

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd. 112

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O! falsely, falsely murder'd.

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what? 116

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:

Help! Help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O! sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die. 120

Emil. O! who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord. O! farewell! 121

[Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas! who knows? 124

Oth. You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O! the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil. 129

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

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say

That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell

But that I did proceed upon just grounds 136

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock? 140

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it. 144

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I

say thy husband. 148

Emil. O mistress! villany hath made mocks

with love.

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago. 152

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha! 156

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do

me harm 160

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives. Help! help, ho!

help! 164

The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder!

murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and Others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!

Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done

well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 169

Emil. Disprove this villain if thou be'st a

man:

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full. 173

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no

more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was

false? 176

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm

your tongue. 181

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound

to speak.

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forbend! 184

Emil. And your reports have set the murder

on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, in-

deed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon't, I think, I smell't; O villany! 189

I thought so then; I'll kill myself for grief.

O! villany, villany!

Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you,

get you home. 192

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to

speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! *[Falls on the bed.]*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent 197

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O! she was foul.

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your

niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly

stopp'd: 200

I know this act shows terrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy

father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 208

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love 212

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand:

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out; I hold my peace,

sir? no; 217

No, I will speak as liberal as the north;

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak. 220

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab EMILIA.]

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief

thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness, 225

More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found

it, 228

And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentle-

men.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder? Precious vil-

lain! *[He runs at IAGO. IAGO stabs*

EMILIA, and exit.]

Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his

wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O! lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd. 236

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this

weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.]

Oth. I am not valiant neither, 241

But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady? 244

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music:—

Willow, willow, willow.

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel

Moor;

So come my soul to bliss as I speak true; 249

So speaking as I think, I die, I die. *[Dies.]*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;

It is a sword of Spain, the ice brook's temper.

O! here it is. Uncle, I must come forth. 253

Gra. *[Within.]* If thou attempt it, it will cost

thee dear:

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with

me, 256

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, 260

That with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now. 264

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear; 268

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires. Where should Othello go?

Now how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd

wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at

compt, 272

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity.

O! cursed, cursed slave. Whip me, ye devils, 276

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! 280

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a

chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortu-

nate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain

forth. 284

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's

a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Wounds IAGO.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee

live; 288

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello! that wert once so good,

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,

What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing; 292

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his

villany:

Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil 300
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know,
 you know:
 From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What! not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best. 305
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath
 befall'n,
 Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo, 308
 And here another; the one of them imports
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
 Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
 lain,
 But that, belike, Iago in the interim 316
 Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
 And he himself confess'd but even now 320
 That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
 Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter
 How he upbraids Iago that he made him 324
 Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
 That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
 After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on. 328
Lod. You must forsake this room and go
 with us;
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
 If there be any cunning cruelty 332
 That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest.
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you
 go. 337
 I have done the state some service, and they
 know't;
 No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, 340
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you
 speak
 Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well; 343
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd
 eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood, 348
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk 352
 Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus. [Stabs himself.
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; no way
 but this, [Falling upon DESDEMONA.
 Killing myself to die upon a kiss. [Dies.
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon;
 For he was great of heart.
Lod. [To IAGO.] O Spartan dog! 360
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea.
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
 This is thy work; the object poisons sight;
 Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house, 364
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
 The time, the place, the torture; O! enforce it.
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 369
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs.
 SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
 DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
 VENTIDIUS,
 EROS,
 SCARUS,
 DERCETAS,
 DEMETRIUS,
 PHILO,
 MECENAS,
 AGRIPPA,
 DOLABELLA,
 PROCULEIUS,
 THYREUS,
 GALLUS,
 MENAS,
 MENEGRATES,
 VARRIUS, } Friends to Antony.
 } Friends to Caesar.
 } Friends to Pompey.

TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
 CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.
 SILIUS, an Officer under Ventidius.
 EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
 ALEXAS,
 MARDIAN,
 SELEUCUS,
 DIOMEDES,
 A Soothsayer.
 A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
 OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.
 CHARMIAN,
 IRAS, } Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—In several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in
 CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
 O'erflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
 That o'er the files and musters of the war
 Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
 turn 4
 The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, 8
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gipsy's lust. Look! where they come.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
 their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
 The triple pillar of the world transform'd 12
 Into a strumpet's fool; behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's a beggary in the love that can be
 reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd. 16

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
 heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me; the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows 20
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love! 24
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like;
 You must not stay here longer; your dismission
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?
 both? 28

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays
 shame

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The mes-
 sengers! 32

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
 arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life 36
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[Embracing.
 And such a twain can do't, in which I bind.
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! 40
 Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, 44
 Let's not confound the time with conference
 harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-
 night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen! 48