THE TRAGEDIE OF
Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.
NEver tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if [ye] strings were thine, should'st know of this.
Ia. But you'l not heare me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.
Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worsse a place.
But he (as loving his owne pride, and purposes)
Evades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Aritmatician,
One *Michaell Cassio,* a *Florentine,*
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the devision of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinster. Unlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere pratle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Leiutenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the cursse of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to'th'first. Now Sir, be judge your selfe,
Whether I in any just terme am Affin'd
To love the *Moore?*
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to serve my turne upon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Provender, & when he's old Casheer'd.
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but showes of Service on their Lords
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd their Coates
Doe themselves Homage.
These Fellowes have some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo,*
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago:*
In following him. I follow but my selfe.
Heaven is my Judge, not I for love and dutie,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart upon my sleeve
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall to Fortune do's the [Thicks-lips] owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call up her Father:
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Joy be Joy.
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.
Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell.
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is spied in populus Citties.
Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio,* Siginor *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeves, Theeves.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeves, Theeves.
Bra. Above. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?
Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your

Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe your soule
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the devill will make a Grand-sire of you.
Arise I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worsser welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)
Upon malitious knaverie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rodo. Patience good Sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.
Rodo. Most grave *Brabantio,*
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.
Ia. Sir: you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devill bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'le have your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le have Coursers for Cozens: and Gennets for Germaines.
Bra. What prohane wretch art thou?
Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a Villaine.
Iago. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou shalt answere. I know thee *Rodorigo.*
Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Even and dull watch o'th'noght
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lascivious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold, and saucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeve
That from the sence of all Civilitie
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I say againe, hath made a grosse revolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: straight satisfie your selfe.
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Justice of the State
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Give me a Taper: call up all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.
Light, I say, light. *Exit.*
Iag. Farewell: for I must leave you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my [dlace]

To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How ever this may gall him with some cheeke)
Cannot with safetie cast-him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which even now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his [Fadome], they have none,
To lead their businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell [apines,]
Yet, for necessitie of present life
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Love,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio,with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
is naught but bitternesse, Now *Rodorigo,*
Where didst thou see her? (Oh unhappie Girle)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaves me
Past thought :) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
Rodo. Truly I thinke they are.
Bra. Oh Heaven: how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read *Roderigo,*
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes Sir: I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house Ile call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo,* I will deserve your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I have slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th'conscience
To do no contriv'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me service. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'have yerk'd him here under the Ribbes.
Othello. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such survy, and provoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I have
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you,
Or put upon you, what restraint or greevance,

The

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.
Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Services, which I have done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (unbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know *Iago,*
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona,*
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.
Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Janus,* I thinke no.
Othel. The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night upon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You have bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at you Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.
Cassio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.
Cassio. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cassio. To who?
Iago. Marry to ----Come Captaine, will you go?
Othel. Have with you.
Cassio. Here come another troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othello. Holla, stand there.
Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.
Iago. You, *Rodorigo,* come Sir, I am for you.
Othe. Keepe up your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her

For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would ever have (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.
Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.
Othe. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer, 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night ? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That gives them Credite.
1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seven Gallies.
Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.
2. Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they jumpe not on a just accompt,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approve
In fearefull sense.
Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.
Enter Saylor.
Officer. A

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now? What's the businesse?
Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State.
By Signior *Angelo.*
Duke. How say you by this change?
1.Sen. This cannot be
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe us in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our selves againe but understand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so unskillfull,
To leave that latest, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The *Ottamites,* Reveren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Have there injoynted them with an after Fleete.
1. Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?
Mess. of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano,*
Your trustie and most Valiant Servitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeve him.
Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?
1. Sen. He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.
1. Sen. Here comes *Brabantio,* and the Valiant Moore.

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

Duke. Valiant *Othello,* we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, [hor] ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and swallowes other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.
Duke. Why? What's the matter?
Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so prepostrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,

And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
YOu shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.
All. We are verie sorry for't.
Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Other. Most Potent, Grave, and Reveren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approv'd good Masters;
That I have tane away this old mans Daughrer,
It is most true: true I have married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they have us'd
Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet. (by hour gratious patience)
I will a round un-varnish'd [u] Tale deliver,
Of my whole course of Love.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Comjuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.
Bra. A Maiden never bole:
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, every thing
To fall in Love, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a judgement main'd, and most imperfect[.]
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powerfull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought up on her.
To vouch this, is no proofe,
Without more wider, and more over Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.
Sen. But *Othello,* speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?
Othel. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you.
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.
Othe. Aunciant, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And [tell] she come, as truly as to heaven,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So justly to your Grave eares, Ile present

How

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it *Othello.*
Othe. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Seiges, Fortune,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my boyish daies,
To th'very moment that he bad me tell it,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellours historie.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heaven,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Anthopophague,* and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Devoure up my discourse. Which I observing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not instinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gave me for my paines a world of Kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange; 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pitty them.
This onely is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too.
Good *Brabantio,* take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather use,
Then their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceive heere a divided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Jewell)
I am glad at soule, I have no other Child;
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I have done my Lord.
Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Lovers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
What cannot be [presern'd], when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Injury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselefe, that spends a bootlesse griefe.
Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus us beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equivocall.
But words are words, I never yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.
Duke. The turke with a most mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus: *Othello,* the Fortitude of the place is best knowne to you. And though we have there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more soveraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborne, and boystrous expedition.
Othe. The Tirant Custome, and most Grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driven bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Natural and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do undertake
This present Warres against the *Ottamites.*
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not have it so.
Othe. Nor I.
Def. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your prosperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'assist my simplenesse.
Duke. What would you *Desdemona?*
Des. That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

May

May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavie interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.
Othe. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heaven defend your good soules, tht you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid,* feele with wanton dulnesse
My specilative, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let House-wives make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th'Affaire cries hast:
And speed must answer it.
Sen. You must away to night.
Othe. With all my heart.
Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.
Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.
Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.
Sen. Adieu brave Moore, use *Desdemona* well.
Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
She ha's deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*
Othe. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago,*
My *Desdemona,* must I leave to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage,
Come *Desdemona,* I have but an houre
Of Love, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time. *Exit.*
Rod. Iago.
Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.
Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.
Iago. If thou do'st, I shall never love thee after. Why thou silly Gentleman?
Rod. It is sillynesse to live, when to live is torment: and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our Physition.
Iago. Oh villanous: I have look'd upon the world for foure times seven yeares, and since I could distinguish

betwixt a Benefit, and an Injurie: I never found man that knew how to love himselfe. Ere I would say, I would drowne my selfe for the love of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

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

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selves that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede up Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with many: either to have it sterrill with idlenesse, or manured with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our lives had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensualitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or unbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse. I could never better steed thee then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy favour, with an usurp'd Beard. I say put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her love to the Moore. Put' Money in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts, shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicated way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy joy, then to be drown'd and go without her.

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

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, against him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many Events in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy Money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall e meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare Roderigo?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would times expend with such [Snpe]

But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
[She] ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume up my will
In double Knavery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
TO be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Nose
As Asses are:
I have't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?
I.Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heaven, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.
Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand so upon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?
2. A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand upon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'ever-fixed Pole:
I never did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood.
Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts: A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a grevous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.
Mon. How? Is this true?
3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Verennessa, Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello,*
Is come on Shore. the Moore himself at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Governour.
3 But this same *Cassio,* though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, het he lookes sadly,
And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.
Mon. Pray Heavens he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for brave *Othello,*
Even till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every Minute is expectancie
Of more Arrivancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassi. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approove the Moore: Oh let the Heavens
Give him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.
Mon. Is he well ship'd?
Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.
Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.
Cassio. What noise?
Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People and they cry, a Saile.
Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do discuarge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least.
Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I shall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th'essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the [Ingeniver].

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago,* Auncient to the Generall.
Cassio. Ha's had a most favourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As having sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Divine *Desdemona.*
*Mon.*What is she?
Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago,*
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Jove, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse thie Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quicke pants in *Desdemonaes* Armes,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and AEmilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behinde thee, and on every hand
Enwheele thee round.
Des. I thanke you, Valiant *Cassio,*
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio.

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.
Des. Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?
Cassio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.
Within. A Saile, a Saile.
Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.
Cassio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of Curtesie.
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would have enough.
Des. Alas: she ha's no speech.
Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I have leave to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
AEmil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens: Saints in your Injuries: Divels being offended: Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswives in your Beds.
Def. O, fie upon thee, Slandereer.
Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.
AEmil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Desde. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st praise me?
Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me [too t],
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Des. Come on, assay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I Madam.
Des. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would'st thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she is deliver'd.
If she be faire, and wise: fairnesse, and wit,
The ones for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd:
How if she be Blacke and Witty?
Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto have a wit,
She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.
Des. Worse, and worse.
AEmil. How if Faire, and Foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was faire,
For even her folly helpt her to an heire.
Desde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's Foule, and Foolish.
Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.
Desde. O heavy ignorance: thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her

merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe.

Iago. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angried, her fevenge being nie,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:
She that in wisedome never was so fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and nev'r disclose her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if ever such wightes were)
Def. To do what?
Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Desde. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do not learne of him *Aemillia,* though he be thy husband. How say you (*Cassio)* is he not a most prophane, and liberall Counsailor?
Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whisper. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a Fly as *Cassio.* I smile upon her, do: I will give thee in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantrie, it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curtsie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your sake.
The Moore I know his Trumpet.
Cassio. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let's meete him, and receive him.
Cassio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.
Des. My deere *Othello.*
Othe. It gives me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Joy:
If after every Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heaven. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in unknowne Fate.
Des. The Heavens forbid
But that our Loves
And Comforts should encrease
Even as our dayes do grow.
Othe. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That ere our hearts shall make.
Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Othe. Come: let us to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love among'st them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago,*
Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona,*
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men being in Love, have then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is native to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay the finger thus: and let thy soule be instructed. Marke me with what violence she first lov'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall lies. To love him still for prating, let not thy discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to looke on the divell? When th Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game to enflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite. Lovelinesse in favour, simpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tendernesse wil finde it self abus'd, begin to heave the, gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this [Forune], as *Cassio* do's: a knave very voluble: no further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Civill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none: A slipper, and subtle knave, a finder of occasion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never present it selfe. A divelish knave: besides, the knave is handsome, young: and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knave, and the woman hath found him already.

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

Iago. Bless'd figges-end. The Wine she drinkes is made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would never have lov'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle, with the palme of his hand? Didst not marke that?

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

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts. They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo,* when these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't upon you, *Cassio* knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

casion to anger *Cassio,* either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and happely may strike at you, provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of *Cassio.* So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then have to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie.

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

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well beleev't:
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, loving, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le prove to *Desdemona*
A most deere husband. Now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partely led to dyet my Revenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hat leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am eeven'd with him, wife, for [wift].
Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Jelouzie so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising upon his peace, and quiet,
Even to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaveries plaine face, is never seene, till us'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That upon certain tydings now arriv'd, importing the meere predition of the Turkish Fleete: every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this pre-

present houre of five, till the Bell have told eleven.
Bless the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello.* *Exit.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona., Cassio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good *Michael,* looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our selves that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
Cas. Iago, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't.
Othe. Iago, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my deere Love,
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you.
Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago:* we must to the Watch.
Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clocke. Our Generall cast us thus earely for the love of his *Desdemona:* Who, let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for *Jove.*
Cas. She's a most exquixite Lady.
Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.
Cas. Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she ha's?
Methinkes it sounds a parley to provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modest.
Iago. And when she speakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?
Cas. She is indeed perfection.
Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I have a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, tht would faine have a measure to the health of blacke *Othello.*
Cas. Not to night, good *Iago,* I have very poore, and unhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wish Curtesie would invent some other Custome of entertainment.
Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.
Cassio. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what inovation it makes heere. I am unfortuate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.
Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.
Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*
Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistris dogge.
Now my sicke Foole *Roderigo,*
Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd/
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)
Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.

Now ‘mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my dreame,
My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Cas. ‘Fore heaven, they have given me a rowse already.

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life’s but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.
Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. ‘Fore Heaven: an excellent Song.

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

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?

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

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Justice.

Iago. Oh sweet England.
King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal’d the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
‘Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl’d Cloake about thee.
Some Wine hoa.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare’t againe?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place, that do’s those things. Well: heav’ns above all: and there be soules must be saved, and there be soules must not be saved.

Iago. It’s true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (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 Affaires. Forgive us our sinnes: Gentlemen let’s looke to our businesse. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

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

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

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
He’s a Souldier, fit to stand by *Caesar,*
And give direction. And do but see his vice,
‘Tis to his vertue, a just Equinox,

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this Island.
Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in *Cassio,*
And lookes not on his evills: it not this true?
Enter Rodorigo.
Iago. How now *Rodorigo?*
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
Man. And 'tis great pitty, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.
Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do love *Cassio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this evill[,] But hearke, what noise?
Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.
Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.
Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?
Cas. A Knave teach me my dutie? Ile beate the
Knave into a Twiggen-Bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?
Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.
Cassio. Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.
Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.
Cassio. Drunke?
Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano:*
Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be asham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.
Othe. What is the matter heere?
Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. [He dies.]
Othe. Hold for your lives.
Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano,* Gentlemen:
Have you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.
Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the *Ottamittes.*
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that stirs next, to carve for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
Honest *Iago.* that lookes dead with greeving,
Speake: who began this? On thy love I charge thee?
Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, even now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Devesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had unwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peevish oddes.
And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Othe. How comes it (*Michaell*) you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civill:
The gravitie, and fullnesse of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
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 Officeer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech which something now offends me.
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
Unlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves, it be a sinne
When violence assailes us.
Othe. Now by Heaven,
My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
And passion (having my best judgement collied)
Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
Or do but list this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage private, and domesticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
Thou dost deliver more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Iago. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to *Michaell Cassio.*
Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Cassio,* and entreats his pause:
My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might say before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe) I found them close together
At blow, and thrust, even as againe they were
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,
Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio* I beleeve receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honestie, 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.

Looke if my gentle Love be not rais'd up:
Ile make thee an example.
Des. What is the matter (Deere?)
Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona,* 'tis the Soldiers life,
To have their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. *Exit.*
*Iago.*What are you hurt Lieutenant?
Cas. I, past all Surgery.
Iago. Marry Heaven forbid.
Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have lost my Reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation, *Iago,* my Reputation.
Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no Reputation at all, unless you repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are more wayes to recover the Generall againe. You are but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice) even so as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him again, and he's yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceive so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And squabble? Swagger? Sweare? And discourse Fustian with 'one's owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let us call thee Divell.
Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?
Cas. I know not.
Iago. Is't possible?
Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale away their Braines? that we should with joy, pleasance, revell and applause, transforme our selves into Beasts.
Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?
Cas. It hath pleas'd the divell drunkennesse, to give place to the divell wrath, one unperfectnesse, shewes me another to make me frankly despise my selfe.
Iago. Come, you are too severe a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands I could hartily wish this had not befalne: but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.
Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra,* such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the Ingredient is a divell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good famillar Creature, if it be well us'd: exclaime no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I love you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and devotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken joynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Love, shall grow [stonger], then it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Love, and honest kindnesse.

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

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

Cassio. Good night, honest *Iago.*

Exit Cassio.

*Iago.*And what's he then,
That saies I play the Villaine?
When this advise is free I give, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most easie
Th'inclyning *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:
His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course,
Directly to his good? Divinitie of hell,
When divels will the blackest sinnes put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust.
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch.
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en-mesh them all.
How now *Rodorigo?*

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles up the Crie. My Money is almost spent; I have bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue

 will

will bee, I shall have so much experience for my paines;
And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-
turne again to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that have not Patience?
What wound did ever heale but by degrees?
Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio:*
Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:
Content thy self, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure, and Action, make the hourse seeme short.
Retire thee, go where thou are Billeted:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:
Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
Two things are to be done:
My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistris:
Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Device, by coldnesse, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Na-
ples, that they speake I'th'Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tele, sir?

Clow. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Ge-
nerall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loves
sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any Musicke that may not be heard,
too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Ge-
nerall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put up your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile
away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mus.*

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

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

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

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall
seeme to notifie unto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold (*Iago)* to send in to your wife:
My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some accesse.
Iago. Ile send her to you presently:
And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your converse and businesse
May be more free. *Exit*
Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honest.
Enter AEmilia.
AEmil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie
For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe.
Cassio. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, of that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some breefe Discourse
With *Desdemon* alone.
AEmil. Pray you come it:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speaie your bosome freely.
Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.
Othe. These Letters give (Iago) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the workes,
Repaire there to mee.
Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.
Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?
Gent. Well waite upon your Lordship. *Exeunt*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and AEmilia.
Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio)* I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.
AEmil. Good Madam do:
I warrant it greeves my Husband,
As if the cause were his.
Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio*
But I will have my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.
Cassio. Bounteous Madam,
What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio,*
He's never any thing but your true Servant.
Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do love my Lord:
You have knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance.
Cassio. I, but Lady,
That Policie may either last so long,
Or feede upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Love, and Service.
Des. Do not doubt that: before *AEmilia* here,

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* fuite: Therefore be merry *Cassio,*
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

AEmil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.
Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leave.
*Des.*Why stay, and heare me speake.
Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine owne purposes.
Des. Well, do your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Hah? I like not that.
Othel. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.
Othe. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your coming.
Oth. I do beleeve 'twas he.
Des. How now my Lord?
I have bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you meane?
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,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. I sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Love, call him backe.
Othel. Not now (sweet *Desdemon*) some other time.
Des. But shall't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.
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 meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.
Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Save that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her best, is not almost a fault
T'encurre a private checke. When shall he come?
Tell me *Othello.* I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio,*
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I have spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.
Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a Boone:

‘Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloves,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To you owne person. Nay, when I have a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my selfe.
Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona,* Ile come to thee strait.
Des. AEmilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do love thee: and when I lve thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago?*
Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*
When he woo’d my Lady, know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last:
Why dost thou aske?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.
Oth. O yes, and went betweene us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern’st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago Honest, my Lord?
Oth. Honest? I, Honest.
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What do’st thou thinke?
Iago. Thinke, my Lord?
Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos’t me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik’st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife. What didd’st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried’st, Indeede?
And didd’st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd’st shut up in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do’st love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I thinke thou do’st:
And for I know thou’rt full of Love, and Honestie,
And weigh’st thy words before thou give’st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall Knave
Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that’s just,
They’re close dilations, working from the heart,
That Passion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Cassio,*
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honset.
Oth. I thinke so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme
Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio’s* an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there’s more in this?
I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The

The worst of words.
Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaves are free:
Utter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein uncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
A stranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my jealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.
Oth. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of jealousie,
It is the green-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loves not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loves?
Oth. O miserie.
Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is a s poore as Winter,
To him that ever feares he shall be poore:
Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Jealousie.
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'ld make a Life of Jealousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufflicate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago,*
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealousie.

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall have reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio,*
Weare your eyes, thus: not Jealous, nor Secure:
I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heaven see the prankes
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknowne.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes up, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseedh you of your pardon
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. Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Love,
But I do see y'are moov'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspition,
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see y'are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd:
I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.
Iago. Long live she so;
And long live you to thinke so.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts unnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better judgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to observe.
Leave me *Iago.*
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.
Othel. Why did I marry?
This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he unfolds.

Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place;
For sure he filles it up with great Ability;
Yet, if you please, to him off a-while:
You shall by that perceive him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I have to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.
Oth. Feare not my government..
Iago. I once more take my leave. *Exit.*
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
Though that her Jesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'ld whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And have not those soft parts of Conversation
That Chamberers have: Or for I am declin'd
Int the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites?
I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I love
For others uses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogativ'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is Fated to us,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and AEmilia.

If she be false, Heaven mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleeve't.
Des. How now, my deere *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am too blame.
Des. Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a paine upon my Forehead, heere.
Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
AEmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keepe it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile have the worke tane out,
And giv't *Iago:* what he will do with it
Heaven knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Iago.
Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?
AEmil. Do not your chide: I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
Is it a common thing-------
AEmil. Hah?
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
AEmil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchiefe?
Iago. What Handkerchiefe?
Aemil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gave to *Desdemona,*
That which so often you did bid me steale.
Iago. Hast stolne it from her?
Aemil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th'advantage, I being heere, took't up:
Looke, heere 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Aemil. What will you do with't, that you have bene
so earnest to have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Aemil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giv't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.
Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I have use for it. Go, leave me. *Exit AEmil.*
I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Matures poysons,
Which at the first are scarse found to distaste:
But with a little acte upon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.
Enter Othello.
Look where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou owd'st yesterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?
Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.
Oth. Avant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iago. How now my Lord?
Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie,
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to heare this?
Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Virtue! Oh farewell;
Farwell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th'immortal Joves dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.
Iago. Is't possible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the Occular proofe,

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better have bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heaven weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heaven forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lov'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile love no Friend, sith Love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,
And looses that it workes for.
Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not:
Ile have some proofe[!] My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.
Iago. I see you are eaten up with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If ever mortall eyes do see them boulster
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyall.
Iago. I do not like the Office.
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too'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 sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio:*
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
An then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt up kisses by the rootes,
That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wives hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wives) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It speakes against her with the other proofes.
Othel. O that the Slave had forty thousand lives:
One is too poore, too weake for my revenge.
No do I see 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago,*
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld up (O Love) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.
Oth. Never *Iago.* Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsive course,
Nev'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall nev'r looke backe, nev'r ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capeable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet:
Witnesse you ever-burning Lights above,
YOu Elements, that clip us round about,
Witnisse that heere *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse ever.
Oth. I greete thy love,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.
Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her live.
Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Divell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your owne for ever. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, AEmilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clow, I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

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

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to devise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

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

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

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I have moov'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attenpt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe,*AEmilia?*

AEmil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeve me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

AEmil. Is he not healous?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Aemil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

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

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona?*

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand.
This hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercuse devout,
For heere's a yong, and sweating Divell heere
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gave hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an AEgyptian to my Mother give:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her love: But if she lost it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gave it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wiv'd)
To give it her. I did so; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To loose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conserv'd of Maidens hearts.
Des. Indeed? Is't true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.
Des. Then would to Heaven, that I had never seene't?
Oth. Ha? wherefore?
Des. Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?
Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?
Des. Blesse us.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?
Oth. How?
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetcht, let me see't.
Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my suite,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde mis-gives.
Des. Come, come: you'l never meete a more suffici-
ent man.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Des. A man that all his time
Hath sounded his good Fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Des. Insooth, you are too blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit Othello,*
AEmil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I nev'r saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this [Handkerchikfe],
I am most unhappy in the losse of it.
AEmil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes us a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.
Enter Iago, and Cassio.
Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.
Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
And loe the happinesse: goe, and importune her.
Des.

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former site. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his love againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe up in some other course
To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio)*
My Advocation 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.
So helpe me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

AEmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange unquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Divell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members, even to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such observancie
As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *AEmilia,*
I was (unhandsome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his unkindnesse with my soule:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,
And he's Indited falsely.

AEmil. Pray heaven it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Jealous Toy, concerning you.

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

AEmil. But Jealous soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealious for the cause,
But jealous, for they're jealious. It is a Monster
Begot upon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heaven keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

AEmil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio,* walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile move your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my uttermost. *Exit*

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you (Friend *Cassio.*)

Cassio. What make you from home?
How is't with you , my most faire *Bianca?*
Indeed (sweet Love) I was comming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio.*
What? keepe a weeke away? Seven dayes, and Nights?
Eight score eight houres? And Lovers absent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh weary reck'ning.
Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.
Bianca. Oh *Cassio,* whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Cassio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde gesses in the Divels teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealious now,
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca.*
Bian. Why, who's is it?
Cassio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would have it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? Wherefore?
Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cassio. 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 soone at night?
Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.
Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.
Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Thinke so, *Iago?*
Iago. What, to kisse in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kisse?
Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?
Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the Divell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Divell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.
Iago. It they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:
But if I give my wife a Handkerchiefe.
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too:
May she give that?
Iago.

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.
Othe. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Raven o're the infectious house:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.
Iago. I: what of that?
Othe. That's not so good now.
Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their owne importunate fuit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,
Convinced or supply'd them. cannot chuse
But they must blab.)
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'le un-sweare.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Othe. What? What?
Iago. Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her? On her: what you will.
Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome: Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not invest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some [Iustruction]. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefe? O divell. *Falls in a Traunce.*
Iago. Worke on,
My medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chast Dames even thus
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach; what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: *Othello.*

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio?*
Cas. What's the matter?
Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
That is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the Temples.
Iago. The Lethargie must have his quyet course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes ot to savage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it Generall? Have you not hurt your head?
Othe. Dost thou mocke me?
Iago. I mocke you not, by Heaven:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.
Othe. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.
Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
And many a civill Monster.
Othe. Did he confesse it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lye in thos unproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wonton in a secure Cowch;

And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wise: ‘tis certaine.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil’st you were heere, o’re-whelmed with your griefe
(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And layd good scuses upon your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis’d. Do but encave you selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in every Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anwe;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y’are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Othe. Do’st thou heare, *Iago,*
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do’st thou heare) most bloody.
Iago. That’s not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca,*
A Huswife that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio,*(as ‘tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil’d by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad:
And his unbookish Jelousie must conserve
Poore *Cassio’s* smiles, gestures, and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?
Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even killes me.
Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on’t;
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca’s* dowre,
How quickely should you speed?
Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iago. I never knew woman love man so.
Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.
Iago. Do you heare *Cassio?*
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o’re: go too, well said, well said.
Iago. She gives it out. that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?
Cas. I marry. What? A customer ; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So unwholesome. Ha,ha,ha.
Oth. So,so,so,so: they laugh, that winnes.
Cas. Prythee say true.
Iago. I am a very Villaine else.
Oth. Have you scoar’d me? Well.
Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giving out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne love & flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was heere even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio,* as it were his jesture imports it.

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

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

Cassio. Well, I must leave her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by thus haunting of me?

Bian. Let the divell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gave me even now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? There, give it your Hobby-horse, wheresoever you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca?* How now? How now?

Othe. By Heaven, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Cas. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio, Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faine speake with you.

Cas. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: say no more.

Oth. How shall I murther him, *Iago.*

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago.*

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

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 giv'n it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

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

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

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

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

Othe. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine: But yet the pitty of it, *Iago:* oh *Iago,* the pitty of it

Iago.

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquitie: give her
pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere
no body.

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

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me some poyson, Iago, this night. Ile not
expostulate with her: least her body and beautie unpro-
vide my mind againe: this night *Iago.*

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in heer 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 heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,
'Tis *Lodovico*, this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Save you worthy Generall.

Othe. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodovico?*

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio?*

*Iago.*Lives Sir.

Des. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othe. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will----

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,
Is there devision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio?*

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
T'attone them, for the love I beare to *Cassio.*

Oth. Fire, and brimestone.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.
For as I thinke, they do command him home
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

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

Othe. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweete *Othello?*

Oth. Divell.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleev'd in Venice,
Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: she weepes.

Othe. Oh divell, divell:
If that eh Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop she falls, would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Oth.

Othe. Mistris,
Des. My Lord.
Othe. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my Lord?
Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, avaunt:
Cassio shall have my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
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 Braine?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath 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, worke upon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honestie in me to speake
What I have seene, and knowne. You shall observe him,
And his owne courses will [deonte] him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and AEmilia.

Othe. You have seene nothing then?
AEmil. Nor ever heard: nor ever did suspect.
Othe. Yes, you have seene *Cassio,* and she together.
Aemi. But then I saw no harme: and thenI heard,
Each syllable that breath made up betweene them.
Othe. What? Did they never whisper?
AEmil. Never my Lord.
Othe. Nor send you out o'th'way?
AEmil. Never.
Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor no-
AEmil. Never my Lord. (thing?
Othe. That's strange.
AEmil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wives
Is foule as Slander.
Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit AEmilia.*
She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I have seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and AEmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you Chucke come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.
Des. What horrible Fancie's this?
Othe. Some of your Function Mistris:
Leave Procreants alone, and shut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch. *Exit Aemi.*
Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a Fury in your words.
Othe. Why? What art thou?
Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.
Othello. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
being like one of Heaven, the divells themselves should
feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare
thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Othe. Heaven truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?
Othe. Ah *Desdemon,* away, away, away.
Des. Alas the heavy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motive of these teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
I have lost him too.
Othe. Had it pleas'd Heaven,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kinds of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in povertie to the very lippes,
Given to Captivitie, me, and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and moving finger at,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries up: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.
Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.
Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so lovely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
That the Sense akes at thee,
Would thou had'st never bin borne.
Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?
Othe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore upon? What commited,

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne up Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What commited?
Heaven stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited?
Des. By Heaven you do me wrong.
Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Othe. What, not a Whore?
Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.
Othe. Is't possible?
Des. Oh Heaven forgive us.
Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello.* You Mistris,
Enter AEmilia.
That have the office opposite to Saint *Peter,*
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We have done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*
AEmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceive?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe.
AEmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Des. With who?
AEmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Des. Who is thy Lord?
AEmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Des. I have none: do not talke to me *AEmilia.*
I cannot weepe: nor answeres have I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Aemil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*
Des. 'Tis meete I should be us'd so: very meete.
How have I bin behav'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least mususе?

Enter Iago, and AEmilia.
Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
Des. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might have chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
AEmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heavy termes upon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
Des. Am I that name, *Iago?*
Iago. What name (faire Lady?)
Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
AEmil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not have laid such termes upon his Callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
AEmil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Des. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke upon him?
Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.
Aemi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave, to get some Office,
Have not devis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him.
AEmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What Liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.
Oh Heavens, that such companions thou'd'st unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Even from the East to th'West.
Iago. Speake within doore.
AEmil. Oh 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 Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.
Des. Alas Iago,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Ot that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly divorcement) Love him deerely,
Comfort forsweare me. Unkindnesse may do much,
And his unkindnesse may defeat my life,
But never taynt my Love. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.
Des. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well/
Exeunt Desdemona and AEmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo?*
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st justly with me.
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Rodori. Every day thou dafts me with some devise *Iago,* and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from me all conveniencie, then suppliest me with the least advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace, what already I have foolishly suffred.
Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo?*
Rodori. I

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

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I have wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Desdemona,* would halfe have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine respect, and acquiaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

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

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my selfe knowne to *Desdemona.* If she will returne me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rodo. I: 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 then ever before: give me thy hand *Rodorigo.* Thou hast taken against me a most just exception: but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and your suspition is not without wit and judgement. But *Rodorigo,* if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to beleeve now then ever (I mean purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona,* take me from this world with Treacherie, and devise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compasse?

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

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Desdemona,* unlesse his abode be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio.*

Rod. How do you meane removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking our his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, AEmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.
Oth. Oh pardon me: ‘twill do me good to walke.
Lodovi. Madam, good night. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.
Des. Your Honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Desdemona.*
Des. My Lord.
Othello. Get you to bed on th’instant, I will be re-turn’d forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look’t be done. *Exit.*
Des. I will my Lord.
AEm. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.
Des. He saies he will returne [incontinent],
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you.
AEmi. Dismisse me?
Des. It was his bidding: therefore good *AEmilia,*
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.
AEmil. I, would you had never seene him.
Des. So would not I : my love doth so approve him,
That een his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee un-pin me) have grace and favour.
AEmi. I have laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.
Des. All’s one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow’d me
In one of these same Sheetes.
AEmil. Come, come: you talke.
Des. My Mother had a Maid call’d *Barbarie,*
She was in love: and he she lov’d prov’d mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing ‘twas: but it express’d her Fortune,
And she dy’d singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Brabarie:* prythee dispatch.
AEmi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?
Des. No, un-pin me here,
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.
AEmil. A very handsome man.
Des. He speakes well.
AEmil. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk’d barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur’d her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he’le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approve.
(Nay that’s not next. Harke, who is’t that knocks?
AEmil. It’s the wind.
Des. I call’d my Love false Love: but what said he then?
Sing Willouogh, &c.
If I court mo women, you’le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?
AEmil, 'Tis neyther heere, nor there.
Des. I have heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Aemiilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?
AEmil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
AEmil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this Heavenly light.
AEmil. Nor I neither, by this Heavenly light:
I might doo't as well I'th'darke.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?
AEmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.
Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.
AEmil. Introth I thinke I should, and undoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a joynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her 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.
AEmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.
AEmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peevish Jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us: Or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight)
Why we have galles: and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Revenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: They see, and smell,
And have their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And have not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct us so.
Des. Good night, good night:
Heaven me such uses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

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

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath give me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies:
Iago. I have rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio,*
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gaine. Live *Rodorigo,*
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to *Desdemona*
It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am slaine.
Cassio. I am maym'd for ever:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio, Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O Villaine that I am.
Oth. It is even so.
Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he: O brave *Iago,* honest, and just,
Tht hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your unblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, murther.
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.
Cas. Oh helpe.
Lodo. Hearke.
Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.
Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Weapons.
Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?
Lodo. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you heare a cry?
Cas, Heere, heere: for heaven sake helpe me.
Iago. What's the mattere?
Gra. This is *Othello's*Ancient, as I take it.
Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greevously?
Cas. Iago? Oh I a spoyl'd, undone by Villaines:
Give me some helpe.
Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What villaines have done this?
Cas. I thinke that one of them is [heereabout],

And

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and give some helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Cassio. That's one of them.
*Iago.*Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn't *Iago!* O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men I'th'darke?
Where be these bloody Theeves"
How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or *evill*?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*
Lod. He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Cas. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heaven forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio,*
My sweet *Cassio:* Oh *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*
Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio,* may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus;
I have been to seeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So: -----Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. *Oh Cassio. Cassio, Cassio.*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Injurie.
Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come:
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my Deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo.*
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he Sir: Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your 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?* Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well said, the Chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,
Save you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (Cassio)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?
Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale Mistris?
Do you perceive the gastnesse of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her:
Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
Though tongues were out of use.
AEmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?
Iago. Cassio hath heere ben set on in the darke
By *Rodorigo,* and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
AEmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio.*
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *AEmilia,*
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.
AEmil. O fie upon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
AEmil. As I? Fie upon thee.
Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let's go see poore *Cassio* drest.
Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.
AEmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster:
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench them thou flaming Minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethaean* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot give it vitall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Justice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.
Des. Who's there? *Othello?*
Othel. I *Desdemona.*
Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemon?*
Des. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.
Des. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, Heavens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.
Des. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I do.
Des. Then Heaven have mercy on mee.

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.
Des. They are Loves I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.
Des. That death's unnaturall, that kils for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
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 Handkerchiefe
Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st to *Cassio.*
Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remove, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Des. O Heaven 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 generall warrantie of Heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.
Oth. By Heaven I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O perjur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.
Des. He found it then:
I never gave it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He hath confest.
Des. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. I
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin lives, my great Revenge
Had stomacke for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out Strumpet. weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive.
Des. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smothers her.*

AEmilia at the doore.

AEmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.
AEmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
AEmil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *AEmilia:* by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio's* death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more mooving?
Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heavy houre!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
AEmil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *AEmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter AEmilia.
AEmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done.
Oth. What? now?
AEmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
AEmil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo.*
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
AEmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Revenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
AEmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
AEmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet *Desdemona,* oh sweet Mistris, speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
AEmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Des. No body: I my self. farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should she be murdred?
AEmil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
AEmil. 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.
AEmil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-
er Divell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
AEmil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a divell.
Oth. She was false as water.
AEmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.
Oth. Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
AEmil.

AEmil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
AEmil. That she was false to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Cassio:* had she bin true,
If Heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
I'ld not have sold her for it.
AEmil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeds.
AEmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband.
AEmil. Oh Mistris,
Villany hath made mockes with love:
My Husband say she was false?
Oth. He, Woman;
I say thy Husband: Do'st understand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago.*
AEmil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to 'th'heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
AEmil. Do thy worst:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heaven,
Then thou was't worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
AEmil. Thou hast not hale that powre to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh Dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
AEmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago:* you have done well,
That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
AEmil. Disprove this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I though,
And told no more
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.
AEmil. But did you ever tell him,
She was false?
Iago. I did.
AEmil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Upon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
She false with *Cassio?*
Did you say with *Cassio?*
Iago. With *Cassio,* Mistris?
Go too, charme your tongue.
[*Emil.*] I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to speake,
My Mistris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh Heavens, forefend.
[*Emil.*] And your reports have set the Murder on.
Othello. Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.
Mont. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke upon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:
I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago,* I will ne're go home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh she was fowle!
I scarse did know you Unkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Desdemon:*
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That she with *Cassio,* hath the Act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gave my Mother.
Emil. Oh Heaven! oh heavenly Powres!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heaven, and Men, and Divels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword upon a Woman.
Emil, Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Emil. She give it *Cassio?* No, alas I found it,
And I did give't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyest.
Emil. By Heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stoes in Heaven,
But what serves for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon, 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slave. *Exit.*
Oth.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.
Aemil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lov'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.
Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Unkle I must come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Looke in upon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better never did it selfe sustaine
Upon a Soldiers Thigh. I have seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my journies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my utmost Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heaven,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Even like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave!
Whip me ye Divels,
From the possession of this Heavenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Desdemon*! dead *Desdemon:*dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello:* heere I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Divell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
Othel. I am not sorry neither, Il'd have thee live:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.
Lod. Oh thou *Othello,* that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slave,
What shall be saide to thee.
Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.
Oth. I.
Cas. Deere Generall, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do beleeve it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Divell,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.
Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speake word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir,
You shall understand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo,*
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio,* to be undertooke
By *Rodorigo.*
Oth. O Villaine!
Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse.
Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfi'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wives?
Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!
Cassio. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he upbraides *Iago,* that he made him
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 .
Lod. You must forsake this roome, 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 Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
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 unluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.
Then must you speake,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Judean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit un-used to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, this.
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kist the, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye upon a kisse. *Dyes*
Cassio.

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Object poysons Sight,

The Names of the Actors.
(: * x * :)

OThello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*
Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *A gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.

Let it be hid. *Gratiano,* keepe the house,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remaines the Censure ofthis hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboord, and to the State,
This heavie Act, with heavie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

Senators.
Montano, *Governour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodovico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.

Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
AEmilia,*Wife to Iago.*
Bianca. *a Curtezan.*