Iago. Oh vililous! I have look'd upon the world for fourtimes seven years, and since I could dinfoith
between a Benefic, and an Injurt, I never found man that knew how to lose himselfe. Ere I would say, I would drowning my feloe for the louse of a Gynuey Hen; I would change my Humility with a Baboon.

Red. What should I do? I confeite it is my blame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Verteure! A figge, 'tis in our felues that we are thus, or thus. One Bodies are our Gardens, and to the which, our Walls are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Net-tels, or rowe Lettice: Set Hildoe, and weeds up Time: Supply it with one gender of Hearbes, or draddish it with many: either to have it sterile with idlenesse, or manured with Industry, why the power, and Correctable authoritie of this lies in our Willis. If the brane of our liues had not one Scale of Reaison, to price another of Sentialtie, the blood, and basenese of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have Reaison to cobe our raging Motions, our carnall Stinges, or vassibled Lufis: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sed, or Seyen.

Red. It cannot be.

Iago. It is nearly a lull of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man I drownne thy feloe? Drown Car, and blind Pupille. I have professd thy friend, and I confeite me knout to thy directing, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse. I could never better madd then now. Put Money in thy purfe: it is not so lutt, but the Warres, deteate thy favoure, with an wip'st Beart. I say put Money in thy purfe. It is not so lutt, that Desdemona should continue her Joue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purfe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Segretation, but put Money in thy purfe. These Moores are changeable in their wills: still thy purfe with Money. The Food that to him now is so lullious as Loculis, shalte to him shortly, as bister as Coloquintia. She must change for youth: when the is lated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put Money in thy purfe. If thou wilt needs damne thy feloe, do it more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canst: If Sanctimothee, and a freile vow, be twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-fuelle Venetian be not too hard for my wists, and all the Tribe of jell, thou shalt enjoy her: therefore make Money a pox of drowning thy feloe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy thy, then to be drown'd, and go withoother.

Red. Wilt thou be left to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou are sure of me. Go make Money: I have told thee of, and I re-tell thee again, and again, I hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lefe reason. Let vs be comitute in our reuenge, against him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy feloe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the Wombo of Time, which will be deliered. Transef, go, prouse thy Money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Red. Where shall we meete t'morning?
Iago. At my Lodging.
Red. He be with thee betimes.
Iago. Go toofarewell, Do you heare Rodrigo?
Red. He fell all my Land.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my Fode, my purfe: For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane.
1 I would time exped with such Sopo.
The Tragedie of Othello

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore, And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets She has done my Office. I know not if 't be true, But I, for more suspicion in that kind, Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well, The better shall my purpose work on him: Caffio: a proper man; Let me see now, To seek his Place, and to plume vp my will In double Hauzare. How? How? Let's see. After some time, to abuse Othello's cares, That he is too familiar with his wife: He hath a person, and a smooth difpoole To be fulfilled: fram'd to make women fall. The Moore is of a free, and open Nature, That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so, And will as tenderly be lead by th'Note As Asis are: I have't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night, Must bring this monstrus Birth, to the world's light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. What from the Cape, can you disserne at Sea? 1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood: I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the maine, Decay a sail. 2 Gent. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land, A fuller blast he'th shooke our Battlements : If it hath ruffian'd so upon the Sea, What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them, Can hold the Mortises. What shall we hear of this? 2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet: For do but hand upon the Foaming Shore, The children Bollow selemes to pelte the Clowds, The windes-fluk'd-Surge, with high & monstrous maine Seemes to call water on the burning Beare, And quench the Guards of th'other-fixed Poles: I never did like moulitage view On the enchafted Flood. Mont. If that the Turkish Fleece Be not enhelterd, and they are drown'd, It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newses Ladders: our warres are done: The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes, That their disemblance halt. A Noble ship of Venice, Hath feene a greuous wrauke and sufferance On most part of their Fleet, 2 Gent. How? Is this true? 3 The Ship is here put in: A Vergennes, Michael Caffio Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello. Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea, And is in full Commission here for Cyprus. Mont. I am glad on't: 'Tis a worthy Gouernour. 

But this fame Caffio, though he speake of comfort, Touching the Turkish lode, yet he looks sadly, And prayes: the Moore be safe; for they were past With fowle and violent Temper.' 2 Gent. Pray Heauens he be:
The Moore of Venice.

The Moore of Venice.

1. Cas. He is nosey arri'd, nor know I ought But that he's well, and will be shortly here.  

2. Def. Oh, but I fear:  

How lose you company?  

Cas. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies  

Parted our Fellowship. But heateke, a Sailer.  

Wun. A Sailer, a Sailer.  

Gen. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:  

This likewise in a Friend.  

Cas. See for the Newes:  

Good Ancients, you are welcome. Welcome Mirth:  

Let it not goute your patience (good Love)  

That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,  

That gives me this bold shew of Currifte.  

Iago. Sir, would you give you somuch of her lippes,  

As of her tongue the oit belowe on me,  

You would have enough.  

Def. Alas! the he's no speech.  

Iago. Infaith too much;  

I find it all, when I have leaste to sleepe.  

Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,  

She puts her tongue little in her heart,  

And chides with thinking.  

Amil. You have little caufe to say so.  

Iago. Come on, come on; you are Pictures out of doore:  

Bells in your Parlours: Wild-Cats in your Kitchens:  

S tableViews your Injuries: Duties being offended:  

Players in your Futeris, and Hutwitters in your Beds.  

Def. Oh, se van thee, Slanderer.  

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

You rife to play, and go to bed to worke.  

Amil. You shall not write my praiye.  

Def. No, let me not.  

Def. What would't write of me, if thou shouldest it praiye me?  

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too,  

For I am nothing, if not Critical.  

Def. Come on, affay.  

There's one gone to the Harbou'  

Iago. I Madam.  

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile  

The thing I am, by freming otherwise.  

Como, how would't thou praiye me?  

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes  

from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it plucks out Braines and all.  

But my Mufe labours, and thus she is deliver'd.  

If she be faire, and wise, she shall have fair,  

The ones for othes, the other shall it.  

Def. Well praiyd:  

How if she be Blacke and Wity?  

Iago. If she be blacke, and therober have a wit,  

She'll find a white, that shall blacke offs fit.  

Def. Worle, and worle.  

Amil. How Fair, and Foolish?  

Iago. She newer yet was foolish that was faire,  

For even her folly helps her to am haste.  

Defe. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Foolies  

Laugh at their Almoughie,  

What miserable praise haile thou  

for her that's Fool, and Foolish.  

Iago. There's none so faire and falsl so therober,  

But do's faire pranks which faire, and wise-ones do.  

Def. Oh, heavy ignorance: thou praiye it the worst  

beft, but what praiye could't thou be how on a defering  

woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her  

merit, did lufily put on the vouch of very malice it  

selfe.  

Iago. She that was our faire and fairest proun,  

Had Tongue as well, and yet was never loud:  

Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,  

Fled from her wife, and yet laid me now I meet,  

She that was angred, and her revenge being mis,  

Bad her wrong lay, and her delight pure flye:  

She that in wedesome never was so freed,  

To change the Cuck-beard for the Salmons tail:  

She that could think, and now disfayd her mind,  

See Sutters following, and not looks behond.  

She was a night, (if such mightes more)  

Def. To do what?  

Iago. To suckle Foller, and chronicle small Beer,  

Defe. Oho most lame and impotent conclusion.  

Do not learn of him, Amil, though he be thy husband.  

How say you (Caffo) is he not a most prophan, and liberrall Counsllor?  

Caffo. He speaks home (Madam) you may rellish  

him more in the Souldier, than in the Scholler.  

Iago. He takes her by the palmes: I, well said, wispers.  

With as little a web as this, will I enter as a great  

Fly as Caffo, I limle upon her, do: I will thee  

in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.  

If she tricks as thee, she's thy; out of your Lieutenant,  

it had beene better you had not kis'd your three finges  

to off, which now againe you are most apt to play  

the Sir, in. Very good: well kis'd, and excellent Currifie:  

'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Chuffer-pipes for your fake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.  

Caffo. 'Tis truely go.  

Def. Let's meete him, and recitue him.  

Caffo. Loc, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. Oho, my fair Warriour.  

Def. In deere Ordas.  

Oth. It gives me wonder great, as my content  

To see you heere before me.  

Oh my Soules Joy!  

I ather swe. I Tempeft, come such Calmes,  

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

And let the Labouring Barke climbbe hills of Seas  

Olympus high: and duck againe as low,  

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

Were now to be most happy. For I fear,  

My Soule hath her content to abolufe,  

That not another comfort like to this,  

Succeedes in unknowne Fate.  

Def. The Heauens forbid  

But that our Lones  

And Comforts should encrease  

Ewy as our days do growe.  

Oth. Amen to this (Twet Powers)  

I cannot speake enough of this content,  

It flippes me there: it is too much of Joy.  

And this, and this the greatest discords be  

That ere our hearts shall make.  

Oth. Oh you are well turnd now: But Ile set downe  

the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Otho. Come: lets to the Castle.

News (Friends) out. Warrors are done:
The Furies are drownd. How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle? (Hony) you shall be well deft in Cyprus. I have found great love among ftrong them. Oh my Sweets, I practise out of fashion, and I doate In mine owne comforts. I psyche, good Iago, Go to the Bay and disembarke my Cofio: Bring thou the Mafter to the Cittadel, He is a good one, and his worthyneffe Do's challenge much respect. Come Dislemous, Once more well met at Cyprus.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour. Come futher, in fuch be' a Valiant, (as they fay) afte men being in Love, have then a Nobility in their Natures, more then is native to them) lift me the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: Dislemous, is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, tis not poftible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy foule be influced. Marke me with what violence the ftrift lord the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaftical love, to love him full for prating, not by thy defire heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight fhall the haufe to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Aft of Sport, there fhould be a game to enflame it, and to give Satuary a fresh appetite. Lourinelle in favour, sympathy in yerres, Manner, and Beauties: all which the Moore is deficient in. Now for want of thefe requir'd Comemencies, her delicate tendernesse will finde it felt aboud; begin to haue the gorge, diuellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will influff her in it, and compel her to frame second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a very magnificent and en- face'd position) who stands to eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as Coffee do's: a knew very volable: no further confectionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Cruil, and Humaine feeming, for the better compaffe of his fate, and most hidden love. Affection? Why shame, why none: A flipper, and fabile knave, a finder of occasion: that he's an eye can flame, and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never prefer it felle. A diuellish knave: besides, the knave is handfome, young: and hath all those requefts in him, that folly and greene minds looke after. A perfident complex knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Iago. Bleff'd figgens-end. The Wine the drinks is made of grapes. If hee hee been bleff'd, thfe would never have fould thofe Moore, Bleff'd paddin, Didft thou not fee her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst not make that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curfeffe.

Iago. Lescherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Luft and foule Thoughts. They met to necere with their lipps, that their breathes embrac'd togethe. Villainous thoughts Redurgo, when these mutabilites fo marhalled the way, hard at hand comes the Matter, and maine exercife, the incorporate conclusion: Pifs. But Sir, be you rud'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command. I lay not vpon you. Coffee knows you not: I never be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

casion to anger Coffee, either by speaking too loud, or taunting his discipline, or from what other courfe you please, which the time fhall more faucely mi-
nifter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rafh, and very fondaine in Cholles: and happily may thinke at you, provoke him that he may; for even out of thofe will I caufe thefe of Cyprus to Murmury. Whole qualification fhall come into no true taffe a-
gaine, but by the difplaying of Coffee. So fhall you have a shorter journeie to your defires, by the meanes I fhall then have to preffe them. And the impediment moff profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie.

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

Iago. I warrant thee. Meere me by and by at the Cittadel. I muft fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare-
well.

Rod. Adieu. Exit.

Iago. That Coffee loves her, I do well beleev:
That loyce she him, his apt, and of great Credit.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not) Is now in Love with noble Nature, and
And I dare thinke, hee prove to Deslemous A most deere husband. Now I do love her too, Not out of abfoloute Luft, (though peraduenture I fand accompannt for as great a fin)
But purely and folely to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do fufpeft the Infide Moore
Hath leapt into my Sente. The thought whereof, Doth (like a ruyous Mineral) burn my inwardes: And nothing can, or shall content my Soule Till I am euened with him, wife, for wift.
Of faying foyet, that I put the Moore, Atlee into a felonie to strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trai of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hurrying, And the putting on,
Riche our Michael Cofio on the lip,
Abufe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I fear Cofio with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egeriously an Afle,
And prafching upon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneffe. Thill here: but ye confad, Kindnesse plaine face, is never feeen, till v'f'd.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. Itis Othello's pleafure, our Noble and Vali
tant General. That upon certaine trydings now war'd, importing the meere perdicion of the Turfih Fleete: every man put himfelf into Triumph. Some to daunce, Some to make Bonfices, teach man, to what Sport and Recuils his adition leads him. For besides thofe benefi-
ciall News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiaall. So much was his pleafure fhould be proclaimed. All offi-
cers are open, & there is full liberall of Feafing from this

pre-
Enter Otello, Deformed, Caffio, and Astrovendut. 
Otho. Good Michael, lock ye to the guard to night.

Let's teach our felows that Honourable stop,
Not to our sport discretion.

Caf. Iago, what direction do to do.
But not with standing with my peronal eye
Will I seek to't.

Otho. Iago, be most honest:
Michael, good night.
To morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. Come my deere devil,
The purchase made, the friutes are to enuie,
That profit's ye to come to see me, and you.
Good night.

Enter Iago.

Caf. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch.

Iago. Not this hour Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our Generall caf't us thus early for the love of his Deformed: Who, let us not therefore blame him; hath not yet made wanson the night with her; and she is for sport for Ioane.

Caf. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And he warrant her, full of Game.

Caf. Indeed she is a most free and delicate creature.

Iago. But an eye she has.

 Methinks it founds a parity to pronoucian.

Caf. An insuring eye.
And yet me thinker right modest.
Iago. And when the speaks,
Is it not an Auran to Loue?

Caf. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: I am happie to the Sheets. Come Lieutenant, I have a flage of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a mee
To the health of blacke Othello.

Caf. Not to night, good Iago, I have very poore, and unhappie Brains for drinking. I could well with Curtesse would invent some other Curteous of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, I'll drink for you.

Caffo. I have drunk but one Cup to night; and that was crastly qualified too: and behold what inaudion it makes here. I am informent in the intimity, and dare not task my weakeness with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants defiere it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here, at the doore: I pray you call chem in.

Caf. He, do't but it dislikes me.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath dranke to night alreadie,
He'll be as full of Quarrel, and offence
As my yong Militar dogs.

Now I see thee, fellows.

Whom Love hath turned'ld almost the wrong side out,
To Deformed hath to night Carlow's d.

Potations, potto-deep, and he's to watch.

Three eile of Cyprus, Noble dwelling Spiritus,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warlike life)
Have I to night flatter'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.

Now amongst this Plocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Caffio in some Action
That may offend the life. But here they come.

Enter Caffio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my Dreame,
My Boate sillies freely, both with winde and Streame.

Caffo. Fore heauen, they have given me a rowle already.

Mont. Good-faith a little one: not past a pint, as I am a Soldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me see the Cannoikin clink clink:
And let me see the Cannoikin clink.

A Soldier: a man: Oh, more life's but a span,
Why then let a Soldier drinks.

Some Wine Boyes.

Caffo. Foe Heauen; an excellent Song.

Iago. I learnt it in England: where indeedly they are most potemt in Porrting. Your Dane, your Germoyne, and your twag-belly'd Hollandier, (drinke Aino) are nothing to your Englisch.

Caffio. Is your Englishmen to esquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facilitie, your Dane dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your Almaine. He gives you his Hollander a vomit, and the next Portie can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it Lieutenant: and I do you justice.


King Stephen was and a worthy Peer.

His Breaches owe him but a Crown.

He held them Six pence ad deo.

With that he calls the Tailer Lorrie:

He was a mighty high Renowne.

And thus are his of low degree:

'Tis Pride that calls the Country downe,

And taketh thy and I clong about thee.

Some Wine hoa.

Caffio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you hethe againe?

Caf. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that do's those things. Well beaunus above all, and there be jokes must be saued, and there be solues must not be saued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caffio. For mine owne part, no offence to the General, nor any man of qualisme: I hope to be saued.

Mont. And to I am Lieutenant.

Caffio. I (but by your leave) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our Affairs. Forgove us or our finnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our busnedle. Do not think Gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk: now I can stond well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caf. Why very well then; you must not think then,
That I am drunk.

Mont. To th Plataforme (Mafiers) come, let's set the Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that's gone before.

He's a Soullier, fit to stand by Caffo,

And gue direction. And do but see his guide,
'Tis to his venture, a swift Equinox.

The
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The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pitie of him: I fear the thought Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infinite Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sneepe,
He's watch the Horolode a double Set,
If Drinkne rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well The General were put in mind of it: Perhaps he feele it not, or his good nature
Prizes the venue that appears in Caffo,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Desdemona.

Iago. How now Desdemona?

Iago. I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the Noble Moore Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second With one of an infras infinity,
It were an honest Action, to say so To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loute Caffo well: and would do much To cure him of this euill, But he Prithe, what noise?

Enter Caffo pursuivg Oderigo.

Caff. You Rogues: you Raftell.

Mont. What's the master Lieutenant?

Caff. A Knave teach me my dutie? Ile beaste the Knaue into a Twigg-en-Bottle.

Red. Beaste me?

Caff. Doft shott prate, Rogues?

Mont. Nay, good Lieutenant
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Caff. Let me go(Sir)

Or Ile knocke you ou're the Mazzard.

Caffo. Come, come: you're drunk.

Caffo. Drunke?

Caffo. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant, Alas Gentlemen:
Help him. Lieutenant, Sir Montano:
Helps Matters. Here's a goodly Watch indeed,
Who's that which rings the Bell? DIubio hos:
The Towne will rife, Ficile Lieutenant,
You'll be afeard'm for ever.

Enter Othello, and the Souldiers.

Otho. What is the matter here?

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

Otho. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold hos: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:
Have you forgotten? all place of fente and dutie?
Hold, The General speaks to you: he held for flame.

Otho. Why how now hos? From whence enthrift that? Are we turn'd Turkish? and to our selves do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the Ottomans.

For Christian shame, out by this barbarous Brawle:
He that this night, to revenge his owne rage,
Hold's his soule light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Idle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Matters?
Honest Iago, that lookest dead with greeneing,
Speake: who was this? On thy loute I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, enu'n now.

In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Determing them for Bed: and then, but now:

(As if some Planet had witted men)

Swords out, and sitting one at others breastes, In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this present oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had loft
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Otho. How comes it(Michael) you are thus forget?

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

Otho. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauite, and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great In months of weild Cenfurie. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me anwer to it.

Mont. 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, not know I ought
By me, that's did, or done smitce this night,
Vniele fellechesritte he sometimse a vice,
And to defend our felleus, it be a finne
When violence affailes vs.

Otho. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my sifer Guides to rule,
And passion(Gauling my best judgement collid)
Affair to lead the way. If I once flit,
Or do but lift this Arme, the beft of you Shall finke in my rebuke. Give 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 looke me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To Manage proue, and domerieke Quarrel?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of faftie?
'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began?

Mont. If partially Affidn'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliver more, or leffe then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so necer,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
That I should do offence to Michael Caffo.
Yet I perisse my felle, to speake the truth.
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is General:
Montano and my felle being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And Caffo following him with determin'd Sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppe's in to Caffo, and entreats his pauiter.
My felle, the crying Fellow did purifie,
Leath by his fcamer (as it is fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He,(swift of foot)
Out ran my purpose: and I return'd therethen rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And Caffo high in oath: Which till to night
I were might yaf before. When I came backe
(For this was tibrief) I found them cloze together
At blow, and thrust, eu'n as againe they were
When you your felle did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men; The best sometimes forgets,
Though Caffo did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that with them beft,
Yet firely Caffo, I beleive receiv'd
From him that flid, some strange Indignorie,
Which patience could not paffe.

Otho.
The Moore of Venice.

Otho. I know Iago.

Thy honesty, and love doth make mine this matter,
Making it light to Caio: Caio, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look on my gentle Loue, be not rais'd vp:
I make thee an example.

Def. What is the matter (Deere?)

Otho. All is well, Sweeting,

Come away to bed. Sire for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off.

Iago. Jookie with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this will drowse distracted.

Come Desdemona, this is the Soldiers life.

To slay their Balsmy flummies which with life. Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Caio. I paall all Surgery.

Iago. Marzie Hearten forbid.

Caio. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have
lost my Reputation. I have loft the immortal part of myselfe,
and what remains is basell. My Reputation,
Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am a honest man I had thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more fence in that
high in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most falle
imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving. You have lost no Reputation at all, yet you
repute your felle such a looser. What man, there
are more ways to recover the Generall againe. You are
but now call in his mood, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice) even so as one would beate his of-
fencelasse degree, so affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
him against, and he's yours.

Caio. I will rather use to be delis'd, then to decrease
so good a Commander, with so flight, so drunken, and so
disorder an Officer. Drunkie, and Speake Parrot? And
Fumble? Swagger? Swozke? And of course Fuitian
with 'ones own shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
Wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let's call thee
Diuell.

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

Caio. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Caio. I remember a muffle of things, but nothing di-
Ucito: a Quarrel but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
men should put an Enemy in their mouths, to steale a-
way their Braines that we should with joy, pleasance,
revel and applaus, transforme our felues into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caio. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to give
place to the diuell wrath, one superfluous, theves me
another to make me frankly define my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too seares a Moraller. As the
Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands
I could heartily with this had not before shut since is it, as
it is, mend it for you own good.

Caio. I will ask him for my Place againe, he shall tell
me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as Hydria,
such an answer would stop them all. To be now a fen-
tible man, by and by, and by a Poole, and preferably a Beatt. Oh
strange! Every inordinate cup is venelws'd, and the Ingrain-
dient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good famil-
Creature, if it be well we'd reclaime no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love
you.

Caio. Thoew well approv'd it, Sir, I drunkke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunkte at a
time. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's
Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this selfe
pass, for that he hath devoted, and given vp hummelfie to the
Contemplation, make; and deponent of her parts
and Graces. Confesse your felike freely to her: Import-
ture her helpe to put you in your place again. She is
of to free, to kinde, to apt, so blessed a disposition,
she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more
then she is requested. This broken toynt betweene you,
and her husband, entrec your to splintere. And your
Fortunes against any lay worth, naming this crake of
your Loue, shall grow fónger, then it was before.

Caio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the lincercite of Loue, and honest
kindneffe.

Caio. I think it is freely: and becomm in the morn-
gaill will be of the virtuous Desdemona to underteke
for me: I am deperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right; good Night Lieutenant,
I must to the Watch.

Caio. Good night, honest Iago. Exit Caio.

Iago. And what's he then. That Ies I play the Villaine?

When this advise is free I gue, and honest,
Probble to thinking, and indeed the court
To win the Moore againe.

For tis most easie
Thrcly inyuing Desdemona to lobdine
In any honest Sute, She's fran'd as fruitselful
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renovase his Baptismale,
All Scales, and Symbols of redeemed sin
His Soule is so enter'd d to her Loue
That she may make, yamake, do what the lift.
Even as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weak function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Councell Caio to this parrell course.
Directly to his good? Duinnitie of hell,
When diuels will the blackest linxes put on,
They do figgurall as first with heauenly firewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
Plies Desdemona, to repair his Fortune,
And flee for him, pleads strongly to the Moore,
He powere this persillence in his iare
That she repelles him, for her bodies Luft
And by how much the furies to do him good,
She shall vnwo her Credit with the Moore.
So will I turne her venter into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the Net,
That shall en-misch them all.

How now Rodriguez?

Enter Rodriguez.

Rodriguez. 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 Cudgel'd: And I thinke the illus
will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not Patience! What wound did heer heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by Wit, and not by Witchcraft. And Wit depends on dilatory time: Don't go so well? Caffo hath beaten thee, and thou by that small hurt hath cast thee out. Caffo: Though other things grow faire against the Sun, yet Fortune that bloomed faire, will first be ripe: Content thyself, a while. In troth 'tis Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the hours fleeting short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billied: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter. Nay get thee gone. Exit Rodrigo.

Two things are to be done:

My Wife must know for Caffo to her Mistress: He for her on my felto, a while, to draw the Moor apart, and bring him hither, when he may Caffo finds Soliciting his wife: Ithas the way: Dull not Deute, by coldness, and delay. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffo, Maffers, and Clowns.

Caffo. Maffers, play here, I will content your palates, something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Cia. Why Maffers, have your Instrument bins in Naples, that they speak it, I'faith be not.

Muf. How sir? how?

Cia. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Muf. I marry are they sir?

Cia. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Muf. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Cia. Marry, sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But Maffers, here's money for you; and the General do like your Mufick, that he desires you for loces sake to make no more noise with it.

Muf. Well sir, we will not.

Cia. If you have any Mufick that may not be heard, too't again. But (as they say) to hear Mufick, the General do not greatly care.

Muf. We have none such, sir.

Cia. Then put your Pipers in your bagges, for I'll away. Go, vanish into array, away. Exit Muf.

Caffo. Dost thou hear me, mine honest Friend?

Cia. No, I hear not your honest Friend.

I hear you.

Caffo. Pray, heke up thy Quillers, that's a poor piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the General be fliring, tell her, there's one Caffo entreats her a little favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Cia. She is fliring still: if she will flire better, I shall seem to notice unto her. Exit Cia.

Enter Iago.

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then?

Cia. Why no: the day had broke before we parted, I have made bold (Iago) to fend in to your wife; my litter to her, is that the will to vertuous Caffo.

Procure me some accesse.

Iago. He fend her to you presently; and he desists a means to draw the Moor out of the way, that your counterfeits and business may be more free.

Caffo. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew a Florentine more knave, and honest; enter Amilia.

Amilia. Goodmorrow good Lieutenant, I am forrie for your displeasure; but all will sure be well, the General and his wife are talking of it, and she speaks for you softly. The Moor replies, that he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, and great Affection: and that in wholsome Wisdome he might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you and needs no other Suffer, but his likings To bring you in again, Caffo. Yet I believe you, if you think fit, or that it may be done. Give me advantage of some breese Discourse With Palfemon alone.

Amilia. Pray you come in; I will beffow you where you shall have time. To speak your bosome freely. Caffo. I am much bound to you.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Otello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Otho. These Letters give (Iago) to the Pylor, and by hirall, and to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Works, Repair there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doe't.

Otho. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't? Gent. Well wait upon your Lordship.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Palfemon, Caffo, and Amilia.

Def: Be thou a friend (good Caffo) I will do all my abilities in thy behalle.

Amilia. Good Madam do: I warrant it greeues my Husband, as if the caule were his.

Def: Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Caffo. But I will have my Lord, and you again.

As friendly as you were.

Caffo. Bounteous Madam, What ever shall becom of Michael Caffo, He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Def: I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord: you have knowne him longe, and be you well affer'd He shall in trangeness (and no farther off, Then in a politike distance.

Caffo. I, but Lady, That politye may eather last so long, Or feede upon such nice and wateris diet, Or breathe it selfe out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd, My General will forget my Love, and Service.

Def: Do not doubt it: before Amilia here,
Enter Othello and Iago.

ACT III. Scene i.

Iago. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Othello. Madam, I take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and hear me speake.

Othello. Why dost thou stay here?

Iago. Because I am a man of state, and not a fool.

Othello. I will not send you away.

Iago. Will you not send me away?

Othello. I will not send you away.

Iago. Why dost thou stay here?

Othello. Because I am a man of state, and not a fool.

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Othello. Because I am a man of state, and not a fool.

Iago. Why dost thou stay here?

Othello. Because I am a man of state, and not a fool.
The word of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me.
Though I am bound to every Act of duty,
I am not bound to that : All Sins are free.
Visit my Thoughts? Why say, they are wild and false?
As where’s that Palace, whereunto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who he’s that breath to pure,
Wherein vacuously Apprehensions
Keep Lecites, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit.
With meditations is full.
Oth. Thou dost confine against thy Friend (Iago)
If thou but think of him wrong’d, and mak’st his case
A stranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueste
(As I confess it is my Natures plague)
To spy into Abusies, and of my leafloue
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdome
From one, that so imperfectely conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his flattering, and vaine obeservance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wifedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doft thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;
Who steale my purfe, steale my trade:
’Tis somthing, nothing;
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has bin Flaue to thousands:
But he that stolen from me my good Name,
Robe 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 itis in my catidol.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of her leafloue,
It is the greene’-ey’d Monster, with doth mocke
The metre it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, looks not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes rela he ore,
Whence duty her doubt: Suspects, yet foundly loues?

Oth. O matter.

Iago. Poor, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelleffe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Trive defend
From leafloue.
Oth. Why is this?
Think’st thou, I’d make a Life of leafloue;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: I to be once in doubt,
Is to be reloued: Exchange me for a Gnat,
When I shall turne the butterne of my Soule
To such exccitate, and blow d Smitves,
Matching thy inference. ’Tis not to make me leaflous.
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Plays, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, there are more versuims.
Nor from mine owne weake merits, will I draw
The smalllest fear, or doubt of her reuolts,
For the had eyes, and chafe me. No Iago,
He se firste I doubt: when I doubt, prove;
And on the proofs, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Louise, or leafloue.

Iago. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason
To fliew the Lone and Dutey that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of prouef:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with Coffee,
Were your eyes, thus: not leafloue, not secure.
I would not have your free, and N. ble Nature,
Out of felle-Boueny, be absu’d: Looke too’s:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen se the prances
They dare not show their Husbands,
Their bell Confesence,
Is not to leuate’ vndone, but kept vnkowne.

Oth. Doth thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you,
And when the seem’d to flake, and feare your lookes,
She lovd them moff.

Oth. And so the did.

Iago. Why go too then:
She that so young could guse out sucha seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oske,
He thought twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
Thimbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much lousing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iago. I see this hath a little dath’d your Spirits:
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope you will confider what is spoke
Comes from your Lour.
But I do let ye’ are moud’d,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speach
To grofer issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Salpation.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speach should fall into such vile successe,
Which my Thoughts syn’d not.

Coffe’s my worthy Friend;
My Lord, I see ye are moou’d.

Oth. No, not much moou’d:
I do not think but Delfamma’s honest.

Iago. Long live the fo.
And long live you to thinke fo.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe,

Iago. I, there’s the point:
As (to be bold with you)
To affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereeto we see in all things, Nature tend:
Foh, one may fume in such a will moft rankes,
Foule distripotions, Thoughts unnatural,
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Difiultly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recollony to her better judgement,
May tal to match you with her Country formes,
Most happily rejoints.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obferue.

Leave me Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Othel. Why did I marry?

This hencef Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knows more, much more then he vndoks.
You have a thing for me?  

It is a common thing.  

Aemil.  

Hah.  

Iago.  

To have a foolish wife.  

Aemil.  

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

For that same Handkerchief.  

Iago.  

What Handkerchief?  

Aemil.  

What Handkerchief?  

Why that the Moore first gave to Desdemona, 

That which so often you did bid me flinge.  

Iago.  

Hast flong it from her?  

Aemil.  

No; but the let it drop by negligence, 

And to that advantage, I being here, took vp:  

Looke, heere vs.  

Iago.  

A good wench, give it me.  

Aemil.  

What will you do with't, that you have so earnest to have me flinch it?  

Iago.  

Why, what is that to you?  

Aemil.  

If it be not for some purpose of import,  

Giu't me again. Poor Lady, 'scuse I run mad  

When the shall lacke it.  

Iago.  

Be not acknowledge on't:  

I haue vfe for it. Go, excuse me.  

Exit Aemil.  

I will in Cassio's Lodging loose this Napkin,  

And let him finde it. Though it be light as ayr,  

Are to the lascivious, confirmations strong,  

As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something,  

The Moore already changes with my poiyon:  

Dangerous concocteas are in their Natures poiyons,  

Which at the first are scarce found to distast:  

But with a little acce vpon the blood,  

Burne like the Mines of Sulphure, I did say so.  

Enter Othello.  

Looke where he comes: Not Poppie, nor Mandragora,  

Nor all the drowse Syrups of the world  

Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe  

Which thou ow'd it yesterday.  

Oth.  

Ha, ha, false to mee?  

Iago.  

Why how now General? No more of that.  

Oth.  

Aunty, be gone: Thou haft let me on the Racke:  

I swear tis better to be much abus'd,  

Then but to know a little.  

Iago.  

How now, my Lord?  

Oth.  

What senfe had I in her holne hours of Luft?  

I saue not, thought it not: It harm'd not me.  

I hept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie,  

I found not Cassio's kisse ou her Lippes:  

He that is rob'd, not wanting what is holne,  

Let him not know's, and he's not rob'd at all.  

Iago.  

I am forsy to heare this?  

Oth.  

I had bee happy, if the generall Campe,  

Pyoners and all, had tastt her sweet Body,  

So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer  

Facewell the Tranquill minde; facewell Content;  

Facewell the phumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,  

That makes Ambition, Verrue! Oh facewell,  

Facewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpes,  

The Spirit-flitting Drum, th Eare-piercing Flfe,  

The Royall Banner, and all Qualite,  

Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:  

And O you mortal Engines, whole rude thraeous  

Th'immortal Ioves dread Clamours, counterfei,  

Facewell: Othello's Occupations gone,  

Iago.  

It's possible my Lord?  

Oth.  

Villaine, be sure thou proue my Louse a Whore;  

Be sure of it: Give me the Occular poofe,  

Or
The Tragedie of Othello

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule, 
Though it had bin beter haue bin borne a Dog 
Then answer: my walke'd wrath.

Oth. It's come to this? 

IAGO. Make me to see't: or (as the leaf) to prostrate, 
That the probation beare no Stingle, nor Looper, 
To hang a doubt on: Or woe wpon thy life. 

RAS. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou doft flander her, and torture me, 
Never pray more. Abandon all remorse 
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate: 
Do deeds to make Heauen weeppe, all Earth amaz'd; 
For nothing canth thou to damnation addde, 
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgive me! 
Are you a Man? Have you a Soule? or Sense? 
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole, 
That look't to make dhine Honesty, a Vice! 

Oh monstros world! Take note, take noce (O Would) 
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence 
Ile loue no Friend, first LoueLoue breasts such offence. 

Oth. Nay lay: thou should't be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for Honeltee's a Foole, 
And loofer that it workes for,

I think hee my Wife be honest, and think she is not. 
I think that thou art, and think thou art not: 
Ile haue some prove. My name that was as frech 
As Diams Viage, is now begern'd and blacke 
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knifes, 
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streams, 
He not induzeth. Wou'd I were facs fied.

Iago. I fey you are eaten vp with Pattion: 
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 superf-vision guilfully gone on? 
Behold her top'd.

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, 
To bring them to that Prospekt: Danne then then, 
If euer mortal eyes do thee bonoust 
More then their owne. What then? How then? 
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction? 

It is impossible you shoulde see this, 
Were they as prime as Gooses, as hot as Monkeys, 
As fat as Walnuts in pride, and Foole's as grofe 
As Ignorance, made drunkne. But yet, I say, 
If impatience, and strong circumstances, 
Which lead direcly to the doore of Truth, 
Will give you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Oth. Give me a living reacon their dellay.

Iago. I do not like the Office. 

But Oth. I am wearied in this care to farre 
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue) 
I will go on. I lay with Caffio lately, 
And being troubled with a raging tooth, 
I could not sleepe. There are a knedes of men, 
So looofe of Soule, that in their sleepe's will mutter 
Their Affrayes: one of this kind is Caffio: 
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet Desolament, 
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Lounes, 
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wringe my hand: 
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes, 
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg or my Thigh, 
And high, and kiffe, and then cry curfed Pate, 
That gat 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 firew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

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

Oth. It teares her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wife: yet we see nothing done, 
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this, 
Have you not sometimes seene a Handkercheife 
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wifes hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one: twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkercheife 
(I am sure it was your wifes) did I to day 

See Caffio wipe his Beard with.

Oth. It if be that.

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

It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the Slue had forty thousand liues: 
One is too poore, too weeke for my revenge.

Now do I fea't true. Lookke here Iago, 
All my fond mead lowe thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone, 
Atte blacke vengeance, from the hollowe bell.

Iago vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and leatred Thorne 
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boosome with thy fraught, 
For 'tis of Alpittackes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say, your minde may change.

Oth. Never Iago. Like to the Ponticke Sea, 
Where eis Current, and commulsive course,

Neu't keepes returying elbe, but keepes due on. 
To the Proponticke, and the Hellepont: 
Euen to my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebe to humble Loue,
Till that a capable, and wide Revenge 
Smallwit may vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen, 
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow, I 
here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rife yet: 

Witness ye ever-burning Lights above, 
You Elements, that clipe vs round about, 
Witness ye that here Iago doth give vp 
The execution of his wits, hands, heart, 
To wrong'd Othelos Service. Let him command, 
And to obey shall be in remorose, 
What bloody business euer.

Oth. I greet thy love, 
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous, 
And will upon the instant put thee too't.

Within the three days let me hear thee say, 
That Caffio's not alive.

Iago. My Friend is dead: 
'Tis done at your Request.

But let her live. 

Oth. Damne her letwde Minx: 
O damne her, damne her.

Come goe with me a-part, I will withdraw. 
To furnishe me with some swift means of death 
For the faire Duell.

Now ask thou my Lieutenant. 

Iago. I am your owne for ever.
Def. Do you know Sfrah, where Lieutenant Caffo lies?
Cleo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Def. Why man?
Cleo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lies, 'tis libbing.
Def. Go too: where lodges he?
Cleo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Def. Can any thing be made of this?
Cleo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to declare a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own cheat.
Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by reports.
Cleo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.
Def. Seek he, bid he come hither: tell him, I have mouth'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.
Cleo. To do this, is within the compass of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.
Exit Cleo.
Def. Where should I looke the Handkerchiefe, Amelia?
Amil. I know not Madam.
Def. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes, And but my Noble Moore True of sinde, and made of no such baseness,
As Jealous Creatures are, it was enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Amil. Is he not Jealous?
Def. Who, he? I think the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such hurst homens from him.
Amil. Look where he comes.
Enter Othello.
Def. I will not leave him now, till Caffo be
Cal'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady, Oh hardness to dissemble!
How do you, Defdemona?
Def. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Give me your hand.
This hand is moist my Lady.
Def. It hath felt no age, not knowne no sorrow.
Oth. This arges fruitfulness, and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Confutation, Exercite deout.
For here's a yong, and sweating Duell heere
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frakane one.
Def. You may (indeed) say so;
For twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal band. The hearts of old, gave bands;
But our new Heraldry is bands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise.
Oth. What promise, Chuckee?
Def. I have sent to bid Caffo come speake with you.
Oth. I have a sall and forry Rhewme offends me;
Lead me thy Handkerchiefe.
Def. Howe my Lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Def. I hate it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Def. No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchife
Did an Egyptian to my Mother give:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Initially to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a Grief of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her leashed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gave it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wt'd)
To give it her, I did to: and take heed on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To looket, or gilee a way, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Def. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A Sybill that had numberef in the world
The Sun to coufe, two hundred compasser,
In her Propheticke fugue low'd the Woke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breed the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummery, which the Skillful
Confer'd of Maidens lovets.
Def. Indeed? 'tis true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well,
Def. Then would to Heauen, that I had never seene?
Oth. Has? wherefore?
Def. Why do you speake so flattering, and rath?
Oth. Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o' th'way?
Def. Bisste vs.
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not lost: but what and if it were?
Oth. How?
Def. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Ferce, let me feel.
Def. Why so you can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my suits,
Pray you let Caffo be receiv'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde mis-gistes.
Def. Come, come: you 'ller meete a more sufficien
ent man.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Def. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shall'd dangers with you.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Def. Insothe, you are too blame.
Oth. Away.
Amil. Is not this man teasious?
Def. I neer'f saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchike,
I am most unhappy in the loffe of it.
Amil. 'Tis not a year or two thewes vs a man;
They are all but Stomachers, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.
Enter age, and Caffo.
Amil. Look ye, Caffo and my Husband.
Age. There is no other way: 'tis the must doot:
And loe the hapineffe! go, and importune her.
Def. How now (good Caffio) what's the newes with you?

Caffio. Madam, my former suite, I do beseech you,
That by your venorous means, I may againe
Exit, and be a member of his loute,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Indively honour, I would not be delay'd,
If my offence, be of such more all kinds,
That use my Service part, nor pretend Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranolme me into his loute againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit.
So shall I doath me in a tood content,
And that my felie vpl in some other course
To Foresites Alms.

Def. Alas (douce-gentle Caffio)
My Adovocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord: nor should I know him,
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my beef,
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 felie, I dare. Let that Iefice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnuquietneffe.

Iago. Can be he angry? I have fene the Cannon
When he hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Duell from his very Arme
Puff'd 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.

Def. I prythee do so. Something iure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnhand'd pratiifie
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus, to him,
Hath puls'd his cleare spirit: and in such cates,
Mens Natures wrangle with interieour things,
Though great ones are their obiec't, 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, even to a fenne
Of paine. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obfuerance
As fits the Bridall. Behew me much, 
I was (vnhandome Warrior, as I am)
Arranging his vranknesse with my foule:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Wintlesse,
And he's Indited Saldly.

Emil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no leaious To', concerning you.

Def. Alas the day, I never gaine him cause.

Emil. But leaious foules will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever leaious for the cause,
But leaious, for they're leaious. It is a Monstre
Begot upon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Def. Heauen keepe the Monstre from Othello's mind.

Emil. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will goe fetch him. Caffio, walk heere about:
If I doe finde him first, I'll move your suite,
And fetch to effect at my vntermost.

Caffio. I humbly thinke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Blain. Save you (Friend Caffio.)

Caffio. What make you from home?
How's it with you, my most fayre Bianca?
Indeed (sweet Louie) I was coming to your house.
Blain. And I was going to your Lodging, Caffio.
What keepes a weeke away? Sevene days, and Nights?
Eight score eighte hours? And Louers abente housewes
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh what a trouble.

Caffio. Pardon me, Bianca:
I haue this while with leaen thoughts beeone preff,
But I shall in a more continuat time
Strike off this score of abence. Sweet Bianca
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh Caffio, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the fayre Abence: now I feel a Caufe:
It's come to this? Well, well.

Caffio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde geffes in the Diuels teeths,
From whence you have them. You are leaious now,
That this is from some Milft in some remembrance;
No, in good truthe Bianca.

Blain. Why, who's it is?

Caffio. 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 have it coppied:
Take it, and don't, and leave me for this time.

Blain. Leave you? Wherefore?

Caffio. I do attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
To have him fee me woman'd.

Blain. Why, I pray you?

Caffio. Not that I love you not.
Blain. But that you do not love me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you toonne night?

Caffio. Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: But he lie see you foon.

Blain. Tis very good. I must be circumstaine'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago

Iago. Will you thank me?

Oth. Thynke fo, iago?

Iago. What, to kiffe in priuate?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiffe?

Iago. Or to be neaked with her Friend in bed,
Amoure, or more, nor meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meane harme?
It is hypocrite against the Duell:
They chat meane veruosity, and yet do so,
The Duell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Venuall slape:
But if I give my wife a Handkercheif.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) be fowled on any man.

Oth. She be a Handkercheif of her honor too:
May the giue that?
Caf. What's the matter?  
Lago. My Lord is fallen into an Epilepsie,  
This is his second fit: he had one yesterday.  
Caf. Rub him about the Temples.  
Lago. The Leathern muff has his quire about;  
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by  
Breakes out to fusse and meddle, looke, he shrivs:  
Do you withdraw your felle a little while,  
He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion, speake with you.  
How is it General? Have you not hurt your head?  
Ors. Doth thou mock me?  
Lago. I mocke you not, by Heaven;  
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man,  
As a Herked man's a Monker, and a Dead.  
Lago. Thers many a Beast then in a populous City,  
And many a chyll Monker.  
Ors. Did he confesses it?  
Lago. Good Sir, be a man:  
Think ye every bested fellow that's but yest'd  
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,  
That nightly lie in those unpropped beds,  
Which they dare not sleep in. Your case is better.  
Oh, tis the fright of hell, the French Arch-mock,  
To slip a wanat in a secure Cowly:  
And to supposse her might, No, yet me know,  
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.  
Ors. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.  
Lago. Stand you a while apart,  
Confine your felle but in a patient Lifi,  
While you were here, are with me full of griefe  
(As a painfull most refraining such a man)  
Coffe came hither. I thifted him away,  
And I sayd good foules upon your Esteat,  
Bid him anon returne: and here he speake with me,  
The which he promi'st. Do but excuse your felle,  
And make the Fierers, the Cybes, and notable Scornes  
That dwell in every Region of his face.  
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.  
I say, but make his gesture: marry Patience,  
Or I shall say ye are all in all to Spleene,  
And nothing of a man.  
Ors. Do'th thou heare, Lago?  
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:  
But (do'th thou heare) yet bloody.  
Ors. That's not amisse,  
But yet keep the time in all will you withdraw?  
Now will I question Coffe in Tizian,  
A Huswife that by tellinge her desires  
Buys her felle Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature  
That dotes on Coffe, (as 'tis the Strumpess plague  
To be-guile many, and be-beguil'd by one)  
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine  
From the execrable of Laughter. Here he comes.  

Enter Coffe,  
As he shall smile, Orsella shall go mad:  
And his wnebookhe lovelie must continu:  
Poore Coffe's limbs, gettures, and light behavious  
Quite in the wrong: How do you Lieutenant?  
Caf. The wrong, that you give me the addition,  
Who'd want cues kills me.  
Lago. Ply Deferens well, and you are sure on't.  
Now, if this Suit lay in Tizian's dower,  
How quickly should you speed?  
Caf. Alas poore Coffe!  
Ors. Louke how he laughs already.  
Lago. I never knew woman lose man fo.  
Caf. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed the loves me.  
Ors. Now he denies it falsely: and laughes it out.  
Lago. Do you heare Coffe?  
Ors. Now he importunes him  
To tell't o're go too, well said, well said.  
Lago. She gies it out, that you shall marry her.  
Do you intend it?  
Caf. Ha, ha, ha.  
Ors. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?  
Caf. I marry, What? A customer sprythe beare  
Some Charisle to my wit, do not think it  
So w outweigh. Ha, ha, ha.  
Ors. So, so, so: they laugh, that winners.  
Caf. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.  
Ors. Prythee say true.  
Lago. I am a very Villain earl.  
Ors. Have you broat'd me? Well.  
Caf. This is the Monkeys owne gowing out:  
She is perfwaved I will marry her  
Out of her owne louse & flattery, not out of my promis.  

Ors.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story. Caff. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the Bambie, and falls me thus about my neck. Oth. Caff, saying oh dere Caffos, as it were: his jesture import it. Caff. So strange, and looks, and wepees upon me. So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha. Oth. Now he calls how the plucks him to my Chamber: oh, I see that noise of yours, but not that dogge, I shall how it to. Caff. Well, I must leave her companie. Iago. Before me: I see where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caff. 'Tis such another Caffew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you mean by this haunting of me? Biam. Let the dull, and his dam haunt you: what did you mean by that tain Hanckerchief, you gav mee even now? I was a fine Footle to take it: I must take out the works? A likely piece of work, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Mixtijes token; & I must take out the works? There, glue it your Hobby-horse, wherefoore you had it, till take out no worke on't.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you Chuckle come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; looke in my face.

Des. What horrid fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your Function & Virtues:

Leave Procerates alone, and thus the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May displace, Exit Emi.

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?

Oth. Why! What art thou?

Des. Your wife is my Lord: your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Go. Come strew it: dame thy self, lest being like one of Heauen, the swells themselves should feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd; strew thee thine own head.

Des. Heauen doth truly know it.

Oth. Heauen trealy knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom my Lord?

Oth. Ah Desdemona, away, away away.

Des. Alas the heavy day: why do you wepe?

Oth. Am I the mother of these tears my Lord?

Des. If happily your Father do suspec

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Oth. Lay not your blame upon me: if you have left him,

Oth. Had I pleas'd Heauen,

To thee with Affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of Socrates, and Senses on my bare head:

Oth. In your joye I have not heard:

Des. In your joye I have not heard.

Oth. That is strange.

Des. My Lord, I desire you out of the way.

Oth. Now you have seen nothing then?

Des. Nor ever heard: nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassius, and the together.

Des. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,

Every syllable that breath made vp betwixte them.

Oth. What? Did they never whisper?

Des. Never my Lord.

Oth. Nor did you out o' th' way?

Des. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Glove, first Mask, nor no-

Des. Neuer my Lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Des. I durst (my Lord) no wager, she is honest.

Oth. Lay downe my Soule at stake: if you think otherwise,

Des. Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curfe,

If any wretch have put this in your head,

For if the be not honest, chafe, and true,

There's no man happy, the purest of their Wives

Is foule as Slander.

Oth. Did her come hither? go.

Des. She faies enough: yet she's a simple Baud

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

A Cloister Locken & Key of Villainous Secrets,

And yet she'll kneele, and pray: I haue seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.
The Tragedie of Othello

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I shoulde make very Forges of my cheques,
That would to Cysander burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes, What committed?
Heauen hoppes the Noe at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudiest whyne that kifffes all iomeetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not heart. What committed?

Def. By Heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are you not a Strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian.
I too prefereth this vsefull for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am neere.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Def. No, as I shoulde be fau'd.
Oth. 1st posible?

Def. Oh Heauen forgive vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You MifTis.

Enter Eminia.

That haue the office opposte to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you! you.
We have done out course; there's money for your paines.
I shall shew thee the keye and keep our contains.

Exeunt. Eminia. Alas, what's this Gentleman conceiued?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Def. Faith, half a sleepe.

Eminia. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Eminia. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Def. Who is the Lord?

Eminia. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I haue none: do not call me, Eminia,
I cannot weep: nor answers have I none,
But what should go by water. Preach to night,
Lay on my bed, my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Eminia. Here's a change indeed,
'Tis meete I should be vsd so: very meete,
How have I bin behaמד, that he might flitke
The smalls't opinion on my least misvie.

Enter Iago and Eminia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell: what do they deale amongst Babes
Do they with gentle meane, and easie taske?
He might have chid me to: for in good faith
I am a Childish chauling.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Eminia. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath so bewhether'd her,
Thowre he such delightfull, and heavy termes upon her
That truely Iago cannot be made.

Def. Am i that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, (Saince Lady)

Def. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Eminia. He said her where she Beggder in his drinks
Could not haue such such termes upon his Collet.

Iago. Why did he do?

Def. I do not know. I am faine I am none fuche.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep: alas the day.

Eminia. Hath the todesco to many Noble Matches
Her Fathers? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd? Where? Would it not make one wepe?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Behove him not.'

How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Eminia. I will be hang d, if some errand, Villain,
Some busie and infrusturing Rogue,
Some cogging, enzening Slave, to get some Office,
Hau not deus'd this Slander. I will be hang d elle.

Iago. Pox there is no such man: it is impoible.

Def. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Eminia. A hateful pardon him:
A nd hell know his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keeps her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What liklyhood?

The Moors are shu'd by some most villianous Nanoa,
Some baste notorious Nanoa, some foule Fellow.
Oh Heauen, that such companions thou'dt unfoold,
And put in every honest hand a whip

To law the Rallfs naked through the world,
Even from the East to th'West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Eminia. Oh, sir, vpon them: some such Squire he was
That brought me, to the feemy's side wilt paye.
And made you to suspeect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Fool: go too.

Def. 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 flinth him. Here I kneale.
If I haue that must upon his Loose,
Either in diffiuerce of thought, or a small deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sense

Delighthed them; or any other Forme,
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,

And euer will, (though he do make me off
To beggery durtyement) Lonne him deere,

Comfort forswear me. Vindictive may do much,
And his vindictive may defeat his life,

But never saynes Loose. I cannot say Where,
It do'st abore me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition come,
Not the worlds Maffe of vanitie could make me.

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

Def. If were no other,

Iago. It is but Io, I warrant,

Hearke how these instruments vsumon to supper:

The Messengers of Venice flies the meare,
Go in, and weepen not: all things shall be well.

Even Deception and Eminia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now Roderigo?

Rad. I do not finde
That thou so deal thyself with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Roderigo. Every day thou daftes me with some dense

Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all conuenience, then loekeft me with the jeallous advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perfuaded to put vp in peace, what already I have foilolously suffered.

Iago. Will you heare me Roderigo?
Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do believe you Sir, trouble your felle no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: I will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night: I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Def. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk Sir? Oh Desdemona.

Def. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'Instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your Attendant there: 'tisn't to be done.

Def. I will my Lord.

Emil. How goes it now? He looks gentler then he did.

Def. He faires he will return incomming, and hath command'd me to go to bed, and bid me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Def. It was his bidding: therefore good Emilia, give me my nightly wearing and adieu.

We must not now dispart him.

Emil. I, would you had never seen him.

Def. So would not I: my love doth not approve him, that even his functione, his checks, his brownes, (Praty three vs pin me) have grace and luscious.

Emil. I hate not to the Sheeress you bed me on the bed.

Def. All's one; good Father, how foolish are our minds! If I do die before, pritty throw me.

In one of the faire Sheeress.

Def. Come come you talk.

Oth. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barkarie, she was in love: and she did not say what she likt.

Def. And forsoke her. She had a Song of Willoughby, an old thing twas: but I expected her fortune.

Oth. And the dy'd finging this That Song to night, will not go from my mind: I have much to do, but to go hang my head at one side.

Def. And it like is none of Barkarie: pritty dispath.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Def. No vs pin me here, this Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very hand'some man.

Def. He speake well.

Emil. I knew a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palemon for a touch of his, he was not hit.

Def. The pure Smiles is fagging by a Sicamour tree.

Sing all a greene Willoughby.

Her head on her bosom her head on her knees,

Sing Willoughby, Willoughby, Willoughby.

The faire Sheeress ran by her, and murmur'd her moanous

Sing Willoughby, &c.

Her fast tears fell from her eye's and heav'd the fumes.

Sing Willoughby, &c.

Her lay by thee.

Sing all a greene Willoughby must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, lic foscer I approve.

(Nay that's not next, Harke, who is that knocks?)

Emil. It's the wind.

Def. I call along Ounte feste Dame: but what said he then?

Sing Willoughby, &c.

If I come no women you'll be onouch with no men.
The Tragedie of Othello

So get thee gone; good night: mine eyes do itch.
Doth that bosome weeping?
Are you not here, my deare, here, you are not here?
My heart is from me, I am sick.
Doth thou in confidence think of me?
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such groffe kindes?
Are you not here, no question?
Would you do such a deed for all the world?
Why, would you not?
No, by this Heauentie light.
I shall not be, I shall not be; I shall not be.
Would you do such a deed for all the world?
The world's a great thing: it is a great price, for a small vice.
Introct. I thinke thou wouldst not.
Into you think I should, and vndoo't when I had done. Marry, I would doe such a thing for a boynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Pedro, nor for Caps, nor for any pettie exhibition. But for all the whole world: why who would not make her husbandes Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I could venture Purgatory for't.
Befrew me, if I should do such a wrong for the whole world.
Why, the wrong is but a wrong in thy world; and haung the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
I do not thinke there is any such woman.
Yes, a dozen: and as many to th'vantage, as would to the world they plaid for.
But I thinke it is their Husbands faults if Wives do fall: (Say, that they flacke their duties, And powre our Treasures into forsaigne laps; Or else breake out in peecial Lealoues, Throwinge restraint upon vs: Or say they flrike vs, Or (scant our forrmer having in deignty.) Why we have galles: and though we have some Grace, Yet hau we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know, Their wives hau sence like them: They see, and smell, And hau their Palats both for sweet, and fowre, 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 she doth, 'tis Fraiity that thus enues? It is so too. And have not we Affection? Defines for Sports? and Fraiity, as men hau? Then let them vie vs well: else let them know, The illes we do, their illes infruct us so.
A good night, good night.
Reme ten me such vices send,
To pick one bad, from bad: but by bad, mend.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago and Rodricus.
Iago. Heere, stand behind this Bark, Straight will he come: when thou good yeade, Happy be thy Rapier bare, and put it home: Quickie, quickie, fear nothing: I'll be at thy Elbow, It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that, And fixe most firme thy Revolution.

Red. Be here at hand, I may mislarry in't.
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: be bold; & take thy stand.
Red. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons:
This but a man gone. Forth with my Sword: be dead.
Iago. I have to do this young Qust almost to the sense, And in great anger. Now, whether he kill Caffo,
Or Caffo him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Lieue Rodricus,
He calleth me to a vertitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guiltis to Deseamen:
It must not be: he Caffo do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
May unfoold me to him: there stand I in much peril:
No, he must dye.
But I, I heard him coming.

Enter Caffo.
Red. I know his gate: 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.
Caff. That thorn hath beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou knowest:
I will make proffes of shine.
Red. Oh, I am faire.
Caff. I am ymym'd for euer:
Helpo hoa: Murther, mutther.

Enter Othello.
Oth. The vowe of Caffo, Iago keepe his word.
Red. O Villaine that I am.
Oth. In I am euen lo.
Caff. Onhelpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he: O brave Iago, honest, and luft,
That hath sufch Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnbleas Pat highe: Strumpes I come:
For of my heart, both Charnes shine, Eyes are blistered.
Thy Bed lustiu'esd, withall with Lufts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Ludecanus and Gratia.
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very disfull.
Caff. Oh helpe.
Ludo. Hearke.
Red. Oh wretched Villaine.
Ludo. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauen night;
There may be counterfeit: Let's shoo the vnlace
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Red. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.
Iago. Heare.
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.
Iago. Who's there?
Ludo. Who's that cryes that cries on murther?
Ludo. We do not know.
Iago. Do you hear a cry?
Caff. Heere, heere: for heaven sake helpe me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.
Ludo. The fame indeed, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry to preciosity?
Caff. Iago. Oh I am spoild, yndone by Villaines:
Give me some helpe.
Iago. O mee, I lieutenant!
What Villaines have done this?
Caff. I thynke that one of them is heereabout,
Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter here? Who is that cry'd?

Iago. Who is that cry'd?

Bian. Oh, my deere Caffo,

My sweet Caffo: Oh Caffo, Caffo, Caffo,

Iago. O notable Strumpet. Caffo, may you suspect

Whoe should they be, that have thus mangled you?

Caff. No.

Iago. I am sorry to find you thus;

I have been in to cry you,

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So—Oh for a Chaise

To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Caffo, Caffo, Caffo.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect that Truth

To be a party in this Injustice.

Patience awhile, good Caffo. Come, come,

Lend me a light; I know we this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman


Gría. What, of Venice?

Iago. Euen he Sir; Did you know him?

Gría. Know him? J.

Iago. Signior Gratiano I cry your gentle pardon

These bloody accidents must excuse my Maners,

That so neglected you.

Gría. I am glad to see you.


Gría. Rodrigo?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man bear him carefully hence, he fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistirs, Sate you your labour. He that lies laine heere (Caffo)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

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


Stay you good Gentlemen. Lookye you pale, Mistirs. Do you perceive the glasse of her eye?

Nay, if you feree, we shall bear more anon. Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speake

Though tongues were out of use.

Amil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. Caffo hath heere e bin feet on in the darke

By Rodrigo, and Fellowes that are scap'd;

He's almost laine, and Rodrigo quite dead.

Amil. Alas good Gentlemen: alas good Caffo.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythee, Emilia, Go know of Caffo where he lought to night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He flits at my houfe, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. Oh did he so? I charge you go with me,

Amil. Oh he vpnone thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Amil. As I? He vpnone thee.

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poor Caffo creff.

Come Miftirs, you must tel's another Tale.

Emilia, run you to the Cittadel,

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

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or fordoes me quight. Exeunt
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

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

Oth. Hush.

Def. And yet I fear you: for you've fals' then
When your eyes bow'd so.

Why should I fear, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy damn,
Def. They are worse I bear to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dost it.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kill's for loving,
Alas, why gnaw you at your nether-lip?

Sally, why passion shakes your very frame:

There are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be full.
Def. I will go: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchief
Which I so loud, and gave thee, thou gav'st to Coffee.
Def. No by my Life, and Soul: send for the man,
And ask him.

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

Def. I, but not yet to dye,
Oth. Preferently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong Conception
That I do groan withall. Thou art to dye.

Def. O Heauen have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen,
Def. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life: never look'd Coffee,
But with such general warrantance of Heauen,
As I might lose: I never gave him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchief in his hand.

O periur'd woman, thou do'st blame my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.
Def. He found it then:
I never gave it him: Send, for him bither:
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath's d' thee.

Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ye.

Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No: this mouth is stopp'd.

Honied lips hath 'tane order for't.

Def. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin lunes, my great Reuenge
Had toome for them all.

Def. Ah, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Schamper: weepst thou for him to my face?

Def. O ha'nt thee, my Lord, but kill me not,
Oth. Downe Strumpet.

Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night,
Oth. Nay, if you live.

Def. But halfe an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

*eff* But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late.

*Smoothes her.*

*Oth.* My Lord, my Lord? What's the voice?

Def. What noise is this? Not dead? but yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet merciful.
I would not have thee linger in thy paine.

So, so.

*Emil.* What hope? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

*Emil.* Oh good my Lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes: *Tis *Emil*. Yes: and by, She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speake of Coffee's death.
The noise was high. Hah, no more mouing.
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer's good?
I think she flisters againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee must speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what is she? I have no wife.
Oh intapporable! Oh heavy hour!
Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse!
Of Sunne, and Moon: and that ill-shrivell'd Globe
Did yawne at Alarisation.

*Emil.* I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Emil*.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

*Enter *Emil*.

*Emil.* Oh my good Lord, yous soule Murthers done

Oth. What now?

*Emil.* But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more nether Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Coffee, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd? and Coffee kill'd?

*Emil.* No, Coffee is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Coffee kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growses harsh.

Def. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

*Emil.* Sir, what cry is that?

Oth. What?*

*Emil.* Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Help, help, hea, help, Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet Desdemona, oh sweet Mifiuri, speake.

Def. A guilefull death, I dye.

*Emil.* Oh who hath done this deed?

Def. No body: I my selfe, farewell,
Commend me to my ladye Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murtered?

*Emil.* Alas! who knowes?

Oth. You hearre her say her selfe, it was not I.

*Emil.* 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.

*Emil.* Oh the more Angell fire, and you the blacker fire.

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

*Emil.* Thou dost belay her: and thou art a dunell.

Oth. She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.

Oth. Coffee did top her: Ask thy husband elle.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I think you vpon't, I think I shall: O Villany
I thought to them: Ile kill my felie for greete.
O villany, villany!

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

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me hau'e leave to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will re go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and teaze;
For thou haft kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eie.

Oth. Oh she was foule.

I once did know you Vnkle, there lies thy Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly flipp'd:
I know this acte shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore Defension:
I am glad thy Fathers dead,
Thy Match was morall to him: and pure greete
Shore his old thred in twain. Did she die now?
'This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitifull: but yet Iago knowes
That she with Caffio, hath the Act of Shame
A thousand times did committ, and weal to confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works.
With that Recognizance and pledge of Love
Whose Iust gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchief, an Antique Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heavenly Powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace,
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out, I peace?

No, I will speake as heretofore as the North:
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet Ie speake.
Iago. Be wife, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.

Gra. Eye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou diuell Moore.
That Handkerchief thou speakest of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:
For often, with a solemn earemnsse,
(More therindeed belong'd to such a Trille)
He begged of me, to steele't.

Iago. Villanous Whore,

Emil. She gie it Caffio? No, I saw it found,
And I did giue my Husband.

Gra. Villainous Whore.

Iago. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh mord your Coxcombe, what should such a Poole
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no nesces in Heauen,
But what ferces for the Thunder?

Precious Villaine.

Gra. The woman fall's:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. L1, I lay me by my Misfris side,
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd;
Oth. Villainy.
Mem. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the Moore:
Come guard the door from without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. He after that fame villain,
For 'tis a damned Slau'e.

Erit.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. I am not villian neither:
But every Duxie whiptiter gets my Sword,
But why should Honor out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.

Esm. What did thy Song sound Lady?
Heares, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Mutick; will whonn, will, will, will, will,
Moore, she was chaste: she loud's thy, cruel Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speakeing as I think, alas, I dye.
Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine; the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vinkle I must comforth.
Gra. If thou attemptst it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou haft no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or asked as I am I will affult thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better queder did it felte sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh, I haue scene 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 waind boast)
Who can control his Fears? Titus to now.
Be not afflict, though you do fea me weapon'd:
Here is my journies end, here is my bust.
And verie Scarlakke of yr vnfool Saile.
Do you go baccia dampled? Tit's a loit fear:
Man but a Ruth against Othello's breit,
And he retire. Where should Othelo go?
Now: how doft thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smoake: when we shall mete at compass,
This looke of thine will hunte my Soule from Heauen,
And friends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle:
Euen like thy Chastity. O curfed, curted Slau!
Whip me ye Duells,
From the poffession of this Heavenny fight:
Blowe me about in winde, cast me in Sulphure,
Wath me in steeppe-downe gullies of Liquid fire.
Oh Defamen! dead Defamen! dead. Oh!

Enter Lodwickes, Caffia, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rath, and most unfortunat man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello: heere I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. Look downe towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou brell't a Duell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I blest Sir, but rock'ld helle.
Othel. I am not foortie neither, I'ld haue thee live:
For in my lese, 'tis happiest to die.

Lod. Oh then Othello, that was once so good,
False in the praichte of a curted slau,
What shall be little to thee.

Oth. Why any thing?
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For ought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
Lod. This wretch hath parre confett his Villany:
Did you and he content in Caffia's death.
One. Do not General, I never gate you, Caffia.
Oh. I dislike it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that deny-Duell,

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

Lod. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speake word.

Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost well.
Lod. Sir, You shall vnderstand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I think, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the vaile Roderigo,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of Caffia, to be vnderstooke

By Roderigo.

Oth. Of Villaine!
Caffia. Moit Heathenish, and molt groosse.
Lod. Now,here's another difcontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it feenes
Roderigo meant these these this damned villaine:
But that (belike) Iago in the intermit
 Came in, and fats'd I him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caiffe:
How came you (Caffia) by that Handknechtee
That was my wikes?
Caffia. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confett it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire:
Othel. O Foole,foole,foole!
Caffia. There is beides, in Roderigo's Letter,
How he vpraises Iago, that he made him
Brate me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caft: and euen but now he spake:
(Alter long sitting dead) Iago butt him,
Lod. let him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with us:
Your Power, and your Command, is taken off,
And Caffia rules in Cyprus. For this Slane,
If there be any cunning Cruellie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall clofe Prisoner reft,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Softly: a word or two before you goe:
I have done the State some seruice, and they know not:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these valuike deeds relate,
Speake of me, I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downs ought in malice.
Then mutt you speake,
Of one that loud not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Usurios, but being wronge,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(like the base Judean) shews a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit von-yed to the melting moode,
Drops tears as saft as the Arabian Trees,
Their Mediuncible gume. Set you downe this:
And pay beides, that in Alpes once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Bease a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smroue him, thus.
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Gra. All that is spoke, is mar'd.
Oh. I kiff thee, ere I kill thee: No way but this,
Killing my felle, to dye vpon a kiffe.

Dye: Caffia.
FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thello, the Moor.</th>
<th>Senators,</th>
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<tr>
<td>Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.</td>
<td>Montano, Governor of Cyprus.</td>
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<td>Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.</td>
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<td>Iago, a Villaine.</td>
<td>Lodovico and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.</td>
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<td>Desdemona, wife to Othello.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Emilia, wife to Iago.</td>
<td>Bianca, a Curtezan.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keepa the house,
And feize upon the Fortune of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the Charge of this heinous villain.
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforse it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauiie Aff, with heauiie heart relase.