

Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it induces  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense  
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,  
Nor of them look for such observancy  
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy  
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd  
so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from  
Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here-  
about;

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging,  
Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and  
nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent  
hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca,  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been  
press'd,

But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief.]  
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio! whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend;

To the felt absence now I feel a cause;  
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous  
now

That this is from some mistress, some remem-  
brance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet; I found it in my  
chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,—  
As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied;

Take it and do't; and leave me for this time.  
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general,  
And think it no addition nor my wish  
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.  
I pray you, bring me on the way a little

And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring  
you,

For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circum-  
stanc'd.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What!

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend a-bed  
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked a-bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:  
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt  
heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip;  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and,  
being hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;  
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not  
seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:  
But for the handkerchief,—

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

Thou said'st,—O! it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,

Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well  
assur'd,

No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what  
he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—  
Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say, lie on  
her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's  
falsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—hand-  
kerchief! To confess, and be hanged for his  
labour. First, to be hanged, and then to confess:  
I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself  
in such shadowing passion without some instruc-  
tion. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish!  
Noses, ears, and lips. Is it possible?—Confess!

—Handkerchief!—O devil! [Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are  
caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my  
lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course,  
If not he foams at mouth, and by and by  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look! he stirs;

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit CASSIO.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your  
head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.  
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then, in a popu-  
lous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;  
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd  
May draw with you; there's millions now  
alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is  
better.

O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;  
And knowing what I am I know what she shall  
be.

Oth. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your  
grief,—

A passion most unsuited such a man,—  
Cassio came hither; I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return and here speak with me;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave your-  
self,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable  
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss; 92  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO goes apart.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's  
plague

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; 101  
And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light be-  
haviour

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieu-  
tenant?

Cas. The worse that you give me the addi-  
tion

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure  
on't.

[Speaking lower.] Now, if this suit lay in  
Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas! poor caitiff!

Oth. Look! how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas! poor rogue, I think, i' faith, she  
loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it  
out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er; go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry  
her;

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you  
triumph?

Cas. I marry her! what? a customer? I  
prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not  
think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall  
marry her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well.



*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither come this bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck;—

*Oth.* Crying, 'O dear Cassio!' as it were; his gesture imports it.

*Cas.* So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so hailes and pulls me; ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that nose of yours, but not the dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

*Enter BIANCA.*

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work! A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Prithee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more.

*Oth.* [Advancing.] How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O! Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a-killing.

*Iago.* A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Oth.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Iago.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter

creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is.

*Iago.* So delicate with her needle! An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

*Oth.* She's the worse for all this.

*Iago.* O! a thousand, a thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain;—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O! 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night; I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; you shall hear more by midnight.

*Oth.* Excellent good. [A trumpet within.] What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

Come from the duke; and see, your wife is with him.

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* God save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* This fail you not to do, as you will—

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one; I would do much to atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What! is he angry?

*Lod.* May be the letter mov'd him; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* Trust me, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* Why, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil!

*Des.* I have not deserved this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much; Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you.

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady; I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she's obedient, as you say, obedient, Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir, O—well-painted passion!—I am commanded home. Get you away; I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice. Hence! avaunt!

*Exit DESDEMONA.*

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together;

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys!

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient? is this the noble nature Whom passion could not shake? whose solid

virtue

The shot of accident nor dart of chance

Could neither graze nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be, if, what he might, he is not, I would to heaven he were!

*Lod.* What! strike his wife!

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew

That stroke would prove the worst!

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,

And his own courses will denote him so

That I may save my speech. Do but go after

And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing, then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm, and then I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What! did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,

nor nothing?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

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

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither; go.

*Exit EMILIA.*

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle

whore,

A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;

And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes; 24

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* [To EMILIA.] Some of your function, mistress;

Leave procreants alone and shut the door;

Cough or cry 'hem' if any body come;

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.

*Exit EMILIA.*

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true

And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves



Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damn'd;  
Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.  
*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?

*Oth.* Ah! Desdemona; away, away, away!  
*Des.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?  
If haply you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me  
The fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at;  
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well.  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!  
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst  
ne'er been born.

*Des.* Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!

Committed! O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,  
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed!

Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other foul unlawful touch  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What! not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be sav'd.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O! heaven forgive us.

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then;  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello. You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you!  
We have done our course; there's money for your pains.

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

*Emil.* Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;  
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,  
But what should go by water. Priethee, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember:  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change indeed!

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.  
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;  
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

*Emil.* Has she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father and her country and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,

Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie! there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

O heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip  
To lash the rascals naked through the world,  
Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* Speak within door.

*Emil.* O! fie upon them. Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago, what shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will, though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore:'  
It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might the addition earn  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you be content, 'tis but his humour;

The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* 'Tis but so, I warrant. [Trumpets.

Hark! how these instruments summon to supper;

The messengers of Venice stay the meat:  
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou daffest me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,

keepest from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit



and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it. 250

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.  
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?  
O! Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look it be done. 9

Des. I will, my lord.

[Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent; 12  
He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: 16  
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns,— 20

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me 24  
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara; She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad And did forsake her; she had a song of 'willow'; 28

An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it; that song to-night Will not go from my mind; I have much to do

But to go hang my head all at one side, 32  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?  
Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man. 36

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. 40

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow: 44

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, willow, willow:  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:— 48  
Sing willow, willow, willow:

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—  
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next. Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then? 56

Sing willow, willow, willow:  
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?  
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O! these men, these men! 61

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia, That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world? 65

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do't as well i' the dark. 68

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing; 'tis a great price For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world. 80

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the

world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right. 84

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for. 88

But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps, Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 92

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell, 97

And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is; and doth affection breed it? 101

I think it doth; is't frailty that thus errs? It is so too; and have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? 104

Then, let them use us well; else let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night; heaven me such usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! 108

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V

## SCENE I.—Cyprus. A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home. Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow. It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, 4

And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [Retires.]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed; 8  
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons: 'Tis but a man gone; forth, my sword; he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him, 16  
As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor 20  
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.

No, he must die. But so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest!

[Makes a pass at CASSIO.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed 24

But that my coat is better than thou know'st; I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO. O! I am slain.]

Rod. [IAGO from behind wounds CASSIO in the leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [Falls.]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O! villain that I am! It is e'en so. 29

Oth. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he: O brave Iago, honest and just! That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong; 32

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead, And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted. [Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder! 37

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help! Lod. Hark! 40

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night; These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help. 44

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder? 48

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously? 53

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this? 56

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! [To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.] What are you there? come in, and give some help.

Rod. O! help me here. 60



Cas. That's one of them.  
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!  
[Stabs RODERIGO.  
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!  
Iago. Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?  
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!  
What may you be? are you of good or evil? 65  
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.  
Iago. Signior Lodovico?  
Lod. He, sir. 68  
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.  
Gra. Cassio!  
Iago. How is it, brother?  
Cas. My leg is cut in two.  
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid, 72  
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?  
Iago. Who is't that cried!  
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! 76  
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!  
Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect  
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?  
Cas. No. 80  
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.  
Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O! for a chair, To bear him easily hence!  
Bian. Alas! he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! 84  
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.  
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come. Lend me a light. Know we this face, or no? 88  
Alas! my friend and my dear countryman, Roderigo? no; yes, sure, O heaven! Roderigo.  
Gra. What! of Venice?  
Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?  
Gra. Know him! ay. 92  
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.  
Gra. I am glad to see you.  
Iago. How do you, Cassio? O! a chair, a chair!  
Gra. Roderigo! [A chair brought in. 96  
Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said; the chair:  
Some good men bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [To BIANCA.]  
For you, mistress, 100  
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?  
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.  
Iago. [To BIANCA.] What! look you pale? O! bear him out o' the air— 104  
[CASSIO and RODERIGO are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?—  
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon. Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her: 108  
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak  
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las! what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?  
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark 112  
By Roderigo and fellows that are 'scap'd:  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.  
Emil. Alas! good gentleman; alas! good Cassio!  
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia, 116  
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night. What! do you shake at that?  
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.  
Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.  
Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! 121  
Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest As you that thus abuse me.  
Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!  
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd. 124  
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale. Emilia, run you to the citadel,  
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. Will you go on afore? [Aside.] This is the night That either makes me or fordoes me quite. 129  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Castle. DES- DEMONA in bed asleep. A light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood, Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, 4  
And smooth as monumental alabaster. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men. Put out the light, and then put out the light: If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, 8  
I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me; but once put out thy light, Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat 12  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again, It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree. [Kisses her. 16  
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, And love thee after. One more, and this the last:  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20

But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly, It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.  
Des. Who's there? Othello?  
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.  
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord? 24  
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?  
Des. Ay, my lord.  
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace, Solicit for it straight. 28  
Des. Alas! my lord, what may you mean by that?  
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: I would not kill thy unprepared spirit; No; heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.  
Des. Talk you of killing?  
Oth. Ay, I do.  
Des. Then heaven 33  
Have mercy on me!  
Oth. Amen! with all my heart.  
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.  
Oth. Hum! 36  
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,  
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.  
Oth. Think on thy sins.  
Des. They are loves I bear to you. 40  
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.  
Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.  
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip? Some bloody passion shakes your very frame; 44  
These are portents, but yet, I hope, I hope They do not point on me.  
Oth. Peace, and be still!  
Des. I will so. What's the matter?  
Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee 48  
Thou gav'st to Cassio.  
Des. No, by my life and soul!  
Send for the man and ask him.  
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed. Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.  
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.  
Oth. Yes, presently; 52  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin; For to deny each article with oath Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception That I do groan withal. Thou art to die. 56  
Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!  
Oth. I say, amen.  
Des. And have you mercy too! I never did Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio But with such general warranty of heaven 60  
As I might love; I never gave him token.  
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.  
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart, And mak'st me call what I intend to do 64  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: I saw the handkerchief.  
Des. He found it then;  
I never gave it him. Send for him hither;

Let him confess a truth.  
Oth. He hath confess'd. 68  
Des. What, my lord?  
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.  
Des. How? unlawfully?  
Oth. Ay.  
Des. He will not say so.  
Oth. No; his mouth is stopp'd:  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. 72  
Des. O! my fear interprets. What! is he dead?  
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.  
Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone. 76  
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?  
Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not!  
Oth. Down, strumpet!  
Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!  
Oth. Nay, if you strive,— 81  
Des. But half an hour!  
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.  
Des. But while I say one prayer!  
Oth. It is too late. [He smother's her.  
Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord! 84  
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?  
I that am cruel am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain. So, so.  
Emil. [Within.] What, ho! my lord, my lord!  
Oth. Who's there? 88  
Emil. [Within.] O! good my lord, I would speak a word with you!  
Oth. Yes; 'tis Emilia: by and by. She's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death; The noise was high. Ha! no more moving? 92  
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?  
I think she stirs again: no. What's best to do? If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife: My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife: O, insupportable! O heavy hour! 97  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe Should yawn at alteration.  
Emil. [Within.] I do beseech you 100  
That I may speak with you, O! good my lord.  
Oth. I had forgot thee: O! come in, Emilia: Soft, by and by: let me the curtains draw. Where art thou? [Unlocks the door.

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now? 104  
Emil. O! my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.  
Oth. What! now?  
Emil. But now, my lord.  
Oth. It is the very error of the moon; She comes more near the earth than she was wont, 108  
And makes men mad.  
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian