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THE Tragoedy of Othello, The Moor of Venice

As it hath beene divers times Acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by his Majesties SERVANTS.

Written by William Shakespeare.

The fourth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for William Leak at the Crown in Fleet-street, between the two Temple Gates, 1655.
The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Rod. Ush; Never tell me, I take it much unkindly that thou who hast had my purse, as if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iag. But you'll not heare me, if ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iag. Despite me if I do not: three great ones of the City in personall suit to make me his Lieutenant, oft capte to him, and by the faith of man, I know my price, I am worth no worse a place, but he as loving his own pride and purposes, evades them, with a bumbaft circumstance, horribly stuff with Epithites of warre: non-suits my Mediators: for certes, (faies he) I have already chose my Officer, and what was he? forsooth, a great Arithmetitian, one Michael Cassie, a Florentine, a fellow almost dambd in a fair wife, that never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a Battell knows, more then a Spinster, unless the blockish Theorique, wherein the tongueed Consuls can propose as matterly as he: mere prattle without practise, is all his Souldiership: but he Sir had the election, and I, of whom his eyes had seen the proofe, at Rhodes, at Cipres, and on other grounds, Chrisn'd and Heathen, must be be-leed and calm'd, by Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caster:
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I Sir (bless the mark) his Moorship's Ancient.

Rod. By heaven I rather would have been his hangman

Iag. But there's no remedy,

'Tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood first to the first;
Now sir be judge your selfe,
Whether I, in any just term am affin'd
to love the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then

Iag. O sir, content you.
Ifollow him to serve my turne upon him,
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly followed, you shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave,
That (doting on his own obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his masters Affe,
For nought but provender, and hee's old cashierd,
Whip me such honest knaves:
Others there are,
Who trimm'd in formes and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts, attending on themselves,
And throwing but shewes of service on their Lords;
Doe well thrive by 'em,
And when they have lin'd their coates,
Doe themselves homage,
Those fellows have some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe,---for sir
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but my selfe:
Heaven is my judge, not I,
For love and duty, but seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, 'tis not long after,
But I will weare my heart upon my sleeve,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?

Iag. Call up her father,
Rowle him, make after him, payson his delight,
Proclaime him in the street, incense her Kinsmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation out,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her fathers housr, ile call aloud.

Iag. 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, Seignior Brabantio, ho.

Iag. Awake, what ho, Brabantio,
Theeves, theeves, theeves:
Look to your house, your Daughter, and your bags,
Theeves, theeves.

Brabantio at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iag. Are your doors lockt?

Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?

Iag. Sir you are robb'd, for shame put on your gown,
Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe you soul;
Even now, very now, an old black Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devill will make a Grandfire of you, arise I fad.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Seignior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.
The Tragedy of Othello

Bra. The worse welcome,
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors,
In honest plainness, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madness,
Being full of supper, and di temperament 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 them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir.

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice,
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the Devill bid you, Because we come to do you service, you thinke we are Russians, youle have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse, youle have your Nephews neigh to you; youle have Cour-\fers for Cousins, and Gennets for Germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs,

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt an[t w* answer, I know thee Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing: but I beseech you,
If be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
( As partly I find it is) that your faine daughter
At this odd even, and dull watch oth night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard.
But with a knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse clasps of a lascivious Moore:
If this be known to you and to your allowance,
W-c then have done you bold and sawey wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee have your wrong rebuke: Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility,
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 every where: Straight satisfy yourself,
If she be in her chamber, or you: hence,
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:
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Beleev't of it oppresses me already:
Light! Light!
Lag. Farewell, for I must leave you,
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I say I shall,)
Against the Moore; for I doe know the State,
(How ever this my gaule him with some checke)
Cannot with safety call him, for he's imbank'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres wars,
(Which even now stands in a't) that for their souls,
Another of his fathome, they have none
To lead their businesse, in which regard,
Tho' I do hate him, as I do hells pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must saw out a flag, and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign, that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Enter Brabantio in his night gowne, and servants
with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evill, gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
I nought but bitterness now Roderigo.
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? (O she deceives me.
Fast thought, ) what said she to you? get more tapers,
Rase all my kindred, are they married think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. O heaven, how got she out? O treason of the blood;
Fathers from hence, trust not your daughters minds,
By what you see them act: is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? have you not read Roderigo,
Of some such things?

Rod. Yes sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brother: O would you had had her,
Some one way, some another; do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

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 icle call,
I may command at most: get weapons ho,
And raise some speicall Officers of might;
On good Roderigo, ile deserve your paines.

Enter Othello, Jago, and attendants with Torches.

Jag. Tho in the trade of warre, I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stufte o' th conscience,
To do no contriv'd murther; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times,
I had thought to have jerk'd him here,
Under the ribbes.

Oth. Tis better as it is.

Jag. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your Honour, that with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him: but I pray sir,
Are you fast married? For be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect, a voice potentiall;
As double as the Duke, he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint, and greeevances,
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Wecle give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him doe his spite,
My service which I have done the Seigniorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall hight, and my demerits,
May speak unbonneted 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 vnhooded free condition,
Put into circumfcription and confine
For the seas worth,

Enter Cassio with lights, Officers, and torches.

*Iag.* These are the raised Father and his friends,
You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I, I must be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect soule,
Shall mainefest my right by; is it they?

*Iag.* By Ianus I thinke no.

*Oth.* The servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant?
The goodness of the night upon you (friends,)
What is the newes?

*Cas.* The Duke does greet you (Generall,)
And he requires your haft, post. haft appeareance,
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What's the matter thinke you?

*Cas.* Something form Cipres, as I may divine,
It is a businesse of some heate, the Galleyes,
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night one at anothers heels:
And many of the Consuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you have bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate sent above three severall quests.
The Tragedy of Othello

To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,
I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Ia. Faith he to night, hath boarded a land Carriaft,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I doe not understand.

Ia. Hee's married.

Cas. To whom,

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and others with lights and weapons.

Ia. Marry to---Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha' with you

Cas. Here comes another troupe to seake for you.

Ia. It is Brabantio, Generall be advised,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola, stand there:

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bræ. Down with him thieve.

Iag. You Roderigo, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them,
Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bræ. O thou foule theefe, where haft thou flowed my daughter
Damne as thou art, thou haft enchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all things of fense,
( If she in chaines of magick were not bound )
Whether a maid so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she hund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have (to incurre a generall mocke )
Runne from her gardage to the footy bosome.
Of such a thing as thou? to fear, not to delight:
Judge me the world, if tis no groove in fense,
That thou haft pra&ifed on her with foule charmes.
Abuse her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion: Ile have't disputed on;

The
the Moore of Venice.

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practitioner
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it;
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer,

Oth. What if I do obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the State,
To bear me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may have passage free,
Bend slaves, and Pagans shal our State them be.  

Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights
and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in his newes,
That gives them credit.

1 Sena. Indeed they are disproportioned;
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies,
Du. And mine an hundred and forty.

2 Sena. And mine two hundred:
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But though they jumpe not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they ay me reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A Turkysh fleet, and bearing up to Cypres.

Du. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I doe not fo licure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approve.

In fearfull sense

One within, What ho, what ho, what ho?
Officer A messenger from the Galleys,
Du. Now, the businesse?
Sailor. The Turkysh preparation makes for Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior Angelo.

Du. How say you by this change?
Seno. This cannot be by no a sly of reasoon:

Tis a Pageant,
To kepe us in false gaze: when we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turke:
And let our selves againe, but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such war-like brace,
Who altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is drest in: if we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so unskillfull,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of case and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitlesse.

Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more newes.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and graciot,
Steering with due course, toward the sile of Rhodes,
Have there injoynted them with an after fleet,

1 Sena I, so I thought, how many, as you guesse.

Mes. Of 30. saile, and now they doe referne
Their backward course, bearing with franke appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus: Seignior Montono,

Your trusty and most valianet servitor.

With
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleev him.

_Du._ Tis certaine then for Cypres,
_Marcus Luccicos_ is not he in towne?

_I Sena._ Hee's now in Florence.
_Du._ Write from us to him post, post haft dispatch.

_Enter Brabantio, Othello: Roderigo, Iago, Cassio, Desdemona, and Officers._

_I Sena._ Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moore.
_Du._ Valiant Othello, we must straite imploy you,
Against the generall enemy Ottoman;
I did not see you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counsell, and your help to night.

_Bra._ So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the generall care.
Take hold of me, for my particular grief,
Is of so floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still it self.

_Du._ Why what's the matter?

_Bra._ My daughter, O my daughter.

_All._ Dead?

_Bra._ I to me:

She is abus'd, stolne from me and corrupted,
By spels and medicions, bought of Mountebanckes,
For nature so preposterously to erre,
(Being deficient, blind or lame of sense,) 
Sans witchcraft could not.

_Du._ Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her self,
And you of her, the bloody book of Law,
You shall your self, read in the bitter letter,
After its own sense, yea tho our proper sonne
Stood in your action.

_Bra._ Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall mandate, for the state affaires
Hath hitherto brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Dr. What in your owne part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend Seigniours,
My very noble and approv'd good Masters:
That I have tane away this old mans daughter,
It is most true: true, I have married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my speach,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace,
For since these armes of mine had seuen yeares pith,
Till now some nine moones wasted, they have u'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to feats of brouyles, and battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my caufe,
In speaking of my selfe ; yet by your gracious patience,
I would a round unravish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what charmes,
What conjuration, and what mighty Magicke,
( For such proceedings am I charg'd withall :) I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blusht at her selfe and she in spight of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to looke on?
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so would erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with some mixtures powerfull o're the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her,
Du. To vouch this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more over test,
These are thin habits, and poore likenesses,
Of moderne seeming, you preferre against him.

Sena. But Othello speake,
Did you by indirect and forced course,
Subdue and poison this young maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question,
As soule to soule affordeth?

Oth. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you doe find me soule in her report,
The truth, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Du. Fetch Disdemona hither.  
Exeunt two or three.

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you best know the place;
And till she come, as truly as to heaven
I doe confesse the vices of my bloud,
So unjustly to your grave cares ile present,
How I did thrive in this faire Ladiyes love,
And she in mine.

Du. Say it Othello:

Oth. Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still questioned me the storyes of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, seiges, fortunes
That I have past:
I ran it through, even to my boyish dayes,
Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of mooving accidents, by flood and field;
Of haire-breadth scapes in' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portence in my travells history;
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough quaries, rocks and bils, whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speake, such was my processe:
And of the Cannibals, that each other eate;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Doe grow beneath their shoulders: these to heare,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But till the house affaires would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haft dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with agredy eare
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcells she had something heard,
But not intentively, I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distresfull stroake
That my youth suffered: my story being done;
She gave me for my paines a world of lighes;
She swore I faith twas strange, twas passing strange;
Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull;
She wist he had not heard it, yet she wist
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me,
And bad me if I hat afriend that loued her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woe her. Vpon this heatel spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had past.
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This onely is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and the rest.

Du. I think this tale would win my daughter to;
Good Barbantio, take up this mangled matter at the bell,
Men doe their broken weapons rather use,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake,
If she confess that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle mistresse:
Doe you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Def. My noble father,
I doe perceive here a devided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to respect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But heare's my husband:
And so much duty as my mother shewed
To you preferring you before her father,
So much must I challenge, that I may professe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu' y, I had done:
Please it your Grace, on to the State affairs,
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe give thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your sake ( Iewell,)
I am glad at soule, I have no other child,
For thyescape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I have done my Lord.

Doe. Let me speake like your selfe, and lay a sentence.
Which as a greefe or step may helpe these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the grieses are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a mischeife that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw more mischiefe on:
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mocker makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from a thiefe,
He robs him selfe, that spends a booteffe griefe.

Bra. So let the Turke, of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He beares the sentence well that nothing beares,
But the free comfort, which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocall:
But words are words, I never yet did heare,
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
Beseech you now, to the affairs of the state.

Dn. The Turk with most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus: Othello the fortitude of the place, is best known to you, & tho we have here a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voyce on you; you must therefore be content to flubber the glossie of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel Cooch of warrre,
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardnesse, and do undertake
This present war, 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.

Dn. If you please, bee't at her fathers.
Bra. Ile 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 a gracious care,
And let me find a charter in your voyce,
T'assit my simplenrffe.--

Dn. What would you Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moore to live with him,
My down right violence and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpets to the world: my hearts subdued,
Even to the very quality of my Lord:
I saw Othello's village in his mind,
And to his honours, and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that my dear Lords, if I be left behind,
B 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.

Oth. Your voices Lords: befeech you let her will
Have a free way:
Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my desulent, 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 good business scant,
For she is with me;--no, when light wing'd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my business,
Let huswifes make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and base adversities,
Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going, the affair cries halt,
And speed must answer, you must hence to night.

Def. To night my Lord?

Du. This night. Oth. With all my heart.

Du. At nine i'th morning here we'll meet again.

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. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conveyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull your Grace shall thinke,
To be sent after me.

Du. Let it be so:

Good night to every one, and noble Seignior,
In vertue no delightd beauty lackt
Your Son in law is faire more faire then blacke.

Sen. Adieu brave Moore, use Desdemona well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou hast eyes to see,
She has deceiv'd her father; and may thee.

Oh. My life upon her faith Honest Iago,
My Desdemona muft I leave to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the best advantage,
Come Desdemona, I have but an houre
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago, Exit Moor and Desdemona.

Jag. What faist thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkst thou?

Jag. Why goe to bed and sleepe,

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Jag. Well, if thou doest, I shall never love thee after it,

Why thou silly Gentleman,

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment, and then we
Have a prescription, to dye when death is our Phisitian.

Jag. O villainous, I ha looked upon the world for foure times se-
ven yeares, and since I could distinguish between a benefite, and an
Injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himselfe: ere I
Would say I would drowne my selfe, for the love a Ginny 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 vertue to amend it.

Jag. Vertue, as I, tis in our selves, that we are thus, or thus,
our bodies are gardens, to the which our wils are gardiners, so that
If we will plant Nettles, or low Lettice, set Isop, and weed up Time
supply it with one gender of hearbs, or distract it with many; ei-
ther to have it arrill with idleness, or manur'd with industry, why
she powers, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wils. If the
Ballence of our lives had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and basenesse of our natures, would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But wee have reason to coole our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love to be a fest, or syren.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerely a lust of blood, and a primission of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blind Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could never better feed thee then now. Put mony in thy purse, follow these waures, deteate thy favour with an usurp'd heard; I say put mony in thy purse. It cannot be, the Didoemon should long continue her love unto the Moore,-- put mony in thy purse,-- nor he his to her, it was a violent commencement, & thou shalt see an answerable sequesteration: put but mony in thy purse: these Moores are changeable in their wills:-- fill thy purse with mony. The food that to him now is as luscious as Locust, shall be to him shortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She must change for youth, when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice; she must have change, she must. Therefore put mony in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damn me thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the mony thou canst. It sanctimony, and a fraile vow betwixt an erring Barbarian, & a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, & all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make mony,-- a pox a drowning, tis clean out of the way; seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, then to be drown-ed and goe without her.

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

Ia. Thou art sure of me-- goe, make mony-- I have told thee often and I tell thee again, and again, I hate the Moore, my cause is hearted, thine has no less reason, let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a pleasure and me a sport. There are many events in the wombe of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, goe provide thy mony, we will have more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th morning?

Ia. At my lodging.
The Tragedy of Othello

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell:—do you heare Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, do you heare?

Rod, I am chang'd, Ile go sell all my Land.

Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I should time expend with such a snipe
But my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheets
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true——
Yet I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man, let me see now
To get this place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery—who,who—let me see,
After some time, to abuse Othello's care,
That he is too familiar with my wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seems to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith'nose—as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingendr'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.  Exit.

Actus 2.  Scena 1.

Enter Montanio, Governour of Cyprus, with
two other Gentlemen.

Montanio.

What from the Cape can you discern at Sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heaven and the mayne
Descry a faile.
The Moore of Venice.

Mon. Me thinks the wind doth speake aloud at hand,
A fuller blast were shooke our battlements:
If it ha russland fo upon the sea,
What ribs of Oake, when mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the morties,--- What shall we heare of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billowes seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mayne,
Seemes to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th'ever fired pole,
I never did like molestation view,
On the enchanted flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleet
Be not insteal'd, and embayed, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News Lads, your wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turke,
That their disegment halts:
A noble shippe of Venice,
Hath seen a grievous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the Fleet.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in:
A Veronesa, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore Othello,
Is come a shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worthy Governour.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, tho he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moore 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 Souldier:
Lets to the sea side, bo.
As well to see the vesseall thats come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the Maine and th' Ayre all blue,
And indistinct regard.

3 Cent. Come, let's doe so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance. Enter Cassio,

Caf. Thankes to the valiaut of this Isle,
That so approve the Moore, and let the heavens
Give him defence against their Elements,
For I have lost him on the Dangerous sea.

Men. Is he well shipt?

Caf. His Barke is stoutly timbred, and his Pilote
Of very expert and approv'd allowance,
Therefore my hope's (not surjetted to death)
Stand in bold cure. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. A saile, a saile, a saile.

Caf. What noyse?

Mes. The Towne is emp'y, one the brow o'th sea,
Stands ranckes of people; and they cry a saile.

Caf. My hopes doe shape him for the government,

2 Gent. They doe discharge the shot of courtesie,
Our friend at least.

Caf. I pray you sir goe forth
And give us truth, who tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiv'd?

Caf. Most fortunately, he hath atchieved a maide,
That parragons description, and wild fame;
One that excells the quirkes of blazoning pens;
And in the essentiall vertue of creation,
Does beare an excellency: ---- now, who has put in?
Enter 2 Gentleman.

2 Gent. Tis one Tago, Ancient to the Generall.
He has had most favourable and happy speed,
Tempefts themselves, high seas, and houling winds,
The guttered rockes, and congregated sands,
Traitors enteep'd, to clog the guiltlesse Keele,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speed—great love Othello guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may bleffe this Bay with his tall shipe,
And swiftly come to Desdemona’s armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, and Roderigo.

Give renew’d fire,
To our extinct’d spirits:
And bring all Cyprus comfort, — O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thanke you valiant Caffio:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived, nor know I ought,
But that hee’s well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O but I feare:

[ within. ] A saile, a saile.

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, a saile.

2 Gent. They give their gretting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome; welcome Mistress,
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners, tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of curtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,
You'd have enough.

Def. Alas! she has no speech.

Iag. In faith too much:

I find it still, for when I ha leave to sleepe,

Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,

She puts her tongue alittle in heart,

And chides with thinking.

Em. You have little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores.

Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:

Saints in your injuries: Divells being offended:

Players in your housewifery; and housewives in your beds.

Def. O lie upon thee flanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turke;

You rife to play, and goe to bed to worke,

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No let me not.

Def. What wouldest thou write of me,

If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, do not put meto't,

For I am nothing, if not critical.

Def. Come on, assay--there's one gone to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry, but I doe beguile.

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:

Come, how wouldest thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but my invention

Comes from my pate, as birdi ne does from freeze,

It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors,

And thus she is delivered:

If she be faire and wise, fairenesse and wit;

The one's for use, the other useth it.

Def. Well praised: how if she be black and witty?

Iag. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,

She'll find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Def. Worse and worse,

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. She never yet was foolish, that was faire.
For even her folly beclt her to an Heire.

Def. These are old paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the Alchoufe. What miserable prate haft thou for her,

That's foule and foolish?

Iag. There's none so foule, and foolish thenceunto,

But does foule pranks, which faire and wise ones doe.

Def. O heavy ignorance, that praises the worth lest; but what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merits, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe?

Iag. She that was ever faire, and never proud,

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud,

Never lackt gold, and yet were never gay,

Fled from her wish, and yet were, now I may:

She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,

Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fire;

She that in wiseome, never was so fraile,

To change the Godshead for the Salmon's tale:

She that could think, and ne're disclose her minde,

See Suters following, and not look behind:

She was a night (if ever such night were)

Def. To doe what?

Iag. To suckle fools, and chronicle small Beere.

Def. O most lame and impotent conclusion:

Doe not larn of him Emilia, the he be thy husband:

How say you Cassio, is he not a most prophan and liberal Counsellour?

Cas. He speaks home Madam, you may rellish him

More in the Souldier then in the Scholler-

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well fed, whisper; with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a Flie as Cassio. I, smile upon her, doe: I will catch you in your own courtship: you say true, tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your Le'utenancy, it had been better you had not rift your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: very good, well kist, and excellent courtesie; tis indeed; yet again your fingers at your lips? would they were Clarer pipes for your sake. The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Trumpet within.

Enter
Enter Othello, and Attendants,

Cas. Tis truly so.

Def. Let meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes.

Oth. O my faire Warriour.

Def. My dear Othello.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me: O my soules joy,
If after every tempest, came such calmenesse;
May the winds blow, till they have wakned death;
And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's for heaven; If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her conten. so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Def. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our daies doe grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers:
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord be,
That ere our hearts shall make.

Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But Ile set down the pegs, that makes this musique
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, lees to the Castle:
Newes friends, our warrs are done the Turks are drown'd;
How does my old acquaintance of this Isle?
Honny, you shall be well delir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them: O my sweet:
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
In mine owne comforts: I prethee good Iago,
Goe to the Bay, and dislimbarke my Coffers;
Bring thou the Master to the Citadell:
He is a good one, and his worthinesse,
The Moore of Venice.

Does challenge much respect: come Desdemona.

Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt.

Iag. Doe thou meet me presently at the Harbour: come hither. If thou beest valiant, (as they say, base men being in love, have then a Nobility in their natures, more then is native to them,) lift me the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard; first I will tell thee this, Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed: mark me, with what violence the first loved the Moore but for bragging and telling her fantasticall lies; and will she love him still for prating? let not the discretion heart think it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall it have to look on the Divell? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, th' should be a game to inflame it, and give satity a fresh appetite. Lovelynes, in favour, sympathy in yeares, manners, and beauties; all which the Moore is defective in: now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it felt abus'd, beginne to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhorre the Moore. very nature will instruct her to it, & compel her to some second choyce. Now sir, this granted, as it is most pregnant & unforced passion, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very valuable, no farther conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of civill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt & most hidden loose affections: A subtle slippery knave, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can flampe and counterfeitt advantages, tho' true advantage never present it selfe. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, & hath all those requisites in him, that folly & green minds looke after; a pestilent compleat knave, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleive that in her, she's full of most blest conditions.

Iag. Blest fgs end: the wine she driukes is made of grapes: if she had been blest, she would never have lov'd the Moore. Didst thou not se her paddle with the palme of his hand? deid it not mark that?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtejse.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and obscure prologue to the
the history, of luft & foule thoughts: they met so neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when these mutualities so marshall the way; hand at hand comes _Roderigo_, the master & the main exercise, the incorrupt conclusion. But sir, be you rul'd by me, I have brought you from _Venice_; watch you to night, for command Ile lay e'uen upon you, _Cassio_ knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe 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 is rash, and very suddaine in choler, & hoply with his Trunchen may strik at you: provok him that he may, for even out of that, will I cause these of _Cyprus_ to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taft again't, but by the displaying of _Cassio_: So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then have to prefer them, & the impediment, most profitable removed, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

_Rod._ I will do this, if I can bring it to any oppertunity.

_Iago._ I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I must fetch his necessaries a shore.—Farewell.

_Rod._ Adieu.

_Iago._ That _Cassio_ loves her, I do well beleve it; That she loves him, is apt and of great credit; The Moore how be:, that I endure him not, Is of a constant noble, louing nature, And I dare think, hee'le prove to _Desdemona_, A most dear husband, now I do love her too, Not out of absolute lust, ( tho' perapventure, I stand accomptant for as great a sin,) But partly lead to diet my revenge, For that I doe suspect the lustfull Moore, Hath leap'd into my feat, the thought whereof: Doth like a poisonous minerall gnaw my inwards; And nothing can, nor shall content my soule, Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; Or failing so, yet that I put the Moore, At least, into a jealouse so strong,
That judgement can not cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore trash of Venice, whom I trace,
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare Cassio, with my night cap to)
Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an asse,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness; tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knaveries plaine face is never seene, till ut'ld.

Enter Othello's Herault, reading a Proclamation.

It is Othello's pleasure, our noble & valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the meer perdition of the Turkish Fleet; that every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some make bonfires; each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for besides these beneficall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptialls: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, & there is full liberty from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our noble General Othello.

Enter Othello, Cassio, and Desdemona.

Oth. Good Michael look you to the guard to night;
Lets teach our selues that honorable stoppe,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to doe:
But notwithstanding, with my personall eye
Will I look to it.

Oth. Iago is most honest:
Michael good night, to Morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you, come my deare love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Enter
Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome Iago, we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant, tis not yet ten a clock: our General cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Love.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has?

Cas. An inviting eye, and yet me thinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, tis an alarme to Love.

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to th’ in theates—come Lieutenant, I have a pipe of wine and here without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to night, good Iago, I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could wel with courtesy would invent some other custome of entertainment.

Iago. O they are our friends—-but one cup: Ile drink for you.

Cas. I ha drunk but one cup to night, & that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakenesse with any more.

Iago. What man, tis a night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile doe, but it disliketh me. Exit.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunke to night already, Hee’l be as full of quarrell and offence; As my young mistis dog:—Now my sicke soole Roderigo, (Whom love has turn’d almost the wrong side outward) To Desdemona, hath to night carouft Potations potted deep, and hee’s to watch: Three Lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits.

(That
The very Elements of this warlike Isle,
Have I to night flushed with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now amongst this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our Cassio in some action,
That may offend the Isle; Enter Montanio, Cassio,
But here they come: and others.
If consequence do but approve my dreame,
My boate failes freely, both with wind and streame.
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.

Iag. Some wine hoe:
  And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
  And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
  A Soldier's a man, a life's but a span,
  Why then let a Soldier drinke.---Some wine boyes.
Cas. Fore heaven an excellent song;
Iag. I learn'd it in England, where indeed they are most potent
in potting: your Dane, your Germane, & your swag-bellied Hollander,
  (drinke ho,) are nothing to your English.
Cas. Is your English man so exquisite in his drinking?
Iag. Why he drinkes you with facility,your Dane dead drunke:
he sweats not to overthrow your Almaine; he gives your Hollander a vomit,ere the next pottle can be fill'd.
Cas. To the health of our generall.
Mon. I am for it Lieutenant, and I will doe you justice.

Iag. O sweet England,---
  King Stephen was and a worthy Peere,
  His breaches cost him but a crowne,
  He held em six: once all to deere,
  With that he call'd the Taylor Towne,
  He was a wight of high renowne;
  And thou art but of low degree,
  This pride that pulls the Countrie downe
Then take thine cold cloke about thee.---Some wine ho.
Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song then the other.
Iag. Will you hear't agen?
The Tragedy of Othello

Caf. No, for I hold him unworthy of his place, that does those things well, Heaven's above all, and there be soules that must be saved.

Jag. It is true good Lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saved.

Jag. And so do I Lieutenant.

Caf. I, but by your leave, not before me; the Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this, let's to our affaires; forgive us our sins; Gentlemen, let's look to our business: do not think Gentlemen I am drunk; this is my ancient, this is my right hand, & this my left hand; I am not drunk now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caf. Why very well then: you must not think then, that I am drunk:

Exit.

Mon. To the plerformes masters. Come, let's set the watch.

Jag. You see this fellow that is gone before,

He is a Souldier fit to stand by Caesar,
And give direction: and doe doe but see his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: tis pitty of him,
I seare the truth Othello put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Jag. Tis evermore the prologue to his sleepe:
Hee le watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in mind of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Praises the vertue that appears in Cassie,
And lookes not on his evills: is not this true?

Jag. How now Roderigo,

Enter Roderigo.

I pray you after the Lieutenant, goe.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so to the More.

Jag. Not I, for this faire Island:

I do love: Cassio well, and would doe much, Help, help, within

To cure him of this evill: but harke what noyse.

Enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue, you rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A knave, teach me my duty: but I'll beat the knave into a

wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me?

Cas. Doft thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Lieutenant; pray sir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe sir, or I'll knock you on the mazzard

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. drunke?

Jag. Away I say, goe out, and cry a muteny. Exit Rod.

Nay good Lieutenant: God's will Gentlemen,

Help ho, Lieutenant: Sir, Montanio, sir,

Help master, heer's a goodly watch indeed:

Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo---ho,

The Towne will rife, fie, fie, Lieutenant, hold,

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Gentlemen with weapons.

Oth. what's the matter heere?

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

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Jag. Holp, hold Lieutenant, sir Montanio, Gentlemen,

Have you forgot all place of fence, and duty:

Hold, the Generall speaks to you: hold, hold, for sham:

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this?

Are we tur'nd Turkes: and to our selves doe that,

Which Heaven has forbid the Ottomites:

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawle?

He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his soule light, he dies upon his motion:
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the life,
From her propriety: what's the matter matters?
Honest Iago, that lookes dead with grieving,
Speake, who began this, on thy love I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and grooms,
Develling them to bed, and but now,
(As if some Planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breath.
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this, peevish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it Michael, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Oth. Worthy Montanio, you were wont be civill,
The gravity and stillness of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In mouthes of wisest censure: what's, the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? give me answere to't?
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,
Your officer Iago can informe you,
While I spare speecch, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's said or done amisse this night;
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selves it be a sinne,
When violence assailes us.
Oth. Now by heaven
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion having my best indgament could,
Assayes to leade the way: If once I flirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: give me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
The Moore of Venice.

Tho he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,
Should loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-ful of feare,
To mannage private and domestike quarrells,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous, Jago, who degan?

Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office
Thou dost deliver more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no sooldier.

Jag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha'this tongue out of his mouth,
Then it should doe offence to Michael Cassio:
Yet I periwine my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into Cassio, and intreats his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foot,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And Cassio high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might lay before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as a gen they were,
Whan you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget:
Tho Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike them that with them best:
Yet surely Cassio, I believe receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.

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.
Looke if my gentle love be not rais'd vp:

Enter Desdemona, with others.

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Com away to bed: sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon ( lead him off;
Jago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile braule distracted.

Com Desdemona, tis the Souldiers life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,

Jag. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Exit Moore, Desdemona, and attendants.

Caf. I, past all surgery.

Jag. Mary heaven forbid.

Caf. Reputation, reputation, oh I ha lost my reputation:

I ha lost the immortall part sir of my falle,
And what remains is bestiall, my reputation,

Jago, my reputation.

Jag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you reput your self such a loser; what man, ther are wayes to recover the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode a punishment more in police, then in malice, even so as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Caf. I will rather sue, to be despis'd, then to deceive so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer, Drunke? and speake Parrat? and squabble, swagger, sweare? and discourse fution with ones owne shaddow O thou invisible spirit of wine; thou haft no name to be konwen by, let ws call thee Di-

Jag. What was he that you followed with your sworde? (vell.
What had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.
Iago. Is't possible?  
Cla. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly, a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, revell, pleasure, and applause, transforme our selves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cla. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfection she wou'd me another, to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish, this had not besaln; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cla. I will aske 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 em all; to be now a sensible man by and by, a foule & presently a beast: every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredience is a divell.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaime no more against it: & good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cla. I have well approv'd it sir, -- I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man living may be drunk at some time man: Ile tell you what you shall doe;--our Generals wife is now the General; I may say so in this respect; for that he has devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark & devotement of her parts and graces. Confeffe your self freely to her, importune her, shee'll help to put you in your place again: she is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodnes, not to do more then she is requested. This broken joynt between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, & my fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger then it was before.

Cla. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincererity of love and kindnesse.

Cla. I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beseech the vertuous Desdemona, to undertake for me; I am desperate.
of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Jag. You are in the right.
Good night Lieutenant, I must to the watch,
Cas. Good night honest Iago.

Jag. And what's he then, that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore again? For 'tis most easy
The 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 Moore, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so infetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake; doe what she list;
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villain,
To counsell Caffio to this parrallell course,
Directly to his good? divinity of hell,
When divells will their blackest imputation,
They doe suggest at first with heavenly strewes,
As I doe now; for whilst this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him, pleads strongly to the Moore;
He pourre this pestilence into his eare,
That she repeales him for her bodies lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse, make the net
That shall enemish them all: Enter Roderigo.

How now Roderigo?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts,
but one that fills up the cry: my money is almost spent, I have bin
so night exceedingly well cudgelld; I think the issue will be, I shall
have so much experience for my paines, & so no money at all, and
with a little more wit returne to Venice.

Jag. How poore are they, that have not Patience?
What wound did ever heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Dost not goe well? Cassio has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast caffear'd Cassio,
Tho other things grew faire against the sun,
Yet fruites that blossome first, will fire be ripe;
Content thy selfe a while; by'th maffe tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the houre's seeme short:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
A way I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gone; Some things are to be done,
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistresse,
Ile set her on.
My selfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him rumpe, when he may Cassio find,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not devise by coldnesse and delay.

Exeunt.


Enter Cassio, with Musitian.

Cas. After, play here, I will content your paines,
Something that's brief, and bid good morrow Generall.

Clo. Why masters, ha your Instruments bin at Naples, that they
speake i'th nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, cald wind Instruments?

Boy. I mary are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Where by hangs a tayle sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But
masters, her's money for you, and the Generall so likes your mu-
sique, that he desires you for loves sake, to make no noyse with it
Boy. Well sir, we will not.

Clo. if you have any musique that may not be heard, to ta-
gaine, but as they say, to heare musique, the General does not
greatly care.

Boy. We ha none such sir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away; goe vanish
into aire, away.

Cas. Doth thou heare my honest friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

Cas. prethee keep up thy quillets, ther's a poore piece of gold
for thee; if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be
stirring, tell her ther's one Casio, entreats her a little favour of
speach -- wilt thou doe this?

Clo She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to no-
tifie unto her:

Enter Iago.

Cas. Doe good my friend: In happy time Jago. Exit Col.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Cas. Why no the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold Iago to send in to your wife,----my suit to her,
Is, that she will vertuous Desdemona,
Procure me some accessse:

Iag. Ile send her to you presently.
And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your converze and businesse,
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't: I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow Good Leuitenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well
The General and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moore replies,
That he on hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,
He might not but refuse: but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitour but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe
Yet I beseech you, if you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone. 

Pray you come in, I will bestow you where you shall have time, To speak your bosom freely. 

I am much bound to you. 

Enter Othello, Iago, and other Gentlemen. 

These letters give Iago to the Pilot, And by him doe my duties to the State; That done, I will be walking to the works, Repaire there to me. 

Well my good Lord, Ile do't. 

This fortification Gentlemen, shall we see't? 

We waite upon your Lordship. 

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia. 

Be thou assur'd good Cassio, I will doe All my abilities in thy behalfe. 

Good Madam doe, I know it grieves my husband, 

As if the case were his. 

O that's an honest fellow;--doe not doubt Cassio, But I will have my Lord and you againe, As friendly as you were. 

Bounteous Madam, 

What ever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant. 

O sir, I thank you you doe love my Lord: You have knowne him long, and be assur'd, He shall in strangest, stand no farther off, Then in a politique distance. 

But Lady, 

That pollicy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed it selfe, so out of circumstance, That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My General will forget my love and service.

Do not doubt that, before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I perform it,
To the last Article; my Lord shall never rest,
Ile watch him tame, and take him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a thirst,
Ile intermingle every thing he does,
With Cassio's suite; therefore be merry Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Em. Madam, here comes my Lord,
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave;
Def. Nay stay, and here me speak.
Cas. Madam, now I am very ill at ease,
Visit for mine own purpose.

Def. Well, doe your discretion. 

Iag. Ha, I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if--I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iag. Cassio my Lord?--no sure, I cannot think it.

That he would steale away so guilty-like.

Seeing you coming.

Oth. I doe beleive twas he.

Def. How now my Lord,
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is it you mean?

Def. Why your Leitentant 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 errres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face,
I prethee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Yes faith, so humbled,

That he has left part of his griefes with me,
To suffer with him; good Love call him backe.

Oth. Not now sweet Desdemona, some other time.

Des. But shal't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner sweet for you.

Des. Shal'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 Captaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night or tuesday morne,

On tuesday morne, or night, or wednesda[y morne,

I prethee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes : I faith hee's penitent.

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that they say, the warrs must make examples,

Out of her best ) is not almost a fault,

To incurre a private check : when shall he come?

Tell me Othello: I wonder in my soule,

What you could ask me that I should deny?

Or stand so maming on? What Michael Cassio?

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

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath tane your part, to have so much to doe

To bring him in? Trust me, I could doe much,

Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why this is not a boone,

Tis as I should intreat you weare your gloves:

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warme,

Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit.

To your owne person: nay, when I have a suite,

Wherein I meane to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearesfull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
The Tragedy of Othello

Whereon I doe beseech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewel my Desdemona, I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come, be it as your fancies teach you.

What ere you be I am obedient

Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soule,

But I doe love thee, and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come againe.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say Iago?

Iag. Did Michal Cassio when you wooed my Lady.

Know of your love?

Oth. He did from first to last:—Why doest thou aske?

Iag. But for satisfaction of my thought,

No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought Iago?

Iag. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iag. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed, descern't thou ought in that?

Is he not honest?


Iag. My Lord for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou thinke?

Iag. Think my Lord?

Oth. Think my Lord? why dost thou echoe me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought,

Too hideous to be shewn: Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now thou lik'lt not that,

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my counsell,

In my whole course of wooing thou criedst indeed,

And didst contract, and pursed thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy braine,

Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My Lord you know I love you.

Oth.
Oth. I thinkke thou dost,
And for I know, thou art full of love and honestly,
And weighest thy words, before thou giv’st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyall knave,
Are trickes of custome; but in a man that’s iust,
They are close dilations, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iag. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworne, I think he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so to.

Iag. Men should be what they seeme.

Or those that be not, would they might seeme,

Oth. Certain men, should be what they seeme.

Iag. Why then I think Cassio’s an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there’s more in this,

I prethe speake to me, as to thy thinking.

As thou dost ruminate, and give thy thoughts.
The worst of words.

Iag. 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,

Vetter my thoughts: Why, say they are vile and false:
As wheres that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,

But some vncleanly apprehensions

Keepe leets and law-dayes and in session fit

What meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost conspier against thy friend Iago,

If thou but thinkest him wronged, and makest his ease

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iag. I doe beseech you,

Though I perchance am vicious in my gheffe,
(As I confesse it is my natures plague,
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousie

Shapes faults that are not:) that your wisdome yet:

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Will take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble.
Out of my scattering, and unlyre obseruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane?

Iag. Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of our soules:
Who stoles my purse, steals trash, tis something, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin fluee to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robes me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. Ile know thy thoughts.

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha?

Iag. Obeware (my Lord) of iealousie;
It is a green-eyd monster, which doth mocke
The meat is leads on. What Cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certaine of his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspeets, yet strongly loves.

Oth. O misery,

Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But rich nineleffe, is poore as winter,
To him that ever feares he shall be poore:
Good heaven, the soules of all my tribe defend
From iealousie.

Oth. Why, why is this?
Thinkest thou I'de make a life of iealousie?
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspicions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: exchange, me for a Goate,
When I shall turne the businesse of my soule
To such exsufficate, and blowne furnites,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me jealoues,
To say my wife is faire, feedes, well, loves company.
Is free of speech, sings, playes, and dances well;
Where vertue is, these are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merits will I draw
The smallet feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chosen me. No Iago,
Ile see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove:
And on the profe, there is no more but this
Away at once with love or jealouie.

Iago. I am glad of it, for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I beare you
With franker spirit: therefore as I am bound
Receive it from me: I speak not yet for profe,
Look to your wife, obferve her well with Cassio;
Were your eye thus, not jealous, nor secure,
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of selfe-bounty be abus'd, looke too't:
I know our Countrey disposition well.
In Venice they doe let Heaven fee the pranke:
They dare not shew their husbands: their beft conscience:
Is not to leave undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Does thou say so?

Jago. She did deceive her father marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake and feare your looks
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then,
She that so young, could give out such a feeming,
To feale her fathers eyes up close as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame;
I humbly doe beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Jago. I see this hath a little daftre your spirits.
Oth. Not a lott, not a lott.

Jago. Trust me I fear it has.
I hope you will consider, what is spoke,
Comes from my love: but I doe fee you are mov'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speach,
To groffer issues, nor to larger reach,

Then
Then to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you do so my Lord,

My speech should fall into vile success;

As my thoughts aime not at: Cassio's my worthy friend;

My Lord, I see you are mov'd,

Oth. No, not much mov'd,

does not thinke but Desdemona's honest.

Iag. Long live she so, and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,

Not to affect many proposed matches,

Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree;

Wherein we see in all things, nature tends;

Fie we may smell in such a will must ranke,

Foul disproportion, thoughts unnaturall.

But pardon me: I do not in position,

Distinguish speake of her, tho I may feare

Her will recoyling to her better judgement,

May fall to match you with her Countrey formes,

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more

Thou dost perceive, let me know more, set on

Thy wise to observe: leave me Iago.

Iag. My Lord I take my leave,

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse

Sees, and knowes more, much more then he unfolds.

Iag. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,

To scan this thing no further, leave it to time,

And though tis fit that Cassio have his place,

(For sure he fills it up with great ability,)

Yet if you please to hold him of a while,

You shall by that, perceive him and his means;

Note if your Lady straine her entertainement,

With any strong or vehement importunity,

Much will be seen in that, in the meane time,

Let me be thought too busie in my feares,

(As worthy cause I have, to feare I am;)
And hold her free, I doe beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my governement.

Iag. I once more take my leave. 

Exit.

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned spirit,
Of humane dealings: If I doe prooue her haggard,
Tho that her lefles were my deare heart strings,
I'de whistle her off, and let her dewne the wind,
To pray at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And have not those soft parts of conversation,
That Chambercours have, or for I am declind
Into a vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
She's gone, I am aduis'd, and my reliefe
Must be to loath her: O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade
And live upon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a cornet in a thing I love,
For others uses: yet tis the plague of great ons,
Prerogatiou'd are they leffe then the base,
This destiny, unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we doe quicken: Desdemona comes,
If she be fals, O then heaven mocks it selfe,
Ile not beleve it.

Enter Desdemona and Emillia.

Des. how now my deare Othello?

Your dinner, and the generous Ilander
By you inuited, doe attend your presence

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, heare.

Des. Why that's with watching; t'wll away againe;

Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:

Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
**The Tragedy of Othello**

*Em.* I am glad I have found this napkin,  
Exit Oth. and Del.

This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My way ward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steale it, but she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her, she should ever keepe it,
That she reserves it ever more about her,
To kisse and talk to; Ile ha the worke tane out,
And giv't Iago: what he'ld doe with it,
Heaven knowes, not I,  
*Enter Iago.*

I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

*Iag.* How now, what doe you here alone?
*Em.* Doe not you chide, I have a thing for you.
*Iag.* A thing for me, it is a commen thing—
*Em.* Ha?
*Iag.* To have a foolish wife.
*Em.* O, is that all? what will you give me now,
For that fame handkerchiefe?
*Iag.* What handkerchiefe?
*Em.* What handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steale.
*Iag.* Ha'ft stole it from her?
*Em.* No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the advantage, I being here, tooke it up:

Look, here it is.

*Iag.* A good wench give it me.
*Em.* What will you doe with it,

That you have bin so earnest to have me fetch it?
*Iag.* why, what's that to you?
*Em.* If't be not for some purpose of import,

Give me't againe, poore Lady, she'l run mad
When she shall lack it.

*Iag.* Be not you knowne on't, I have use for it: --- go leave me:
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
Exit Em.

And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy Wright, this may doe something
The Moore already changes with my poison,
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast;
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 Mandragora,
Nor all the droustie stropps of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleepe,
Which thou Othello yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to me to me?
Jag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.
Oth. Avant, be gone, thou haft set me on the rack
I sware, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Jag. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What fence had I of her stolen hours of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free and merry
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.

Oth. I am sorry to heare this.
Jag. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing knowen: O now for ever
Farwell the tranquile mind, farewell content;
Farwell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewel,
Farwell the neighing Steed, and the thrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the care-peircing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Prid-pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortall Jove's great clammors couterfeit;
Farwell, Othello's Occupation's gon.

Jag. Is't possible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, before thou proue my Love a whore,
Be sure of it, give me the ocular proofe,
Or by the worth of my eternall soule,
The Tragedy of Othello

Thou hadst bin better have been borne a dog,
That answere my wak'd wrath.

Iag. If it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least to prove it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe, upon thy life.

Iag. My noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more, abandon all remorse:
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde, greater then that,

Iag. O grace, O heaven defend me,
Are you a man, have you a soule or fence?
God buy you, take my office,—O wretched fool,
That livest to make thine honesty a vice;
O monstrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thank you for this profit, and from hence,
Ile love no friend since love breeds such offence,

Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest

Iag. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and thinke she is not,
I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not;
Ile have some prove: her name that was as fresh
As Dian's vifage, is now begrimed, and blacke
As mine owne face: If there be cords, or knives,
Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not endure it: would I were satisfyed.

Iag. I see sir you are eaten up with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you;
You would be satisfyed,

Oth. Would, nay, I will.

Iag. And may, but how how, satisfyd my Lord?
Would you, the supervision grosly gape on,
Behold her topt?
Oth. Death and damnation—oh.

Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect dam em then,
If ever morall eyes did see them boulster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and foole's as grosse
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the doore of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may ha't.

Oth. Give me a living reason, that she's disloyall.

Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am enter'd into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will goe one: I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I colud not slee
There are a kind of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepees will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleepe I heard him say. Sweet Desdemona,
Let vs be wary, let us hide our loves,
And then sir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweet creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisse by the rootes
That grew upon my lips: then laied his leg
Over my thigh and sifh'd, and kifled and then
Cried, cursed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstreous, monstrous.

Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon conclusion,
Tis a shrewd doubt tho' it be but a dreame,
Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done:

She
She may be honest yet: tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?
  Oth. I gave her such a one, 'twas my first gift.
  Jag. I know not that, but such a handkerchief
I am sure it was your wife's, did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
  Oth. If it be that.
  Jag. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.
  Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives,
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge:
Now I see 'tis true, look here Iago,
All my fond love, thus do I blow to heaven,——tis gon.
Arose black vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yeild up O love thy crown, and hearted Throne,
To tyrannous hate, swell boosome with thy taught,
For tis of Aspicks tongues.
  Jag. Pray be content.
  Oth. O blood, Jago, blood.
  Jag. Patience I say, your mind perhaps may change.
  Oth. Never Jago;
Like to the Pontick Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebbe, but keeps due on,
To the Propontick and the Hellepsont:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er looke back, ne'er ebbe to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now beyond marble Heaven,
In the due reverence to a sacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
  Jag. Do not rise yet:
Witness the ever-burning lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about;
Witness that here, Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service: let him command,

And
And to obey, shall be in me remorse.
What bloody worke so ever.

Oth. I greet thy love;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put the to't,
Within these three dayes, let me heare thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you request, but let her live.

Iag. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death,
For the faire devill: now art thou my Leivtenant.

Iag. I am your owne for ever.

---

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and the Clowne.

Des. Doe you know sirra, where the Lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He is a Souldier, & for one to say a Souldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to where lodges he?

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

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, & for me to devise a lodging, And say he lyes there, were to lie in mine owne throate.

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

Clo. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions, And make them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I have moved my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of mans wit and therefore Ile attempt the doing of it.

---

Des. Where should I loose that handkerchiefe Emilia?

Em. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeve me, I had rather loose my purse
Full of Crusadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no such balenie,
As jealous creatures are, it were enough.
To put him to ill thinking.

Em. Is he not jealous?

Def. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,

Drew all such humors from him.

Em. Looke where he comes.

Def. I will not leave him now,

Till Cassio be call'd to him: how is it with you my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:

How doe you Desdemona?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

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

Def. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberall heart,

Hot hot, and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise devoted;
For here's a young and sweatie devil here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.

Def. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand, the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands not hearts.

Def. I cannot speake of this; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise chucke?

Def. I have sent to bid Cassio come speake with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rhume offends me,

Lend me thy handkerchiefe.

Def. Here my Lord,

Oth. That which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not.

Def. No indeed my Lord.

Oth. Thats 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,
I would make her amiable, and subdue my father,
The Moore of Venice.

To her love: But if she lost it,
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 face would have me wise,
To give it her; I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye,
To lose, or give's away, were such prediction,
As nothing else could match.

Des. 'Tis possible?

Oth. Tis true, there's magic in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbered in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke:
The worms were hollowed that did breed the filke,
And it was died in Mommy, with the skilfull
Conserve of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed, 'tis true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen it,

Oth. Ha, wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startingly and rash?

Oth. 'Tis lost? 'Tis gone? Speake, is it out o'the way?

Des. Bless vs.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost, but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha.

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why so I can sir, but I will not now;
This is a tricke, to put me from my suit,
I pray let Cassio be receiv'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiesse, my mind misgives:

Des. Come, come, you'd never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchiesse.

Des. A man, that all his time
Hath found d good fortunes on your love,
Shall'd dangers with you.
The Tragedy of Othello

Oth. The handkerchief.
Def. In sooth you are to blame.
Oth. Away. [Exit.
Em. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I once saw this before:
Sir there's some wonder in this handkerchief.
I am most un happy in the loss of it.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two新es us a man,
They are all but stomacks, and we all but food;
They eat us hungry, and when they are full,
They belch us; looke you, Cassio and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis she must doe it,
And loe the happinesse, goe, and importune her.

Def. How now good Cassio, what! the newes with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I doe beseech you,
That by your vertuous means, I doe beseech you:
Exit, and be a member of his love,
Whom I .with all the office of all my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayde...
If my offence be of such mortall kind,
That not my successor past, nor present sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit,
So shall I cloathe me in a for'd content,
And shut my selfe up in some other course,
To fortune almer.

Def. Alas thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now intune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humor alt'red;
So help me, every spirit sanctified
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stoop within the blanke of his displeasure,
For my free speech: you must a while, be pateint
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my selfe I dare, let that suffice you.
**First Folio**

_Jag._ is my Lord angry?

_Em._ He went hence but now,

And certainly in strange unquietnesse.

_Jag._ Can he be angry? I have seene the Cannon,
When it hath blouene his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very arme,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will goe and meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

_Def._ I prethee doe so: Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or from unhattched practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cipres to him.
Hath puld his cleare spirit, and in such cases,
Mens naturls wrangle with inferior things,
The great ones are the object,
Tis even so; for let our finger ake,
And it endures our other healthfull members,
Even to that sense of paine; nay, we must thinke,
Men are not gods,
Not of them looke for such obligations
As fits the Bridall: beshrew me much Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warriour as I am)
Arraigning his unkinknesse with my soule;
But now I finde, I had subborne the wittesse,
And hee's indited falsely.

_Em._ Pray heaven it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

_Def._ Alas the day, I never gaue him caufe;

_Em._ But jealous soules will not be answerd so,
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: tis a monster,
Begot unto it subborne on it selfe.

_Def._ Heaven keepesthats monster from Othello's minde.

_Em._ Lady, Amen.

_Def._ I will goe seeke him, Cassio walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, Ile move your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my utmost.

*Exeunt Desd._
The Tragedy of Othello

Cassio humbly thanke your Ladisship.

Bianca, Save you friend Cassio.

Cassio. What make you from home?

How is it with you most faire Bianca?

Indeed sweet love I was going to your house.

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging Cassio; What, keep a weeke away! Seven dayes and nights,

Eight score eight hours, and lovers absent hours,

More tedious then the diall, Eight score times:

Oh weary reckning!

Cassio. Pardon me Bianca,

I have this while with leaden thoughts bin press,

But I shall in a more continue: of time,

Strike off this score of absence: Sweet Bianca,

Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend

To the felt absence, now I heele a causse,

I'll come to this? well, well.

Cassio. Go to woman,

Throw your vile guesseis in the devills teeth,

From whence you have them, you are jealous now,

That this is from some Mistress, some remembrance,

No in good troth Bianca,

Bianca. Why, whose is it?

Cassio. I know not sweet, I found it in my chamber,

I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'd have it coppied,

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bianca. Leave you, wherefore?

Cassio. I doe attend here on the Generall,

And thinke it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bianca. Whys I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bianca. But that you doe not love me:

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And say, if I shall see you soone at night.
Ca. Tis but a little way that I can bring you, 
For I attend here, but I see you toone. 
Bia. Tis very good, I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Iago and Othello.

Iag. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so Iago.
Iag. What to kill in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.
Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed Iago, and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisy against the devill:
They that meane vertuously, and yet doe so,
The devill their vertue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Jag. So they doe nothing, tis a veniall slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchiefe.
Oth. What then?
Jag. Why then tis hers my Lord; and being hers,
She may I think bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is proteffe of her honour too,
May she give that?
Jag. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchiefe.
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou saidst (O it comes o're my memory, 
As doth the Raven o're the infected house,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchiefe.
Jag. I, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.
Jag. What if I had said I had seen him doe you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad;
Who having by their owne importunate suite,
Or voluntary dotage of some mist ris,
Conjured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'lt unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What?

Oth. With her?

Iag. With her, on her, what you will.

Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lyewith her, that's full of me, handkerchiefs, confession, handkerchiefs to conte mis, and be hanged for his labor, first to be hang'd and then to confess: I tremble at it: Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not words that shakes me thus. (pith) notes, ears and lips; Is't possible? CONFESSION?’ handkerchiefs? O devill.

Falles in a trance.

Iag. Worke on my medicine. Works. credulous fools are caught, and many worthy & chaste blam'd many thus (all guiltless) meet reproch: What ho my Lord, in sundry lay, Othello, --- how now Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iag. My Lord is faine into an Epilepsie,
This is his second fit he had one yester day.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iag. no forbare.

The Lethargy must have quiet course,
If not he foams at mouth and by and by
Breakes out, a savage madness: look he starres:
Doe you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight, when he is gon,
I would on great occasion spake with you.

How is it General have you not hurt your head?

Oth. DoST mocke me?

Iag. I mocke you no by heaven,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City.
And many a ciuill monster.
Oth. Did he confesse?
Iag. Good sir be a man,
Think ever bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculior: your case is better:
O this the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
And to sup pose her chaste: No, let not me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient lift;
Whilst you were here overwhelmed with your griefe,
(A passion most unfitting such a man,)
Cassio came hither, I shent him away,
And layed good scarce upon your extasy;
Bad him anon retire, and her speake with me,
The which he promis'd: But incave your selfe,
And marke: the geeres, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the rale anew,
Where, how, how, oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his jeasur e, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doft thou heare Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But doft thou heare most bloody.
Iag. That's not amisse;
But kepe time in all : will you withdraw?
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca?
A huswife, that by sellinge her desires,
Buyes her selfe bread and cloathes;
That dores on Cassio; as tis the stumpses plague.
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one:

Enter Cassio.

He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine.

From the excess of laughter; here he comes:
As he shall smile Othello shall goe mad,
And his unbookish jealoufie must confrest
Poore Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong: How do you now Lieutenant?

Cass. The worse that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iag. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suite lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed.

Cass. Alas poore cative.

Oth. Looke how he laughs already;

Iag. I never knew a woman love man so,
Cass. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed she loves me.

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

Iag. Doe you heare Cassio?
Oth. Now he in portunes him to tell it out.

Goe to, well said.

Iag. She gives it, out that you shall marry her,
Doe you intend it?

Cass. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?

Cass. I marry her? what? a Customer;
I prethee beare some charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it so unwholsome: ha, ha,ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so, they laugh that wines.

Bianca. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cass. Prethee say true.

Iag. I am a very villaine else.

Oth. Ha you scoar'd me? well.

Cass. This is the monkies own giving out; she is perswaded I wil
mary her, out of her own love & flattery,not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me, now he begins the story.

Cass. She was heere even now, she haunts me in every Place, I
was tother day talking on the sea banke with certaine Venetians,
and theither comes this bauble, fals me thus about my necke.
Oth. Crying, O deare Cassio, as it were: his gesture imports it.
Cass. So hangs, and jolls, and weepes upon me; so hals and pules me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how he pluckt him to my Chamber; I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw't to.
Cass. Well, I must leave her company: Enter Bianca.

Bian. Let the devill and his dam haunt you; what did you mean by that same handkerchiefe you gave mee even now? I was a fine foole to take it; I must take out the work, a likely peece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is some minxes token, and I must take out the worke; there give it the hobby horse, wheresoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.
Cass. How now my sweet Bianca, how now, how now?
Oth. By heaven that should be my handkerchiefe.
Bian. An you'll come to supper to night, you may; an you will not come when you are next prepar'd for.
Iago. After her, after her.
Cass. I must theel raile i'the street else.
Iago. You sup there.
Cass. Yes I intend so.
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.
Cass. Prethe come, will you?
Iago. Goe to say no more. Exit Cassio.
Oth. How shall I murder him Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive, how he laughed at his nouse?
Oth. O Iago.
Iago. And did you see the handkerchiefe?
Oth. Was that mine?
I would have him nine yeares a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a sweet woman.
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Oth. And let her rot and perish, & be damb'd to night, for shee shall not live: no, my heart is turn'd to a stone, I strik it, & it hurts me.
my hand. O the world has not a sweeter creature, she might lie by an Emperours side, and command him tasks.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do not say what she is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable musician; O she will sing the savagenesse out of a Beare; or so bye and plenteos wit and invention.

Iag. Shee's the worse for all this.

Oth. A thousand thousand times; and then of so gentle a condition,

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certain, but yet the pitty of it Iago, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes,---cuckold me!

Iag. O, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler,

Oth. Get me some poison Jago, this night 'll not expostulate with her, left her body and beauty unprovide my minde agen, this night Iago.

Iag. Do it not with poisons strangle here in her bed, even the bed the hath contaminated.

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

Iag. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall heare more by midnight

A Trumpet.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good;
What Trumpet is that name?

Iag. Some thing from Venice sure 'tis Lodovico
Come from the Duke, and see, your wife is with him.

Lod. Save you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kisse the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes good cousin Lodovico?

Iag. I am very glad to see you Seignior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod
Lod. I thanke you, how does Leivtenant Cassio?
Iag. Lives sir,
Def. Cousen, there's falne between him and my Lord,
An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Def. My Lord.
Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will----
Lod. He did not call, hee's butie in the paper:
Is there Division twixt my Lord and Cassio?
Def. A most unhappy one, I would doe much.
To attone them, for the love I beare to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and Brimstone.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. Are you wise?
Def. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his governement.
Def. Trust me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Def. How sweet Othello?
Oth. Devill.
Def. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleev'd in Venice.
Tho I should sweare I saw't: tis very much,
Make her amends she weepes.
Oth. O Devill, Devill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop she falls, would prove a Crocadile:
Out of my sight.
Def. I will not stay to offend you.
Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I doe beseech your Lordship, call her backe.
Oth. Mistraffe.
Def. My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her sir?
The Tragedy of Othello

Lod. Who, I my Lord?
Osb. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:
Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can wepe sir, wepe
And she is obedient, as you say obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
I am commanded home: --- get you away,
Ile send for you anone: --- Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to Venice: --- hence, avant,
Cassio shall have my place, and sir to night
I doe intreat that we may sup togethers,
You are welcome sir to Cyprus, --- goaties and monkies. Exit.
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
The shot of accident, nor dare of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Jag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?
Jag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.
Lod. What strike his wife.
Jag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That trocke would prove the worst
Lod. It is his life?
Or did the letters worke upon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Jag. Alas, alas:
It is not honestly in me to speake:
What I have seene and knownes, you shall observe,
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech; doe but goe after him,
And marque how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. Exeunt.
Enter Othello and Emillia.
Oth. You have seene nothing then.
Moore of Venice.

Em. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, and you have seen Cassio and she together.
Em. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard.

Each syllable that breath made up between'em.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Em. Never my Lord.
Oth. Never send you out o' the way?
Em. Never.
Oth. to fetch her fan, her mask, her glove: nor nothing.
Em. Never, my Lord.
Oth. that's strange.
Em. 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 hath put this in your head,
Let heaven require it with the Serpents curse.

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives,
Is soul as slander.

Exit Emilia.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go;
She says enough, yet she's a simple bawde;
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
A closet, lock and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet she kneels and pray, I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Def: My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chuck come hither.
Def: What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes---look in my face.
Def: What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function Mistresse,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispatch.

Def. Upon my knees, What does your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
The Tragedy of Othello

Des. Your wife my Lo. d, your true and loyall wife.

Oth. Come, swere it, dam thy selfe,

Left being like one of heaven, the devills themselves
Should fear to cease thee, therefore be double damned;
Swere thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it,

Oth. Heaven truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.

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

Oth. O Desdemona, away, away, away,

Des. Alas the heavenly day, why do you weepe?

Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shame no my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty, to the very lips,
Give to captivity, me and my hopes
I should have found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his flou unmoving finger at----oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well very well.

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart.
Where either I must live, or beare no life.
The foundation from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes up, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a cesterne, for soul Taodes
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and roslip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hel!

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. O I, as summers flies are in the shampes,
That quicken even with blowing:
O thou black weeke, why art so lovely faire?
Thou sol? it so sweete, that she fence akes at thee.
Would thou hast ne're bin borne.

Def. Alas, what ignorant sinner have I committed?

Oth. Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore upon?—What committed?

Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner?
I should make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to cinders burne up modestie.
Did I but speake thy deeds: what committed?
Heaven stops the noise at it, and the Moone winkes;
The bawdy wind that kisst all it meets,
Is hust within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent strumpet,

Def. By heaven you doe me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Def. O heavens forgive us.

Oth. I cry you marcy then,
I tooke you for the cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello: You mistris,
That have the office opposite to S. Peter,
And keepes the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;
We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell

Enter Emillia

Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive:

How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady:

Def. Faith halfe a sleepe.

Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Em. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me Emillia.
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,
But what should goe by water; prethee to night:
Lay on my bed my wedding sheet, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

_Em._ Here is a change indeed.  

_Def._ Tis meet I should be used so, very meet,
How have I bin behav'd, that he might sticke,
The small'ft opinion on my least misfute

_Iag._ What is your pleasure Madam.

How ist with you?

_Def._ I cannot tell: those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha' chid me so, for in good faith.
I am a childe to chiding.

_Iag._ What is the matter Lady?

_Em._ Alas Iago, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heavy tearmes upon her,
As true hearts cannot beare.

_Def._ Am I that name Iago.

_Iag._ What name faire Lady?

_Def._ Shch as he sayes my Lord did say I was.

_Em._ He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke.

_Could not have laied such tearmes upon his Caller.

_Iag._ Why did he so?

_Def._ I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.

_Iag._ Doe not weep, doe not weep: alas the day.

_Em._ Has she forsooke so many noble matches,

_Her Father, and her Country and her Friends,
To be cald whore; would it not make onewepe?

_Def._ It is my wretched fortune.

_Iag._ Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke upon him?

_Def._ Nay, heaven doth know.

_Em._ I will be hang'd, if some eternall villaine,

_Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, confining slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander, Ile be hang'd else.

_Iag._ Fie there is no such man it is impossible.

_Def._ If any such there are heaven pardon him.
A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place what time, what forme, what likelihood?
The moore's abs'd by some most villanous knave;
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow;
O heaven, that such companions shouldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lath the rascall, naked through the world,
Even from the east to' th west.

Iag. Speake within dores.

Em. O fie upon him; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iag. You are a foole, goe to.

Def. O good Iago,
What shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.

Here I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other forme;
Or that I doe not yet, and ever did,
And ever will (though he doe shake me off
To beggarly devorcement,) love him dearly:
Comfort for sware me unkindnesse may doe much,
And his unkindnesse may defeate my life,
But never taint my love, I can not lay whore,
It doth abhore me, now I speake the word,
To doe the act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds maffe of vanity could make me.

Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Def. If it were no other.

Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you:
Harke how these instruments summon you to supper,
The Tragedy of Othello

The meete, great Messengers of Venice say;
Goe in, and weep not, all things shall be will. Exit women.

How now Roderigo?

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst justly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some devise Iago; and rather,
as it seemes to me now, keept from me all conveniency, then sup-
pliedst me with the least advantag of hope: I will indeed no longer
indure it, nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace, what already
I have foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you heare me Roderigo?

Rod. Sir, I have heard too much,

For your words and performance,

Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nothing but truth: I have wasted my selfe out of
meanes; the jewels you have had from me, to deliuer to Desdemona
would halfe have corrupted a Votarist: you have told me she has
receiv'd, and return'd me expectation, & comfort, of suddain
respect and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I can not goe to (man,) nor it is not very
well; I say 'tis very seuruy, and begin to finde my selfe sopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe known to
Desdemona; if she will returne me my Jewels, I will give over my
suite, and repent my unlawful sollicitation, if not, assure your
selfe, Ile seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing, but what I protestentendment of
doing.

Iag. 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 hande Roderigo: Thou hast taken against mee a most
just conception, but yet I protest, I have dealt most directly in
thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, & your suspition is not.
the Moore of Venice.

without witte and judgement: But Roderigo, it thou haft that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now, then ever, I mean, purpose, courage, and valour, this night shew it; if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines from my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compass?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall commissiion come from Venice, to depute Caffio, in Othello’s Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona,

Returne againe to Venice.

Iag. O no, he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him The faire Desdemona, unless his abode be linger’d.

Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate;

As the remouing of Caffio,

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello’s place,

Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would have me to doe

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit and right, he sups to night with a harlotry, & thither will I goe to him—he knowes not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I wil fashion to fall out between twelve & one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, & he shall fall betwecne us: come, stand not amaz’d at it but goe along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to waft: about it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia.

and Attendants.

Lod. I doe beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.

Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.

Lod. Madam, good night, I Humbly thank your Ladiship.

Def. Your Honour is most wellcome.

Oth. Will you walke sir:--- O Desdemona.
The Tragedy of Othello

Def. My Lord.

Orb. Get you to bed o' the instant, I will be return'd, forthwith dispatch your Attendant there,—look it be done. 

Exeunt.

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He faies he will returne incontinent;
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to disimse you.

Em. Disimse me?

Def. It was his bidding, therefore good Emillia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
We must not now displease him.

Em. Would you had never seen him.

Def. So would not I, my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornenesse, his checks and brownes, (Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Em. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Def. All's one,good father; how foolish are our minds;
I f I doe die before thee, prethee throwd me
In one of those same sheers.

Emene. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid call'd Barbary,
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forfake her, she had a song of willow,
An old thing it was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died sing'ing it, that song to night
Will not goe from my mind:
I have much to doe;
But to goe hang my head all at one side, and sing it like poor Barbary; prethee dispatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne;

Def. No unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Em. A very handsome man.

Def. He speaks well.

Em. I know a Lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his neither lip.
The Tragedy of Othello

Delphina sings:

The poore soule late singling by a scamour tree,
    sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
    sing willow willow, willow:
The fresh streames ran by her and murmer'd her moanes,
    sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt teares fell from her which softned the stones
    sing willow &c. (Lay by these.)
willow, willow.

(Prothee hie thee hie'll come anon.)
Sing all a greene willow must be my garland.

Let no body blame him, his scorne I approve:

(Nay that's not next: harke, who's that knocks?
Em. Tis the winde.
Def. I call'd my love false, but what said he then?
    sing willow, willow, willow
If I court no women, youle couch with no men.
So, get thee gone, good night, mine eyes doe itch,
Does that boade weeping?
Em. Tis neither here nor there.
Def. I have heard it said so; O these men, these men:
Doest thou in conscience thinke (tell me Emilia,)
That there be women doe abuse their husbands
In such grosse kindes?
Em. There be some such no question.
Def. Wouldst thou doe such a thing, for all the world?
Em. Why would not you?
Def. No by this heavenly light.
Em. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.

I might as well doe it in the darke,
Def. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing it is a great price.

For a small vice.
Def. In troth I thinke thou wouldst not.
Em. In troth I thinke I should, and undo't when I had done it.
The Tragedy of Othello

mary I would not doe such a thing for a joynt-ring, or for measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I should venture purgatory for it.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would doe such wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world, & having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it wright.

Def. I doe not think there is any such woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
But I doe think it is their husband's faults,
If wives doe fall: (say that they slack their duties,
And pouer our treasures into foreigne laps,
Or else brake out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight,)
Why we have galles, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge: Let husbands know
Their wives have fence like them; they see and smell,
And have their pallats both for sweet and sourre,
As husbands have: what is it that they doe,
When they change us for others? is it sport?
I thinke it is: and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; isn't frailty that thus erreth?
It is so too; and have not we affectiones?
Desires for sport? and frailtie as men have?
Then let us use us well, else let us know,
The ill we doe, their ills instruct us so,

Def. Good night, good night, heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

H Ere stand behind this bulke, strait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home.

Quicke
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow;
It makes us, or it marres us, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy resolution.

_Rod._ Be neare at hand, I may miscarry in't,
_Iag._ Here at thy hand, be bold and take thy stand.

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

_Iag._ I have rubb'd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry, now whether he kill _Cassio_,
Or _Cassio_ him, or each doe kill the other
Every way makes my game; live _Roderigo_,
He calls me to a restitution large,
For Gold and Jewells that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to _Desdemona_:
It must not be, if _Cassio_ doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moore
May untould me to him there; stand I in much pertill:
No, he must die, be't so, I heare him coming.

_Enter Cassio._

_Rod._ I know his gate, tis he; villiane thou diest.
_Cassio._ That thrust had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'st,
I will make profe of thine.

_Rod._ O, I am slaine.

_Cassio._ I am maim'd for ever, lightho, murder,

_Enter Othello._

_Oth._ The voice of _Cassio, Jago_ keepes his word.

_Rod._ O villaine that I am.

_Oth._ Harke tis even so.

_Cassio._ O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

_Oth._ Tis he, O brave _Jago_, honest and just,
That haft such noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me;---minion, your deare lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies;  strumper I come;
Forth of my heart, those charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed liue-staind, shall with lufts blood be spotted.

_Exeunt._
The Tragedy of Othello

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho, no watch, no passage, murder, murder.

Gra. Tis some mischance, the cry is very direfull.

Cas. O helpe. 

Lod. Harke.

Rod. O wretched villaine:

Lod. Two or three groans, it is a heavy night; 
These may be counterfeit, let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry with out more helpe.

R. d. No body come, then shall I bleed to death. 

Enter Iago with a light.

Lod. Harke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shire, with lights and weapons.

Iag. Who's there? whose noyse is this that cries on murder.

Lod. I doe not know.

Iag. Did not you heare a cry?

Cas. Here, here, for heavens sake helpe me.

Iag. What the matter?

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

Rod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iag. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago, O I am spoild, undone by villaines,

Give me some helpe.

Iag. O me Lieutenan't, what villaines have don this?

Cas. I think the one of them is here about,

And cannot make away.

Iag. O treacherous villaines:

What are you there? come in and give some helpe.

Rod. O, helpe me here.

Cas. That's one of em:

Iag. O murderous slave, O villaine. 

Thrusts him in.

Rod. O damb'd Iago, O in humaine dog,---o, o, o.

Iag. Kill men i'the darke? where be those bloody theeves?

How intent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:

What may you be? are you of good or evill?

Lod. As you shall proove us, praife us.

Iag. Seignior Lodovico.

Lod. He sir,

Iag. I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by villaines.
Gra. Cassio.

Iag. How is it brother?

Cassio. My leg is cut in two.

Iag. Mary heaven forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my shirt,

Enter, Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who j'ft that cried?

Iag. who is't that cried?

Bia. O my deare Cassio, O my sweet Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

Iag. O notable trumpet: Cassio, may you suspect

Who they should be that thus have mangled you?

Cassio. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus, I have been to seeke you.

Iag. Lend me a garter, so;—oh for a chaire to beare him easily hence.

Bia. Alas he saint's; O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio,

Iag. Gentilemen all, I doe suspect this Trash

To beare a part in this injury: patience a while good Cassio;

Come, come, lend me a light:

Know wee this face, or no?

Alas my friend, and my deare country man:

Roderigo? no, yes sure; yes, tis Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iag. Even he sir, did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iag. Seignior Gratiano, I cry you gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners:

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iag. How doe you Cassio? O, a chaire, a chaire;

Gra. Roderigo?

Iag. He, tis he: O that's well said, a chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you misriffe.

Save you your labour, he that lies slain here, (Cassio,

Was my deare friend; what malice was betwixt you?

Cassio. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.

Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceive the jeultures of her eye?
Nay, an you stirr, we shall have more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke upon her,
Doe you see gentle man? nay guiltinesse
Will speake though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emi.

Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?

Jag. Cassio has here sat on in the darke,
By Roderigo, and fellowes that are tenants,
Hee's almost slaine, and Roderigo dead.

Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good Cassio.

Jag. This is the fruites of whoring: Prethee Emilia,
Goe know of Cassio where he sipt to night:

What, doe you shake at that?

Bia. He sipt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Jag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.

Em. Fie upon thee strumpet.

Bia. I am no strumpet, but of life, as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.

Em. As I: now fie upon thee.

Jag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore Cassio dress'd up:
Come mistresse, you must tells another tale.

Emilia, runne you to the Citadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hap't:
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello with a light, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you shalst harms some on you:
It is the cause, yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor fearre that whiter skin of hers then snow,
And smooth as monumentall alabaster;
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out shine.
Thou cunningst patterne of excelling nature, 
I know not where is that promethian heate, 
That can thy light relumine : when I have pluckt the rose, 
I cannot give it vitall growth againe, 
It must needs wither ; Ile smell it on the tree;  
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade 
Justice her selfe to breake her sword : 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're so fatall : I must wepe, 
But they are cruell teares: this forrow's heavenly, 
It strikes where it does love : she wakes.

Def. Who's there ? Othello ?
Oth. I, Desdemona.
Def. Will you come to bed my Lord ?
Oth. Have you prayed to night, Desdemona ?
Def. I my Lord.
Oth. If you be thinke your selfe of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicite for it straite.

Def. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that ?
Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heaven foreend, I would not kill thy sonle.

Def. Talk you of killing ?
Oth. I, I doe.
Def. Then heaven have mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so : why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.

Oth. Think one thy sinnes.
Def. They are loves to beare to you.
Oth. And for that thou diest.

Def That death's unnaturall, that kills for loving;
Alas, why know you so your neather lip:
The Tragedy of Othello

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents; but yet I hope
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Def. I will so, what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchiefe which I so lov'd and gave thee,
Thou gavest to Cassio.

Def. No, by my life and soule.

Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soule take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. I, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne,
or to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception
That I doe grone withall: thou art to die.

Def. Then Lord have marcy on me.

Oth. I say amen.

Def. And have you mercy too,
I never did offend you in my life;—never lov'd Cassio,
But with such generall warrenty of heaven,
As I might love, I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven I saw my handkerchiefe in his hand:

O periu'd woman, thou dost stone my heart;
And mak'st me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice;
I saw the handkerchiefe.

Def. He found it then,
I never gave it him, send for him hither,
Let him confesse a truth.

Oth. He has confesst.

Def. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath — used thee.

Def. How, unlawfully?

Oth. I.

Def. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stop'd.
Honest Jago hath take order for't.

_Des._ My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?

_Oth._ Had all his haires bin lives,

My great reveuge had fromacke for em all.

_Des._ Alas he is betrayed, and I undone,

_Oth._ O trumpet, --- weepest thou for him to my face?

_Des._ O bannish me my Lord, but kill me not.

_Oth._ Downe trumpet.

_Des._ Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.

_Oth._ Nay an you strive.

_Des._ But halfe an houre.

_Oth._ Being done, there is no pause,

_Des._ But while I say one prayet. he stifles her.

_Oth._ Tis to late.

_Enter Emillia calles within.

_Em._ My Lord, my Lord, what hoe, my Lord, my Lord.

_Oth._ What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy paine;---so,so.

_Em._ What ho, my Lord, my Lord.

_Oth._ Who's there?

_Em._ O good my Lord, I'd speake a word with you,

_Oth._ Yes, tis Emillia, by and by: she's dead:

*Tis like she comes to speake of Cassios death:*

The noyse was heere; ha, no more moving,
Still as the grave: shall she come in? wer't good?
I think she stirres againe; no, what's the best?
If she come in, she's sure speake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:
O insupportable; O heavy houre.
Me thinks it should be now a huge Ecclips
Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawn at alteration.

_Em._ I do beseech you I may speake with you,—O good my Lord.

_Oth._ I had forgotten thee: come in Emillia:

Soft, by and by; let me the curtaines draw.

_Enter Emillia.

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

_Em._ O my good Lord yonder's foule murders done.

_Oth._ What? now?
Em. But now my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Em. Cassio my Lord has kill'd a young Venetian,

Cal'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd, and Cassio kill'd?

Em. No, Cassio is not kill'd,

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O fally, fally murdered.

Em. Alas, What cry is that?

Oth. That, what?

Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voice.

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe,
Sweet Desdemona, O sweet mistresse speake,

Des. A guiltelesse death I die.

Em. O who has done this deed?

Des. No body, I my selfe; farewell:

Commend me to my kind Lord, O farewell. she dies.

Oth. Why should she be murdered?

Em. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.

Em. She said so, I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a lier gone to burne in hell,

T'was I that kild her.

Em. O, the more Angell she,

And you the blacker devill.

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

Em. Thou dost bely her and thou art a devill.

Oth. She was false as water.

Em. Thou art rash as fire,

To say that she was false: O she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did top her, aske thy husband else,

O I were dambd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.

Em. My husband:
Oth. Thy husband.

Em. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. I, with Cassio: may, had she bin true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,
I'd not have told her for it.

Em. My husband?

Oth. I twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slave
That sticks one filthy deed.

Em. My husband?

Oth. What needes this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.

Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with love:
My husband say that he was false!

Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; doft understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Em. If he say so, may his pernicious soule
Rote halve a graine a day; he lies to' th heart,
She was to fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha?

Em. Doe thy work,
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace you were best.

Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harm:
As I have to be hurt: O gull, O dol,
As ignorant as dull thou hast done a deed ----
I care not for thy sword, Ile make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty lives: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has killed my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gratantio, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?

Em. O, are you come Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Em. Disprove this villaine, if thou bee't a man;
He sayer thou toldst him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villaine:

Speake, for my heart is full.

Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more.

Then what he found himself was apt and true.

Em. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iag. I did.

Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie.

Upon my soule a lie, a wicked lie:

She was false with Cassio; did you say with Cassio?

Iag. With Cassio mustresse; go to charm your tongue.

Em. I will not charm my tongue. I am bound to speake;

My mustresse here lies murdered in her bed.

All. Oh heavens forefend.

Em. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, sware not matters, it is true indeed.

Gra. Tis a strange truth.

Men. O monstrous act!

Em. Villany, villany, villany;

I think upon't, I think, I smell a villany;

I thought so then; Ile kill my selfe for griefe.

O villany, villany.

Iag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Em. Good Gentlemens let me have leave to speake,

Tis proper I obey him, but not now;

Perhaps Iago, I will not goe home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare.

For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,

That ere did lift up eye.

Oth. O she was foule:

I scarce did know you Vnkel, there lies your Niece,

Whose breath indeed, these hands have newly stops;

I know it is aft shewes terrible and grim.

Gra. Poore Desdemona, I am glad thy father's dead,

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure griefe;

Shore his old thread in twane, did he live now,

This fight would make him doe a desperate turne,

Yea curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet Iago knowes;
That she with Cassio, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confessit:
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance 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.

Em. O heaven, O heavenly powers,

Iag. Come hold your peace.

Em. Twill out, twill out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.

Iag. Be wise and get you home.

Em. I will not.

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkerchief thou speake'ft on,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He beg'd of me to steale it.

Iag. Villainous whore.

Em. She gave it Cassio? no, alas I find it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iag. Filth, thou liest.

Em. By heaven! doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderouse Coxcombe! what should such a soole
Doe with so good a woman?

The Moore runs at Iago, Iago kills his wife.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serves for the thunder? pernicious villaine.

Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.

Em. I, I O lay me by my mistresse side. my Exilt Iago.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.

Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moore:

Come,
The Tragedy of Othello

Come, guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that fame villaine,
For tis a damned slave.  Exit Mont. and Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whisper gets my sword:
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it goe all.

Em. What did thy song bode Lady?
Harke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in musick; willow, willow, willow.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spaine, the Iucbrookes temper:

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon,
A better never did it selfe suffaine

Vpou a Soldiers thigh; I have seene the day,
That with this little armie, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty tymes your stop: but O vaine boast
Who can contraule his fate? tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you doe see me weapon'd,
Here is my journeyes end, here is my butt.
The very Sea-marke of my utmost faile.

Oth. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon,

A better never did it selfe suffaine

Vpou a Soldiers thigh; I have seene the day,
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Oth. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon,

A better never did it selfe suffaine

Vpou a Soldiers thigh; I have seene the day,
Even like thy chastity: O cursed slave:
Whip me you devills,
From the possession of this heavenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulph'er,
Wash me in steep'd downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O Desdemona, Desdemona; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodovico, Montano, and officers.
Callio in a chair.

Lod. Where is this rash and most infortunat wan?
Oth. That's he that was Othello, here I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villaine forth,
Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou beest a devill I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'd have thee live,
For in my fente tis happiness to dye.
Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
False in the practice of a damned slave,
What should be said to thee?
Oth. Why any thing.

A n honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. I.
Cass. Deare Generall, I did never give you cause.
Oth. I doe beleive it, and I ask ye pardon;
Will you I pray, demand that deuyl devill,
Why he hath thus insnar'd my soule and body?
Oth. Demand me nothing, what you know you know;
From this time forth I never will speake word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath been faile,
Which, as I think, you know not: here is a letter,
The Tragedy of Othello

Found in the pocket of the villain Roderigo;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio, to be undertook by Roderigo.

Oth. O villain,

Cas. Most heathenish, and most grose.

Led. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and that it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that belike, Iago in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious catiffe!

How came you Cassio by a handkerchief,
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himselfe confess'd it but even now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desir.

Oth. O foole, foole, foole.

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he obraides Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch whereon it came,
That I was cast; and even but now he speake,
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Led. You must forfake this roome, and goe with us,
Your power, and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus: For this sake,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shal be his: You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne.

To the Venetian State; come bring him away;

Oth. Soft you a word or two before you goe;
I have done the State some service, and they know't
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice: then you must speake,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but to well:
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreame; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting moode,
Drop teares, as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you downe this;
And say beides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband Turke,
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke both threats the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus: 

"He stabs himselfe."

Lod. O bloody period.

Gra. All that's spoke is mard.

Oth. I kill thee ere I kild thee, no way but this.

Killing me futile, to dye upon a kisso. 

He dies.

Cas. This aid I teare, but thought he had no weapon,

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spurius dog,

More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea.

Looke on the targicke lodging of this bed,

This is thy work: the object poisons sight,

Let it be hid: Gratiano, keepe the house,

And ceaze upon the fortunes of the Moore,

For they succeed to you: To you Lord Gouernour,

Remaines the cenfure of this hellish villaine,

The time, the place, the torture; O enforce it,

My selfe will strait aboard, and to the State,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

Excuss omnes.

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