

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream, 65
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentle-
men. Servant following with wine.

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse
already. 68

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a
pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed
they are most potent in potting; your Dane,
your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,
—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his
drinking? 84

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow
your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit
ere the next pottle can be filled. 88

Cas. To the health of our general!

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

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown. 96

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee. 100

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than
the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again? 104

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of
his place that does those things. Well, God's
above all; and there be souls must be saved, and
there be souls must not be saved. 108

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the
general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be
saved. 112

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me;
the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.
Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.
God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look
to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am
drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right
hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk
now; I can stand well enough, and speak well
enough. 122

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not
think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's
set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar 128

And give direction; and do but see his vice;

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,

The one as long as the other; 'tis pity of him.

I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 132

On some odd time of his infirmity,

Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set, 136

If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 140

And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [Aside to him.] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit RODERIGO.]

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor. 148

Iago. Not I, for this fair island: 148

I do love Cassio well, and would do much

To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[Cry within, 'Help! Help!']

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! 152

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO.]

Mon. [Staying him.] Nay, good lieutenant;

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, 156

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.]

Iago. [Aside to RODERIGO.] Away, I say! go

out, and cry a mutiny. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Nay, good lieutenant! God's will, gentlemen!

Help, ho! Lieutenant! sir! Montano! sir!

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

[Bell rings.]

Who's that that rings the bell? *Diablo*, ho!

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

You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here? 165

Mon. 'Zounds! I bleed still; I am hurt to

the death.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho, lieutenant! Sir! Montano!

gentlemen! 168

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 173

For Christian shame put by this barbarous

brawl;

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle 177

From her propriety. What is the matter,

masters?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge

thee. 180

Iago. I do not know; friends all but now,

even now,

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now,—

As if some planet had unwitted men,— 184

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And would in action glorious I had lost 188

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus

forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be

civil; 192

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,

That you unlance your reputation thus 196

And spend your rich opinion for the name

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

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you, 200

While I spare speech, which something now

offends me,

Of all that I do know; nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night,

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice, 204

And to defend ourselves it be a sin

When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,

And passion, having my best judgment collied,

Assays to lead the way. If I once stir, 209

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on; 212

And he that is approv'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me—both at a

birth—

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, 216

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth, 221

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near;

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; 224

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help, 228

And Cassio following with determin'd sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 232

Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,

The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night 237

I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—

For this was brief,—I found them close together,

At blow and thrust, even as again they were 240

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, 244

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

Yet, surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd

From him that fled some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago, 248

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look! if my gentle love be not rais'd up; 252

[To CASSIO.] I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to

bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.

Lead him off. [MONTANO is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town, 257

And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-

tracted.

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,

To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exit all but IAGO and CASSIO.]

Iago. What! are you hurt, lieutenant? 261

Cas. Ay; past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O!

I have lost my reputation. I have lost the im-

mortal part of myself, and what remains is

bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you

had received some bodily wound; there is more

offence in that than in reputation. Reputation

is an idle and most false imposition; oft got

without merit, and lost without deserving; you

have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute

yourself such a loser. What! man; there are

ways to recover the general again; you are but

now cast in his mood, a punishment more in

policy than in malice; even so as one would beat

his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion.

Sue to him again, and he is yours. 279

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to

deceive so good a commander with so slight, so

drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk!

and speak parrot! and squabble, swagger, swear,

and discourse fustian with one's own shadow!
O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with
your sword? What had he done to you? 288

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts. 296

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 302

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraliser. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. 307

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil. 314

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you. 318

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 334

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness. 337

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here. 341

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago! [Exit.]

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain? 345

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probal to thinking and indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy 348

The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism, 352

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfeet'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god 356 With his weak function. How am I then a villain To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will the blackest sins put on, 360 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now; for while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, 364 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear That she repels him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. 368 So will I turn her virtue into pitch, And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees? 380 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,

And wit depends on dilatory time. Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio. 384

Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe: Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: 389 Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [Exit RODERIGO.] Two things are to be done,

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on;

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way: 396 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains;

Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [Music.]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail. 8

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it. 14

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care. 18

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! 21

[Exit Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you. 24

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this? 29

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [Exit Clown.]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago. 32

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,

To send in to your wife; my suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access. 36

Iago. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. 41

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [Exit IAGO.] I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will soon be well. The general and his wife are talking of it,

And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus 48

And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he protests he loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings To take the saf'st occasion by the front 52

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in: 56 I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

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

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't. 4

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his. 4

Des. O! that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, 8

He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord;

You have known him long; and be you well assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no further off 12 Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady, That policy may either last so long,

Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed itself so out of circumstance, 16

That, I being absent and my place supplied, My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, 20

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article; my lord shall never rest;

I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience; His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; 24

I'll intermingle every thing he does With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio; For thy solicitor shall rather die

Than give thy cause away. 28

Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes. 33

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what. 36
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it
 That he would steal away so guilty-like,
 Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he. 40
Des. How now, my lord!
 I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean? 44
Des. 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, 48
 That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
 I have no judgment in an honest face.
 I prithee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled, 52
 That he hath left part of his grief with me,
 To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you. 56
Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
 I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; 60
 On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;
 I prithee name the time, but let it not
 Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—
 Save that they say, the wars must make examples 65
 Out of their best,—is not almost a fault
 To incur a private check. When shall he come?
 Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul, 68
 What you could ask me that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,
 That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly, 72
 Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.—
Oth. Prithee, no more; let him come when he will;
 I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon; 76
 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
 Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
 To your own person; nay, when I have a suit 80
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
 And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
 Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this, 84
 To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you; 88
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
 [Exit, with EMILIA.
Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again. 92
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
 Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask? 96
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
 No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O! yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed! 101
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed; discern'st thou aught in that?
 Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest! ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know. 104
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!
Oth. Think, my lord!
 By heaven, he echoes me,
 As if there were some monster in his thought
 Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something: 108
 I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,
 When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
 And when I told thee he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, 'Indeed!' 112
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
 Show me thy thought. 116
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost;
 And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more; 120
 For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
 They are close delations, working from the heart
 That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio, 124
 I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man. 129
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.
 I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,
 As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts 132
 The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
 Though I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
 Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false; 136
 As where's that palace whereinto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
 But some uncleanly apprehensions
 Keep leets and law days, and in session sit 140
 With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
 Iago.
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you, 144
 Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,—
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not,—that your wisdom yet, 148
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet nor your good, 152
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, 156
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which neither enriches him, 160
 And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody. 164
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
 But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er 169
 Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough, 172
 But riches fineless is as poor as winter
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy!
Oth. Why, why is this? 176
 Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
 When I shall turn the business of my soul 181
 To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company, 184
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt; 188
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love or jealousy! 192
Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me; I speak not yet of proof. 196
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't: 200
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so? 205
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then; 208
 She that so young could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up close as oak,
 He thought 'twas witchcraft; but I am much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon 212
 For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. 'T'faith, I fear it has.
 I hope you will consider what is spoke 216
 Comes from my love. But, I do see you're mov'd;
 I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 Than to suspicion. 220
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend—

My lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd: 224
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And, yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold with you, 228

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Where to, we see, in all things nature tends;
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. 233
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment, 236
May fail to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago. 240

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature,
doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [*Returning.*] My lord, I would I might
entreat your honour 244

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile, 248
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time, 252
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government. 256

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings; if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, 261

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or, for I am declin'd 265
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage! 268
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love 272
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great

ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us 276
When we do quicken.

Look! where she comes.
If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself

I'll not believe it.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders 280
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?

Oth. Why do you speak so faintly?

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here. 284

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:

[*She drops her handkerchief.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you. 288

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;

This was her first remembrance from the Moor;

My wayward husband hath a hundred times 292
Woo'd me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago: 297

What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? It is a common thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife. 304

Emil. O! is that all? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona:

That which so often you did bid me steal. 309

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being there, took't up.

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me. 313

Emil. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatches it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import

Give't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it. 320

Go, leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it; trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong 324

As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison:

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood, 329
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look! where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, 332
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Ayaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack; 336

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd

Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust? 339

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

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

Iago. I am sorry to hear this. 345

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,

Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever 348
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, 352

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner, and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit, 357

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a

whore, 360

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so

prove it, 365

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop

To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,— 368

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,

Never pray more; abandon all remorse;

On horror's head horrors accumulate;

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth

amaz'd; 372

For nothing canst thou to damnation add

Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man! have you a soul or sense?

God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched

fool! 376

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice.

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!

To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and, from hence 380
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,

And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world, 384

I think my wife be honest and think she is not;

I think that thou art just and think thou art not.

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as

fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black 388

As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,

Poison or fire or suffocating streams,

I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with pas-

sion. 392

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my

lord? 396

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on;

Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,

To bring them to that prospect; damn them

then, 400

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster

More than their own! What then? how then?

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross 405

As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say,

If imputation, and strong circumstances,

Which lead directly to the door of truth, 408

Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, 412

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep. 416

There are a kind of men so loose of soul

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;

One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona, 420

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!'

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my

hand,

Cry, 'O, sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots, 424

That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then

Cried, 'Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!'

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:

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

Iago. And this may help to thicken other

proofs

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces. 432
Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift. 437

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,— 440
Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O! that the slave had forty thousand
lives;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. 444
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:
'Tis gone. 447

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O love! thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content. 452
Oth. O! blood, blood, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps,
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on 456
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge 460
Swallow them up. [Kneels.]

Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. [Kneels.]
Witness, you ever-burning lights above! 464
You elements that clip us round about!

Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com-
mand, 468

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't: 472
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your
request:

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw 477
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.
Des. Why, man? 4

Clo. He is a soldier; and for one to say a
soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you
where I lie. 9

Des. Can anything be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me
to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he
lies there, were to lie in mine own throat. 13

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified
by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that
is, make questions, and by them answer. 17

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell
him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and
hope all will be well. 20

Clo. To do this is within the compass of
man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [Exit.]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia? 24

Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse

Full of cruzadoes; and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness 28
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who! he? I think the sun where he was
born

Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look! where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio 33
Be call'd to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [Aside.] O! hard-
ness to dissemble.

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist,
my lady. 37

Des. It yet has felt no age nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal
heart;

Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours re-
quires 40

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, 44
A frank one.

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

Oth. A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave
hands,

But our new heraldry is hands not hearts. 48
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends
me. 52

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she
kept it, 56

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my
father 60

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies. She dying gave it me; 64
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose't or give't away, were such perdition 68
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of
it;

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses, 72
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
silk,

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true? 76
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heaven that I had never
seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and
rash? 80

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'
the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what an if it were? 84
Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again. 88
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief; my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio. 92

Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth you are to blame. 96

Oth. Away! [Exit.]
Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handker-
chief; 100

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man;
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you! Cassio and my hus-
band. 105

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must
do't:

And, lo! the happiness: go and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news
with you? 108

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech
you

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart 112
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, 116

Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course 120
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd. 124

So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be
patient; 128

What I can do I will, and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly in strange unquietness. 132

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm 135
Puff'd his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [Exit IAGO.] Some-
thing, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, 141
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such
cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,