

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all 's cheerless, dark,
and deadly: 292

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain
it is

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless. 296

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent;

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign, 300

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—[*To EDGAR and*

KENT.] You, to your rights;

With boot and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes 305

The cup of their deservings. O! see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,

no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, 308

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no

more,

Never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips, 312

Look there, look there! [*Dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—my lord, my lord!

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break.

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass;

he hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed. 317

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present

business 320

Is general woe. [*To KENT and EDGAR.*] Friends

of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me, I must not say no. 324

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must

obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long. 328

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

OTHELLO THE MOOR OF VENICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator. Other Senators.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor; in the service of the Venetian

State.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant.

IAGO, his Ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the Government

of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to

Othello.

EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians,

Heralds, Attendants.

SCENE.—For the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! Never tell me; I take it much
unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of
this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: 4
If ever I did dream of such a matter,

Abhor me.

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

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great
ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,

Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,

I know my price, I am worth no worse a place;

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, 12

Evades them, with a bombast circumstance

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion,

Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he, 16

'I have already chose my officer.'

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric, 25

Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose

As masterly as he: mere prattle, without prac-

tice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the elec-

tion;

And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof 28

At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds

Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and

calm'd

By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, 32
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been
his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy: 'tis the curse
of the service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection, 36

Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-

self,
Whe'r I in any just term am affin'd

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O! sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him;

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark 44

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender, and when he's old, 48

cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,

And, throwing but shows of service on their 52

lords,

Do well thrive by them, and when they have

lin'd their coats

Do themselves homage: these fellows have

some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir, 56

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve 64
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
owe,
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father; 67
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kins-
men,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't 72
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire
yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire 76
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Bra-
bantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags! 80
Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within? 84
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you're robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram 88
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What! have you lost your wits? 92
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know
my voice?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome;
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my
doors: 96

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad-
ness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious knavery dost thou come 100
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir!

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir. 104

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you. 107

Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those that
will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because
we come to do you service and you think we are
ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with
a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh
to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and
gennets for Germans. 114

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

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

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Roderigo. 120

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I be-
seech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,—
As partly, I find, it is,—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull-watch o' the night, 124
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— 127

If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility, 132
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes 136
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy your-
self:

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already. 144

Light, I say! light! *[Exit, from above.]*

Iago. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd, as, if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor; for, I do know the state, 148
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,—
Which even now stand in act,—that, for their
souls, 152

Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life, 156
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. 160
[Exit.]

*Enter below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with
torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is,

And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O, unhappy girl!
With the Moor, sayst thou? Who would be a
father! 165
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she de-
ceives me
Past thought. What said she to you? Get more
tapers!

Raise all my kindred! Are they married, think
you? 168

Rod. Truly, I think they are.
Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O, treason
of the blood:

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act. Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother. O! that you had
had her. 176

Some one way, some another! Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me. 180

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. 184
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Street.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with
torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times 4
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under
the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms 8
Against your honour

That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this, 12
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on— 16
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to 19
know,

Which when I know that boasting is an honour
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago, 24
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come 28
yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his
friends:

You were best go in.
Oth. Not I; I must be found:

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they? 32

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO and certain Officers, with
torches.*

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieu-
tenant.

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

Cas. The duke does greet you, general, 36
And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-
ance,

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may
divine.

It is a business of some heat; the galleys 40
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,

Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for; 44

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house, 48
And go with you. *[Exit.]*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who? 52

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for
you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers,
with torches and weapons.*

Oth. Holla! stand there! 56

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[They draw on both sides.]

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

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the
dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with
years 60

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her; For I'll refer me to all things of sense, 64 If she in chains of magic were not bound, Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy, So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd The wealthy curled darlings of our nation, 68 Would ever have, to incur a general mock, Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight. Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense 72 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms, Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals That weaken motion: I'll have't disputed on; 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking. 76 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee For an abuser of the world, a practiser Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 80 Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands, Both you of my inclining, and the rest: Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it Without a prompter. Where will you that I go To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; till fit time 85 Of law and course of direct session Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey? 88 How may the duke be therewith satisfied, Whose messengers are here about my side, Upon some present business of the state To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior; The duke's in council, and your noble self, 92 I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council! In this time of the night! Bring him away. Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself, Or any of my brothers of the state, 96 Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own; For if such actions may have passage free, Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Council Chamber. The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table. Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd; My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred: 4 But though they jump not on a just account,—As in these cases, where the aim reports, 'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus. 8

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:

I do not so secure me in the error, But the main article I do approve In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within.] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho! 12

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business? 14
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state By Signior Angelo. 16

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be, By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant To keep us in false gaze. When we consider The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20 And let ourselves again but understand, That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes, So may he with more facile question bear it, For that it stands not in such war-like brace, 24 But altogether lacks the abilities That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful To leave that latest which concerns him first, 28 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain, To wake and wage a danger profitless.

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

Off. Here is more news. 32

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious, Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess? 36

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40

With his free duty recommends you thus, And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then, for Cyprus. 44
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you 48

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[To BRABANTIO.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me; 52

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care

Take hold of me, for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature 56 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O! my daughter.

Duke. Dead? 60

Sen. Ay, to me;

Bra. She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted 60 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;

For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, Sans witchcraft could not. 64

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter 68

After your own sense; yea, though our proper son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate for the state affairs, 72 Hath hither brought.

Duke. We are very sorry for it.

Sen. [To OTHELLO.] What, in your own

part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters, That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her: 80

The very 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 arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd Their dearest action in the tented field; 85

And little of this great world can I speak, More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;

And therefore little shall I grace my cause 88 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious

patience, I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic, 92 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,

I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,

Of years, of country, credit, every thing, 97 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!

It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect That will confess perfection so could err 100

Against all rules of nature, and must be driven To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be. I therefore vouch again That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, 104

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect, He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof, Without more certain and more overt test Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods 108

Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak: Did you by indirect and forced courses Subdue and poison this young maid's affections; 112

Or came it by request and such fair question As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you, Send for the lady to the Sagittary, And let her speak of me before her father: 116

If you do find me foul in her report, The trust, the office I do hold of you,

Not only take away, but let your sentence Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. 121

[Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present 124 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love, And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me; Still question'd me the story of my life 129

From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days 132 To the very moment that he bade me tell it; Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field, Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly

breach, 136 Of being taken by the insolent foe And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence And portance in my travel's history;

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process; And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads 144 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear Would Desdemona seriously incline;

But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch, She'd come again, and with a greedy ear 149

Devour up my discourse. Which I observing, Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart 152 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

Whereof by parcels she had something heard, But not intently: I did consent;

And often did beguile her of her tears, 156 When I did speak of some distressful stroke That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she
thank'd me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story, 165
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them. 168
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
too.

Good Brabantio, 172
Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer, 176
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty: 181
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; 185

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess 188
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor: 192

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child; 196
For thy escape quality teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself and lay a
sentence,
Which as a grize or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour. 201
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone 204
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from
the thief; 208

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;

We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he
hears;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience bor-
row.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall, 216
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the
ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state. 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepara-
tion makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude
of the place is best known to you; and though
we have there a substitute of most allowed
sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of
effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you
must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of
your new fortunes with this more stubborn and
boisterous expedition. 229

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize 232
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake

These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife, 237
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, 240
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts 244
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness. 248

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord; 253
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,

And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. 256
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,

The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support 260
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite, 264
Nor to comply with heat,—the young affects
In me defunct,—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;

And heaven defend your good souls that you
think 268

I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments, 272
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation! 276

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart. 280

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect 284
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your Grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall
think 288

To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one. [To BRABANTIO.]
And, noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. 292
First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desde-
mona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
see:

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.]

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee: 297
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.

Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour 300
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Rod. Iago!
Iago. What sayst thou, noble heart? 304
Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.
Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love
thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman! 309

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is
torment; and then have we a prescription to die
when death is our physician. 312

Iago. O! villainous; I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years, and since I
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an
injury, I never found man that knew how to
love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown
myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would
change my humanity with a baboon. 319

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my
shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue
to amend it. 322

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we
are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens,

to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we
will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and
weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs
or distract it with many, either to have it sterile
with idleness or manured with industry, why,
the power and corrigible authority of this lies in
our wills. If the balance of our lives had not
one scale of reason to poise another of sensual-
ity, the blood and baseness of our natures would
conduct us to most preposterous conclusions;
but we have reason to cool our raging motions,
our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I
take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

Rod. It cannot be. 338

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a
permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have
professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit
to thy deserving with cables of perdurable tough-
ness; I could never better stead thee than now.

Put money in thy purse; follow these wars;
defeat thy favour with a usurped beard; I say,
put money in thy purse. It cannot be that
Desdemona should long continue her love to the
Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to
her. It was a violent commencement in her,
and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;
put but money in thy purse. These Moors are
changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with
money:—the food that to him now is as luscious
as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as
coloquintida. She must change for youth: when
she is sated with his body, she will find the error
of her choice. She must have change, she must:
therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt
needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way
than drowning. Make all the money thou canst.

If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring
barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too
hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou
shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox
of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way:
seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing
thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I
depend on the issue? 370

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money.
I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again
and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted:
thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunc-
tive in our revenge against him; if thou canst
cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a
sport. There are many events in the womb of
time which will be delivered. Traverse; go:
provide thy money. We will have more of this
to-morrow. Adieu. 380

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rode-
rigo? 384

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell! put money enough in
your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse; 389
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well; 396
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man; let me see now:
To get his place; and to plume up my will
In double knavery; how, how? Let's see: 400
After some time to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature, 405
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are. 408
I have 't; it is engender'd: hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.
An open place near the Quay.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at
sea?
First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-
wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail. 4
Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at
land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of
this? 9
Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds; 12
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view 16
On the enchafed flood.
Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
That their designment halts; a noble ship of
Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their fleet. 24
Mon. How! is this true?
Third Gent. The ship is here put in,

A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the war-like Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself 's at sea, 28
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.
Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he
speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly 32
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho! 36
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.
Third Gent. Come, let's do so; 40
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this war-like
isle,
That so approve the Moor. O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements, 45
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[Within, 'A sail!—a sail!—a sail!']

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise? 52
Mess. The town is empty; on the brow o' the
sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, 'A sail!'
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the go-
vernor. [Guns heard.]
Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of
courtesy; 56
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Sec. Gent. I shall. [Exit.]
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd? 60
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a
maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation 64
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?
Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the
general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds, 68

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by 72
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts 76
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, 81
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.

O! behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. 84
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord? 88
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O! but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies 92
Parted our fellowship. But hark! a sail.
[Cry within, 'A sail!—a sail!'] Guns heard.
Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the
citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news!

[Exit Gentleman.]
Good ancient, you are welcome:—[To EMILIA.]
welcome, mistress. 96
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[Kissing her.]
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips 100
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep: 104
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so. 108
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures
out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds. 112
Des. O! fie upon thee, slanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not. 116
Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't,
For I am nothing if not critical.
Des. Come on; assay. There's one gone to
the harbour? 120
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me? 124
Iago. I am about it; but indeed my inven-
tion
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from
frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my muse
labours,
And thus she is deliver'd. 128
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a
wit, 132
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help'd her to an heir. 137
Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul and foolish there-
unto 141
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest
the worst best. But what praise couldst thou be-
stow on a deserving woman indeed, one that
in the authority of her merit, did justly put on
the vouch of very malice itself?
Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 149
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly, 153
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind, 157
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a
most profane and liberal counsellor? 164
Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may
relish him more in the soldier than in the
scholar. 167
Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm; ay,
well said, whisper; with as little a web as this
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile
upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own
courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If

such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [A trumpet heard.] The Moor! I know his trumpet. 181

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo! where he comes. 184

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, 188 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas Olympus-high, and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 192 'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid 196 But that our loves and comforts should increase Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy: 200 And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[Kissing her.] That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [Aside.] O! you are well tun'd now, But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle. 204 News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle? Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet, 208

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago, Go to the bay and disembark my coffers. Bring thou the master to the citadel; 212 He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona, Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt all except IAGO and RODERIGO.] Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as they say base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard; first, I must tell thee this, Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible. 223 Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she

first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, as it is a most pregnant and unforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder-out of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after; a pestilent complete knave! and the woman hath found him already. 255

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor; blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy. 264

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well. 280

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity. 291

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

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell. 296

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, 300 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin,— 305 But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards; 309

And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;

Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor 312 At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on, 317

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,

For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too, Make the Moor thank me, love me, and re-ward me 320

For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet

Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd: Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. 324

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye

Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night; to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you. [To DESDEMONA.] Come, my dear love, 8

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.

Good night.

[Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove. 17

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature. 21

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest. 25

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection. 28

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello. 33

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment. 37

Iago. O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more. 44

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in. 49

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence 53

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out, To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd 56

Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch. Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this war-like isle, 60

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

h h