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WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

SHAKESPEARES

• OTHELLO •

KELLOGG.

NEW-YORK

EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & CO.

ENGLISH CLASSICS, ETC.,

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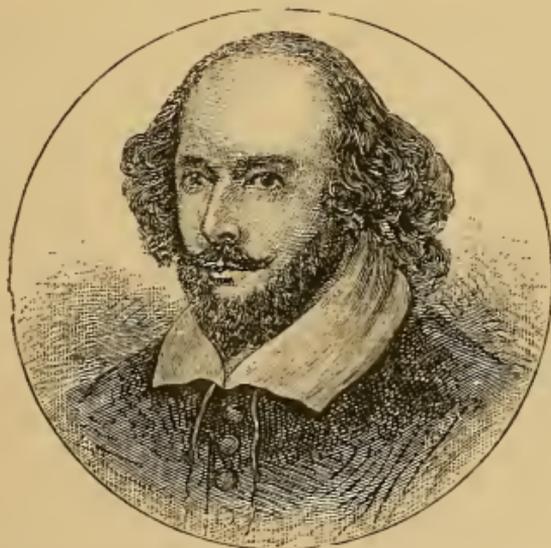
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SHAKESPEARE'S
OTHELLO

WITH
INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND PLAN OF PREPARATION.

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BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, LL.D.,

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," a "Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English." etc., etc.

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OTHERS IN PREPARATION.

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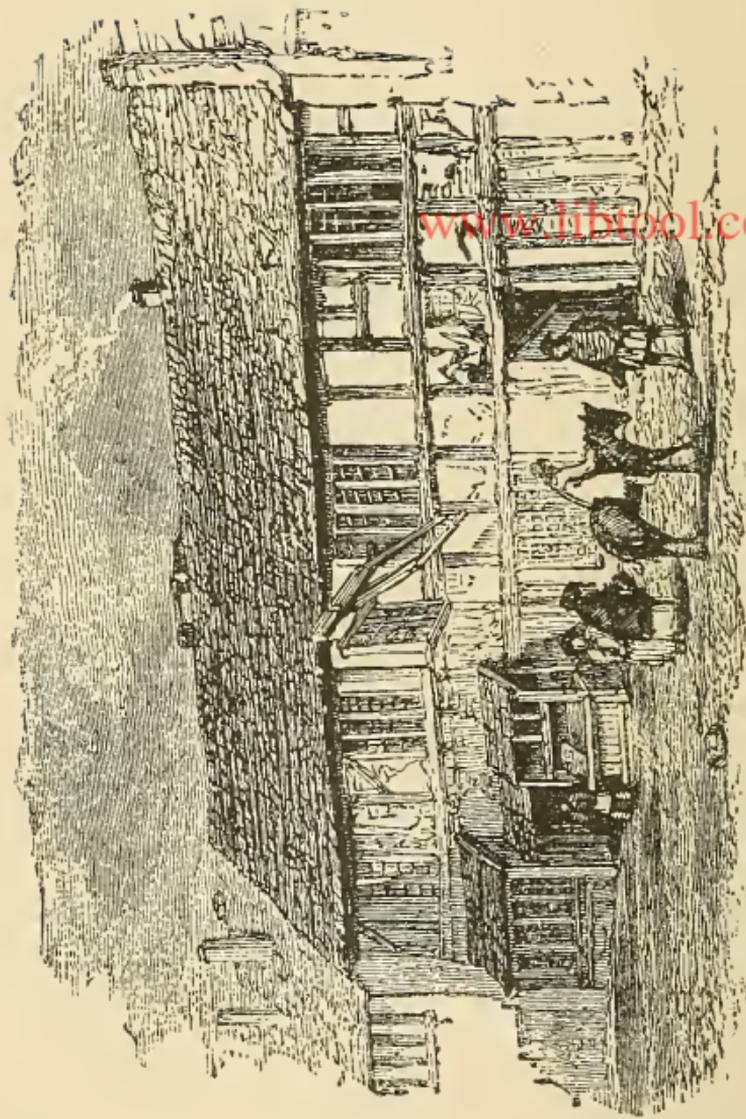
EDITOR'S NOTE.

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THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

The notes of English editors have been freely used. Those taken as the basis of our work have been rigorously pruned wherever they were thought too learned or too minute, or contained matter that for any other reason seemed unsuited to our purpose. We have generously added to them, also, wherever they seemed to be lacking.

B. K.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.

GENERAL NOTICE.

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“AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed ; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

“The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested ; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollowesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

“ Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare’s meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n’y a, s’il trop n’y a*. The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

“ It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done ; he made it speak in a more original way ; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight.”—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A.,
Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.

Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abysm of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or neuter [intrans.] verb can be used as an active [trans.] verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *io* omitted after '*I ought*,' inserted after '*I durst*;' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which* [or *that*], *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all."—Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*.

Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *unrimed*, or *blank-verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a general rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *metrical* or *rhythmical*. Rhythm, or Metre, is an embellishment of language which, though it does not constitute poetry itself, yet provides it with a suitably elegant dress; and hence most modern poets have written in metre. In blank verse the lines consist usu-

ity of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought | you said | you nei | ther lend | nor bor | row.*"

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the | young suck' | ing cubs' | from the' | she bear'. |*"

(c) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me | the right' | of vol'- | un-ta' | ry choos' | ing.*"

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says | he does, | be-ing then | most flat | ter-ed.*"

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

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‘ PERFECT POSSESSION.’

To attain to the standard of ‘ Perfect Possession,’ the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure ; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot ; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

- (a) The general plot ;
- (b) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.**3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.**

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A ;
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

- (a) Meanings of words ;
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning ;
- (c) Grammar ;
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion ;
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B ;
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture ;
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion ;
- (b) To cap a line ;
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

INTRODUCTION TO "OTHELLO." www.libtool.com.cn

IN "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," one of the Shakespeare Society's reprints, we find the earliest known record of the performance of "Othello." "The King's Players," it is there said, "performed the play of the Moor of Venice at the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, on the 1st of November (Hallowmas Day), 1604." We have other records of its performance in the author's life-time, informing us of its having been represented at the Globe Theatre on the last day in April, 1610, and at the Court early in the year, 1613. We may well suppose that it was very popular; yet it appears to have remained unpublished till the year 1622, when it was issued in the usual small quarto form, with the following title: "The Tragoedy of Othello, The Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare, London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at

the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Bursse, 1622." This was only one year in anticipation of Heminge and Condell's folio publication of the first collection of Shakespeare's plays. Another quarto edition of Othello appeared in 1630.

Reed says, "The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances. Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians (which was in the year 1473); wherefore the time must fall in with some part of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts, which happened when Mustapha Selymus's general attacked Cyprus in May, 1570, which therefore is the true period of this performance."

"Othello" was probably composed in 1603 or 1604, when its author was about forty years of age, and his genius had attained, and begun to exercise continuously, its full vigor. The story on which it is founded is one of the *Hecatommithi*, or "Hundred Tales." of Giraldi Cinthio, being the seventh novel of the third decade. No ancient English translation has

come down to us, though in all probability it was some English version of the story of the Moor of Venice that suggested the tragedy. There are two modern English translations of that story: one by Wolstenholme Parr, 1795, the other by John Edward Taylor, 1855. We here give a brief summary of the earlier portion of the story, with the addition of a few abridged quotations from the latter part of Taylor's translation:—

There once lived in Venice a valiant and handsome Moor, highly esteemed by the Signiory of the Republic for his military talents. A virtuous and beautiful lady, named Disdemona, admiring his valor, fell in love with him, and won his affection; and, in spite of the opposition of her parents, they were married. They lived together in great harmony for some time. The Signiory of Venice, however, happening to make a change in the troops that garrisoned Cyprus, appointed the Moor commander of the soldiers ordered to that island. Disdemona was eager to accompany him in the expedition; but he was as reluctant to let her thus encounter toil and danger as to leave her behind. She said that she apprehended no danger; but, if there were any toils and perils, she would share them with him. The Moor kissed her, and said, "God keep you long in such love, dear wife!" Then speedily preparing for his voyage, he took her with him on board his galley with the troops. The

sea was calm, the voyage very pleasant, and they arrived safely at Cyprus.

Now, there was one of the soldiers, an ensign, in great favor with the Moor. He was a very handsome man, but of a very depraved nature. The villany of his mind was, however, cloaked with a plausible manner. His artful speech made him appear honorable and heroic. He, too, had taken his wife to Cyprus, a young Italian lady, fair and virtuous, and much beloved by Disdemona, who spent much time with her.

There was another of the soldiers, a captain of a troop, and he being also in great favor with the Moor, Disdemona, with her husband's approval, showed him great kindness.

Now, the wicked ensign fell violently in love with Disdemona, and sought in various ways to make known to her his passion. But all his attempts to gain her love proving vain, he took it into his head that his ill-success was owing to Disdemona's love for the captain; and he therefore began both to hate the lady and also to seek means of removing the captain from her sight; and at length he became bent on compassing the death of the captain and alienating the Moor's affection from Disdemona. He resolved to contrive occasion for making the Moor suppose that Disdemona was unfaithful and that the captain was her paramour.

Shortly afterwards, it happened that the captain drew his sword upon a soldier of the guard, and struck him, and was for this offense deprived of his captaincy by the Moor. Disdemona, deeply grieved at this, tried all she could to reconcile her husband to the dismissed soldier. The Moor made known her importunity to the ensign, and in this circumstance the ensign immediately took advantage of, and therewith began to work his web of treachery. He said to the Moor that possibly Disdemona had good cause to look kindly on the man ; but, when the Moor asked him what he meant, the ensign said he would not interfere between man and wife, but let the Moor judge with his own eyes.

The Moor vainly tried by further questioning to obtain disclosures. The ensign would say no more ; but what he had said was a thorn in the heart of the Moor, who could think of nothing else, and was perplexed and melancholy. One day when his wife was interceding with him for the captain, and begging him not to forget former services for one small fault, the Moor became angry, and asked her how she came to take such interest in this man. Disdemona meekly besought him not to be angry, as no other reason made her speak than regret that her lord should lose so good an officer and so dear a friend ; nor did she think his offense so great as to deserve dismissal.

The Moor, observing the earnestness with which his wife again pleaded for the captain, began to guess the meaning of the ensign's words ; and in deep melancholy he went to seek that villain, and induce him to speak more openly of what he knew. Then the ensign, who was bent upon injuring the unhappy lady, after feigning at first great reluctance to say aught that might displease the Moor, at length pretended to yield to his entreaties, and said, "I can't deny it pains me to the soul to be thus forced to say what needs must be more hard to bear than any other grief ; but since you will it so, and that the regard I owe your honor compels me to confess the truth, I will no longer refuse to satisfy your questions and my duty. Know, then, that for no other reason is your lady vexed to see the captain in disfavor than for the pleasure that she has in his company whenever he comes to your house, and all the more since she has taken an aversion to your blackness."

These words went straight to the Moor's heart ; but, in order to hear more, he replied, with a fierce glance, "By heavens, I scarce can hold this hand from plucking out that tongue of thine, so bold, which dares to speak such slander of my wife !"

"Captain," replied the ensign, "I looked for such reward for these my faithful offices,—none else, but, since my duty and the jealous care I bear your honor have carried me thus far, I do repeat, so stands the

truth as you have heard it from these lips : and if the lady Disdemona hath, with a false show of love for you, blinded your eyes to what you should have seen, this is no argument but that I speak the truth."

Then the Moor, burning with indignation and anguish, said, "Make thou these eyes self-witnesses of what thou tellest, or on thy life I'll make thee wish thou hadst been born without a tongue."

"An easy task it would have been," replied the villain, "when he was used to visit at your house; but now that you have banished him, not for just cause, but for a frivolous pretext, it will be hard to prove the truth. Still I do not forego the hope to make you witness of that which you will not credit from my lips." Thus they parted.

Disdemona often used to go, as I have already said, to visit the ensign's wife, and remained with her a good part of the day. Now the ensign observed that she carried about with her a handkerchief which he knew the Moor had given her, finely embroidered in the Moorish fashion, and which was precious to Disdemona nor less so to the Moor. Then he conceived the plan of taking this kerchief from her secretly, and thus laying the snare for her final ruin. The ensign had a little daughter, a child three years of age, who was much loved by Disdemona; and, one day when the unhappy lady had gone to pay a visit at the house of this vile man, he took the little child up in his

arms, and carried her to Disdemona, who took her, and pressed her to her bosom; whilst at the same instant this traitor drew the kerchief from her sash so cunningly that she did not notice him, and, overjoyed, he took his leave of her.

Disdemona returned home, and, busied with other thoughts, forgot the handkerchief. But a few days afterwards, looking for it and not finding it, she was in alarm lest the Moor should ask her for it, as he oft was wont to do. Meanwhile the wicked ensign, seizing a fit opportunity, went to the captain of the troop, and with crafty malice left the handkerchief at the head of his bed, and the following morning, on his getting out of bed, the handkerchief fell upon the floor. Not being able to imagine how it had come into his house, knowing that it belonged to Disdemona, he resolved to give it her; and, waiting until the Moor had gone from home, he went to the back door, and knocked. Just at that time the Moor returned home, and, hearing a knocking at the back door, he went to the window, and in a rage exclaimed, "Who knocks there?" The captain, hearing the Moor's voice, and fearing less he should come downstairs and attack him, took to flight without answering a word. The Moor went down, and opening the door, hastened into the street, and looked about, but in vain. Then returning into the house, in great anger, he demanded of his wife who it was that had knocked at the door. Disde-

mona replied that she did not know: but the Moor said, "It seemed to me the captain,"

"I know not," answered Disdemona.

The Moor restrained his fury, wishing to do nothing before consulting the ensign, to whom he hastened instantly, and told him all that had passed, praying him to gather from the captain all he could respecting the affair. The ensign, overjoyed at the occurrence, promised the Moor to do as he requested; and one day he took occasion to speak with the captain, and the Moor was so placed that he could see and hear them as they conversed. And whilst talking to him of every other subject than of Disdemona, he kept laughing all the time aloud; and, feigning astonishment, he made various movements with his head and hands, as if listening to some tale of marvel. As soon as the Moor saw the captain depart, he went up to the ensign, to hear what he had said to him. And the ensign, after long entreaty, at length said, "He has hidden from me nothing, and has told me that he has been used to visit your wife whenever you went from home, and that, on the last occasion, she gave him the handkerchief which you presented to her when you married her."

The Moor thanked the ensign; and it seemed now clear to him that, should he find Disdemona not to have the handkerchief, it was all true that the ensign had told him. One day, therefore, after dinner, in

conversation with his wife on various subjects, he asked her for the kerchief. The unhappy lady, who had been in great fear of this, grew red as fire at this demand; and, to hide the scarlet of her cheeks, which was closely noted by the Moor, she ran to a chest, and pretended to seek the handkerchief: and, after hunting for it a long time, she said, "I know not how it is—I cannot find it—can you perchance have taken it?"

"If I had taken it," said the Moor, "why should I ask it of you? but you will look better another time."

On leaving the room, the Moor fell to meditating how he should put his wife to death, and likewise the captain of the troop, so that their death should not be laid to his charge. And as he ruminated over this night and day, he could not prevent his wife's observing that he was not the same toward her as he had been wont; and she said to him, again and again, "What is the matter? what troubles you? how comes it that you, who were the most light-hearted man in the world, are now so melancholy?"

The Moor feigned various reasons in reply to his wife's questioning, but she was not satisfied; and, although conscious that she had given the Moor no cause, by act or deed, to be so troubled, yet she feared that he might have grown weary of her; and she would say to the ensign's wife, "I know not what to say of the Moor; he used to be all love toward me; but

within these few days he has become another man. But as I know the Moor is on such terms of friendship with your husband, and communicates to him all his affairs, I pray you, if you have heard from him aught that you may tell me of, fail not to befriend me." And as she said this she wept bitterly.

The ensign's wife, who knew the whole truth (her husband wishing to make use of her to compass the death of Disdemona) but could never consent to such a project, dared not, from fear of her husband, disclose a single circumstance: all she said was, "Beware lest you give any cause of suspicion to your husband, and show to him by every means your fidelity and love."

"Indeed, I do so," replied Disdemona; "but it is all of no avail."

Meanwhile, the Moor sought in every way to convince himself of what he fain would have found untrue; and he prayed the ensign to contrive that he might see the handkerchief in the possession of the captain.

Now the captain had a wife at home, who worked the most marvellous embroidery upon lawn; and, seeing the handkerchief which belonged to the Moor's wife, she resolved, before it was returned to her, to work one like it. As she was engaged in this task, the ensign observed her standing at the window, where she could be seen by all passers-by in the street; and he pointed her out to the Moor, who was now perfectly convinced of his wife's guilt. Then he arranged with

the ensign to slay Disdemona and the captain of the troop. And the Moor prayed the ensign that he would kill the captain, promising eternal gratitude to him.

The ensign going out one dark night, sword in hand, met the captain, on his way to visit a courtesan, and struck him a blow on his right thigh, which cut off his leg and felled him to the earth. Then the ensign was on the point of putting an end to his life, when the captain, who was a courageous man, drew his sword, and, wounded as he was, kept on his defense, exclaiming with a loud voice, "I'm murdered!" Thereupon the ensign, hearing the people come running up, with some of the soldiers who were lodged thereabouts, took to his heels, to escape being caught; then turning about again, he joined the crowd, pretending to have been attracted by the noise. And when he saw the captain's leg cut off, he judged that, if not already dead, the blow must at all events end his life; and, whilst in his heart he rejoiced at this, he yet feigned to compassionate the captain as if he had been his brother.

The next morning the tidings of this affair spread through the whole city and reached the ears of Disdemona; whereat she, who was kind-hearted, and little dreamed that any ill would betide her, evinced the greatest grief at the calamity. This served but to confirm the Moor's suspicions, and he went to seek for

the ensign, and said to him, "Do you know that ass my wife is in such grief at the captain's accident that she is well-nigh gone mad?"

"And what could you expect, seeing he is her very soul?" replied the ensign.

"Ay, soul forsooth;" exclaimed the Moor; "I'll draw the soul from out her body; call me no man, if that I fail to shut the world upon this wretch."

Then they consulted of one means and another—poison and daggers—to kill poor Disdemona, but could resolve on nothing. At length the ensign said, "A plan comes to my mind, which will give you satisfaction, and raise cause for no suspicion,—it is this: the house in which you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber has many cracks; I propose we take a stocking, filled with sand, and beat Disdemona with it till she dies: thus will her body bear no signs of violence. When she is dead, we can pull down a portion of the ceiling, and thus make it seem as if a rafter, falling on her head, had killed the lady."

This cruel counsel pleased the Moor, and he only waited for a fitting time to execute the plot. One night when he and Disdemona had retired to bed, the ensign, whom the Moor had concealed in a closet which opened into the chamber, raised a noise in the closet, according to a concerted plan; whereat the Moor said to his wife, "Did you not hear that noise?"

“Indeed, I heard it,” she replied.

“Rise,” said the Moor, “and see what it is.”

The unhappy Disdemona rose from bed, and the instant she approached the closet, out rushed the ensign, and being strong and of stout nerve, he beat her cruelly with the bag of sand across her back; upon which Disdemona fell to the ground, scarce able to draw her breath: but, with the little voice she had left, she called upon the Moor for aid. But the Moor, leaping from bed, exclaimed, “Thou wickedest of women, thus has thy falseness found its just reward,—the recompense to wives who, counterfeiting love, place horns upon their husbands’ brows.”

The wretched lady hearing these words, and feeling that she was near her end (for the ensign had given her another blow), appealed to the justice of Heaven, since justice here had failed her, in proof of her fidelity and truth; and, as she was thus calling Heaven to witness, the wicked ensign inflicted a third blow, under which she sank lifeless on the floor.

Then the ensign and the Moor, laying Disdemona on the bed, and wounding her head, pulled down part of the ceiling of the chamber, as they had arranged; whereupon the Moor began to call loud for help, exclaiming that the house was falling. Hearing this uproar, the neighbors all came running up, and there found Disdemona lying dead beneath a rafter—a sight which, from the good life of that poor lady, did fill all hearts with sorrow.

REMARKS OF AUTHORS ON "OTHELLO."

"THE beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as says himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

"There is always danger lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted that he is, from the first scene to the last, hated and despised. Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other

piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

“The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy; varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progress of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

“Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.”—JOHNSON.

“A more artful villain than this Iago was never portrayed; he spreads his nets with a skill which nothing can escape. The repugnance inspired by his aims becomes tolerable from the attention of the spectators being directed to his means: these furnish endless employment to the understanding. Cool, discontented, and morose, arrogant where he dares be so, but humble and insinuating when it suits his purposes, he is a

complete master in the art of dissimulation; accessible only to selfish emotions, he is thoroughly skilled in rousing the passions of others, and in availing himself of every opening which they give him: he is as excellent an observer of men as any one can be who is unacquainted with higher motives of action from his own experience; there is always some truth in his malicious observations on them. He does not merely pretend an obdurate incredulity as to the virtue of women, he actually entertains it; and this, too, falls in with his whole way of thinking, and makes him the more fit for the execution of his purpose. As in everything he sees merely the hateful side, he dissolves in the rudest manner the charm which the imagination casts over the relation between the two sexes: he does so for the purpose of revolting Othello's senses, whose heart otherwise might easily have convinced him of Desdemona's innocence. This must serve as an excuse for the numerous expressions in the speeches of Iago from which modesty shrinks. If Shakespeare had written in our days, he would not perhaps have dared to hazard them; and yet this must certainly have greatly injured the truth of his picture. Desdemona is a sacrifice without blemish. She is not, it is true, a high ideal representation of sweetness and enthusiastic passion like Juliet; full of simplicity, softness, and humility, and so innocent that she can hardly form to herself an idea of the possibility of infidelity, she

seems calculated to make the most yielding and tenderest of wives. The female propensity wholly to resign itself to a foreign destiny has led her into the only fault in her life, that of marrying without her father's consent. Her choice seems wrong; and yet she has been gained over to Othello by that which induces the female to honor in man her protector and guide,—admiration of his determined heroism, and compassion for the sufferings which he had undergone. With great art it is so contrived that, from the very circumstance that the possibility of a suspicion of her own purity of motive never once enters her mind, she is less reserved in her solicitations for Cassio, and thereby does but heighten more and more the jealousy of Othello. To throw out still more clearly the angelic purity of Desdemona, Shakespeare has in Emilia associated with her a companion of doubtful virtue. From the sinful levity of this woman, it is also conceivable that she should not confess the abstraction of the handkerchief when Othello violently demands it back: this would otherwise be the circumstance in the whole piece the most difficult to justify. Cassio is portrayed exactly as he ought to be to excite suspicion without actual guilt,—amiable and nobly disposed, but easily seduced. The public events of the first two acts show us Othello in his most glorious aspect, as the support of Venice and the terror of the Turks; they serve to withdraw the story from the mere do-

mestic circle, just as this is done in 'Romeo and Juliet' by the dissensions between the houses of Montague and Capulet. No eloquence is capable of painting the overwhelming force of the catastrophe in 'Othello,'—the pressure of feelings which measure out in a moment the abysses of eternity."—SCHLEGEL.

"Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shakespearean, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in doing so display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honor which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago—the purse—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness, the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter. Roderigo turns off to Othello [calling him *thick lips*]; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theater, and that Shakespeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught

concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro plead royal birth—at a time, too, when negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and negro, yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word, in direct contradiction to Iago's 'Barbary Horse.' Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakespeare ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance in Desdemona, which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated.

“ Iago's speech—'Virtue? a fig! 't is in ourselves

that we are thus,' etc., comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of the truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man. And then comes the last sentiment—'Our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion!' Here is the true Iagoism of, alas! how many! Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition of 'Go, make money!' to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre: and, when Roderigo is completely won, when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of triumph—'Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse!' The remainder—Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view, for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and not quite devil—and yet a character which Shakespeare has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal!"—COLERIDGE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator; father to Desdemona.

Two other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, the Moor.

CASSIO, lieutenant to Othello.

IAGO, ancient to Othello.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government
of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a courtezan.

SCENE: *For the First Act, in Venice; during the rest
of the Play, at a Seaport in Cyprus.*

OTHELLO.

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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'll 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'm 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."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

20 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

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
theoric,

Wherein the togèd consuls can propose

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

30 Christian and heathen,—must be be-le'd and
calm'd

By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,

He in good time must his lieutenant be,

And I, God bless the mark! his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 't is 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 affn'd

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. Oh, 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,

Well thrive by them ; and, when they've lin'd
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, 't is not long after

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,

If he can carry it thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kins-
men ;

70 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies ; though that his joy be
joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on 't
As it may lose some color.

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 !

80 Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags ;
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, *above.*

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 ;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell :
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 worser welcome:

I've charged thee not to haunt about my doors :
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter's not for thee; and now, in mad-
ness,

Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir. 100

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. Be-
cause we come to do you service, you think we
are ruffians.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
 110 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
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
 That, from the sense of all civility,
 120 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
 Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself:

If she be in her chamber or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper; call up all my people:
 130 This accident is not unlike my dream;
 Belief of it oppresses me already:
 Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—
 Against the Moor; for, I do know, the state—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
160 By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—Oh, would you had
had her!—

Some one way, some another.—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.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call;

I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
170 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 contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service: Nine or ten times
I'd thought t' have yerck'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
 Against your honor,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you,
 sir,

10

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
 That the magnifico is much belov'd,
 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 t' enforce it on,
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
 My services which I have done the signiory
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to
 know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honor, 20
 I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits
 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhousèd, free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
 come yond?

Iago. Those are the raisèd 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 lieutenant.—

The goodness of the night upon you, 'friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general:
And he requires your waste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What 's the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
40 It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd 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.

Oth. 'T is well I'm found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

50 *Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack:

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. Ha' with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers
with torches.

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 'm for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with
years 60

Than with your weapons.

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 curlèd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' 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 't is not gross in sense

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul
charms,—

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That waken motion :—I'll have 't disputed on ;
'T is probable and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.

80 Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both of you 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,
90 Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him ?

Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I 'm 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 't were their own ;
For, if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. A Council Chamber.*
The DUKE and Senators sitting; Officers at-
tending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
 That gives them credit.

First Sen. Indeed, they're 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,
 'T is oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
 A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
 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!

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now what's the business?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for
 Rhodes;
 So was I bid report here to the state
 By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be
 By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant
 To keep us in false gaze. When we consider

20 Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
 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
 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
 30 To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
 Rhodes.

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 injoined 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 towards Cyprus. Signior Mon-
 tano,

40 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is 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
despatch.

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the
valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight em-
ploy you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

[*To* BRA.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; 50
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, par-
don me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the gen-
eral 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! Oh, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me; 60
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and med'cines bought of mounte-
banks;

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 proceeding

Hath thus beguil'd 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. www.libtool.com.cn

70 *Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.
 Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it
 seems,

Your special mandate for the state affairs
 Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to
 this? [To OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signi-
 niors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 80 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
 speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
 For, since these 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 charg'd 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, everything,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment 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 conjur'd 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 forcèd 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.

120 *Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

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 lov'd me; oft invited me,
 Still question'd me the story of my life
 130 From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days
 To th' 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' th' imminent deadly
 breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence
 And portance in my travels' history:
 140 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads
 touch heaven,
 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 despatch,
She'd 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,
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, 't was strange, 't was passing
' strange, 160
'T was pitiful, 't was 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 lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had passed,
And I lov'd 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 mis-
tress :

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience ?

180 *Des.* My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I'm bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;—
I'm 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 b' with you !—I've done.—
190 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs.
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'm 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,

Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers 200
Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pendèd.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd 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.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile; 210

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 bruis'd heart was piercèd through the
ear.—

Beseech you, now 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 sufficiency, 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 boisterous expedition.

230 *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
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,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

240 *Duke.* If you please, .
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
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,

250 My downright violence and scorn 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 honors 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,
 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 dulness 270
 My speculative and offic'd instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 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.

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
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 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
 Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
 [To BRA.]

290 If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desde-
 mona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
 see ;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, *etc.*]

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
 300 Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
 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, think'st 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!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die 310 when death is our physician.

Iago. Oh, villanous! I have look'd 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 320 to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 't is 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 330 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.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a

340 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 favor with an usurp'd beard;
I say, 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
350 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; 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
360 more delicate way than drowning. Make all
the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail
vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersub-
tle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all
the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore
make money. Drown thyself! it is clean out of
the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in com-
passing thy joy than to be drowned and go with-
out her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I de-
370 pend on the issue.

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 is our revenge against him; if thou canst dishonor 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'm changed: I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to: farewell! put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

390

If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor.
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

In double knavery—How? how?—Let's see:—

After some time, t' abuse Othello's ear

That he is too familiar with his wife.

He hath a person and a smooth dispose

400

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 th' 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.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport Town 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?

10 *Sec. Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
 For, do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
 mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,

And quench the guards of th' ever-fixèd pole :
 I never did like molestation view
 On the unchafèd flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they 're drown'd;
 It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads ! our wars are done. 20
 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 Veronessa. Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
 Is come on shore ; the Moor himself's at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I'm glad on't ; 't is a worthy governor. 30

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 heaven he be ;
 For I have serv'd 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
 As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
 Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue

An indistinct regard.

40 *Third Gent.* Come, let's do so ;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike
isle,

That so approve the Moor ! Oh, 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 every expert and approv'd allowance ;
50 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
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.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour-
tesy :— [Guns heard.

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who't is that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [Exit.

60 *Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a
maid

That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.—

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

Sec. Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He's had most favorable 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,— 70
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

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,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, 80
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—Oh, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.*

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 arriv'd; nor know I aught
90 But that he's well and will be shortly here.

Des. Oh, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail.

“A sail! a sail!” [Guns heard within.

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.—Welcome, mistress.— [To EMILIA.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding

100 That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[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:

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 parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.

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 !

120

Des. Come on, assay.—There's one gone to
the harbor ?

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
frieze,—

It plucks out brains and all ; but my Muse labors,
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 ale house. What miserable
140 praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish there-
unto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise men
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;
150 Had tongue at will and yet was never loud;
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;—

160 *Des.* To do what?

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?

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 170
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 ; 't is so, indeed : if such tricks as these strip you out of you 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 ! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips ? [*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet. 180

Cas. 'T is 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 laboring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low 190
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'T were 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 ;

200 And this and this the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. Oh, you are well tun'd now !

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle,—
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle ?—

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus ;

I 've found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

210 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote

In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago.

Go to the bay and disembark my coffers :

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 OTH., DES., and Attend.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the har-
bor. 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

220 on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this
—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ! why, 't is 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, there should be, again to 230 inflame it, loveliness in favor, 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 unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio 240 does ?—a knave very voluble ; no further conscionable than in 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 250 and green minds look after : a pestilent, complete knave ; and the woman hath found him already.

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
260 palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

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! 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
270 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 favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's 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
280 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.

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, 't is 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
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; 300
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 in-
wards ;

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 judgment cannot cure. Which thing to
do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
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
 320 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd ;
 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
 10 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 honorable stop,
 Not to out-sport 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 ear-
liest

Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear
love.— [To DES.

Good night. [*Exeunt OTH., DES., and Attend.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet
ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early
for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not
therefore blame. She is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game. 20

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate
creature.

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 alar-
um to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of
wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus 30
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 cus-
tom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends! But one cup;
I'll drink for you.

40 *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! 't is 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,

50 *Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night al-
ready,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool
Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.

Three lads of Cyprus, noble, swelling spirits,

That hold their honors in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,

60 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock
of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That they 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 Gentlemen.

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

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

Iago. Some wine, ho!

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70

And let me the canakin clink, clink, [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink;

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

[*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your Hollander—Drink, ho! 8c—are nothing to your English.

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 fill'd.

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.
 He was a wight of high renown,
 And thou art but of low degree :
 'T is pride that pulls the country down,
 Then take thy auld cloak about thee.

100 Some wine, ho! www.libtool.com.cn

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.

110 *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

120 enough.

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.
 'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
 The one as long as th' other ; 't is pity of him.
 I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 130
 On some odd time of his infirmity,
 Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep
 He'll watch the horologe a double set,
 If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
 The general were put in mind of it.
 Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good nature
 Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
 And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ? 140

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo ? [*Aside.*
 I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [*Ex. ROD.*

Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
 Should hazard such a place as his own second
 With one of an ingraft infirmity :
 It were an honest action to say so
 To the Moor.

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 without—“ Help ! Help ! ”*

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

150 *Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty !

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

Striking ROD.

Mon.

Nay, good lieutenant ;

I pray you, sir, hold your hand. [*Staying him.*

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. Away, I say ! go out, and cry a mutiny.

[*Aside to ROD., who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen :—

Help, ho ! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir ;—

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

[*Bell rings.*

160 Who's that which rings the bell ?—Diablo, ho !

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

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. Zounds, I bleed still : I am hurt to the death.

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 170
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
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, mas-
ters?—

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, 180

In quarter, and in terms; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men.—
Swords out, and tilting oneat 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 for-
got?

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,—

200 Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collid,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
210 How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's heart brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!—
'T is monstrous,—Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If, partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

220 *Iago.* Touch me not so near:
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 determin'd 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 clamor—as it so fell out—
 The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose, and I returned the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 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, receiv'd
 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.

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up! 250
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting;
 Come away to bed.—Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon. Lead him off.

[To MON., who is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted.—

Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Exeunt all but IAGO AND CAS.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

260 *Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh,
I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part of myself, and what remains is bes-
tial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

270 *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.

280 *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 290
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 Drukenness to
give place to the devil Wrath: one unperfect-
ness shows me another to make me frankly de-
spise myself. 300

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! Oh, strange!— 310
Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingre-
dient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good famil-
iar 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 some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may
320 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
330 naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

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 CASSIO.*]

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 't is most easy

Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his bap-
 tism,

All seals and symbols of redeemèd sin,— 35c
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shali play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a vil-
 lain

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
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, 360
 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;
 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 inake the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Rode-
 rigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a
 hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. 370
 My money is almost spent; I have been to-night
 exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the is-
 sue will be, I shall have so much experience for

my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!

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

And wit depends on dilatory time,

380 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Content thyself a while.—By th' mass, 't is morning;

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* ROD.] 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;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. 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. 10

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.—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! 20

[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 favor of speech: wilt thou do this?

30 *Clo.* She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit.]

Cas. Do, good my friend.

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've 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
40 Out of the way that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.]

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. 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 re-
plies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wis-
dom

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

50

And needs no other suitor but his likings
 To take the saf'st 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.*]

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, gentleman,—shall we
 see 't ?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

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

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

As if the case were his.

Des. Oh, 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 anything but your true servant.

10 *Des.* I know 't;—I thank you. You do love my lord :

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

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.

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

30 *Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay and hear me speak.

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

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit* Cassio.]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO at a distance.

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 't was he.

Des. How now, my lord! 40

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 judgment in an honest face. 50

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 ex-
amples

Out of their best,—is not almost a fault
T' 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

70 Or stand so mammering so. What! Michael
Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a
time,

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;

'T is 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.

[Exit with EMILIA.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my
 soul, 90

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 'd been acquainted
 with her.

100 *Oth.* Oh, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

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 lik'dst not that,
110 When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criest
"Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst, shut up in thy brain,
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

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 giv'st them
breath,

120 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things in a false, disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just

They're close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

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 ruminare, 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're 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 ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
 As I confess it is my nature's plague
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom
 yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 Would take no notice, nor build yourself a
 150 trouble www.libtool.com.cn

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
 It were not for your quiet nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear
 my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse steals trash: 't is some-
 thing, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to
 thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name

160 Robs me of that which not enriches him

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 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
 The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
 But, oh, what damnèd 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

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 resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat, 180

When I shall turn the business of my soul

To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me
jealous

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;

And, on the proof, there is no more but this— 190

Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I'm glad of this; 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,
 200 Out of self-bounty, be abused ; look to 't :
 I know our country disposition well :
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best
 conscience
 Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
 you :

And, when she seem'd to shake and fear your
 looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;

She that, so young, could give out such a seem-
 ing,

210 To seel her father's eyes up close as oak,—
 He thought 't was witchcraft. But I 'm much
 to blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I 'm bound to thee forever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

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
 mov'd :

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach
 220 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend:—

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

Oth. No, not much mov'd—
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 proposèd 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 disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife t' observe.—Leave me, Iago, 240

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

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature
doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [*Returning.*] My lord I would I might
entreat your honor

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—
 For sure he fills it up with great ability,—
 Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means.
 250 Note if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the meantime
 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 honor.

Oth. Fear not my government.

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

Oth. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learnèd spirit,
 260 Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
 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 declin'd
 Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much;—
 She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be to loathe her. Oh, curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 270 And not their appetites! I'd rather be a toad
 And live upon the vapor of a dungeon
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great
 ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'T is destiny unshunnable, like death;
 Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us

When we do quicken. Desdemona comes.
If she be false, oh, then heaven mock itself!
I'll not believe 't.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

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

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that 's with watching; 't will away
again:
Let me 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.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I 'm very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*

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 conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it ever more 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, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

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

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. Oh, 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,

310 *Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her ?

Emil. No, faith ; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to th' 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've
been so earnest

To have me filch it ?

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

Emil. If 't be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again ; poor lady ! she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

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

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

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation 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 ! Not poppy nor mandra-
 gora
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world 330
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

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

Oth. Avaunt ! begone ! thou 'st set me on the rack :—

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
 Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord !

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

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry ; 340
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
 Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I 'm sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy.
 So I had nothing known. Oh, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plum'd troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue ? Oh, farewell ! 350

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, th' 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 clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
trull,

360 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof:

[*Taking him by the throat.*

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath!

Iago. Is't come to this?

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

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;
370 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
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 liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!

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

To be direct and honest is not safe.

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

Oth. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she's not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou'rt
not!

I'll have some proof; her name, that was as
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd 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?

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.

Iago. I do not like the office: 400

But, sith I'm enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.

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,
410 Let us be wary, let us hide our loves."

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand,

Cry, " O sweet creature !" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips ; and sigh'd, and then
Cried, " Cursèd fate that gave thee to the
Moor !"

Oth. Oh, monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
420 proofs

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 ; 't was my first
gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handker-
chief—

I'm 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, 430
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand
lives!

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'T is gone!—

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

For 't is of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Yet be content. 440

Oth. Oh, blood, blood, blood!

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
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven, 450
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.—[*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
 And to obey shall be in me remorse,
 What bloody business ever!

Oth. I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
 bounteous,

460 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: 't is done at your
 request;
 But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh, 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 anywhere.

Des. Why, man?

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

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you
 where I lie.

10 *Des.* Can anything be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges: and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there were to lie in mine own throat.

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

Clo. I will catechise 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?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was born 30

Drew all such humors 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.*] Oh, 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 has felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:—

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
40 A séquester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so;

For 't was 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've sent to bid Cassio come speak with
50 you.

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
 'T would 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. 'T is 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 ?

80 *Oth.* Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is 't out of the way?

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, and let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.

90 *Des.* Come, come;

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,

Shar'd dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

100 *Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is 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 husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

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

And, lo, the happiness! go and impórtune 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

Exist, and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honor. I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past nor present sorrows

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,

And shut myself up in some other course

To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him

Were he in favor as in humor alter'd,

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

110

120

130

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
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
140 sure of state,—

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable 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. 'T is even
so;

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

Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you
think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

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

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

They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160
 But jealous for they're jealous: 't is 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: www.libtool.com.cn

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
 And seek t' 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?

Oh, 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.

180 *Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this?
 This is some token from a newer friend :
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
 Is 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them. You are jealous
 now
 That this is from some mistress, some remem-
 brance :
 No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

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

I like the work well: ere it be demanded—
 190 As like enough it will—I'd have it copied :
 Take it and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

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

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
 I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
 And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,
 200 For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'T is very good, I must be circum-
 stanc'd. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.* Will you think so? www.libtool.com.cn*Oth.* "Think so," Iago!*Iago.* What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?*Iago.* Not meaning any harm?*Oth.* Not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.*Iago.* If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip:But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— 10*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why then 't is hers, my lord; and, being
hers,

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

Oth. She is protectress of her honor too;

May she give that?

Iago. Her honor 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 for-
got it.Thou saidst,—oh, it comes o'er my memory 20

As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,

Boding to all!—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now. What

Iago. If I 'd said I 'd 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,
Convincèd, or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,—

Oth. Hath he said anything?

30 *Iago.* He hath, my lord; but, be you well as-
sur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

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

Oth. What? what?—Handkerchief,—confes-
sions,—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged
for his labor.—First, to be hanged, and then to
confess,—I tremble at it. Nature would not in-
vest herself in such shadowing passion without
40 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 is 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.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

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

60

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

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

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

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

Oth. Did he confess it?

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

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmèd with your
grief,—

70

A passion most unsuiting such a man;—
 Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
 Bade him anon return and here speak with me ;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave your-
 self,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable
 scorns
 That dwell in every region of his face ;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew ;
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
 80 Or I shall say you 're all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

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

Iago. That's not amiss ;

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 :
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 90 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 behav-
 ior

Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieuten-
 ant ?

Cas. The worser that you give me the addition

Whose want even kills me.

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

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,

How quickly should you speed! [Speaking lower.

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. [Aside.] Look, how he laughs already! 100

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

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

Oth. [Aside.] Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. [Aside.] Now he impórtunes 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! 110

Oth. [Aside.] Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

Cas. I marry her! Prithee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome.—Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [Aside.] 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.

120 *Oth.* [*Aside.*] Have you scor'd me? Well.

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

Oth. [*Aside.*] 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 falls me thus about my

130 neck,—

Oth. [*Aside.*] Crying, "O dear Cassio!" as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me; so haies and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. [*Aside.*] Now she tells how she plucked him to my chamber. Oh, 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.

140 *Cas.* 'T is such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one.

Enter BIANCA.

—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the

work ! There,—give it your hobby-horse ; where- 150
soever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ?
how now ?

Oth. [*Aside.*] 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. 160

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

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Cas. Yes, 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. [*Coming forward.*] How shall I murder
him, Iago ? 170

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

Oth. O, Iago !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

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

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing.—
A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 180

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be
damn'd to-night ; for she shall not live ; no, my

heart is turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature.

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! Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand thousand times :—and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

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

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

Oth. I will chop her into messes :—

Iago. Oh, 't is foul in her!

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler.

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

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

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

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

[A trumpet without.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'T is 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. 220

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a packet.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasure. [Opens the packet, 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"— 230

Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wise ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

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

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

Oth. www.libtool.deed.cn Indeed !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

240 *Des.* Why, sweet Othello,—

Oth. Devil ! [Striking her.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

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

Though I should swear I saw 't : 't is 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 :—

250 I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

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

Sir, she can turn and turn and yet go on
And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient ;—

Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!--
I am commanded home.—Get you away ;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate, 260
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 chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ? 270

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

What he might be,—if what he might be 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,
 280 And his own courses will denote him so
 That I may save my speech; do but go after
 And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I am deceived in him.

[*Exeunt.*

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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?

10 *Emil.* Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never,

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
 nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
 Remove your thought; it doth abuse your
 bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd;

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

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

Oth. Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had they rain'd

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

50 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

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

The fixèd figure for the time of Scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at!

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well;

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs

Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!

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. Oh, ay; as summer flies are in the sham-
bles,

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 com-
mitted? 70

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

Made to write "trull" 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 wanton!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are not you a wanton?

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 wanton, I am none.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. Oh, heaven forgive us!

Des. 'T is meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

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 besmirch'd
her,

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

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Emil. A beggar in his drink 120
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

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

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep:—Alas the
day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble
matches,

Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called trull? 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.

130 *Emil.* I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossi-
ble.

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

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

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous
knave,

Some base, notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'dst un-
fold,

140 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. Oh, fie upon them! Some such squire
he was

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

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

150 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form,
 Or that I do not yet and ever did
 And ever will—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
 much ; 160
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 't is but his
 humor ;

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

Des. If 't were no other !—

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant.
[Trumpets without.]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat.

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 deal'st justly with
 me. 170

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some
 device, Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now,
 keep'st from me all conveniency than suppliest
 me with the least advantage of hope. I will
 indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet per- 180
 suaded to put up in peace what already I have
 foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

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

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told
190 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 't is not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return
200 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
210 hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.

But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose, courage, and valor,—this night show it; if thou the next night following 220 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 a special 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. Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless 230 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 Bianca, and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his 240 honorable 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 :
 250 about it.

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. Oh, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

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

Des. Your honor is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

Oh,—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.

10 *Des.* I will my lord.

[Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.]

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

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

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

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

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

Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favor 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 these same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

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

An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it. That song to-night 30

Will not go from my mind; I've much to do But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

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 :—

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

50 *Prithee, hie thee ; he'll come anon :—*

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

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

Emil. It is the wind.

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

Sing willow, willow, willow ;

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

Doth that bode weeping ?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

60 *Des.* I have heard it said so.—Oh, these men,
these men !—

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. The world's a huge thing: it is a great price

For a small vice.

Des. Beshew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong in the world; and, having the world for your labor, 't is 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, Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite; 80

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?

It is so too:—and have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? 90

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.*]

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk ; straight
will be 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 :—

10 'T is but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he
dies ! [*Goes to his stand.*]

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

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

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
 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, 't is 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. Oh, I am slain !

[IAGO cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.

Cas. I am maim'd forever.—Help, ho ! murder !
 murder ! *[Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

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

Rod. Oh, villain that I am !

Oth. 'T is even so.

Cas. Oh, help ! ho ! light ! a surgeon ! 30

Oth. 'T is 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.—Wanton, 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!

Gra. 'T is some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh, help!

40 *Lod.* Hark!

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!

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

Re-enter IAGO, *with a light.*

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!

50 *Iago.* What's the matter?

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

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? Oh, 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. [To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

Rod. Oh, help me here! 60

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[Stabs RODERIGO.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
[Dies.

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 harlot!—Cassio, may you sus-
pect

Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

80 *Cas.* No.

Gra. I'm sorry to find you thus. I've been to
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter.—So.—Oh, 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
90 Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderi-
go.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle par-
don;

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I'm glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—Oh, a chair, a
chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he.—O that's well said ;—the
 chair :— *[A chair brought in.*
 Some good man bear him carefully from hence ;
 I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mis-
 tress, *[To BIANCA.* 100
 Save you your labor.—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 ?—Oh,
 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. Alas ! 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 'scap'd :
 He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentlemen ! alas, good Cas-
 sio !

Iago. Prithee, Emilia,
 Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :—

What, do you shake at that? [To BIANCA.

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

120 *Iago.* Oh, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, harlot!

Bian. I am no harlot, 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 afore?—This is the night [Aside.

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber: Desdemona in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood;

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then——put out thy light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

10 Should I repent me:—but, once put out thy
light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.—

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
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by
that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: 30
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heaven forbid! I would not kill thy
soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heaven

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.

40 *Des.* They 're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death 's unnatural that kills for lov-
ing.—

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 lov'd and
gave thee

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul !

Send for the man, and ask him.

50 *Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury ; thou 'rt on thy death-
bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently ;

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 lov'd Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven 60
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
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. His mouth is stopp'd; 70
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. Oh, my fear interprets!—what, is he
dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-
venge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd and I undone!

Oth. Out, wanton! weep'st thou for him to
my face?

Des. Oh, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, wanton!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night! 80

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

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. [Without.] 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. [Without.] What ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

90 *Emil.* [Without.] O good my lord, I'd speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes:—'t is Emilia;—by-and-by.—She's dead.—

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—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.

Oh, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe

100 Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Without.] I do beseech you that I may speak with you,

O good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. Oh, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by-and-by. Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? [Opens the door.

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O my good lord, yonder 's foul murder
done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was
wont,

110

And makes men mad.

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. Oh, 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. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord: oh, 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!

'T was I that killed her.

130 *Emil.* Oh, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

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

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: oh, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Oh, 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.

140 *Emil.* My husband!

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, 't was 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 killed my mistress! Murder!
murder!

Enter MONTANA, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, gen-
eral!

Emil. Oh, are you come, Iago? you've done
well 170

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :

He says thou toldst 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.

180 *Emil.* You told a lie ; an odious, damnèd lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie !—

She false with Cassio !—did you say with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue : I 'm bound to speak :

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—

All. Oh, heavens forbend !

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

190 *Emil.* Villany, villany, villany !
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 ;

'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—

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

Oth. Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Falling 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. www.libtool.com.cn

Oth. Oh, she was foul!—[*Rising.* 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 Desdemon! I'm glad thy father's dead :

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

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

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'T is pitiful ; but yet Iago knows 210

That 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. Zounds, hold your peace!

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out!—I hold my

peace, sir? no!

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.]

Gra.

Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! That handkerchief
thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;

For, often with a solemn earnestness,—

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

He begged of me to steal it.

Iago.

Villanous wanton!

230 *Emil.* She gave 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, gentlemen!—

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*The Moor runs at IAGO, who stabs EMILIA,
and exit.*]

Oth.

Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls! sure, he hath kill'd
his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay!—Oh, lay me by my mistress'
side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon

240 Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I 'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damnèd slave.

[*Exeunt* MONTANO and GRATIANO.]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.—
But why should honor 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 the sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
Oh, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Without.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then and speak with
me,

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've seen the day
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop.—But O vain
boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is 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 ? 't is a lost fear ;
270 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go ?—
Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd
wench !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,
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 cursèd, cursèd slave !—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight !
Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !
280 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—
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, 't is happiness to die. 290

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damnèd slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, anything:
An honorable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his vil-
lany.

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 your pardon. 300

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know,
you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

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. Oh, 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 t' have sent this damnèd 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?

320 *Cas.* I found it in my chamber;
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,
Iago set him on.

330 *Lod.* You must forsake this room and go with
us;

Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty
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 away.

Oth. Soft you! a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they
know 't;—

340 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 lov'd 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 unuse'd to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350
 Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
 I took by th' throat the circumcisèd 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 upon 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 ;—Oh, enforce it !
370 Myself will straight abroad ; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[*Exeunt.*

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NOTES.

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ACT I.

Scene I.

4. 'Sblood, for *God's blood*, as '*swounds*, or *zounds*, for *God's wounds*. In 1606 the use of bad language on the stage was checked by Act of Parliament.

10. Off-capped, took off their cap to him.

11. I am qualified to be at least lieutenant,

13. Them, Iago's supporters. Bombast, cotton padding, hence affected language. Circumstance, the opposite of a straightforward answer.

14. The hemistich (half-line), as in line 18, enables the actor to make a more effective pause.

20. The commercial tone of Florence is contrasted with warlike Venice.

21. Cassio has almost decided to ruin himself by marrying Bianca, a courtesan.

23. Battle, battalion.

24. Bookish theoretic, object of *knows*. The theory of war, learnt from reading treatises, opposed to practice.

25. Toged; the toga is symbolic of peace. Propose, speak.

27. He was chosen.

30. Be-le'd, having the wind taken out of the sails.

31. By a mere book-keeper, who adds up counters; *i.e.*, money.

33. God bless the mark, used to avert the evil omen in using strong language. Ancient, corruption of *ensign*, a flag-bearer.

35, *sq.* We cannot help it. Promotion goes not, as in former times, by seniority, but by influence and partiality.

39. In any reasonable way. Affin'd, related, so well disposed to.

41. Iago would not serve Othello, but that he sees a chance of revenge.

45. **Knave**, German *Knabe*, boy.

45. **Doting on**, growing foolish over.

49. **Me**. Ethic dative. More common in French. But cf. sc. 2, 72; *Hamlet*, ii. 2, 601, "Who does me this?"

50. **Visages**. Like Latin *visus*, looks.

60. **Só**, loving and duteous.

61, *sq.* For Iago to give the key-note to his real character is a touch of genius.

66. **Thick-lips**. The Moors were not negroes. **Owe**, own.

68. The second him refers to Othello.

69. **Proclaim him** as an offender against the public peace.

71. Allusion to one of the plagues of Egypt.

72. Metaphor from the artist's mixing colors.

73. **As**, for *that*.

91. **Worser**, the double comparative—common in Shakespeare. Three double superlatives—*most unkindest*, *most worst*, and *most boldest*—are also found.

96. **Upon**, for the purpose of.

99. I am annoyed at your joke, and have power to make you regret it.

102. **Grange**, a farm-house.

111. **Odd-even and dull watch**. **Odd-even** is interpreted to mean the interval between midnight and one A.M. The hyphen not in earliest copies.

113. **But**, than or except.

115. **Allowance**, approval.

116. **Saucy**, insolent, outrageous. "Full of sauce, pungent."—SKEAT.

117. I am sure you are wrong in abusing us.

119. **From**, away from.

137. **Cast**, dismiss.

141. **In which regard**, on account of which.

146. The name of the inn.

169. I am sure of aid almost everywhere.

Scene II.

2. **Stuff**, the essential point.

5. **Yerk'd**, to strike. Derived possibly from *jerk*.

9. I scarcely tolerated him.

12. The *magnifico*—*i. e.*, Brabantio—has practically twice as much influence as the Doge.

17. **Cable**, from *capere* to hold; through Low Latin *caplum*,^δ a holding-rope.

19. To know. Act. inf. for passive.
21. I am of high birth.
22. Demerits. A negative word, used in both senses. Cf. "Opinion shall of his demerits rob Cominius."—*Coriolanus*, i. 1. 276.
- 26, 27. I, now free, would not tie myself.
31. Parts, disposition or talents.
41. Sequent, one after another.
43. Consuls, counsellors.
50. Carack, or carrack, O.F. *carraque*, a ship of burden.
52. To who? In the Elizabethan period there was much confusion respecting the case-forms of the interrogative and other pronouns.
53. Marry, by the Virgin Mary. The pun is probably intentional, though Shakespeare was dropping the habit.
60. Your words, as those of an old man, will do more than your weapons.
63. I will refer to anyone the question whether such a contrariety, as a girl who had refused handsome Venetians accepting a blackamoor, can have been caused by anything but enchantment.
71. Fear and delight. Possibly nouns, but more probably, as Abbott, "Thou a thing (fit) to fear, not to delight."
73. The use of philtres, or drugs, to produce feelings of love, was common among the ancients.
75. Readings vary between *weaken* and *waken*. The latter is the easier to understand, and therefore less likely to have been altered.
76. Probable, in its more strict sense, admitting proof. Palpable, that can be felt.
82. Of my inclining, who lean towards me.
83. Cue, derived from French *queue*, a tail. A stage word, the end of one speech waited for by the actor who has to carry on the dialogue without interrupting.
91. The officer addresses Brabantio.
98. If we tolerate such an offence against our dignity, we shall soon lose it.

Scene III.

1. Composition, agreement.
5. Jump, tally.
- . Aim reports, conjecture bandies about reports.
- o. Secure, Der. *se* (as in *se-paro*) *cura*, without care. I do no lay aside anxiety on account of the discrepancy in the accounts.

12. In fearful sense, in feeling fearful.
15. The Turks tried to recover Cyprus (which they had lost a century before) in 1570.
17. **By**, about.
18. If we put the statement to the test of common sense, we cannot believe it. **Pageant**, a mock, or show. Der. Latin *pagina*, page, in later times the scaffold on which mysteries were acted. Root, *pag*, to fasten.
- 22, 3. Not only is it more important but he can bear (*ferre*) the business more easily—win the place.
24. It is not so well fortified.
33. **Ottomites**, derived from Othman, or Osman, founder of the Turkish empire in A. D. 1299.
52. **Good your grace**. The possessive adjective is really combined with the noun, as in *monsieur*.
57. **Engluts**, French *engloutir*, to swallow.
61. **Mountebank**, a quack doctor, one who *mounts a bench* to puff his wares.
64. **Sans**, used for *without*, for metre's sake. A favorite word with Shakespeare are. *As You Like It*, ii, 7, 166, "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."
69. **Proper**, own.
80. This is the *head and front*, and the *sum* of my offence.
84. Till within the last nine months.
85. All their chief work has been in the field.
94. Some such word as *with* understood.
95. Every emotion blushed at and revealed itself.
99. A person who could confess. . . is not of sound judgment.
101. The ideas are compressed. An unmaimed judgment must look for . . .
108. Hunter explains *thin habits*, the thin garb in which you invest the matter.
109. **Modern**, used contemptuously. Commoplace, trite.
111. **Indirect**, wrong, unfair.
129. **Still**, always. **Questioned me the story**. Omission of preposition *of*.
131. The hemistich adds to the effect of the enumeration by giving the actor time to think over the list.
139. **Portance**. (French *porter*.) My bearing.
140. **Antres**, caves. Idle, wild.
141. **Quarries**. Der. *quadraria*, the place where the blocks are squared.
143. **Cannibal**, corruption of *Caribal*, Caribbean.
145. Raleigh gave an account of such men in his *Description of Guiana*, 1596.
154. **By parcels**, by small portions.

173. Make the best of a bad business.
176. If she admits that she met him half-way, then I blame him no more.
199. Like yourself, either briefly, or as your case demands.
- Lay a sentence, pronounce a maxim, which he proceeds to do in rhyming verse, in sententious couplets.
200. Grise, a step.
209. Bootless, useless.
210. So, upon that theory.
213. Free, cheap.
214. Who, to get rid of pressing grief, has to draw upon his stock of patience.
217. These maxims cut both ways.
219. Piercing would not be a remedy for a bruise, so that we must take the word as meaning merely *reached*.
222. Fortitude, the strength.
225. Opinion that overawes all plans and their results.
227. To slubber, obscure, slur over.
232. I admit that difficulty brings out quickness of action, which is natural to me.
238. Due arrangement as to her home and allowance. *Exhibition* in this sense still so used at the Universities.
245. Prosperous, propitious.
249. To live. Understand *enough*.
250. Downright, uncontrolled. For *storm* the first Quarto has *scorne*, which Johnson accepted.
260. By. The idea of instrumentality passes into causality—because of.
265. Proper satisfaction, self-gratification.
267. Defend, prevent that you should think.
269. For, because.
270. Seel, to close the eyes. Originally a term of falconry.
271. *i.e.* my eyes.
272. Disports, amusements.
273. Skillet, small pot. From Latin *scutella*, a small dish.
274. May my reputation be damaged by all attacks, however base.
290. Delighted, here for *delightful*, as in *Cymbeline*, v. 4, 102—"To make my gift the more delayed, *delighted*."
294. Brabantio's unnatural pique belies his daughter's chastity. The disobedience in eloping was severely punished, but her subsequent story about the handkerchief was not the deliberate attempt to conceal the truth, and did not really touch the constancy of her heart.
306. Incontinently, immediately.
307. Roderigo, another dupe of Iago's, differs from Othello in this, that the latter never suspects honest Iago, the former

is constantly suspicious that he is being cheated, and is as constantly satisfied, notwithstanding the grossest indications that should have put him on his guard.

313. Iago's comparative youth is a touch in the picture. So young, yet so utterly unable to believe in the existence of goodness, even in Desdemona, pure as Dian's visage. "All things are to him common and unclean."—GERVINUS.

321. Fond, foolish. Virtue, power.

322, *sq.* To Iago reason alone is the measure of things. He is one of those beings whose brains have become sharp with the hardening of their hearts. In this passage he poses as the sceptic who ignores any higher constraint of the passions than that supplied by the reason and the will.

326. Gender, kind.

328. Corrigible, corrective.

334. Sect, cutting.

340. Stead, help.

342. Defeat thy favor, conceal thy face. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2, 91, "As well as I do know your outward favor."

347. Answerable sequestration, corresponding estrangement.

349. Locusts. (1) A winged insect; (2) the fruit of the carob tree.

350. Coloquintida, colocynth, a bitter yellow gourd.

354. A more delicate way. By committing mortal sin with Desdemona. Iago is here ironical.

The repetition, *Put money in thy purse*, is equivalent to This is your game. But you must be prepared to pay for it.

395. Proper, fine, pretty.

396. Plume up, make to triumph.

400. Dispose for *disposition*.

ACT II.

Scene I.

3. 'Twixt the heaven and the main, on the horizon.

9. Mortise, a hole in a piece of wood to receive the tenon in carpentry.

12. Chidden, and so, angry.

13. Shaked, the old infinitive being *shaken*, Elizabethan writers frequently used the form of *ed* for the participle.

15. Molestation, disturbance.

17, 18. Enchaf'd, enshelter'd, embay'd. *En* was a favorite prefix with Shakespeare, especially in this play. We shall find

also *encave*, *enwheel*, *enfetter'd*, *enmesh*. Perhaps with participles he likes some kind of prefix as a substitute for the old prefix.

22. Their plan is foiled.
23. Sufferance, damage, loss.
26. A ship equipped by the inland city of Verona.
41. We may expect fresh arrivals any moment.
50. Not in danger from being overloaded with fear.
62. Paragons, a Spanish word formed by two prepositions—*para*, *con*—outdoes. www.libtool.com.cn
63. Quirks, tricks.
- 64, 65. In her natural beauty baffles the clever person who would describe her. Ingener, contriver. *Hamlet* (iii. 4, 206), "The ingener hoist with his own petard."
67. He has was often pronounced and written *has*.
69. Gutter'd, worn into channels.
70. Who conspire to delay.
71. From a mere love of beauty.
72. Mortal, here deadly, fatal.
76. Who lands here a week sooner than we expected.
79. Tall, a stock epithet for ships. *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1, 6: "The carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried."
82. Riches, may be for *richesse*, a singular noun.
97. He explains to Iago that it would be hyper-modesty if he merely gave her a formal greeting.
- 105. When I wish to sleep.
115. I will not come to *you* for a character or an epitaph.
123. I beguile my sadness by appearing merry.
126. I am working at it.
127. Birdlime, a glutinous substance. Frize, or frieze, cloth of Friesland, from which, being rough, it was difficult to remove stains without tearing away the nap.
- 130, 131. The clever woman finds a means to make use of her charms.
133. Thereto, besides. Black, a brunette.
143. A plain woman is as dangerous as any other.
148. Put on the vouch, dare venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. S. T. Coleridge remarked that Shakespeare puts all sarcasms upon women into the mouth of villains.
156. By the despised salmon's tail he means Othello, whom she had chosen in preference to the wealthy, curled darlings of Venice.
161. His bathos means, she is only fit to have silly children, and keep the tally at a beer-house.
165. Liberal, wanton. Profane, gross.
171. Gyve, etc., fetter thee in thy courtesies.
185. I am as delighted as surprised.

194. There cannot be much more such happiness in store for me.
203. The pegs on which the strings of the instrument are strained, and so loosen the strings and cause discords.
206. Desir'd, loved.
208. Out of fashion, more than good breeding allows.
221. Directly, manifestly, unmistakably.
223. Lay thy finger thus, on thy lips.
229. Favor, face.
230. Sympathy in years. Perhaps here, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1. 1, 137, Shakespeare is thinking of his own marriage.
236. Pregnant, evident, clear. Position, assertion, capable of being defended.
240. Salt, wanton.
241. Slipper, slippery.
242. Stamp, make valid and current.
249. Condition, temper.
283. Qualification, they will be appeased only by the dismissal of Cassio.
288. Without the which, the removal of which.
296. Apt, natural.
312. Trash, drift-wood found under trees. Perhaps both are hunters' words.
313. Putting on, instigation.
314. To have at an advantage. Cf. "Now, infidel, I have you on the hip."—*Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, 334.
315. Garb, form, manner.
321. Evil plans are developed as they proceed.

Scene II.

2. Importing, relating.
3. Mere, absolute, complete.
8. Offices, serving-rooms.
9. Told, struck.

Scene III.

41. The one cup which I have had though cleverly mixed, has upset my weak head.
49. *Dislike* and *like* were usually impersonal as synonymous with *please*. Cf. "The music likes you not."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 2, 56.
56. Pottle, diminutive of *pot*.
58. Are always on guard where their honor is concerned.
59. Elements. As it were, a pure extract or quintessence.

66. Rouse, occurs also thrice in *Hamlet*, a play of the same period, but not elsewhere. It is a Scandinavian word meaning a drinking-bout.

79. Potent in potting, heavy drinkers.

85. He sweats not, it is no great matter to him.

86. Almain, German.

92. The mention of England suggests the second song, which is an old ballad to be found in Percy's *Reliques* (published 1765).

95. Lown, loon. Originally *lowm*. Perhaps connected with a Scotch word *loamy*, slow.

104. Cassio is already incoherent.

118. A British soldier is not considered drunk if he can go through his facings.

132. Odd, occasional, incidental.

135. He will keep awake twenty-four hours.

144. Should run such risks by having such a man for his second-in-command.

145. Ingraft, the omission of the *ed* is common in verbs whose terminations already resemble participles; *e.g.* also *hoist*, *disjoint*, *heat*.

152. Twiggen, covered with straw network.

155. Mazzard, a contemptuous word for head, or possibly jaw.

170. To turn Turk, to undergo a complete change for the worse. In this passage the proverb is especially appropriate, the Turks having just been prevented by the storm from attacking them.

173. I will kill instantly anyone who strikes a blow in his own quarrel.

180. Quarter, peace. Possibly *quarter* refers to the apartment assigned to the officers on guard.

188. You are thus forgot, have thus forgotten yourself.

190. Some verbs claim exemption from the use of *to*, on the ground of being auxiliary.

193. Censure was a colorless word meaning opinion, in Elizabethan times.

195. Opinion, reputation.

199. While I avoid speaking, which is now painful.

206. Collied, obscured.

209. In my rebuke, in receiving it.

215. Manage. Literally to handle, wield.

218. Affin'd, related.

220. Do not so press me.

267. Sense of pain.

274. He punishes more to appease the islanders than because he is angry.

276. Affright does not suit the comparison. Cassio is the dog, the natives are meant by the lion; he beats the former to appease the latter.

281. Fustian, another stuff named from the place of manufacture—Fustát, an old name of Cairo.

338. I despair of.

344. Probal, a contraction of *probable*.

349. She could win the Moor over to anything.

350. The cross.

354. Function, operation of reason. Iago, solus, feels the sting of conscience, but very readily settles matters with it—for the moment.

355. Parallel, level, or even, with his design.

358. Suggest, to tempt.

370. Cry, pack, where the part is a secondary one.

384. Mass, from the phrase, "*Ite, missa est*" ("Go, the congregation is dismissed"), used at the end of the service. Hence *missal*, a mass-book, and Christ-, Candle-*mas*.

ACT III.

Scene I.

24. Quillets, short for *quidlibet*, anything you choose.

43. Iago was a Venetian, and C. a Florentine.

45. Displeasure, the disfavor you are in.

57. Bestow, stow, place in secrecy.

Scene III.

12. His estrangement shall not be more serious than policy demands.

16. Increase from circumstances.

23. Hawks were tamed by being kept awake.

24. Shrift, usually confession; here a confessional.

64. *sq.* He has hardly committed any fault which would be popularly considered worthy of a personal punishment, except that, at these times, we have to sacrifice our best men to conciliate the enemy.

70. Mammerring, desisting, standing in suspense. Possibly *mammer* was like *stammer*, onomatopoeic.

76. This is no great suit after all.

79. Peculiar, private.

83. An alarming thing to grant.

113. Purse, to wrinkle up, like a purse drawn together.

118. And, for, and, because.

123. Close delations, secret informations.
129. On that principle, Cassio is honest.
140. Leets, manor courts.
146. Vicious, wrong.
153. Iago's pretended reluctance excites Othello.
173. Fineless, infinite.
178. Still, always. See note on i. 3, 129.
180. Resolved, set free from doubt.
182. Exsufflicate, swollen, puffed out.
183. Matching, similar to.
210. If *oak* be the right reading, the reference is to the grain of the wood; but Staunton plausibly conjectures *hawk*.
212. Of, about, concerning.
215. Jot, Anglicized form of *iota*, the smallest Greek letter.
234. In the case I am putting.
237. Fall, begin. Cf. "Before you fall to play."—*Hamlet*, v. 2, 216.
238. Happily, haply, perchance.
249. Means, adopted by him to gain his end.
250. Strain his entertainment, beg for him to be employed.
253. Consider my fears officious.
260. Haggard, a wild, untrained hawk.
261. Jesses, straps by which hawks' legs were tied.
262. Falconers let fly the hawk *against* the wind. If *down* or *into* the wind, it seldom returns.
265. Chamberers, men of fashion or of intrigue.
274. Prerogativ'd, exempted from the evil.
275. Forkèd plague, the horns supposed to grow on the forehead of one whose wife had been unfaithful. The sentence is complicated by the insertion of the antecedent then.
276. Quicken, are born.
278. Here the better genius speaks.
287. Napkin, for *handkerchief*. "Dip their napkins in his sacred blood" (*Julius Cæsar*. iii. 2. 138).
296. Ta'en out, subsequent allusions (sc. 4, 190) prove this to mean copied.
319. Be not acknown on 't, do not confess to the knowledge of it.
328. Act, action, operation.
- Poppy, whence opium is made. Mandragora, mandrake. The root when "torn out of the earth" (*Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 3, 47) was thought to resemble the human figure, and to cause madness and death.
333. Owedst, ownest.
335. Avaunt, begone. Der. *en avant*.
369. Abandon remorse, act without regarding conscience.

The word *remorse* is often synonymous with *pity*, but no here.

376. Your simplicity of mind is here a defect.

380. *Sith*, since.

387. *Dian's visage*, the face of the moon.

402. *Prick'd*, instigated.

439. *Fraught*, load.

443. One of the Moor's nautical images. The Euxine pours into the Mediterranean a steady stream. The current from the Atlantic is also perpetual. Yet the volume of water in the Mediterranean does not increase—the influx only compensating for the evaporation caused by the sun.

454. *Clip*, originally to hold tight; hence (1) to embrace closely, and (2) to draw closely together the edges of a pair of shears.

Scene IV.

22. *The doing it.* *The* frequently precedes a transitive participle. Cf. "In the delaying death,"—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 2, 172. "The locking up the spirits."—*Cymbeline*, i. 5, 41. It is still so used.

26. *Crusadoes*, a Portuguese coin bearing a cross. But, unless.

38. *Argues*, proves.

40. *Sequester*, seclusion from liberty. The word originally meant a trustee, to whom property was devised.

49. *Chuck*, chicken.

51. *Rheum*, a flowing discharge. Often tears.

66. *Darling*, a diminutive, little dear.

73. *Fury*, madness.

83. *An.* Shakespeare's *an* is nothing but the Scandinavian use of the common word *and*. When the force of *an* grew misty, it was reduplicated by the addition of *if*; so that *an if*=*if-if*.
SKEAT.

119, *sq.* Simply to know that would be a satisfaction, and I would make the best of it.

123. *Advocation*, pleading.

128. *Blank*, centre of target.

143. *Puddled*, make muddy.

152. *With my soul as judge.* *Suborn.* Especially used of providing a perjured witness.

157. *Toy*, idle fancy.

178. *Continue*, unbroken by other business.

194. And think it will not add to my benefit, nor is it my desire, to be seen with a woman.

ACT IV.

Scene I.

16. Essence, an existence.

21. Where there was an invalid, this sight might be thought portentous.

23. Iago would attach no importance to that. Othello says that that is unlike his usual wisdom.

27, *sq.* The sentence is compressed. Some by importunity over-persuade; others give way before the forward folly of the mistress. Each class are ready enough to blab.

43. Noses, *sq.* Othello is imagining the familiarity which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and Desdemona.

54. Lethargy, heavy sleep.

69. In a patient list, within the limits of patience. List, literally the selvage of cloth; then a place enclosed by a ring or border.

73. Made your fit an excuse to dismiss him.

73. Encave yourself, conceal yourself behind something.

92. Unbookish, ignorant.

105. Addition, title (of lieutenant).

98. Dower, or power. Readings vary.

While Iago draws out Cassio, Othello is watching and listening.

111. Shakespeare had been studying for his Roman plays about this time.

120. Have you settled with me? or have you branded me with a mark of disgrace?

134. Hale, form of *haul*. Cf. Acts viii. 3. "Haling men and women committed them to prison."

139. Before me, a euphemism for *before God*.

140. Fitchew, a pole-cat.

153. Should, used for *must*.

178. In the killing.

199. Patent, permission.

214. I will dispose of him.

230. Othello has reached the end of the letter, reading to himself.

234. Atone. Der. *at one*; to reconcile.

258. While speaking to Lodovico he pauses to rail at Desdemona.

265. Lodovico cannot account for the Moor's demeanor.

271. Censure, originally opinion, good or bad. See note on ii. 3, 103.

275. Probably the second clause of Iago's speech is an aside.

Scene II.

3. **She.** Shakespeare's inflexion of pronouns is very irregular.
12. **Durst to wager.** See note on ii. 3, 190.
13. **Other,** otherwise.
30. **Mystery,** business, trade, profession.
48. **They,** the gods in heaven.
- 54, 55. Text doubtful here. Proposed changes numerous and unsatisfactory.
62. **Knot and gender,** to breed. **Turn,** change.
99. **With who.** See note on line 3, *supra*.
104. **Water,** tears.
108. **Have I been behav'd.** A relic of the passive is still kept up in *well-behaved*.
109. **Opinion,** ill opinion.
121. **Callet,** a bad woman, a strumpet.
128. **Beshrew,** curse.
130. **Eternal.** Some think this word an inaccuracy here for *infernal*.
132. **Cog,** cheat. **Cozen,** act as a cousin, thence, to sponge upon, beguile.
137. **Abus'd,** cheated.
172. **Daff,** put off. Same word as *doff*.
175. **Conveniency,** enjoyment of advantage.
190. **Votarist,** one vowed to a life of religion, a recluse.
197. **Fobb'd,** cozened, cheated.

Scene III.

- 7, *sq.* An aside.
12. **Incontinent,** immediately.
32. **But,** preventive. **At one side.** We still say *a-side* (*at side*), but *on one side*.
23. **All's one,** it is of no consequence.
- 40, *sq.* A song much like this is found in Percy's *Reliques*.
53. She has forgotten the words.
59. Emilia avoids giving a direct affirmative.
- 69, *sq.* It is only wrong if it becomes known to the world; now, if one is to gain the world for it, the world is at your command, and therefore it is no matter.
80. **Having,** property. Cf. "The gentleman is of no having."—*Merry Wives*, iii. 2, 73.
81. We are vexed.
94. **Mend,** amend.

ACT V.

Scene I.

1. Bulk, the projecting portion of a building.
 11. Quat, pimple, pustule. Sense, quick.
 14. Live. Subjunctive, If Roderigo live.
 16. Bobb'd, cheated. Cf. "You shall not bob us out of our melody."—*Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 1, 75. The verb (intrans.) means to knock against, and (trans.) also to thump.
 34. Hies, hastens.
 37. Passage, a going to and fro of people.
 41. Heavy, gloomy, cloudy. Lodovico's feeling is that it may be a plot; that some one is pretending to be wounded in order to induce the unwary to give assistance, and render themselves an easy prey to confederates.
 85. Trash, worthless woman.
 106. Gastness, ghastliness.
 129. Fordoes, undoes, ruins. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1, 244:
 "The corse they follow did with desperate hand
 Fordo its own life."

Scene II.

11. Pattern, example, masterpiece.
 12. Prometheus stole fire from heaven and gave it to man.
 17. Kissing her again.
 20. I cannot help weeping, but I am pitiless; my sorrow is like the love of the gods, who take those they love.
 28. Grace, pardon, mercy.
 40. My only sin consists in loving you with all my heart and against my father's wishes.
 52. Presently = immediately—in Shakespeare's day.
 65. If I hate you (for your denials) it ceases to be a sacrifice.
 109. Error, movement, wandering.
 134. False as water. The comparison is as old as Jacob's farewell to his sons: "Reuben, unstable as water."—*Gen.* xlix. 4. The poet Keats chose for his epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."
 145. Chrysolite, from two Greek words signifying gold and stone.
 151. His villany has deceived your love.
 158. Othello threatens Emilia.
 171. Must say that you have instigated them to murder.
 177. Apt. See note on ii. 1, 296.

183. Charm, restrain, hold. Cf. "To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue."—*Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 2, 58.

192. When she gave the handkerchief to Iago.

214. Recognizance, badge, token.

220. As liberal as the north, as free in my speech as the north wind in its blasts.

226. By fortune, by chance.

233. Coxcomb, a fool. From the crest in the fool's cap.

244. Puny is for *puisne*, a law term implying inferior in rank. Latin *post natus*, born after. Whipster. Originally -ster was the feminine suffix of agency—e.g. *brewster*, *tapestre* (Chaucer, a barmaid—but the distinction was soon lost, and *maltster*, *huckster*, *baxter* (baker) were masculine.

247. I will play the swan. Cf. Tennyson—

"The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow."

250. May my soul not reach heaven, if I lie.

253. Tempered in a brook as cold as ice. The Toledo swords were noted. The test of excellence was that the points could be driven with a man's full strength against a stone wall without breaking.

267. Butt, goal, end.

273. Smock, a woman's under-garment. From an A.S. word, meaning to creep into; anything put on over the head. Compt, reckoning—at the Day of Judgment.

287. To see if he has cloven feet.

290. Sense, opinion.

292. Practice, stratagem, plot.

328. Hurt him, was his ruin.

332. For, as for.

342. Extenuate, palliate, excuse.

345. Wrought, worked upon by suggestions.

347. Base, rude, untutored.

355. Period, end.

361. Hounds of Sparta are several times alluded to in Shakespeare, but what is meant here is probably the Spartan savageness of character.

362. Fell, cruel, destructive. "Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago, such as any man must and would have entertained who had believed Iago's *honesty* as Othello did."—S. T. COLERIDGE. But how little Othello does to investigate Iago's charges! His credulity is incredible.

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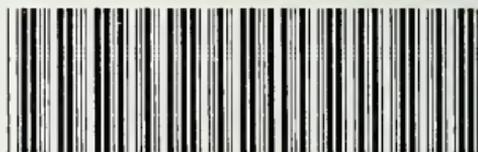
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