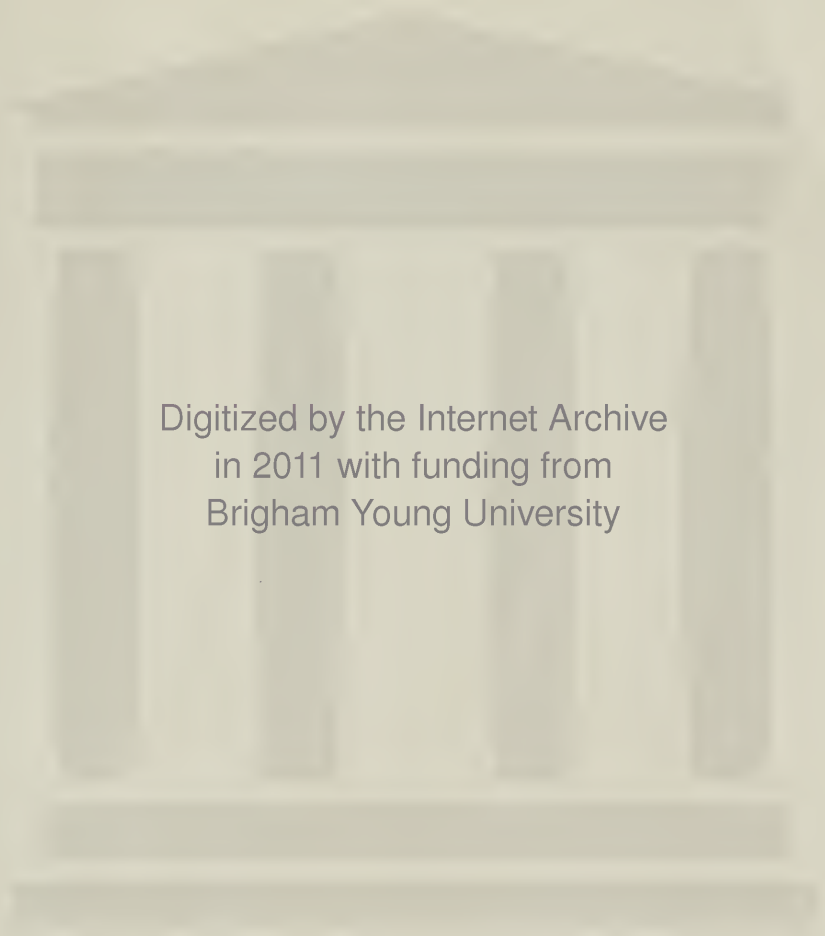


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SHAKESPEARE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME TWELVE

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Fuseli del.

KING LEAR.

Lear Genero. Regno Cordelia
Acti 5o.

Scarling. sc.

After the Painting of Fuzhi.

ГЕЧУ, СОМЕКИГ, ВЕСЧУ, СОУДЕГИА, ЕТС.

КИМС ГЕЧУ.

KING LEAR.

LEAR, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, ETC.

After the Painting by Fuseli.

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THE WORKS

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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M. A., AND

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M. A.

WITH 171 ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AFTER THE BOYDELL ILLUS-
TRATIONS; AND SIXTY-FOUR PHOTOGRAVURES
CHIEFLY FROM LIFE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME TWELVE

PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE BARRIE & SON, PUBLISHERS

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KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, king of Britain.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

EDGAR, son to Gloucester.

EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.

CURAN, a courtier.

Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.

Doctor.

Fool.

OSWALD, steward to Goneril.

A Captain employed by Edmund.

Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, } daughters to Lear.
CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*

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KING LEAR.

Miss Ellen Terry as Cordelia.

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KING LEAR.

Miss Ellen Terry as Cordelia.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *King Lear's palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.*

*Portion.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

11

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.*

*Handsome.

Glou. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair ; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom : and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age ; 40
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and
Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous
sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my
daughters,—

Since now we will divest us, both of rule, 50
Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can
wield the matter ;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour ;

As much as child e'er loved, or father found; 60
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love,
 and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
 to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. Sir, I am made 70

Of the self-same metal that my sister is,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short: that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square* of sense pos-
 sesses; *Comprehension.

And find I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
 And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More richer than my tongue. 80

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity,* and pleasure, *Value.
 Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
 Although the last, not least; to whose young
 love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
 Strive to be interest'd;† what can you say to
 draw †Allied.

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing! 90

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak
 again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
 According to my bond;* nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech
a little, *That to which one is bound.
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you. 100
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy
dower: 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation* messes *Children.
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France; who
stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany, 129
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions* to a king; *Titles.
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, 140
This coronet part betwixt you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound. 150

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judge-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs* no hollowness. *Echoes.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear.

Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank* of thine eye. *Mark to shoot at.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,— 162

Kent.

Now, by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st* thy gods in vain. *Adjurest.

Lear.

O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }
Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
 Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
 Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 I tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me! 170
 Since thou hast sought to make us break our
 vow,
 Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd
 pride

To come between our sentence and our power,
 Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
 Our potency made good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from diseases of the world;
 And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
 This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt
 appear.

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take
 thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!

[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches
 may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of
 love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE,
 BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
 lord. 191

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this
 king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter : what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands :
If aught within that little seeming substance, 201
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she
owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir ;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the power
that made me, 210
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you,
great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate ; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle 220
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for* I want that glib and oily art, ^{*Because.}
To speak and purpose not; since what I well
intend,

I'll do 't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 230
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me
better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love 241
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy! 250
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France : 260
 Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
 Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :
 Thou lovest here, a better where* to find. *Place.

Lear. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ;
 for we
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.
 Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but France,
 Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
 eyes
 Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
 And like a sister am most loath to call
 Your faults as they are named. Use well our
 father :

To your professed bosoms I commit him :
 But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study 279
 Be to content your lord, who hath received you
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the want that you have
 wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited* cunning
 hides: *Intricate.
 Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
 Well may you prosper !

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of
 what most nearly appertains to us both. I think
 our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next
 month with us. 290

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ;
 the observation we have made of it hath not been

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 little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,* but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment. *Temper.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit* together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us. *Agree. 310

Reg. We shall further think on 't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
 shines

Lag* of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,

My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take 11

More composition and fierce quality *Behindhand.
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,

Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:

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KING LEAR.

*CORDELIA, FRANCE, GONERIL,
REGAN, ETC.*

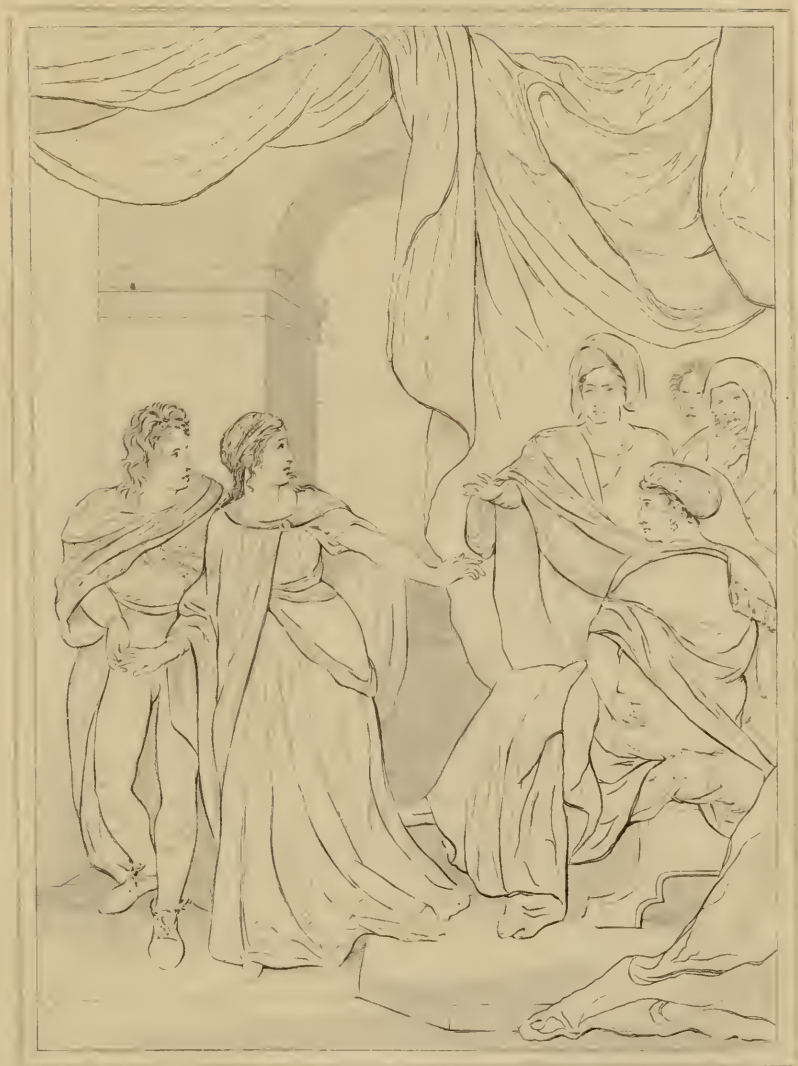
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KING LEAR.

CORDELIA, FRANCE, GONERIL,
REGAN, ETC.

After the Painting by Smirke.



Smirke, del.

T Starling, sc.

KING LEAR.

Cordelia. France General. Regan &c.

Act. Scene 1.

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
 As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 20
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in
 choler parted!
 And the king gone to-night! subscribed* his
 power!

Confined to exhibition! † All this done † Allowance.
 Upon the gad! ‡ Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

‡ With impetuous haste. [*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
 that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading? 30

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed, then, that terrible
 dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of
 nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's
 see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need
 spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a
 letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-
 read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it
 not fit for your o'er-looking. 40

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give
 it. The contents, as in part I understand them,
 are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification,
 he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of
 age makes the world bitter to the best of our
 times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness
 cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and
 fond* bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny;
 who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is

suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.'
 Hum—conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it? *Foolish.

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character* to be your brother's? *Handwriting.

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not. 70

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,* if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger. *Whereas.

Glou. Think you so?

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Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening. 101

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey* the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Manage. III

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollow-ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,* by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the

charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.
Edgar—

*Traitors.

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in!

151

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

170

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. ~~Some villain hath~~ done me wrong. 180

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent* forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed. *Temperate.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: 199
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL and OSWALD, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. 10

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

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 If he dislike it, let him to our sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
 That still would manage those authorities
 That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
 Old fools are babes again; and must be used
 With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen
 abused. 20

Remember what I tell you.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
 among you;
 What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows
 so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
 That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,
 To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 That can my speech defuse, my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd
 Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
 demn'd,
 So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights,
 and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get
 it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now!
 what art thou? 10

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst
 thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
 to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to
 love him that is honest; to converse with him

that is wise, and says little ; to fear judgement ; to fight when I cannot choose ; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king. 21

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master. 30

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou? 39

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing : I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me : if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner ! Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither. [Exit an Attendant.]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [Exit.]

Lear. What says the fellow there ? Call the clotpoll back. [Exit a Knight.] Where's my fool, ho ? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now ! where's that mongrel ?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

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Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him.

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not! 60

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged. 71

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away. 80

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. 'My lady's father!' my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon. 91

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes Oswald out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool? 110

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy? 119

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach* may stand by the fire and stink. *A hound-bitch.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: 130
 Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,

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Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest ;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score. 140

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle ?

Lear. Why, no, boy ; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to : he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool ! 150

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool ?

Lear. No, lad ; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand :
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear ;
The one in motley* here, *Fool's coat. 160
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me ; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't : and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself ; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns. 171

Lear. What two crowns shall they be ?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt : thou hadst little wit in

thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so. 180

[*Singing*] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
They know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, 190

[*Singing*] Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet* on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown. *Forehead cloth. 209

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.

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[*Pointing to Lear*] That's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue 221
Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress ; but now grow fear-
ful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance;* which if you should, the
fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, 230
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, 239
I would you would make use of that good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught ; and put away
These dispositions, that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
the horse? Whoop, Jug ! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not
Lear :
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are
his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha ! waking? 'tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am? 250

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that ; for, by the marks of
sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be
false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient
father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. ~~www.libtalarion~~ This admiration, sir, is much o' the sa-
 vour
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright : 260
 As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;
 Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd* and bold, *Debauched.
 That this our court, infected with their manners,
 Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
 Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
 Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth
 speak
 For instant remedy : be then desired
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
 A little to disquantity your train ; 270
 And the remainder, that shall still depend, †
 To be such men as may besort your age,
 And know themselves and you. † Be in service.

Lear. Darkness and devils !
 Saddle my horses ; call my train together.
 Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee :
 Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd
 rabble
 Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*]
 O, sir, are you come?
 Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
 Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, 281
 More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
 Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite ! thou liest :
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
 That all particulars of duty know,
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their name. O most small fault,
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show ! 289
 That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of na-
 ture

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*

And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear.

It may be so, my lord.

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

300

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate* body never spring *Degraded.

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnated torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent† tears fret† channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits †Falling.

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

310

To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes
this?

†Wear away.

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee: [*To Gon.*] Life and death!

I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,

320

Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented* woundings of a father's curse

Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,

Beweep ~~this cause again~~, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
 Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter, *Unsearchable.
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolvisish visage. Thou shalt find
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
 [*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after
 your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, 340
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter:
 So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—a hun-
 dred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
 At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every
 dream,
 Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far: 351
 Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald.

How, now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Yes, madam.

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Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear; 360
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No,
no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd* for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness. *Reprehended

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot
tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. 370

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these
letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with
any thing you know than comes from her demand
out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy,
I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have
delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't
not in danger of kibes?*

*Chilblains.

Lear. Ay, boy.

10

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall
ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use
thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a
crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does
to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands
i' the middle on's face? 20

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight? 40

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 50

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Earl of Gloucester's castle.**Enter EDMUND, and CURAN meets him.**Edm.* Save thee, Curan.*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.*Edm.* How comes that?*Cur.* Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they? 10*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?*Edm.* Not a word.*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.**Edm.* The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.
 My father hath set guard to take my brother;
 And I have one thing, of a queasy* question,
 Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!
 Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say! 21

*Unsettled.

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place;
 Intelligence is given where you are hid;
 You have now the good advantage of the night:
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
 And Regan with him: have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
 Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.*Edm.* I hear my father coming: pardon me;
 In cunning I must draw my sword upon you: 31

Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.

Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell.

[Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon⁴⁰

To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine, 50
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,

Or whether gasted* by the noise I made, *Frightened.
Full suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

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And found—dispatch. The noble duke my
master,

My worthy arch* and patron, comes to-night: 61
By his authority I will proclaim it, *Chief.
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight* to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied, *Fixed.
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee 71
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should
deny,—

As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character, †—I 'ld turn it all †Handwriting.
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him. 80
[*Tucket within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.* *Capable of inheriting.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I
came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short 90
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd !

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He whom my father named ? your Edgar?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid !

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

Glou. I know not, madam : 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected : 100

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cau-
tions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice ; and re-
ceived

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him. 110

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Ed-
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours :
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you,— 120

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
 Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,*
 Wherein we must have use of your advice:
 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, *Doubt.
 Of differences, which I least thought it fit
 To answer from our home; the several messen-
 gers
 From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
 friend,
 Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
 Your needful counsel to our business,
 Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam: 130
 Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before Gloucester's castle.*

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of
 this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfeld,* I
 would make thee care for me. *Pound. 10

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
 thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken
 meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-
 suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking
 knave; a lily-livered, action-taking* knave, a
 whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical
 rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that
 wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and
 art nothing but the composition of a knave,
 beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of
 a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into

clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition. †

*Litigious. †Titles.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee! 29

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whore-son cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[Drawing his sword.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado* your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Scotch for broiling.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [Beating him.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here? 51

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives: He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. 60

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

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 Wherein we must have use of your advice :
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60

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

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 On whose employment I was sent to you :
 You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
 Against the grace and person of my master,
 Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life
 and honour, 140
 There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all
 night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
 dog,
 You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
 Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the
 stocks! [Stocks brought out.]

Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :
 His fault is much, and the good king his master
 Will check him for't: your purposed low correc-
 tion

Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches 150
 For pilferings and most common trespasses
 Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
 That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
 Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
 worse,
 To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
 For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[Kent is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord, away.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.]

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
 pleasure,
 Whose disposition, all the world well knows, 160
 Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for
 thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watched and
 travell'd hard;
 Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
 A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
 Give you good morrow!

Glou. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, 170
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
†From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night: smile once more: turn thy
wheel! [Sleeps. 180

SCENE III. *A wood.**Enter EDGAR.*

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;
Blanket my loins: elf all my hair in knots; 10
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,* sometime with
prayers, *Curses.

Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod † poor
 Tom! †Name adopted by Bedlam beggars.
 That's something yet : Edgar I nothing am.
 [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart
 from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
 Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses
 are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck,
 monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs : when
 a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden
 nether-stocks.*

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place
 mistook
 To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she ;
 Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. 20

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't ;
 They could not, would not do't ; 'tis worse than
 murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :
 Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, 30
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny,* straight took
horse;

*Retinue.

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow that of late 40
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese
fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags 50
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Stay here. Follow me not;

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you
speak of? [Exit. 60

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

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Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form, 80
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.*

*Par Dieu.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOUCESTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off. 91
Fetch me a better answer.

Glou. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand
me, man? 100

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; 110

And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit

For the sound man. Death on my state! where-
fore *[Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me

That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice* only. Give me my servant forth.

Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them.

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear
me, *Artifice.

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum

Till it cry sleep to death. 120

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. *[Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! but,
down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney* did to
the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she
knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and
cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her bro-
ther that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered
his hay. *Cook.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and
Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[Kent is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness. 130

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress. [*To Kent*] O, are you
free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:
[*Points to his heart.*]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have
hope 140

You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome
end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led 150
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

[*Kneeling.*]

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising*] Never, Regan: 160
She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blind-
ing flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride! 170

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on
me,

When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse :

Thy tender-hefted* nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but
thine

*Delicately-formed.

Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, †
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt †Allowances.
Against my coming in: thou better know'st 180
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*]

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves* her
letter,

*Justifies.

That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. www.libtool.com.cn What means your grace? 190

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
have good hope
Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here? O
heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!
[*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon this
beard?

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough; 200
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders

Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose 211
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter*
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*]

*Horse that carries provisions on a journey.

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Gon. At your choice, sir. 220

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad :

I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
We'll no more meet, no more see one another :
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed* carbuncle, *Swelled.
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, 230
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
Mend when thou canst ; be better at thy leisure :
I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so :
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : what, fifty fol-
lowers? 240
Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one
house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
tendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanced
to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you 250
To bring but five and twenty : to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

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Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I'll go
with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous, 271

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops, 280

Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep.

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*
Storm and tempest.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm. 290

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his
people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him
gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is re-
turn'd.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither. 300

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense* him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear. *Incite.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night: 311

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A heath.*

Storm still. Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn 10
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-
jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great
stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no
less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs* and packings† of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already, 31
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet *Angers.
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner. Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain. †Underhand contrivances.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding; 40
 And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
 As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow* is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king. *Companion. 50

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more
to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than
all yet;

That, when we have found the king,—in which
your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath. Storm
still.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

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 Vaunt-couriers* to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
 thunder,

*Forerunners.

Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill† at once,
 That make ingrateful man!

†Seeds destroy. 9

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water* in a dry
 house is better than this rain-water out o' door.
 Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing:
 here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout,
 rain!

*Flattery.

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription: then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man: 20
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in
 has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
 Before the head has any,
 The head and he shall louse;
 So beggars marry many. 30
 The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make
 Shall of a corn cry woe,
 And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made
 mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
 I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's
 a wise man and a fool. 41

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that
 love night

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies
 Gallow* the very wanderers of the dark, *Scare.
 And make them keep their caves: since I was
 man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
 carry

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, 50
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
 wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody
 hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
 That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents,* and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
 More sinn'd against than sinning.

*That which contains anything.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed! 60
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
 tempest:

Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
 More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in—return, and force
 Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
 Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
 I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
 The art of our necessities is strange, 70
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your
 hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing*] He that has and a little tiny
 wit,—

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With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us
to this hovel. [*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80

When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;
When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues ;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
And bawds and whores do churches build ; 90
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion :
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before
his time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this
unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave
that I might pity him, they took from me the use
of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their
perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him,
entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural !

Glou. Go to ; say you nothing. There's a
division betwixt the dukes ; and a worse matter
than that : I have received a letter this night ;
'tis dangerous to be spoken ; I have locked the
letter in my closet : these injuries the king now
bears will be revenged home ;* there's part of a
power already footed ; we must incline to the
king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him :
go you and maintain talk with the duke, that my

charity be not of him perceived : if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.* 21

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know ; and of that letter too : This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses ; no less than all : The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

*To the utmost.

SCENE IV. *The heath. Before a hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter :

Thy tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't ? But I will punish home :
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out ! Pour on ; I will endure.
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ; 21
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

~~Learn~~ Prithce, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
 [*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless
 poverty,—
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, 29
 How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and
 half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
 Help me, help me! 40

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's
 poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
 i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.
 Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
 And art thou come to this? 50

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom?
 whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
 through flame, and through ford and whirlpool,
 o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives
 under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set rats-
 bane by his porridge; made him proud of heart,
 to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched
 bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.
 Bless thy five wits! Tom 's a-cold,—O, do de,
 do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-

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KING LEAR.

LEAR, EDGAR, KENT AND FOOL.

After the Painting by Smirke.

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KING LEAR.

LEAR, EDGAR, KENT AND FOOL.

After the Painting by Smirke.



Smirke, del.

Starling, sc

KING LEAR.
Lear, Edgar, Kent, and Fool.
Act III. Scene IV.

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blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.

**Infection. [Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir. 71

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness but his unkind* daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers **Unnatural.* Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen. 81

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse: set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels,

thy hand out of plackets,* thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. *Petticoat fronts. 101
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind :
Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa ! let him trot by.
[*Storm still.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha, here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire. 119

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,* squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. *Cataract in the eye.

S. Withold footed thrice the old;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,

And, aroint† thee, witch, aroint thee! †Begone. 130

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is 't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped

KING LEAR.

LEAR, KENT, GLOSTER, ETC.

After the Painting by West.

After the Printing of Nest

ГЕЧЪ, КЕИЛ, СГОЗТЕВ, ЕТС.

КИС ГЕЧЪ



West, del.

KING LEAR.
Lear, Kent, Gloucester, &c.
Act III. Scene III.

Starting, sc.

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from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace,
thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modò he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord, 150

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder? 160

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord; His wits begin to unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*
His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,
friend, 170

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend:

No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's
this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep
thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him; 180
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take
the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his
house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that
nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears
me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether
your brother's evil disposition made him seek his
death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a
reproveable badness in himself. 9

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I
must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke
of, which approves* him an intelligent party to the
advantages of France. O heavens! that this trea-
son were not, or not I the detector!

*Proves.

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain,
you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. ~~Trifler or false, it~~ hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension. 20

Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman? 11

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. 21

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;*

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

*Judge.

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn,* Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, *Brook.
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee. 30

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's
belly for two white herring. Croak not, black
angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so
amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the
evidence.

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy
place;

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side: [*To Kent*] you are o' the
commission, 40

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here
take my oath before this honourable assembly, she
kicked the poor king her father. 50

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name
Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-
stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks
proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits! 60

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. ^{www.libtool.com.cn} [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part
so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.

Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite; 70
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,*
Or bobtail tike† or trundle-tail, † *Slow hound.
Tom will make them weep and wail: †Cur.
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes
and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn
is dry. †Long-tailed dog. 79

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see
what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause
in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To Ed-
gar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred;
only I do not like the fashion of your garments:
you will say they are Persian attire; but let them
be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the
curtains; so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the
morning. So, so, so. 91

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king
my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits
are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy
arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,

And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt
meet

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Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
master :

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, 100
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss : take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps :
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help to
bear thy master ;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind :
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king
bow,
He childed as I father'd ! Tom, away !
Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee. 120
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ;
show him this letter : the army of France is
landed. Seek out the villain Gloucester.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate* preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester. *Speedy.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists* after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends. *Inquirers.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress. 20

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[Exeunt other Servants.

Though well we may not pass* upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? the
traitor? *Practise.

Enter GLOUCESTER, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky* arms. *Dry.

Glou. What mean your graces? Good my
friends, consider 30

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. *[Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou
shalt find— *[Regan plucks his beard.*

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glou. Naughtly lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken,* and accuse thee : I am your host :
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours 40
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France? *Come to life.

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors
Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic
king ?
Speak.

Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king? 50

Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not
charged at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first
answer that.

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand
the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires : 61

Yet, poor old heart, he help* the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said ' Good porter, turn the
key,' *Helped

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All cruels else subscribed : but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold
the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help ! O cruel ! O you gods ! 70

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord :
I have served you ever since I was a child ;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog !

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your
chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean ?

Corn. My villain ! [*They draw and fight.*]

First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the
chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up
thus ! 80

[*Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.*]

First Serv. O, I am slain ! My lord, you have
one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O ! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile
jelly !

Where is thy lustre now ?

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my
son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit* this horrid act. *Requite.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us ;

Who is too good to pity thee. 90

Glou. O my follies ! then Edgar was abused.

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him
smell

His way to Dover. [*Exit one with Gloucester.*]

How is't, my lord ? how look you ?

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Corn. I have received a hurt : follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain ; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt : give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*]

Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I
do,
If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long, 100
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam
To lead him where he would : his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou : I'll fetch some flax and
whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
temn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance,* lives not in fear: *Hope.
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace !
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here ?

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world !
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
years.

Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say 'I am at the worst?'

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not

So long as we can say 'This is the worst.' 30

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, 40
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;

Above the rest, be gone. 50

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit.

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside] I cannot
daub* it further. *Disguise.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul
fiend! five fiends have been in poor Tom at once;
of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of
dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder;
Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who
since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women.
So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, 70

That slaves* your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough. Dost thou know
Dover ? *Turns to slavish uses.

Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me: from that place

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm: 81
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild
husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so
changed.

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was 'The worse:' of Gloucester's
treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to
him; 10
What like, offensive.

Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish * terror of his spirit, *Cowardly.
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the
way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like
to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
[*Exit Edmund.*]

O, the difference of man and man!

To the woman's services are due :
My fool usurps my body.

Osw.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude
wind

30

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition :

That nature, which contemns it origin,

Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;

She that herself will sliver* and disbranch *Slice.

From her material sap, perforce must wither

And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
vile :

Filths savour but themselves. What have you
done ?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?

A father, and a gracious aged man, 41

Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear
would lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you
madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited !

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon.

Milk-liver'd man ! 50

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
wrongs :

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning

Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,

With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;
 Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest
 'Alack, why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend 60
 So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,
 for shame,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-
 wall's dead; 70
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
 remorse,
 Opposed against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
 You justicers,* that these our nether crimes *Judges.
 So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
 Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. 81
 This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
 'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
 But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
 May all the building in my fancy pluck
 Upon my hateful life: another way,
 The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. 90

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far. 10

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen

Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,

Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
 †Were like a better way: those happy smilets, 21
 That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted
 thence,
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
 Sorrow would be a rarity, most beloved,
 If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the
 name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
 Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
 Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i'
 the night? 30

Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
 The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
 And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
 To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
 The stars above us, govern our conditions;
 Else one self mate and mate could not beget
 Such different issues. You spoke not with her
 since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's i'
 the town; 40

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
 What we are come about, and by no means
 Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his
 own unkindness,
 That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
 To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
 To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting
 His mind so venomously, that burning shame
 Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers* you
 heard not? *Forces. 50

Gent. Discom, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,

And leave you to attend him : some dear* cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. *Important. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, CORDELIA, Doctor,
and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he : why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea ; singing aloud ;
Crown'd with rank fumiter* and furrow-weeds,
With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow *An herb.
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth ;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*

What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense ?
He that helps him take all my outward worth. 10
Doct. There is means, madam :
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress ! Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam ; 20
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;

Therefore great France can

My mourning and important* tears hath pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,

But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:

Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

*Importunate.

SCENE V. *Gloucester's castle.*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,

To let him live: where he arrives he moves 10

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:

My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20

Something—I know not what: I'll love thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband ;

I am sure of that : and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades* and most speaking
looks

*Amorous glances.

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know't :

Therefore I do advise you, take this note :

My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ; 30

And more convenient is he for my hand

Than for your lady's : you may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;

And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam ! I
should show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE VI. *Fields near Dover.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR dressed like a
peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now : look, how we
labour.

Glou. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow im-
perfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glou. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed

But in my garments.

Glou. Methinks you're better spoken. 10

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock;* her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight: the murmuring
surge, *Cockboat.

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, 21

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off; 30

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,

Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff* and loathed part of nature should *Anger.

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him! 40

Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*]

www.Edglibtool.com.cn Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.
 And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft: had he been where he
 thought,
 By this, had thought been past. Alive or dead?
 Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
 Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
 What are you, sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,
 feathers, air,
 So many fathom down precipitating, 50
 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
 breathe;
 Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;
 art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
 Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
 bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes. 60

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
 To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
 When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
 And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You
 stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
 Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his
 eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses, 70
 Horns whelk'd* and waved like the enridged

sea:

*Marked with protuberances.

It was ~~some fiend!~~ therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I'll
bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say

'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But
who comes here? 80

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.
There's your press-money. That fellow handles
his bow like a crow-keeper:* draw me a clothier's
yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this
piece of toasted cheese will do 't. There's my
gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the
brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, † i'
the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram. *One who scares crows.

Lear. Pass. †Mark in middle of target.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!
They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had
white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were
there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that
I said!—'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity.
When the rain came to wet me once, and the
wind to make me chatter; when the thunder
would not peace at my bidding; there I found
'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not
men o' their words: they told me I was every
thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick* of that voice I do well remember:

*Peculiarity.

Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes. 110
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery?

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters

Got 'tween the lawful sheets,

To 't, luxury,* pell-mell! for I lack soldiers. *Lust.

Behold yond simpering dame, 120

Whose face between her forks presages snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, † nor the soiled horse, goes to 't

With a more riotous appetite.

†Polecat.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit, †

†Possess.

Beneath is all the fiends';

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous pit, 130

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny* at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it. *Squint.

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KING LEAR.

Mr. Edwin Forrest as King Lear.

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KING LEAR.

Mr. Edwin Forrest as King Lear.



Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes. 151

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glou. Ay, sir. 160

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigny's straw does pierce it. 171
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able*
'em:

*Uphold.
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,
now, now:

Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

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Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are
come

To this great stage of fools: this' a good block;
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! 191

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him.
Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom.
What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, if you get
it, you shall get it with running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse 210
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main
descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause
is here,

Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir, 220
[*Exit Gent.*

Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.*

Glou. Hearty thanks: *Abiding place.

The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!*

*Reward.

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! 230
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't. [*Edgar interposes.*

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Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill* not let go, zir, without vurther
'casion. *I will. 240

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out
of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a
vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man;
keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your
costard* or my ballow† be the harder: chill be
plain with you. *Head. †Cudgel.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no
matter vor your foins. 251

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take
my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the British party: O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. 260
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he
speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
hearts;

Their papers; is more lawful.

[*Reads*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remem-
bered. You have many opportunities to cut him
off: if your will want not, time and place will be
fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he
return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner,

and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth
whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your
labour.

Your—wife, so I would say—

‘ Affectionate servant,

‘ GONERIL.’

O undistinguish’d space of woman’s will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband’s life;
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I’ll rake* up, the post unsanctified *Cover.
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature time 282
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him ’tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glou. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever’d from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose 290
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg.

Give me your hand:

[*Drum afar off.*

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I’ll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp.* LEAR
*on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentleman,
and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short.
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o’er-
paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp’d, but so.

Cor. Be better suited;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.

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Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not 10
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor*] How does the king?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? 20

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his
sleep

We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the
music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these
white flakes 30

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor
perdu!—*

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

*Lost.

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 In short and musty straw? Alack! alack! 40
 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
 Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to
 him.

Doñ. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
 majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the
 grave:

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
 Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you
 die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide! 50

Doñ. He's scarce awake: let him alone
 awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?
 Fair daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with
 pity,

To see another thus. I know not what to say.
 I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
 I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
 Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
 No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
 I am a very foolish fond old man, 60
 Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
 And, to deal plainly,
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at
 me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. 70

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Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse* me.

*Deceive.'

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost. 80
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish.

[*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Corn-
wall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is
with the Earl of Kent in Germany. 91

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to
look about; the powers of the kingdom approach
apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be throughly
wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit.*]

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KING LEAR.

CORDELIA, LEAR AND KENT.

After the Painting by Smirke.

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KING LEAR.

CORDELIA, LEAR AND KENT.

After the Painting by Smirke.



Smirke del.

Starling sc.

KING LEAR.
Cordelia Lear and Kent.
Act IV Scene VII.

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *The British camp, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant* pleasure.

*Determined. [*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way 10
To the forfended* place? *Forbidden.

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been con-
junct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than
that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. 20
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,

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 It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
 Not holds* the king, with others, whom, I fear,
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose. *Emboldens.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
 For these domestic and particular broils 30
 Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine
 With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go
 with us.

Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
 poor,
 Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. Speak.

[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
 If you have victory, let the trumpet sound 41
 For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
 I can produce a champion that will prove
 What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
 Your business of the world hath so an end,
 And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
 When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
 And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy
 paper. [*Exit Edgar.* 50

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your
 powers.
 Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
 By diligent discovery; but your haste
 Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; 60
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.* 69

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,
LEAR, CORDELIA, and Soldiers, over the stage;
and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand;
away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glou. No farther, sir; a man may rot even
here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

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Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: come on.

Glou. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The British camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, II
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects* of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon. *Political parties.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 20
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
'The good-years* shall devour them, flesh and fell, †
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve
first. *Venereal disease. †Hide.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison:

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men 30
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do 't. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
another Captain, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain, 40
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes 50
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness:
'The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

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Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war, 60
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy* may well stand up,
And call itself your brother. *Close connection.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you. 70

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes. 80

Reg. [*To Edmund*] Let the drum strike, and
prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I ar-
rest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attaint,
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*]. For your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester: let the trumpet sound: 90

If none appear to prove upon thy head
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*];
I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [*Aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain 100
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue,* for thy soldiers, *Valour.

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Her. [*Reads*] 'If any man of quality or degree
within the lists of the army will maintain upon
Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is
a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third
sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'

Edm. Sound! [*First Trumpet.*]

Her. Again! [*Second Trumpet.*]

Her. Again! [*Third Trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you? 119
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of
Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest, 130
Maugre* thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high-illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are
bent *Notwithstanding. 140
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say* of breeding
breathes, *Assay.

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester : 151
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it : Hold, sir :
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :
No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous ! oh ! 159
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that
have I done ;
And more, much more ; the time will bring it out :
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices 170
Make instruments to plague us :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness : I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? 179
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale ;

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And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings, 189
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from des-
pair;

Never,—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd:
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say. 201

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate, 209
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'ld burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in
disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service 220
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent. 229

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or
dead:

This judgement of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ

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Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia :

Nay, send in time

Alb. Run, run, O, run !

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on : take my sword, 250
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid* herself.

*Destroyed.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his
arms; EDGAR, Captain, and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are
men of stones :

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone
for ever! 259

I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling*] O my good master !

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha! 271

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

KING LEAR.

*LEAR, WITH CORDELIA DEAD IN HIS
ARMS.*

After the Painting by Barry.

After the Painting of BARRY.

ARMY.

GENE, WITH CORDELIA DEAD IN HIS

KING GENE.



Barry, del.

KING LEAR.
with Cordelia dead in his arms
Act V. Scene III.

S. P. 1840

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Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and
hated, 280

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and
decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly. 290

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

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says: and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power: [*To Edgar and*
Kent] you, to your rights; 300

With boot,* and such addition† as your honours

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes *Booty. †Titles.

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

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

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? 'Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

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

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips, 310
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*]

Edg. He faints! My lord, my lord!

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present
business
Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends
of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go; 321
My master calls me, I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march*]

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OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Venice: a Sea-port in Cyprus.*

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OTHELLO.

Mr. Edwin Booth as Iago.

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OTHELLO.

Mr. Edwin Booth as Iago.

OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

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

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

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great
ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man, 10
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,'* says he,
'I have already chose my officer.' *Certainly.
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
†A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoretic, †

Wherein the toged consuls can propose †Theory.
 As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the elec-
 tion :

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and
 calm'd 30

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

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

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

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-
 self,

Whether I in any just term am affined
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when he's old,
 cashier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them and when they have lined
 their coats

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
 soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end: 60
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern,* 'tis not long after *Outward.
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips
 owe,*

*Own.

If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70
 Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call
 aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire
 yell
 As when, by night and negligence, the fire
 Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio,
 ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves!
 thieves! thieves!
 Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
 Thieves! thieves! 81

BRABANTIO appears above, at a window.

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

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame,
 put on your gown;
 Your heart is burst,* you have lost half your soul;
 Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
 Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise; *Broken.

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90
 Or else the devil will make a grandsire 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 Roderigo.

Bra. The worsè welcome:
 I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
 In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
 My daughter is not for thee; and now, in mad-
 ness,
 Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
 Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100
 To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

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

Rod. Patience, good sir.

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

My house is not a grange.

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

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

*Grandsons. †Relations.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

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

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
 Roderigo. 120

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

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
 As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
 At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
 Transported, with no worse nor better guard
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
 If this be known to you and your allowance,*
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me 130
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
 That, from the sense of all civility, *Approbation.
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
 In an extravagant† and wheeling stranger †Foreign.
 Of here and every where. Straight satisfy your-
 self:

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

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper! call up all my people!
 This accident is not unlike my dream:
 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 Light, I say! light! *[Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
 Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, 151
 Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have none,
 To lead their business: in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
 find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; 159
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *[Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a
father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives
me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more
tapers:
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think
you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason
of the blood! 170
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

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

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had
had her!

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

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

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

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.
On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff* o' the conscience
 To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
 Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
 I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the
 ribs. *Substance.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honour
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
 Are you fast married? Be assured of this, 11
 That the magnifico* is much beloved,
 And hath in his effect a voice potential
 As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
 Will give him cable. *Chief magistrate.

Oth. Let him do his spite;
 My services which I have done the signiory
 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 21
 From men of royal siege,* and my demerits† *Rank.
 May speak unbonneted‡ to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago, †Merits.
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona, ‡Uncovered.
 I would not my unhoused‡ free condition ‡Unsettled.
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
 yond?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his
 friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found: 30
 My parts, my title and my perfect soul
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.

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

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

Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you ?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
 It is a business of some heat : the galleys 40
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night at one another's heels,
 And many of the consuls, raised and met,
 Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly
 call'd for ;

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

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

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here ?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
 carack :* *Large ship of burden. 50
 If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who ?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

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

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advised ;
 He comes to bad intent.

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

Oth. Holla ! stand there !

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief !

[*They draw on both sides.*

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

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
 will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons. 61

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

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage* to the sooty bosom 70
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion; † I'll have 't disputed‡ on;
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking. *Guardianship.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee †Emotion.
For an abuser of the world, a practiser ‡Argued.
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist, 80
Subdue him at his peril.

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

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

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state 90
To bring me to him?

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

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! - Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,

Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own ;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A council-chamber.*

*The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table;
 Officers attending.*

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

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

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

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

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judge-
 ment :

I do not so secure me in the error, 10
 But the main article I do approve
 In fearful sense.

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

First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business ?

Sail. 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 ?

First Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
 The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20

And let ourselves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,*

But altogether lacks the abilities *State of defence.

That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

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

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

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

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-
pearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

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

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

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

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the val-
iant Moor.

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

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight em-
ploy you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome, gen-
tle signior; 50

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

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

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business

Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general
care

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

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted 60
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceed-
ing

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. 70
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own part, can
you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend sig-
nors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending 80
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,

And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
 patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 90
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,
 What conjuration and what mighty magic,
 For such proceeding I am charged withal,
 I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
 It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect
 That will confess perfection so could err 100
 Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
 Without more wider and more overt test
 Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak: 110
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know
 the place. [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life, 129
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly
 breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
 And portance* in my travels' history: *Behaviour.
 Wherein of antres† vast and deserts idle, †Caves.
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
 heaven, 141

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She 'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing, 150
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 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 intentively:‡ I did consent, ‡Attentively.

And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange, 160

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:

She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she
 thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
 spake:

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used:
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

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

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

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father, 180
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
 I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my
 husband,
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be wi' you! I have done.
 Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs: 190
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
 Come hither, Moor:
 I here do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,

I am glad at soul I have no other child
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a
 sentence, 199

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
 pended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserved when fortune takes
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.

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

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief. 209

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears

But the free comfort which from thence he hears,

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,

Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :

But words are words; I never yet did hear

That the bruised heart was pierced through the
 ear.

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

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

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize*

A natural and prompt alacrity

*Acknowledge.

OTHELLO.

*BRABANTIO, DESDEMONA AND THE
SENATORS.*

After the Painting by König.

After the Painting by König.

ΣΕΝΑΤΟΡΣ.

ΒΕΑΒΑΥΙΛΙΟ, ΔΕΣΔΕΜΩΝΑ ΨΑΔ ΤΗΕ

ΟΙΛΗΕΓΓΟ.



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

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

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

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

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
 him, 249

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
 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 soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 260

Oth. Let her have your voices.
 Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite,
 Nor to comply with heat—the young affects*
 In me defunct—and proper satisfaction, *Affections.
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you
 think

I will your serious and great business scant
 For† she is with me; no, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seel‡ with wanton dullness 270
 My speculative and officed instruments, †Because.

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That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm, †Close.
 And all indign and base adversities ‡Helmet.
 Make head against my estimation!

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

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
 again. 280

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

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

Duke. Let it be so.
 Good night to every one. [*To Brab.*] And, noble
 signior,
 If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona
 well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
 see:
 She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
 I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
 And bring them after in the best advantage.
 Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction, 300
 To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently* drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman! *Immediately.

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician. 311

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

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond;* but it is not in my virtue to amend it. *Pintado—cant term.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted* lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect† or scion. *Foolish. 321

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat* thy favour† with an usurped beard; I say,

most reasonable
only say this
Control own
gate

put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration:‡—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money:—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? *Undo. †Countenance. ‡Separation. 370

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

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

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

[*Exit.*

Iago. ~~Thus do I ever~~ ~~make my fool my purse;~~
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:
To get his place and to plume up my will 399
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.

He hath a person and a smooth dispose* *Disposition
To be suspected, framed to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.

I have't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit. 410

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.*

Enter MONTANO *and two Gentlemen.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of
this?

Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore, 11
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous
mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd ;
It is impossible they bear it out. 19

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: a noble ship of
Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus. 29

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he
speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full* soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in *Complete.
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let's do so; 40
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike
 isle,
 That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
 pilot
 Of very expert and approved allowance;
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50
 Stand in bold cure.

[*A cry within 'A sail, a sail, a sail!'*]

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow
 o' the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
 [*Guns heard.*]

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of
 courtesy:
 Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
 wived? 60

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a
 maid
 That paragons description and wild fame;
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation
 Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. Has had most favourable and happy speed:
 Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds,
 The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,—
 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona. 71

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
 A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful
 breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship, 79
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus comfort!

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

O, behold,
 The riches of the ship is come on shore!
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught
 But that he's well and will be shortly here. 90

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.

[*Within* 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard.*

Sec. Gent. They give their greeting to the
 citadel:
 This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome. [*To Emilia*]

Welcome, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100
[*Kissing her.*

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

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

Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors, 110
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.* *Censorious.

Des. Come on, assay. There's one gone to the
harbour? 121

Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish? 141

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 150
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said 'Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight,* if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what? *Person. 160

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
profane and liberal* counsellor?

*Outspoken and licentious.
Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish
him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay,
well said, whisper: with as little a web as this

will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve* thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet. *Fetter. 180

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high and duck again as low 190
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

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

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

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this
music,

As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.

*like Romeo's
Speech.*

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News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

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

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers: 210
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desde-
mona,
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the har-
bour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as,
they say, base men being in love have then a
nobility in their natures more than is native to
them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches
on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this
—Desdemona is directly in love with him. 221

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she
first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling
her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for
prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her
eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have
to look on the devil? When the blood is made
dull with the act of sport, there should be, again
to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite,
loveliness in favour,* sympathy in years, manners
and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in:
now, for want of these required conveniences,
her delicate tenderness will find itself abused,
begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the
Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and
compel her to some second choice. Now, sir,
this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and un-
forced position—who stands so eminent in the
degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave
very voluble;† no further conscionable than in

OTHELLO.

*OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, IAGO,
CASSIO, ETC.*

After the Painting by Stothard.

After the Printing by Stokard.

САЗЗІО, ЕТС.

ОТНЕТГО, ДЕЗДЕМОНА, ІАСО,

ОТНЕТГО.



Strobel, del.

Strobel, sc.

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Othello, Desdemona, Iago, Cassio, &c.
Act II, Scene I

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putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt; and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper[‡] and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Countenance. †Fickle. ‡Lascivious. §Slippery.

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

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that? 260

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

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

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to

your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity. 290

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

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.

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

That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona 299
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong 310
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash* *Check.
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward
me,

For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet 319
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

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

SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outspout discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. [*To Desdemona*]
Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you. 10
Good night.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet
ten o' the clock. Our general cast* us thus early

for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady. *Dismissed.

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

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

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

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

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

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

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

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

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you. 39

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

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

Cas. Where are they?

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

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

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, 50
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

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

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:

Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle,
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, 60
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
 drunkards,

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

*Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and Gentle-
 men; Servants following with wine.*

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse*
 already. *Large draught.

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

Iago. Some wine, ho! 70
 [*Sings*] And let me the canakin* clink, clink;
 And let me the canakin clink: *Little can.
 A soldier's a man;
 A life's but a span;
 Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed,
 they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your
 German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink,
 ho!—are nothing to your English. 81

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his
 drinking?

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

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you
 justice. 90

Iago. O sweet England!
 King Stephen was a worthy peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown;
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 With that he call'd the tailor lown.*

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He was a wight† of high renown, *Clown.
 And thou art but of low degree: †Person.
 'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
 Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho! 100

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

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

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

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. 111

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 120

All. Excellent well.

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

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

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before; He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar And give direction: and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him. 130 I fear the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologe* a double set, *Clock. If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

worst thing he could say have said

The general were put in mind of it.
 Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
 Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
 And looks not on his evils: is not this true? 140

Enter RODERIGO.

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

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
 Should hazard such a place as his own second
 With one of an ingraft* infirmity: *Engrafted.
 It were an honest action to say
 So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
 I do love Cassio well; and would do much
 To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what noise?
 [*Cry within: 'Help! help!'*]

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! 151
 I'll beat the knave into a twiggen* bottle. *Wicker.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking Roderigo.*]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

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

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*]

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out,
 and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—
 Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
 Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
 The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold!
 You will be shamed for ever.

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Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death. [Faints.]

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty? Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

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

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 171
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle From her propriety. What is the matter, masters? Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving, Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know: friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom Devesting them for bed; and then, but now— 181
As if some planet had unwitted men— Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast, In opposition bloody. I cannot speak Any beginning to this peevish odds; And would in action glorious I had lost Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

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

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil; 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth The world hath noted, and your name is great In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter, That you 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 officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught 200
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgement collied,*
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir, *Blackened.
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on; 210
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near: 220
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

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And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report: 240
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 believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up! 250
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

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

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:
Lead him off. [*To Montano, who is led off.*]
Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. 260

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O,
I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.
My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you
had received some bodily wound; there is more
sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is
an idle and most false imposition; oft got with-
out merit, and lost without deserving: you have
lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your-

self such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again : you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion : sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil !

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

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible ?

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

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

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

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

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

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used : exclaim no more

against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

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

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement* of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay† worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 331

Cas. You advise me well. *Marking. †Wager.

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

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

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch. 340

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

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

When this advice is free I give and honest,
 Probal to thinking and indeed the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining* Desdemona to subdue *Compliant.
 In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 350
 His soul 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 weak function. How am I then a
 villain
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,

Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest † at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: for whiles this honest fool †Temp. 360
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 That she repeals † him for her body's lust; †Recalls.
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

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

Iago. How poor are they that have not pa-
 tience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witch-
 craft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd
 Cassio: 381

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
 Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morn-
 ing;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two
 things are to be done:

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on; 390

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

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the castle.*

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your
 pains;
 Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow,
 general.' [Music.]

Enter Clown.

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

First Mus. How, sir, how!

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

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

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir? 9

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

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

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

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
 I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! 21
 [Exeunt Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

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

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's
 a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman
 that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her

there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

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

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

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

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. 41

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [Exit Iago.]
I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am
sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you, but he protests he
loves you 50
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

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

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

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SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

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

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

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

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

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

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves
my husband,
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt,
Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't; I thank you. You do love my
lord: 10
You have known him long; and be you well as-
sured
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, 20
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it

To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
 I'll watch* him tame and talk him out of
 patience;
 His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 I'll intermingle every thing he does
 With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die
 Than give thy cause away.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

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

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not
 what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my
 wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot
 think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
 Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he. 40

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

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 errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
 I have no judgement in an honest face: 50
 I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me,
 To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; 60

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;

I prithee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason—

Save that, they say, the wars must make exam-
ples

Out of their best—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,

What you would ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering* on. What, Michael
Cassio, *Hesitating.

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a
time, 71

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he
will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person: nay, when I have a suit 80

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight

And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought; No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed! 101

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel 111

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

← still loves her - no suspicion

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave 121
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
They are close delations,* working from the heart
That passion cannot rule. *Accusations.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest
man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this: 130
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and
false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets* and law-days and in session sit 140
With meditations lawful? *Manor-courts.

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

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To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance. 151
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,

*says Othello
to Cassio*

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him 160
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly
loves! 170

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless* is as poor as winter *Endless.
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul 181

To such exsufflicate* and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
 jealous *Contemptible

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
 For she had eyes and chose me. No, Iago;
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove; 190
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have
 reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio,
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty,* be abused; look to 't: 200
 I know our country† disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best
 conscience *Native goodness. †Belonging to one's country.
 Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
 you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear your
 looks,
 She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seem-
 ing,

To seel* her father's eyes up close as oak— *Close.
 He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to
 blame; 211

I humbly do beseech 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.

1st
 accusation

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion. 220

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend—
My lord, I see you're moved.

Oth. No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

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

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

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

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree, 230
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country* forms
And happily repent.

*Belonging to one's country.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

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

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

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature
doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-
folds.

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

To scan* this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,

157
Regrada

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means :
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment 250
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government. *Examine subtly.

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

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, 259
 Of human dealings. If I do prove her hag-
 gard,*

Though that her jesses† were my dear heart-
 strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers‡ have, or for I am declined

Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much—

She's gone. I am abused; and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O 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, 271

Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
 ones ;

Prerogatives are they less than the base ;

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:

Even then this forked‡ plague is fated to us

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

‡Horned.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!

I'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280

By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

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

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin* is too little:

[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and it
drops.* *Handkerchief.

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

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

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin: 290
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,

For he conjured her she should ever keep it,

That she reserves it evermore about her

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,*

And give 't Iago: what he will do with it *Copied.
Heaven knows, not I;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

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

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

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

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

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

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;

That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her? 310

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

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have
 been so earnest
 To have me filch it?

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

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give 't me again: poor lady, she 'll run mad
 When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowⁿ* on 't; I have use for it.
 Go, leave me. ^{*Acknowledge.} [*Exit Emilia.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, 321
 And let him find it. Trifles light as air

Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison:
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
 Look, where he comes!

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,* 330
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, ^{*Mandrake.}
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou owedst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

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

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
 the rack:

I swear 'tis better to be much abused
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

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

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: 341
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
 Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever

going
 down →
 Bottom
 when slaps
 her

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! 350
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*has suspicion
& inquiet mind*

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
 whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360
 Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

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

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 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 horror's head horrors accumulate; 370
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
 God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
 That livest to make thine honesty a vice!
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O
 world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.
 I thank you for this profit; and from hence
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest. 381

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

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

~~I think that thou art just and think thou art not.~~
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! 390

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with
passion:

I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my
lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on—
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: damn them
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? 401

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime* as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt† as wolves in pride‡ and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Oth. Give me a living* reason she's disloyal. *Lecherous. †Lascivious. ‡Heat.

Iago. I do not like the office: *Convincing.

But, sith† I am enter'd in this cause so far, 411
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love, †Since.
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;' 420

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and
then

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

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
proofs 430

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first
gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a hand-
kerchief—

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

Oth. If it be that, —

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

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

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.

'Tis gone.

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

*Freight.

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content. 450

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!

Oth.
Kneels
ugh!

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

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable* and wide revenge *Capacious.
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble
heaven, 460

[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.

[*Kneels*] Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip* us round about, *Enclose.
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*]

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
bounteous, 470

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

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your re-
quest:
But let her live.

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

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

SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

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

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

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

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

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

Des. Can any thing be made of this? 10

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

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

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

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

Emil. Is he not jealous? *Portuguese coin.

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born 30

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

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

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist,
my lady.

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

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, 40
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

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

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

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you. 50

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

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

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it 60

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on t;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never
seen 't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the
way? 80

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come; 90

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

~~Sure, there's some~~ wonder in this handkerchief :
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man :
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my hus-
band !

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must do't :
And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ! what's the news
with you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again 111
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour : I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit ;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content, 120
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio !
My advocacy* is not now in tune ; *Pleading.
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour † as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified, †Countenance.
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank ‡ of his displeasure
For my free speech ! you must awhile be patient :
What I can do I will ; and more I will 130
Than for myself I dare : let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ? ‡Shot of his anger.

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the can-
non,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm

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Puff'd his own brother :—and can he be angry?
 Something of moment then : I will go meet him ;
 There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [Exit Iago.

Something, sure, of state, 140
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd* practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and in such cases
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so ;
 For let our finger ache, and it indues *Undisclosed.
 Our other healthful members even to that sense
 Of pain : nay, we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observances
 As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia, 150
 I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you
 think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy
 Concerning you.

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

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

They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160
 But jealous for they are jealous : 'tis a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

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

Emil. Lady, amen.

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

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

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cas. What make you from home ?
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ? 170

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

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

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

But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this? 180
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now
That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

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

I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I'd have it copied: 190
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

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

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon. 200

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

www.libtool.com.cnSCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.* Will you think so?*Oth.* Think so, Iago!*Iago.* What,
To kiss in private?*Oth.* An unauthorized kiss.*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— 10*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and,
being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it.Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory, 20
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.*Iago.* Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That's not so good now.*Iago.* What,
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he'll unswear. 30

Oth. What hath he said?

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

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

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

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—O devil! [Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

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

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter? 50

Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. 59

[Exit Cassio.

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

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

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

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

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous
city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you : there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper* beds
Which they dare swear peculiar : your case is
better. *Common to all. 70

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

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

Iago. Stand you awhile apart ;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your
grief—

A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy, 80
Bade him anon return and here speak with me ;
The which he promised. Do but encave* your-
self, *Hide.

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face ;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife :
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ? 90
I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But—dost thou hear ?—most bloody.

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

[*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
 To beguile many and be beguiled by one:
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain 99
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition*
 Whose want even kills me. *Title.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
 on 't.
 [*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's
 power,
 How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas! poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! 110

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

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

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

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
 To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

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

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha! 120

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you tri-
 umph?

Cas. I marry her! what? a customer!* Pri-
 thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think
 it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha! *Common woman.

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win.

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

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. 130

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

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

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this haud, she falls me thus about my neck— 140

Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

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

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew!* marry, a perfumed one. *Polecat. 151

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out* the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't. *Copy. 161

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

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

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

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street
else. 171

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Faith, I intend so.

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

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*]

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

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his
vice? 181

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

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

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 190

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be
damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my
heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts
my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter crea-
ture: she might lie by an emperor's side and
command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so
delicate with her needle: an admirable musician:
O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of
so high and plenteous wit and invention:— 201

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then,
of so gentle a condition!*

*Temper.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

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

Iago. If you are so fond* over her iniquity,
give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you,
it comes near nobody. *Foolishly affectionate. 210

Oth. I will chop her into messes; cuckold
me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

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

Iago. 219

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

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

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

Oth. Excellent good. [A trumpet within.]

What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

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

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

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

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

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [Reads] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. 240
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

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

Oth. Fire and brimstone! *Reconcile.

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter moved him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

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

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,— 250

Oth. [*Striking her*] Devil!

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in
Venice,

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

Oth. O devil, devil!

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

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

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

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

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—

I am commanded home. Get you away; 269

I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together:
 You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!
 [Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
 brain? 280

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

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

Lod. What, strike his wife!

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

That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

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

And his own courses will denote him so 290

That I may save my speech: do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

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

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord. 10

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your
bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: go.

[*Exit Emilia.*]

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd 20
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her
do 't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

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

Leave procreants alone and shut the door;

Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch. 30

[*Exit Emilia.*]

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

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double
damn'd:

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false
as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am
I false? 40

Oth. O Desdemona! away! away! away!

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

Oth. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! 60
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion
there,

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

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

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the sham-
bles, 65

*Chaste.

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

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? 70

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

Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed!
 Committed! O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,
 The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it. What committed! 80
 Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:
 If to preserve this vessel for my lord
 From any other foul unlawful touch
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then:
 I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
 That married with Othello. [*Raising his voice*]

You, mistress, 90
 That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
 And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA.

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

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

[*Exit.*
Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

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OTHELLO.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

After the Painting by Porter.

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OTHELLO.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

After the Painting by Porter.



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T. Starling sc.

OTHELLO.
Othello and Desdemona.
Act IV. Scene II.

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

Des. Faith, half asleep.

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

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. 100

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

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

Emil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

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

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you? 110

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

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

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,

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

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

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

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.*

Iago. Why did he so? *Trull.

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

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

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

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue, 131
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd
else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impos-
sible.

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

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

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

What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
hood?

The Moor's abused by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

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

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

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

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven, 150

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

And ever will—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat* my life, *Destroy.
 But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore:'
 It doth abhor me now I speak the word; 162
 To do the act that might the addition† earn †Title.
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

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

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

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.
 [Trumpets within.]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat: 170
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

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

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou daffest* me with some
 device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,
 keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest
 me with the least advantage of hope. I will
 indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded
 to put up in peace what already I have foolishly
 suffered. *Puttest me off.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

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

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

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

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

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

Iago. You have said now.

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

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

Rod. It hath not appeared.

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

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

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

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

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

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

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

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

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

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another room in the castle.*

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

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

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

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

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

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

Des. I will, my lord. 10

[*Exeunt* Othello, Lodovico, *and* Attendants.]

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

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

Emil. Dismiss me!

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

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

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve
him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his
frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them.

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

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are
our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow;'
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

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

Des. [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a
sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the
stones;—
Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow ;
 Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:— 50
 [*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my
 garland.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—
 Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that
 knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love;
 but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court moe* women, you'll couch with moe
 men.— *More.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
 Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men,
 these men! 60

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

Emil. There be some such, no question.

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

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

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

Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great
 price

For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. 70

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't
 when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
 thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn,
 nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
 exhibition; but, for 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. 79

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

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

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

But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 90
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense* like them: they see and
smell

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

I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs? 100

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 ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such
uses send,

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

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

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

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

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

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons: 9
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat* almost to
the sense, *Pimple.
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill
Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd † from him, †Fished.
As gifts to Desdemona;

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

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

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou
diest! [Makes a pass at Cassio.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.

Rod. O, I am slain!
*[Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the
leg, and exit.*

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

Enter OTHELLO.

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

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30

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

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come.
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
 blotted;
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
 spotted. [Exit.]

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? *murder! murder!

*Passengers.

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

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

40

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:
 These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
 To come in to the cry without more help.

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

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

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

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

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

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

Iago. What's the matter? 50

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

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

*Ensign-bearer.

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

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

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

Iago. O treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

Rod. O, help me here! [To Lodovico and Gratiano. 60

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[Stabs Roderigo.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio! 70

Iago. How is't, brother!

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No. 80

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio,
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
 Roderigo! no:—yes, sure:—O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice? 91
Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him! ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle
 pardon;
 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
 That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he. [*A chair brought in.*]
 O, that's well said; the chair.
 Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
 I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca*]
 For you, mistress, 100
 Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,
 Cassio,
 Was my dear friend: what malice was between
 you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the
 man.
Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O,
 bear him out o' the air.
 [*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]
 Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mis-
 tress?
 Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
 Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
 Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
 Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
 Though tongues were out of use. 110

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the
 matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
 By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped:
 He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cas-
 sio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee,
Emilia, www.libtool.com.cn

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.

[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! 121

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.

Will you go on? I pray. [*Aside*] This is the
night

That either makes me or fordoes* me quite.

*Undoes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle: DES-
DEMONA in bed asleep; a light burning.*

greater Othello → Enter OTHELLO. *of righteousness*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then put out the light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, 11

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

[*Kissing her.*]

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, and this the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit; 31
 No; heaven forbid!* I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing? *Forbid.

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven
 Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
 When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know
 not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you. 40

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for
 loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
 These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and
 gave thee
 Thou gavest to Cassio.

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OTHELLO.

OTHELLO—DESDEMONA ASLEEP.

After the Painting by Graham.

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OTHELLO.

OTHELLO—DESDEMONA ASLEEP.

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Graham del.

Starling sc

OTHELLO.

Othello, & Desdemona asleep.

Act V. Scene II.

Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, 50
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven 60
As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand.

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath used thee,

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay. 70

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to
my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

Oth. Nay, if you strive,— 81

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late.

[*He stifles her.*]

Emil. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho!
my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet
quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
So, so.

Emil. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would
speak a word with you! 90

Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—
The noise was here. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't
good?—

I think she stirs again:—no. What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within*] I do beseech you 101
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:
Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders
done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

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OTHELLO.

OTHELLO—DESDEMONA ASLEEP.

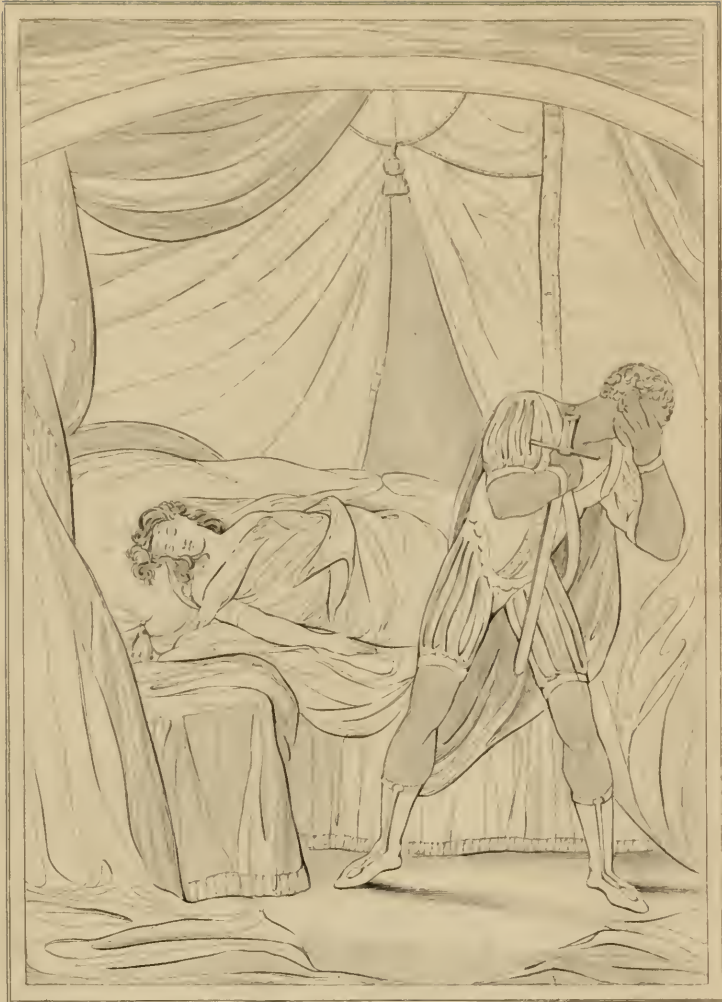
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OTHELLO.

OTHELLO—DESDEMONA ASLEEP.

After the Painting by Boydell.



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U. THIEL
me ... su ... ra ...
Act V Scene 1

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad. III

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young
Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

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

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help! ho! help! O lady, speak again! 120
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [*Dies.*

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

Emil. Alas, who knows?

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

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

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she, 130
And you the blacker devil!

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

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

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did 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.

Emil. My husband! 140

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say
thy husband. 150

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks
with love!

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven 160
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho!
help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, *and others.*

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

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

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 171

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know ~~thou didst not~~, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.

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

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie. 181
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm
your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All. O heavens forfend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange* truth. *Marvellous.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany, villany! 190
I think upon't, I think: I smell't: O villany!—
I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get
you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.

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

Oth. O! O! O! [*He falls on the bed.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. [*Rising*] O, she was foul! 200
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead:

Thy match was mortal* to him, and pure grief
 Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
 This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
 Yea, curse his better angel from his side, *Fatal.
 And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
 A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd
 it:

And she did gratify his amorous works
 With that recognizance and pledge of love
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token
 My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out: I peace!
 No, I will speak as liberal as the north: 220
 Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*
Fie!]

Gra.

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
 thou speak'st of
 I found by fortune and did give my husband;
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,
 More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
 He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore! 229

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
 And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

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

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
 Do with so good a woman?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
 But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs
 Emilia, and exit.*]

Gra. The woman falls ; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

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

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor : 240
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exit Montano and Gratiano.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [*Singing*] Willow, willow,
willow.—

Moor, she was chaste ; she loved thee, cruel
Moor ;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ; 250
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber ;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's* temper :—
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear : *Icy-cold brook.
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon ;
A better never did itself sustain 260
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop : but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate ? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast, 270
 And he retires. Where should Othello go?
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
 wench!

Pale as thy smock? when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
 Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 280
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and Officers with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

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

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

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

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

[*Wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

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

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

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;

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

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his
 villany:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.

Will you I pray, demand that demi-devil 301

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know,
you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here another: the one of them imports 310

The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that belike Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber: 320
And he himself confess'd but even now
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
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, *Dismissed.
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go
with us: 330

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,

If there be any cunning cruelty
~~That can torment him~~ much and hold him long,
 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
 I have done the state some service, and they
 know't. 339

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
 speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
 eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but
 this;

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon; 360

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago*] O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
 This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
 Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure* of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and to the state 370
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*

*Judgment.

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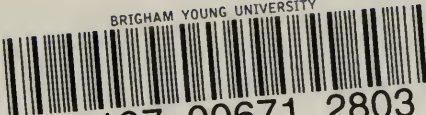
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