<teiHeader>
  <fileDesc>
    <titleStmt>
      <title type="statement">The Tragedie of Othello from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.</title>
      Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
      <title type="variant">Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies</title>
      <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
    </titleStmt>
    <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616</author>
    <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
    <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
    <respStmt>
      <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
      <resp>engraver</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt>
      <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
      <resp>printer</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt>
      <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
      <resp>printer</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt>
      <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
      <resp>publisher</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt>
      <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
      <resp>publisher</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt>
      <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
      <resp>publisher</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt xml:id="BDLSS">
      <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss">Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services</orgName>
      <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
      <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
      <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
    </respStmt>
    <respStmt xml:id="PW">
  </fileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<persName>Pip Willcox</persName><resp>project management</resp><resp>proofing</resp><resp>encoding</resp></respStmt><respStmt xml:id="LMC">
  <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName><resp>proofing</resp><resp>encoding</resp></respStmt><respStmt xml:id="JS">
  <persName>Judith Siefring</persName><resp>proofing</resp><resp>encoding</resp></respStmt><respStmt xml:id="ES">
  <persName>Emma Stanford</persName><resp>proofing</resp><resp>encoding</resp></respStmt><respStmt xml:id="JC">
  <persName>James Cummings</persName><resp>encoding consultation</resp></respStmt><funder>
  <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for Shakespeare</ref>
  Crowdfunding</funder>
  <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.</funder>
  <titleStmt>
    <editionStmt>
    </editionStmt>
  </titleStmt>
Available for reuse, according to the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 Unported license.


Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA⁶(πA1+1)[πB³], ²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g⁶ x³h·v² x₄x·h·v² [para.]-2[para.]³[para]¹ aa-ff⁰ g² Gg⁶ hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: πA⁶(πA1+1, πA5+1.2)²A-2B⁶ 2C² a-g³ g³ h·v⁶ x⁴ 2y-3b⁶.

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.
Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."

Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed:

"Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading general; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


Inc. Cat., C-322.

For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer copy.

Three Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to Richard Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24.

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.
<persName type="form">1. Gent.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-sen.1">
  <persName type="standard">First Senator, A senator of Venice</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-gen.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Gentleman</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-sen.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Senator, A senator of Venice</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-gen.3">
  <persName type="standard">Third Gentleman</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-all">
  <persName type="standard">All</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-bia">
  <persName type="standard">Bianca, Mistress to Cassio</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-bra">
  <persName type="standard">Brabantio, A senator of Venice</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-cas">
  <persName type="standard">Cassio, Othello's lieutenant</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-clo">
  <persName type="standard">Clown, Servant to Othello</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-des">
  <persName type="standard">Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-oth-duv">
  <persName type="standard">Duke of Venice</persName>
  <persName type="form">Duke.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-emi">
  <persName type="standard">Emilia, Wife to Iago</persName>
  <persName type="form">Emil.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Æmi.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Æmil.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-gen">
  <persName type="standard">Gentleman</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gent.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-gra">
  <persName type="standard">Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio</persName>
  <persName type="form">Gra.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-her">
  <persName type="standard">Herald</persName>
  <persName type="form">Herald.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-iag">Iago, Othello's ancient (?)</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-lod">
  <persName type="standard">Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lod.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lodo.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lodou.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-mes">
  <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Messen.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-mon">
  <persName type="standard">Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mon.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mont.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Monta.</persName>
</person>

<person xml:id="F-oth-mus">
  <persName type="standard">Musician</persName>
</person>
<body>

<act n="1">

<scene n="1">

<head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>

<cb n="1"/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.</stage>

</scene>

</act>

</div>

</body>
Euer tell me, I take it much vnkindly.

That thou (Iago) who hast had my purse, As if thy strings were thine, should'st know of this.

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

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

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

Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man I know my price, I am worth no worsse a place.

Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance, Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,

Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he, I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?

For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,

One (A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife) That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,

Nor the deuision of a Battaile knows More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:

Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose As Masterly as he. Meere pratle (without practise)

Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election;

And I (of whom his eies had seene the proofe) At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds

Christen'd, and Heathen) mus't be be-leed, and calm'd By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,

He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be.

And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.

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

Why, there's no remedy.

'Tis the curse of Service; Preferment goes by Letter, and affection, and not by old gradation, where each second Stood Heire to the first. Now Sir, be judge your selfe, Whether I in any just terme am Affin'd To loue the Moore?

O Sir content you. I follow him, to serue my turne upon him. We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters. Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave; That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage) Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse, For naught but Prouender, when he's old Casheer'd. Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are. Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie, Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselues, And throwing but showes of Seruice on their Lords. Doe well thriue by them. And when they haue lin'd their Coates. Doe themselues Homage. These Fellowes haue some soule. And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir) It is as sure as you are. Were I the Moore, I would not be. In following him, I follow but my selfe. Heauen is my ludge, not I for loue and dutie, But seeming so, for my peculiar end: For when my outward Action doth demonstrate, The native act, and figure of my heart In Complement externe, 'tis not long after But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rod.

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

Call vp her Father:

Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,

Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,

And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,

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

Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,

As it may loose some colour.

Rodo.

Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

What hoa: Brabantio, Signior Brabantio, hoa.

Awake: what hoa, Brabantio, Theeues, Theeues.

Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,

Theeues, Theeues.

Bra.

Aboue.

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

Signior is all your Familie within?

Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra.
Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago.

Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule

Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram

Arise, arise,

Awake the snorting Civitizens with the Bell,

Arise I say.

Bra.

What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod.

Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

The worsser welcome:

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

In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,

My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse

(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)

Vpon malitious knauerie, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Sir, Sir, Sir.

But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Patience good Sir.

What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Most graue Brabantio,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we c
ome to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daugh-
ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Ne-
phewes neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens:
and Gennets for Germaines.

What prophane wretch art thou?
I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Thou art a Villaine.
You are a Senator.

This thou shalt answere. I know thee Rodorigo.

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

Bra.
Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
Light, I say, light.

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

Exit.

Enter Brabantio, with Servuants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitternesse. Now Rodorigo,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Truely I thinke they are.
Oh Heauen: how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read
Of some such thing?

Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

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

I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
to get good Guard, and go along with me.

To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call, (I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speciall Officers of might:
On good Rodorigo, I will desarue your paines.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.
[Act 1, Scene 2]
Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia.
Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th'conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Nay but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.

Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,

From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites

May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune

As this that I haue reach'd. For know

Iago, But that I loue the gentle Desdemona,

I would not my vnhouse'd free condition

Put into Circumscription, and Confine,

For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:

You were best go in.

Not I: I must be found.

My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule

Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

By Ianus, I thinke no.

The Seruants of the Dukes?

And my Lieutenant?

The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)

What is the Newes?

Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:

It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies

Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers

This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,
To search you out.

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

Aunciant, what makes he heere?
Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize, he made for euer.
I do not vnderstand.
He's married.
To who?
Marry to
Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo,
with Officers, and Torches.</stage>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>

<l>It is <hi rend="italic">Brabantio</hi>: Generall be aduis'd,</l>
<l>He comes to bad intent.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-oth"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Othello.</speaker>

<l>Holla, stand there.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-rod"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Rodo.</speaker>

<l>Signior, it is the Moore.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-bra"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>

<p>Keep vp your bright Swords, for the dew will rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>

<l>You, <hi rend="italic">Rodorigoc?</hi> Come Sir, I am for you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-oth"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>

<p>Keep vp your bright Swords, for the dew will rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-bra"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Bra.</speaker>

<l>Oh thou foule Theefe,</l>
<l>Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?</l>
<l>Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>For Ile referre me to all things of sense,</l>
<l>(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)</l>
<l>Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,</l>
<l>So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd</l>
<l>The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,</l>
<l>Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)</l>
<l>Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,</l>
<l>Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?</l>
<l>Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,</l>
<l>That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,</l>
<l>Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,</l>
<l>That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,</l>
<l>Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;</l>
<l>I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,</l>
<l>For an abuser of the World, a practiser</l>
<l>Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant</l>
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Hold your hands

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answere this your charge?

To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke.
There's no composition in this Newes,
That gives them Credite.

Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.

And mine a Hundred fortie.
And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense.

What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.
Enter Saylor.

A Messenger from the Gallies.

Now? What's the businesse?

The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State.
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be.

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant.

To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider

Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke.

And let our selues againe but vnderstand.

That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes.

So may he with more facile question beare it.

For that it stands not in such Warrelie brace.

But altogether lackes th'abilities

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

We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull.

To leaue that latest, which concerns him first.

Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine.

To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

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

Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

The Ottamites, Reueren'd, and Gracious,

Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes.

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

Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem

Steering with due course, bearing with frank appearance.

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano.

Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour.

With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?

He's now in Florence.

Here comes Brabantio, and the Valiant Moore.

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

Against the generall Enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior.

We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse.

Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care.

Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe.

That it engluts, and swallowe.

And it is still it selfe.

Why? What's the matter?
My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

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

Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,

And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,

After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son

Humbl y I thanke your Grace,

We are verie sorry for't.

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

Nothing, but this is so.

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

A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit so still, an quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
to fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He

A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He

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

I do beseech you,

Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,

If you do finde me foule, in her report,

The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,

Not onely take away, but let your Sentence

Euen fall vpon my life.

Fetch Desdemona hither.

Aunciant, conduct them:

You best know the place.

I do confesse the vices of my blood,

So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present

How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,

And she in mine.

Her Father lou’d me, oft inuited me:

Still question’d me the Storie of my life,

From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,

That I haue past.

I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,

To th’very moment that he bad me tell it.

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:

Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,

Of haire-breadth scapes i’th’imminent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,

And sold to slaeury. Of my redemption thence,

And portance in my Travellours historie.

Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,

Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The Antropophague, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
Took once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not instinctiuely: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Where most you owe obedience?

Enter Desdemona, Iago,
Attendants.

I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brabantio, take vp this mangled matter

Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

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

My Noble Father,

I do perceive here a divided duty.

To you I am bound for life, and education.

My life and education both do learn me,

How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,

I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband;

And so much duty, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:

So much I challenge, that I may profess

Due to the Moore my Lord.

God be with you: I have done.

Please it your Grace, on to the State Affairs;

I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.

Come hither Moore;

I here do give thee that with all my heart,

Which but thou hast already, with all my heart

I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)

I am glad at soule, I have no other Child;

For thy escape would teach me Tirranie

I have done my Lord.

So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,

We loose it not so long as we can smile:

He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,

But the free comfort which from thence he heares.

But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,

That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.

These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equivocal.

But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:

That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.

I humbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.

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

The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators, Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize A Naturall and prompt Alacartie, I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake This present Warres against the Ottamites

Most humbly therefore bending to your State,

I craue fit disposition for my Wife,

Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,

With such Accomodation and besort

As leuels with her breeding.

Why at her Fathers?

I will not haue it so.

Nor I.

Duke.

Othe.

Duke.

Bra.

Othe.
Nor would I there recede, 
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most
Gracious Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
to assist my simpleness.

What would you Desdemona?
That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My down-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid, seele with wanton dulness
My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme.
And all indigne, and base adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Be it as you shall priuately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th'Affaire cries hast:
And speed must answer it.

You must away to night.

With all my heart.

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

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

Let it be so:
Good night to euery one. An
Duke.

Duke.

Duke.

Duke.

Othe.</speaker>

Othe.</speaker>

Othe.</speaker>

Duke.</speaker>

Duke.</speaker>

Othello, leaue some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.

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

Duke.

Duke.

Duke.

Duke.

Duke.

Duke.

Othe.</speaker>

Othe.</speaker>

Othe.</speaker>

Othello</hi>, leaue some Officer behind</l>
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.

Adieu braue Moore, vse <hi rend="italic">Desdemona</hi> well.

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

My life upon her faith. Honest Iago must I leave to thee:
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Desdemona, I have but an hour:
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

Exit.

What say'st thou Noble heart?
What will I do, think'st thou?
Why go to bed and sleep?
If thou do'st, I shall never love thee after. Why thou silly Gentleman?
It is sillyness to live, when to live is torment:
and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is
our Physician.

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

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

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

It cannot be.

It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-ment in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Seque-tration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts, shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang’d in Compassing thy ioy, then to be drown’d, and go without her.

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

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

Where shall we meete i’th’morning?

At my Lodging.

Ile be with thee betimes.

Go too, farewell. Do you heare Rodorigo?

Ile sell all my Land.

Exit.
Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such Snpe,
But
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:

Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Nose
As Asses are:
I ha'vt: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?
Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine;
Descry a Saile.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?

Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine;
Descry a Saile.
Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

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

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

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

I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouernour.
But this same Cassio, though he speake of comfort,

Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,

And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted

With fowle and violent Tempest.

Pray Heauens he be:

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

Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)

As well to see the Vessell that's come in,

As to throw-out our eyes for braue Othello

Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,

An indistinct regard.

Come, let's do so;

Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,

That so approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens

Giue him defence against the Elements,

For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Is he well ship'd?

Is he well ship'd?

His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot

Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;

Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)

Stand in bold Cure.

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

My hopes do shape him for the Gouernor.

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

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

I shall.

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

Enter Gentleman.
How now? Who ha's put in?
'Tis one Iago, Auncient to the Generall.

Tis one Iago, Auncient to the Generall.
Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Whose sense of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine Desdemona.
Who is she?
She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago, Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, Othello guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in Desdemonaes Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

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

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

He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?
Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?
The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But heark, a Saile.

Within.

A Saile, a Saile.

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

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

Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough.
Alas: she ha's no speech.
Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I haue leau to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant.
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
You haue little cause to say so.
Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-chens: Saints in your Injuries: Diuels being offended:
Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your Beds.
Des. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.

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

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

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

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

Des. Come on, assay. There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam.

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

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

If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit, The ones for vse, the other vseth it.
Des. Well prais’d:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago.

If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,

She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Des. Worse, and worse.

Æmil. How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago.

She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,

For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.

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

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,

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

Des. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it

selfe.

Iago. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,

Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:

Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay.
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.

She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,

Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:

She that in wisedome neuer was so fraile,

To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:

She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,

See Suitors following, and not looke behind:

She was a wight, (if euer such wightes were)

who

To do what?

How say you (Cassio) is he not a most prophane, and li-

berall Counsailor?

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

He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis-

a Fly as Cassio. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.

If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenant-

trie, it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fin-
gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curt-
sie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your sake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Tis truely so.
Let's meet him, and receive him.

Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

O, my faire Warriour.

My deere Othello.

It giues me wonder great, as my content To see you heere before me.

Oh my Soules Ioy:

If after every Tempest, come such Calmes,

And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas

Olympus high: and duck againe as low,

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

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

My Soule hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this,

Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.

The Heauens forbid

To see you heere before me.

Oh my Soules Ioy:

If after every Tempest, come such Calmes,

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

And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas

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

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

My Soule hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this,

Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.

The Heauens forbid

But that our Loues

And Comforts should increase

Euen as our dayes do grow.

Amen to that (sweet Powers)

I cannot speake enough of this content.

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

And this, and this the greatest discords be

That ere our hearts shall make.
Iago.

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

Othe.

Come: let vs to the Castle.

Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The urkes are drown'd.

How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?

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

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

In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good Desdemona.

Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and hi s worthynesse Do's challenge much respect. Come Desdemona.

Once more well met at Cyprus.

Iago

Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and hi s worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come Desdemona.

Once more well met at Cyprus.

Iago

Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.

Come thither, if thou b'est Valiant, (as they say base men being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
more then is natiue to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona, is directly in loue with him.

Rod.

With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago.

Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-structed. Marke me with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite. Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the, gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vnforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this Forune, as Cassio do's: a knaue very voluble: no further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occasion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Advantage, though true Advantage neuer present it selfe. A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young: and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the woman hath found him already.

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

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

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

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

"Rod." Well.

"Iago." Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and happily may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-
gaine, but by the displanting of "Cassio". So shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably 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. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare-
well.

"Exit." Adieu.

"That" "Cassio" loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to Desdemona

A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peraduenture
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partly led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wift.
Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Ielouzie so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our Michael Cassio on the hip,
(For I feare Cassio with my Night-Cape too)

Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.

Proclamation.

It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd,
importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete:
every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-
ficial Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-
ces are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this
Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.<br>
<br>Othello: Good Michael, looke you to the guard to night.<br>

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

Othello: Iago, is most honest: Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,<br>

Iago: Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue, The purchase made, the fruite are to ensue, That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you. Goodnight.<br>

Exit. Iago. Enter Othello, Desdemon, Cassio, and Attendants.<br>

Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall.<br>

Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall Othello.<br>

Othello: Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall Othello.<br>

Enter Iago. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch.<br>

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

She's a most exquisite Lady. And Ile warrant her, full of Game. Indeed she s a most fresh and delicate creatur. What an eye she ha's? And yet me thinkes right modest. An intuiting eye: And when she speakes, Is it not an Alarum to Loue? She is indeed perfection. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieuentenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea- sure to the health of blacke Othello.

Not to night, good Iago, I haue very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wish Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter-
<l>tainment.</l></p></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
  <p>I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <p>What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <p>Where are they?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>Ile do't, but it dislikes me.</l>
</sp>
<strend rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him</l>
  <l>With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
</l>
  <l>He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence</l>
  <l>As my yong Mistris dogge.</l>
  <l>Now my sicke Foole</l>
  <l>Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
</l>
  <l>To</l>
  <l>Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.</l>
  <l>Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,</l>
  <l>(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,</l>
  <l>The very Elements of this Warrelie Isle)</l>
  <l>Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
</l>
  <l>And they Watch too.</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards</l>
  <l>Am I put to our</l>
</sp>
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my dreame.

My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and streame.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

'Crowd, they have given me a rowse already.'

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

Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannakin clink, clink:

And let me the Cannakin clink.

A soldier's a man: Oh, man's life's but a span,

Some Wine Boyes.

'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

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

Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?

Why, he drinkes you with facilitie, your Dane dead drunke. He sweates not to overthrow your Almaine. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

To the health of our Generall.
<sp who="#F-oth-mon">
<p>Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Justice.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<p>Iago. Oh sweet England.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<p>Iago. King Stephen was a worthy Peere, His Breeches cost him but a Crowne, He held them Six pence all to deere, With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne: He was a wight of high Renowne, And thou art but of low degree: 'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe, And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<p>Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<p>Iago. Will you heare't againe?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<p>Cassio. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<p>Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
<p>Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgive us our sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

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

Exit.

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

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

Mont. But is he often thus?

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

Mont. But is he often thus?
It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:

Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature

Prizes the vertue that appeares in Cassio, and lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago.

How now Rodorigo? I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

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

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

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

You Rogue: you Rascall.

What's the matter Lieutenant?

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

Beate me?

Dost thou prate, Rogue?
Nay, good Lieutenant: I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Mon. Let me go (Sir)

Or I'll knocke you o're the Mazard.

Come, come: you're drunke.

Drunke?

Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'll be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

What is the matter heere?

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

Hold for your liues.

Hauve you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>

Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes?

Which Heauen hath forbid the <hi rend="italic">Ottamittes</hi>.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:

He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

Honest <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>, that lookes dead with greeuing,

Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.

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

(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speake Any begining to this peeuish oddes.

And would, in Action glorious, I had lost Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Worthy <hi rend="italic">Montano</hi>, you were wont to be ciuill:

The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter

That you vnlace your reputation thus.

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

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

Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (hauing my best iudgement collied)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on.
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet Wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began't?

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

Touch me not so neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to Michaell

Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:

Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And Cassio following him with determin'd
Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to Cassio, and entreats his
pause:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out) The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote) Out-ran my purpose: and I return't then rather For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords. And Cassio high in oath: Which till to night

I nere might say before. When I came backe (For this was briefe) I found them close together When you your selfe did part them. More of this matter cannot I report, Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that wish them best, Yet surely, I beleeue receiu'd From him that fled, some strange Indignitie, Which patience could not passe.

Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter, Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I loue thee,

But neuer more be Officer of mine. Enter Desdemona attended.

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

What is the matter (Deere?) What the matter (Deere?)

All's well, Sweeting: Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,

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

Iago.

What are you hurt Lieutenant?

I, past all Surgery.

Iago.

Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas.

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

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

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

What was he that you follow'd with your
Sword? What had he done to you? I know not.

Cas.

Is't possible?

Cas.

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

Iago.

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

Cas.

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

Iago.

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

Cas.

I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnbless'd, and the Ingr...
Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.</p>

Cassio.

I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago.

You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impos-

tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken ioynt between you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cassio.

You aduise me well.

Iago.

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

Cassio.

I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mor-
ing, I will beseech the vertuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago.

You are in the right: goo good night Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cassio.

Good night, honest Iago.
Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then?

That saies I play the Villaine?

When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,

Proball to thinking, and indeed the course

To win the Moore againe.

For 'tis most easie

Th'inclyning Desdemona to subdue

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

As the free Elements. And then for her

To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptisme;

All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:

His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue,

That she may make, vnmake, do what she list

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

To Counsell Cassio to this paralell course,

Directly to his good? Divinitie of hell,

When duels will the blackest sinnes put on,

They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,

As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole

Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,

Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:

That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust'

And by how much she striues to do him good,

She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.

So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,

That shall en-mash them all.

How now Rodorigo?

Enter Rodorigo.

I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-

And turne againe to Venice.
"Iago.

How poore are they that haue not Patience?

What wound did euer heale but by degrees?

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

And Wit depends on dilatory time:

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

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

Though other things grow faire against the Sun,

Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:

Content thy selfe, a while. Introth 'tis Morning;

Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.

Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:

Nay get thee gone.

Two things are to be done:

My Wife must moue for Cassio to her

Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him iumpe, when he finde:

Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:

Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.

Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,

Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Na-

ples, that they speake i'th'Nose thus?
<p>How Sir? how?</p>

<sp who="#F-oth-mus"
><speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
<p>I marry are they sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-clo"
><speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Oh, thereby hangs a tale.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-mus"
><speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
<p>Whereby hangs a tale, sir?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-clo"
><speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Generall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-mus"
><speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
<p>We haue none such, sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-clo"
><speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-mus"
><speaker rend="italic">Mus.</speaker>
<p>We haue none such, sir.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-clo"
><speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
<p>Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Mu.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas"
><speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo.

No, I heare not your honest Friend: I heare you.

Cassio.

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

Clo.

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

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Ile send her to you presently: And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse May be more free.

Exit.

I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

Procure me some accesse.

Ile send her to you presently:

And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore:

Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse:

May be more free.

Exit.

I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest.

An ink mark follows the end of this
Enter Æmilia.

Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorry for your displeasure: but all will sure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, and she speaks for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, and great Affinitie: and that in wholesome Wisedome he might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you. And needs no other Suiitor, but his likings.

To bring you in againe.

Yet I beseech you, if you thinke fit, or that it may be done, giue me advantage of some breеfe Discourse with Desdemon alone.

I am much bound to you.

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

Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.
Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt

Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

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

Æmil. Good Madam do:

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Cassio

Cassio. Bounteous Madam, What euer shall become of Michael Cassio

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:

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

Des.

Do not doubt that: before
Æmilia here,
I
the Moore of Venice.

Æmil.

Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio.

Madam, Ile take my leaue.

Cassio.

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

Cassio.

Madam, now: I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purposes.

Des.

Well, do your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iago.
Hah? I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

No sure, I cannot thinke it.

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

Why your Lieutenant Cassio: Good my Lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,

His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loves you,

That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

I have no judgement in an honest face.

I pray thee call him backe.
Went he hence now?

I sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his greefe with mee

To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Not now (sweet Desdemon) some other time.

But shall't be shortly?

The sooner (Sweet) for you.

Shall't be to night, at Supper?

No, not to night.

To morrow Dinner then?

I shall not dine at home: I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morn,

On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.

I prythee name the time, but let it not exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:

And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason

(Saue that they say the warres must make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault

T'encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?

Tell me Othello. I wonder in my Soule.

What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? Michael Cassio

That came a woing with you? and so many a time

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth.

Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Why, this is not a Boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,

Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,

Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit

To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite

Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,

It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,

And fearefull to be granted.

I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Farewell my Desdemona, Ile come to thee strait.

Æmilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:

What ere you be, I am obedient.

Exit.

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

Iago.

My Noble Lord.

Iago.

Did Michael Cassio, when he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Oth.

He did, from first to last: Why dost thou aske?

Iago.

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

Oth.

Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago.

Indeed? I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

Oth.

O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.

Indeed?

Iago.

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

Is he not honest?
Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest — I, Honest.

My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. Iago. Think, my Lord?

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.

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

Iago.

I thinke so too.

Oth.

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

Oth.

Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Oth.

Nay, yet there's more in this? I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings, As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Good my Lord pardon me, Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie, I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free: Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce? As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure, Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit With meditations lawfull?

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

I do beseech you,

Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse

(As I confesse it is my Natures plague)

To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie

Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom

From one, that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble

Out of his scattering, and vnsure obseruance:

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisedome,

To let you know my thoughts.

What dost thou meane?

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,

Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.

Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,

It is the greene-eye'd Monster, which doth mocke

The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:

But oh, what damned minutes

Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

O miserie.

Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,

But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,

To him that euer feares he shall be poore:

Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend

Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealousie;

To follow still the changes of the Moone

With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,

Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,

When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule

To such exufficate, and blow'd Surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,

Nor from mine owne weake merits, will I draw

The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,

For she had eyes, and chose me. No Iago,

Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;

And on the proofe, there is no more but this,

Away at once with Love, or Iealousie.

I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason

To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you

With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)

Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of proofe:

Looke to your wife, obserue her well with Cassio

Weare your eyes, thus: not Lealous, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't.
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the prankes
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.
And so she did.
Why go too then:
She that so young could giue out such a Seeming:
To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do see y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach.
Then to Suspition.

I will not.

Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such wilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.

Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.

No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but Desdemona's honest.

Long liue she so;
And long liue you to thinke so.

And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.

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

Leaue me Iago.

My Lord, I take my leave.

Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doubtlesse)

Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

go

the Moore of Venice.

Iago.

My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor

To scan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,

Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his

Place;

For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;

Yet if you please, to him off a-while;

You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:

Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment

With any strong, or vehement importunitie,

Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,

Let me be thought too busie in my feares,

(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)

And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Feare not my gouernment.

Iago.

I once more take my leave.

Iago.

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

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleue't.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleue't.

How now, my deere Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence.
Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?
I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.
Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?
I have a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.
Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this howre
It will be well.
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>

"Your Napkin is too little:"<l>
Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you."
</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<br rend="italic">Des.\</br>
I am very sorry that you are not well.<l/>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<br rend="italic">Æmil.\</br>
I am glad I have found this Napkin:<l>
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,<l>
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times<l>
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the Token,<l>
That she reserues it euermore about her,<l>
To kisse, and talke too. I'll haue the worke tane out,<l>
And giu't <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>: what he will do with it<l>
Heauen knowes, not I<l>
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.<l/>
</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iago.</stage>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<br rend="italic">Iago.\</br>
How now? What do you heere alone?<l/>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<br rend="italic">Æmil.\</br>
Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.<l/>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<br rend="italic">Iago.\</br>
You haue a thing for me?<l>
It is a common thing\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<br rend="italic">Æmil.\</br>
Hah?<l/>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<br rend="italic">Iago.\</br>
To haue a foolish wife.<l/>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<br rend="italic">Æmil.\</br>
Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now<l>
For that same Handkerchiefe.<l/>
</sp>
Iago.

What Handkerchiefe?

Æmil.

Hast stolne it from her?

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

Looke, heere 'tis.

A good wench, giue it me.

If it be not for some purpose of import,

Gi'u't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad

When she shall lacke it.

Be not acknowne on't:

I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me.

Exit Æmil.

I will in Cassio's Lodging loose this Napkin,

And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,

Are to the iealous, confirmations strong,

As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poysone:

Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,

Which at the first are scarse found to distaste:

But with a little acte vpon the blood,

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

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,

Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world

Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe

Which thou owd'st yesterday.

Enter Othello.

Ha, ha, false to mee?

Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:

I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,

Then but to know't a little.

How now, my Lord?

What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?

I saw't not, thoug'ht it not: it harm'd not me:

I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.

I found not Cassio's kisses on her Lippes:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,

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

I am sorry to heare this?

I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,

Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,

So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer

Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell;
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: Othello's Occupation's gone.

Is't possible, my Lord?
Be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular proofe,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.
Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.
If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.

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

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some proofe. My name that was as fresh
As <hi rend="italic">Dians</hi> Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streams,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.

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

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how <c rend="italic">?</c> How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago.

It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke.

To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then.

If euer mortall eyes do see them boulster.

More then their owne. What then? How then?

What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this.

Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,

As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse.

As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say.

If imputation, and strong circumstances,

Which leade directly to the doore of Truth.

Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Give me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Oth.

I do not like the Office.

But sith I am entred in this cause so farre

(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,

And being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,

So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter

Their Affayres: one of this kinde is Cassio:

In sleepe I heard him say, sweet Desdemona

Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,

And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:

Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,

That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,

And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,

That gaue thee to the Moore.

O monstrous! monstrous!

Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth.

But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,

'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,

That do demonstrate thinly.

Ile teare her all to peeces.

Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,

She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,

Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe

Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?

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

I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day
See <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> wipe his Beard with.

If it be that.

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

It speakes against her with the other proofes.

O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:

One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,

All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.

Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,

Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne

To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.

Yet be content.

Oh blood, blood, blood.

Patience I say: your minde may change.

Neuer Iago. Like to the Ponticke Sea, whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course, neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on to the Proponticke, and the Hellespont: even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue, till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen, in the due reuerence of a Sacred vow, I heere engage my words.

Do not rise yet: witnesse you euer-burning Lights aboue, you Elements, that clip vs round about, witnesse that heere Iago doth giue vp the execution of his wit, hands, heart, to wrong'd Othello's Seruice. Let him command.

And to obey shall be in me remorse, what bloody businesse euer.
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>
My Friend is dead:
</l>
<l>
'Tis done at your Request.
</l>
<l>
But let her liue.
</l>

<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<br rend="italic">Oth.</br>
<l>
Damne her lewde Minx:
</l>
<l>
O damne her, damne her.
</l>
<l>
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
</l>
<l>
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
</l>
<l>
For the faire Diuell.
</l>
<l>
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<br rend="italic">Iago.</br>
<l>
I am your owne for euer.
</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Scena</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0839-0.jpg" n="327"/>
<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<br rend="italic">Des.</br>
<p>Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
<br rend="italic">Clow.</br>
<p>I dare not say he lies any where.
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<br rend="italic">Des.</br>
<p>Why man?
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-clo">
<br rend="italic">Clo.</br>
<p>He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes,
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<br rend="italic">Des.</br>
</sp>
Go too: where lodges he?

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

Can any thing be made of this?

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

Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

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

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

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

Exit Clo.

Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, æmilia? I know not Madam.

Æmil.

I know not Madam.
Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness,
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil.

Is he not jealous?

Des.

I will not leave him now, till Cassio be called to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth.

Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

Well, my good Lord.

Oth.

Give me your hand.

This hand is moist, my Lady.

Des.

It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

This argues fruitfulnesse, and liberall heart:

Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires

A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,

Much Castigation, Exercise devout,

For here's a young, and sweating Diuell here
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.
You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gave hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.
I cannot speak of this:
Come, now your promise.
I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
I have a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.
Heere my Lord.
That which I gave you.
I have it not about me.
Not?
Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe.

Des. She was a Charmer, and could almost read:

Oth. 'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father:

Des. Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,

Oth. Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt:

Des. After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,

Oth. To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,

Des. Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:

Oth. To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,

Des. As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:

Sybill that had numbred in the world:

The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,

In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:

The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,

And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull

Conseru'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?
Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?

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

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

I say it is not lost.

Fetcht, let me see't.

Why so I can: but I will not now: This is a tricke to put me from my suite;

Pray you let Cassio be receiu'd againe.

Fetch me the Handkerchiefe, My minde mis-giues.

Come, come: you'll neuer meete a more suffici-ent man.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

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

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Æmil. Is not this man iealious?

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

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

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, Cassio and my Husband.

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

Des. The Tragedie of Othello
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>How now (good <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>) what's the newes with</l>
  <lb/>you?}</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassio</speaker>
  <l>Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,</l>
  <l>That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe,</l>
  <l>Exist, and be a member of his loue,</l>
  <l>Whom I, with all the Office of my heart</l>
  <l>Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.</l>
  <l>If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,</l>
  <l>That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,</l>
  <l>Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,</l>
  <l>Can ransome me into his loue againe,</l>
  <l>But to know so, must be my benefit:</l>
  <l>So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,</l>
  <l>And shut my selfe vp in some other course</l>
  <l>To Fortunes Almes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
  <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
  <l>Alas (thrice-gentle <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>)</l>
  <l>My Aduocation is not now in Tune;</l>
  <l>My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,</l>
  <l>Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.</l>
  <l>So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,</l>
  <l>As I haue spoken for you all my best,</l>
  <l>And stood within the blanke of his displeasure</l>
  <l>For my free speech. You must awhile be patient;</l>
  <l>What I can do, I will: and more I will</l>
  <l>Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Is my Lord angry?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
  <l>He went hence but now:</l>
  <l>And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
  <l>Can he be angry? I haue seen the Cannon</l>
  <l>When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,</l>
  <l>And like the Diuell from his very Arme</l>
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.

Exit.

Des.
I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnhatch'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis eu'en so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, eu'en to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much,
Æmil.
Pray heauen it bee State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealous Toy, concerning you.

Des.
Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
But Iealous soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer iealous for the cause,
But iealous, for they're iealous. It is a Monster
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

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

Æmil.
Lady, Amen.
Des. I will go seeke him. Cassio, walke heere about:

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

And seeke to effect it to my vttermost. Exit

Des.

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

'Saue you (Friend Cassio.)

What make you from home?

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

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

Cassio.

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

Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres?

More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?

Oh weary reck'ning.

Pardon me, Bianca:

I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,

But I shall in a more continuate time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca

Take me this worke out.

Oh <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, whence came this?

This is some Token from a newer Friend,

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

Is't come to this? Well, well.
<speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>Go too, woman:</l>
<l>Throw your vile gesses in the Duels teeth,</l>
<l>From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,</l>
<l>That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;</l>
<l>No, in good troth <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-bia"/><speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
<l>Why, who's is it?/</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas"/><speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>I know not neither:/</l>
<l>I found it in my Chamber,/</l>
<l>I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded,/</l>
<l>(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:/</l>
<l>Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time./</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-bia"/><speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
<l>Leaue you? Wherefore?/</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas"/><speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>I do attend heere on the Generall,/</l>
<l>And thinke it no addition, nor my wish/</l>
<l>To haue him see me woman'd./</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-bia"/><speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
<l>Why, I <choice>
<orig>ptay</orig>
<corr>pray</corr>
</choice> you?/</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas"/><speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>Not that I loue you not./</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-bia"/><speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
<l>But that you do not loue me./</l>
<l>I pray you bring me on the way a little,/</l>
<l>And say, if I shall see you soone at night?/</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas"/><speaker rend="italic">Cassio.</speaker>
<l>Tis but a little way that I can bring you,/</l>
<l>For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.</l>
"Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Will you thinke so?

Thinke so, <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>?

What, to kisse in priuate?

An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,

An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Naked in bed (<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>) and not meane harme?

It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,

The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:

But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Naked in bed (<hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>) and not meane harme?

It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,

The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.
What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,

She may (I think) bestow't on any man.

Iago. She is Protectress of her honor too:

May she give that?

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seen,

They have it very oft, that have it not.

But for the Handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:

Thou saidst (oh, it comes on my memorie,

As doth the Raven o're the infectious house;)

Boading to all) he had my Handkerchief.

Iago. What of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Hath he said any thing?

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

Oth. What hath he said?

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

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.


It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchief? O diuell.

Falls in a Traunce.
And many worthy, and chast Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: Othello. Enter Cassio. How now Cassio? My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie, This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday. Rub him about the Temples. The Lethargie must haue his quyet course: If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by Breakes out to sauage madnesse Looke, he stirres: He will recouer straight: when he is gone I would on great occasion, speake with you. How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head? Dost thou mocke me? I mocke you not, by Heauen: Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty, And many a ciuill Monster.
Did he confess it?

Good Sir, be a man:

Think every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd

May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,

That nightly lye in these unproper beds,

Which they dare Sware peculiar. Your case is better.

Oh, 'tis the spite of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock.

To lip a wanton in secure Couch;

And to suppose her chast. No, let me know.

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.

Stand you a while apart,

Confine your selfe but in a patient List,

(Whil'st you were heere, o'rewhelmed with your griefe)

(A passion most resulting such a man)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away, and layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,

Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,

The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,

And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes

For I will make him tell the Tale anew;

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is agine <gap extent="1"

I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,

Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,

And nothing of a man.

Do'st thou heare, Oth.

I will be found most cunning in my Patience:

But (do'st thou heare) most bloody.
Iago.

That's not amiss,

But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?

Now will I question <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>.

A Huswife that by selling her desires

Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature

That dotes on <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague)

To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)

He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine

From the excess of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, <hi rend="italic">Othello</hi> shall go mad:

And his vnbookish Ielousie must conserue

Poor <hi rend="italic">Cassio's</hi> smiles, gestures, and light behauiours

Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

The worser, that you giue me the addition,

Whose want euen kills me.

Alas poore Caitiffe.

Looke how he laughes already.

I neuer knew woman loue man so.

Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.

Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.
Iago.

Do you heare <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>?/

Iago.

Now he importunes him/

To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.

Iago.

She giues it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas.

Ha, ha, ha.

I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare

Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it

So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

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

Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Prythee say true.

I am a very Villaine else.

Haue you scoar'd me? Well.
This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue &amp; flattery, not out of my promise.

Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.

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

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

Well, I must leaue her companie.

Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.
"Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?
I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take
out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should
This is some Minxes token, I must take out the worke?
There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoever you had
it, Ile take out no worke on't.

How now, my sweete Bianca?
How now? How now?
By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.
If you'le come to supper to night you may, if
you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.
Will you sup there?
Yes, I intend so.

After her: after her.
I must, shee'l rayle in the street else.
Will you sup there?
Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faine speake with you.

Cas.

Prythee come: will you?

Iago.

Go too; say no more.

Oth.

How shall I murther him, Iago.

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

Oh, Iago.

And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Was that mine?

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

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

Nay, you must forget that.
Othello.

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

Iago.

Nay, that's not your way.

Othello.

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

Iago.

She's the worse for all this.

Iago.

I too gentle.

Nay that's certaine:

But yet the pitty of it, Iago: oh, the pitty of it Iago, the pitty of it

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

Othello.


I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me? Iago.

Oh, 'tis foule in her. Oth.

That's fouler. Oth.

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

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

Good, good: The Iustice of it pleases: very good.

And for Cassio, let me be his vndertaker: You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same? I warrant something from Venice, Tis Lodouico, this, comes from the Duke.
<speaker rend="italic">Lodo.</speaker>
<l>Saue you worthy Generall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
<l>With all my heart Sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
<l>I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>And what's the newes, good cozen <hi rend="italic">Lodouico</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>I am very glad to see you Signior:</l>
<l>Welcome to Cyprus.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant <hi rend="italic">Cassio</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>Liues Sir,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>Cozen, there's falne betweene him, &amp; my Lord,</l>
<l>An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
<l>Are you sure of that?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>My Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
<l>This faile you not to do, as you will</l>
He did not call: he's busie in the paper,

Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and Cassio?

A most vnhappy one: I would do much

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

Fire, and brystone.

May be th Letter mou'd him. For as I thinke, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his Gouernment.

Trust me, I am glad on't.

Are you wise?

What is he angrie?

May be th Letter mou'd him. For as I thinke, they do command him home.

Deputing Cassio in his Gouernment.
I am glad to see you mad.

Why, sweete Othello?

Diuell.

I haue not deseru'd this.

My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,

Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,

Make her amends: she weepes.

I will not stay to offend you.

Truely obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

the Moore of Venice.
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
<l>What would you with her, Sir?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>Who I, my Lord</l>
<c rend="italic">?</c>
</sp>
<speaker rend="italic">Othe.</speaker>
<l>What would you with her, Sir?</l>
<l>I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:</l>
<l>Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on</l>
<l>And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe</l>
<l>And she's obedient: as you say obedient.</l>
<l>Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.</l>
<l>Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)</l>
<l>I am commanded home: get you away</l>
<l>Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate.</l>
<l>And will returne to Venice. Hence, aunt.</l>
<l>
<l>hi rend="italic">Cassio</l> shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night</l>
<l>I do entreat, that we may sup together.</l>
<l>You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.</l>
<l>Goates, and Monkeys.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate</l>
<l>Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature</l>
<l>Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue</l>
<l>The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance</l>
<l>Could neither graze, nor pierce?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>He is much chang'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
<speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
<l>Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-iag">
<speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
<l>He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.</l>
</sp>
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.

What? Strike his wife?

Is it his vse?

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

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

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

You haue seene nothing then
Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.

Enter Othello and Aemilia.

You haue seene nothing then
Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.
Yes, you have seen Cassio, and she together.

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

What? Did they never whisper?

Neuer my Lord.

To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-

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

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

Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:

If any wretch have put this in your head,

Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.

Othe.

Bid her come hither: go.

Exit Æmilia.

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Æmilia.

My Lord, what is your will?
Pray you Chucke come hither.

What is your pleasure?
Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.

Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I vnderstand a Fury in your words.

Some of your Function Mistris:
Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.

Exit Æmi.

Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I vnderstand a Fury in your words.
Why? What art thou?

Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.

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

Heauen doth truely know it.

Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Ah, away, away, away.

Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

If happily you my Father do suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

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

Had it pleas'd Heauen,

To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd

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

Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.

Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,

I should haue found in some place of my Soule

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,

To point his slow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
I heere looke grim as hell.

I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.
Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?
Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,

I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What commited?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited?

By Heauen you do me wrong.

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What commited?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited?

By Heauen you do me wrong.
Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my Lord, From any other unlawful touch

Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Othe. What, not a Whore?

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

Othe. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.

Othe. I cry you mercy then.

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

Enter Æmilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter, And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.

We have done our course: there's money for your paines: I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.

Exit. Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?

How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.

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

With who?

Who is thy Lord?

He that is yours, sweet Lady.

I haue none: do not talke to me, Amilia.

I cannot wepe: nor answeres haue I none,

But what should go by water. Prythee to night,

Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,

And call thy husband hither.

Heere's a change indeed.

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

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

The small'st opinion on my least misvse?

Enter Iago, and Amilia.
Iago.

What is the matter Lady?

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

Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her

That true hear cannot beare it.

Am I that name, Iago?

Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

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

Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet.

Why did he so?

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

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

Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?

Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one we

It is my wretched Fortune.

Nay, Heauen doth know.

A halter pardon him:

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keepes her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What liklyhood?

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

Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.

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

And put in euery honest hand a whip.

To lash

A stain partially obscures
this word.</note> the Rascalls naked through the world,
</l>Euen from the East to th'West.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>Speake within doore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-oth-emi">
      <speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
      <l>Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was</l>
      <l>That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,</l>
      <l>And made you to suspect me with the Moore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>You are a Foole: go too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>Alas</l>
      <hi rend="italic">Iago</hi>,<l>
      <l>What shall I do to win my Lord againe?</l>
      <l>Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,</l>
      <l>I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele;</l>
      <l>If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,</l>
      <l>Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,</l>
      <l>Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence</l>
      <l>Delighted them: or any other Forme.</l>
      <l>Or that I do not yet, and euer did,</l>
      <l>And euer will, (though he do shake me off</l>
      <l>To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,</l>
      <l>Comfort forsweare me. Vnkindnesse may do much,</l>
      <l>And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,</l>
      <l>But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,</l>
      <l>It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,</l>
      <l>To do the Act, that might the addition earne,</l>
      <l>Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:</l>
      <l>The businesse of the State do's him offence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-oth-des">
      <speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
      <l>If 'twere no other.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="F-oth-iag">
      <speaker rend="italic">Iago.</speaker>
      <l>It is but so, I warrant,</l>
      <l>Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:</l>

The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.
Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now Rodorigo?
I do not finde That thou deal'st iustly with me.

What in the contrarie?

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

Will you heare me Rodorigo?&lt;/hi&gt;?

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

You charge me most vniustly.

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

With naught but truth: I haue wasted my
selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from
me to deliver Desdemona, would half haue corrupted a
Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago.
Well, go too: very well.

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

Iago.
You haue said now.

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

Iago.
Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand Desdemona. If she will returne me my Jewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw-full solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago.
You haue said now.

Rod.
I: and said nothing but what I protest intend-

Iago.
Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better o-pinion then euer before: giue me thy hand Desdemona. If she will returne me my Jewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw-full solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago.
You haue said now.

Rod.
I: and said nothing but what I protest intend-

Iago.
Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and euen from this instant do build on thee a better o-pinion then euer before: giue me thy hand Desdemona. If she will returne me my Jewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlaw-full solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago.
You haue said now.
It hath not appeard.

I grant indeed it hath not appeard: and your suspition is not without wit and judgement. But Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleue now then euer (I meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night. If thou the next night following enioy not Desdemona, take me from this world with Treache-

Is that true? Why then Othello's place. returne againe to Venice. Othello's and Desdemona; vntlesse bode be lingred heere by some accident. Where-

How do you meane remouing him? Why, by making him vncapable of Othello's
place: knocking out his braines.

And that you would haue me to do.

I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one

you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere

to second your A

empt, and he shall fall betweene

vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with

you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It

is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast.

About it.

I will heare further reason for this.

And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Emilia,

and Atendants.

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

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

Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Your Honour is most welcome.

Will you walke Sir? Oh Desdemona.

My Lord.

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

Exit.

I will my Lord.

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

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

Dismisse me?

It was his bidding: therefore good Emilia.

Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.
Æmil.

I, would you had neuer seene him.

Des.

So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,

That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,

(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Æmil.

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

Des.

Al's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?

If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me

In one of these same Sheetes.

Æmil.

Come, come: you talke.

My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbarie,

She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,

And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,

An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,

And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,

Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one side

And sing it like poore Brabarie: prythee dispatch.

Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

No, vn-pin me here,

This Lodouico is a proper man.

A very handsome man.

}
Des. He speakes well.

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

Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree. Sing all a greene Willough: Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee, Sing Willough, Willough, Willough. The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes Sing Willough, &c. Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones, Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)

Willough, Willough. Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)

Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland. Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue. (Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?)

It's the wind.

'Itis neyther heere, nor there.'
I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men! Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me that there be women do abuse their husbands In such grosse kinde? There be some such, no question. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world? Why, would not you? Why, would not you? Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light: The world's a huge thing: It is a great price, for a small vice. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world? Introth, I thinke I should, and vndoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a joynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.
Who = "#F-oth-des"

<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>

> Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong!

For the whole world.

Who = "#F-oth-emi"

<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>

> Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world;

And having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Who = "#F-oth-des"

<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>

> I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Who = "#F-oth-emi"

<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>

> Yes, a dozen: and as many to th'vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults.

If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,

And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;

Or else breake out in pecuish Jealousies,

Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,

Or scant our former hauing in despiect)

Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,

Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,

Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,

And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,

As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,

When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?

I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?

I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?

It is so too. And haue not we Affections?

Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,

The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

Who = "#F-oth-des"

<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>

> Good night, good night:

Heauen me such vses send,

Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.

Stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke, Straight will he come: Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home: Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow, It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that, And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

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

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

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

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense, And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio, Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Euery way makes my gaine. Liue Rodorigo. He calleth me to a restitution large Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him, As Gifts to Desdemona. It must not be: If Cassio do remaine, He hath a dayly beauty in his life, That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill: No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.
That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed, 
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make proofe of thine.

Oh, I am slaine.

I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

The voyce of Cassio, Iago keeps his word.
O Villaine that I am.
It is euen so.
Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
'Tis he: O braue Iago, honest, and iust,
Thou teacheest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.
Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, Murther.
"Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Oh helpe.

Hearke.

Oh wretched Villaine.

Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night; These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnsafe To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

We do not know.

Do not you heare a cry?
Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.

What's the matter?

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

The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Oh treacherous Villaines:

O helpe me there.
Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh mur'drous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhumane Dogge!

Iago. Kill men i'th'darke? Where be these bloody Theeues? How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther. What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iago. Signior Lodouico?

Lod. He Sir.

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

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is't Brother?

Cas. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

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

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere Cassio, My sweet Cassio, Oh Cassio, Cassio.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. So: Oh for a Chaire To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.
To be a party in this Iniurie.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?


What, of Venice?

Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Know him? I.

Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That so neglected you,

I am glad to see you.

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

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

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

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

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

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

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

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?
Iago.

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

Æmil.

Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

Æmil.

Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

Iago.

Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore <hi><span><span>Æ</span>milia</span></hi> drest.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

<hi><span><span>Æ</span>milia</span></hi>, run you to the Cittadell,

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

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Exeunt

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth.

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

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

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

Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

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

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

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,

I can againe thy former light restore,

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

Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that <hi>Promethe</hi>g

unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,

I ca\<gap\> ot giue it vitall growth againe,

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

Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade

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

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.

So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,

But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,

It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Who's there?

Will you come to bed, my Lord?

If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime

Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Alacke, my Lord.

If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime

Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Alacke, my Lord.

What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit.

No, Heaven's fore-fend I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Then Heaven have mercy on me.

Amen, with all my heart.

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

Humh.

And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then.

When your eyes roll so.

Why I should fear, I know not.

Since guiltiness I know not: But yet I feel I fear.

Thinke on thy sinnes.

They are loves I beare to you.
Oth.

I, and for that thou dy'st.

Des.

That death's unnaturall, that kils for louing.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?

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

They do not point on me.

Peace, and be still.

I will so: What's the matter?

No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,

And aske him.

Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,

Thou art on thy death-bed.

I, but not yet to dye.

Presently.

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception

That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.

O Heauen haue mercy on me.
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>

I say, Amen.</l>

And haue you mercy too. I neuer did</l>

Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd</l>

I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.</l>

O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,

And makes me call, what I intend to do,

A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.</l>

I saw the Handkerchiefe.</l>

He found it then:

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

Let him confesse a truth.</l>

That he hath vs'd thee.

What, my Lord?</l>

That he hath vs'd thee.</l>

How? vnlawfully</c rend="italic">?</c></l>

I.</l>

But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,</l>

As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.</l>

Des.</l>

He hath confest.</l>

What, my Lord?</l>

Des.</l>

That he hath vs'd thee.</l>

Des.</l>

I.</l>

Des.</l>
He will not say so.

No: his mouth is stopp'd:

Honest Iago hath 'tane order for't.

Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?

Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.

Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?

O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Nay, if you striue.

But halfe an hour.

Being done, there is no pawse.

Downe Strumpet.
<l>But while I say one prayer.</l>

It is too late.

Smothers her.

Æmil at the doore.

Æmil.

What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

Who's there?

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

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

The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?

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

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

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


Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!

Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse

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

Did yawne at Alteration.
I do beseech you, that I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in Amilia.

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

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

Enter Amilia.

Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.

What? now?

But now, my Lord.

It is the very error of the Moone, she comes more neerer Earth then she was wont, and makes men mad.

No, Cassio is not kill'd. Then Murther's out of
tune,<l>And sweet Reuenge growes harsh.</l><sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<sp rend="italic">O falsely, falsely murder'd.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Alas! what cry is that<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l></sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>That? What?</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>Why, how should she be murdred?</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>A guiltlesse death, I dye.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Oh who hath done this deed?</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>A guiltlesse death, I dye.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>No body: I my selfe, farewell:</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>No body: I my selfe, farewell:</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>O falsely, falsely murder'd.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Alas! what cry is that<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l></sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>That? What?</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>O falsely, falsely murder'd.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Alas! what cry is that<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l></sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>O falsely, falsely murder'd.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Alas! what cry is that<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l></sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>O falsely, falsely murder'd.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Alas! what cry is that<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l></sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-des">
<speaker rend="italic">Des.</speaker>
<l>O falsely, falsely murder'd.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-emi">
<speaker rend="italic">Æmil.</speaker>
<l>Alas! what cry is that<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l></sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-oth-oth">
<speaker rend="italic">Oth.</speaker>
<l>You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.</l></sp>
She said so: I must needs report the truth.

She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

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

She was false as water.

Thou art rash as fire, to say That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.

My Husband?

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

But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds

To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Æmil. That she was false to Wedlocke?

Oth. I, with Cassio: had she bin true,

If Heauen would make me such another world,

Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,

I'd not haue sold her for it.

My Husband?

I, 'twas he that told me on her first,

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That stickes on filthy deeds.

My Husband? 

What needs this itterance, Woman?

I say, thy Husband.

Oh Mistris,

Villany hath made mockes with loue:

My Husband say she was false?

He, Woman;

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

My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest

If he say so, may his pernicious Soule

Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,

She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

He, Woman;

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

My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest
Hah?

Do thy worst:

This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,

Then thou was't worthy her.

Peace, you were best.

Pea
cce, you were best.

Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,

As I haue t
to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,

As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed

(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,

Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:<n
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

What is the matter? How now Generall?

Oh, are you come, Iago: you haue done well,

That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

What is the matter?

Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:

He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know thou did'st not: thou'ret not such a Villain.

Speake, for my heart is full.

I told him what I thought,

And told no more:

Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you euer tell him, She was false? Iago. I did. Æmil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye: Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye. Shee false with Cassio. Did you say with Cassio? Iago. With Cassio, Mistris? Go too, charme your tongue. I will not charme my Tongue; I am bound to speake, My Mistris heere lyes murthered in her bed. Oh Heauens, forefend. And your reports haue set the Murder on. Nay stare not Masters, It is true indeede. 'Tis a strange Truth. O monstrous Acte.
<speaker rend="italic">Emil.</speaker>

Villany, villany, villany:

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

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

O villany! villany!

Iago.

What, are you mad?

I charge you get you home.

Emil.

Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:

'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:

Perchance Iago, I will ne're go home.

Oth.

Oh, oh, oh.

Emil.

Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth.

Oh she was fowle!

I scarse did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,

Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:

I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra.

Poore Desdemon:

I am glad thy Father's dead,

Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe

Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turne:

Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And fall to Reprobance.

Oth.

'Tis pittifull: but yet Iago knowes:

That she with Cassio, hath the Act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confess it.

And she did gratifie his amorous workes

With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue

Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:

It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token

My Father gaue my Mother.

Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!

Come, hold your peace.

Be wise, and get you home.

I will not.

Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Oh thou dull Moore,

That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of

I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:

For often, with a solemnne earnestnesse,

(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)

He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Villanous Whore.

Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Oh thou dull Moore,
She giue it Cassio? No, alas I found it.

And I did giu't my Husband.

Filth, thou lyest.

Iago.

By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:

Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole Do with so good a wife?

Are there no stones in Heauen,

But what serues for the Thunder?

Precious Villaine.

The woman falles:

Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

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

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

'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:

Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,

But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,

For 'tis a damned Slaue.

Exit.

The Tragedie of Othello

I am not valiant neither:

But every Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-like Honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil.

What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me?
I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: Willough, Willough, Willough.

Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

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

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

Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
I was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

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

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

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

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

What is the matter?

What is the matter?

A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments

Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:

Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.

Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against Othello's brest.
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh Desdemone! dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,

Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?
That's he that was Othello: heere I am.

Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.

I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Wrench his Sword from him.

I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Oh thou Othello, that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be saide to thee.
Why any thing: An honourable Murderer, if you will: For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

This wretch hath part confest his Villany: Did you and he consent in Cassio's death.

I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon: Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell, Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

Dem and me nothing: what you know, you know: From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

Sir, You shall understand what hath befallen, (Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter Found in the pocket of the slaine
Rodorigo</l>, &lt;/l&gt;

And heere another, the one of them imports

The death of &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Cassio&lt;/hi&gt;, to be vndertooke&lt;/l&gt;

By &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Rodorigo&lt;/hi&gt;. &lt;/l&gt;

O Villaine!&lt;/l&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Most Heathenish, and most grosse.&lt;/l&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Cassio.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Most Heathenish, and most grosse.&lt;/l&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Cassio.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Lod.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Lod.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Cassio.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Cassio.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Cassio.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Iago&lt;/hi&gt; meant t'haue sent this damned villaine:&lt;/l&gt;

But that (belike) &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Iago&lt;/hi&gt; in the interim&lt;/l&gt;

Came in, and satisfi'd him.&lt;/l&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Cassio.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Iago&lt;/hi&gt; by that Handkerchiefe&lt;/l&gt;

That was my wiues?&lt;/l&gt;

I found it in my Chamber:&lt;/l&gt;

And he himselfe confest it but euen now,&lt;/l&gt;

That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,&lt;/l&gt;

Which wrought to his desire.&lt;/l&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Oth.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Cassio.&lt;/speaker&gt;

Roderigo's Letter,&lt;/l&gt;

How he vpbraides &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Iago&lt;/hi&gt;, that he made him&lt;/l&gt;

Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came

That I was cast: and euen but now he spake&lt;/l&gt;

(After long seeming dead) &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Iago&lt;/hi&gt; hurt him,&lt;/l&gt;

Iago&lt;/hi&gt; set him on.&lt;/l&gt;
You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs:

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this Slau,

If there be any cunning Crueltie,

That can torment him much, and hold him long.

It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,

Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne

To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Soft you; a word or two before you goe:

I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:

No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,

When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,

Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,

Then must you speake,

Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:

Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,

Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand

(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away

Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,

Albeit vn-used to the melting moode,

Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees

Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke

I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge,

And smoate him, thus.

I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,

Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

Oh bloody period.

All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oh bloody period.

All that is spoke, is marr'd.
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Cassio.</hi>
</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0849-0.jpg" n="339"/>

<fw type="rh">the Moore of Venice.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-oth-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>
  <l>This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:</l>
  <l>For he was great of heart.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-oth-lod">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lod.</speaker>
  <l>Oh Sparton Dogge:</l>
  <l>More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:</l>
  <l>Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:</l>
  <l>This is thy worke:</l>
  <l>The Obiect poysons Sight,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Let it be hid. <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>, keepe the house,</l>
  <l>And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,</l>
  <l>For they succedee on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,</l>
  <l>Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:</l>
  <l>The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:</l>
  <l>My selfe will straight aboord, and to the State,</l>
  <l>This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified">Exeunt.</stage>

<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>

<div type="dramatisPersonae">
  <head rend="italic center">The Names of the Actors.</head>
  <lb/>(:‡:)</lb>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <list>
    <item rend="italic">
      <c rend="decoratedCapital">O</c>
      <hi rend="roman">Thello</hi>, the Moore.</item>
    <item rend="italic">
      <hi rend="roman">Brabantio</hi>, Father to Desdemona.</item>
    <item rend="italic">
      <hi rend="roman">Cassio</hi>, an Honourable Lieutenant.</item>
    <item rend="italic">
      <hi rend="roman">Iago</hi>, a Villaine.</item>
    <item rend="italic">
      <hi rend="roman">Rodorigo</hi>, a gull'd Gentleman.</item>
    <item rend="italic">Duke of Venice.</item>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <item rend="italic">Senators.</item>
  </list>
</div>
<item rend="italic">
  <hi rend="roman">Montano</hi>, Gouernour of Cyprus.</item>
<item rend="italic">Gentlemen of Cyprus.</item>
<item rend="italic">
  <hi rend="roman">Lodouico</hi>, and <hi rend="roman">Gratiano</hi>, two Noble Venetians.</item>
<item rend="italic">Saylors.</item>
<item rend="italic">Clowne.</item>
<item rend="italic">
  <hi rend="roman">Desdemona</hi>, Wife to Othello.</item>
<item rend="italic">
  <hi rend="roman">Æmilia</hi>, Wife to Iago.</item>
<item rend="italic">
  <hi rend="roman">Bianca</hi>, a Curtezan.</item>